Emerald Flight Book Two: Conqueror

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Summary

Sequel to Emerald Flight Book One: Union. A year after the meeting that changed their life, things do not slow down for Harry and Kara. New challenges are around every corner, and the enemies they fight are more dangerous than ever before. Looming in the distance is an enemy long thought gone who longs to make all kneel before him. Harry/Kara(Supergirl)/Karen(Power Girl)/Matrix(Justice Lords Universe Kara)/Galatea.
Chapter 1

Chapter 01: Breather.

A year, twelve months, three hundred and sixty five days, there was a huge difference in how much things could change in that time. Many moments in time could change the course of many lives, just by one chance meeting.

Harry Potter had to admit, he was in a much better place than he was a year ago. One year ago, he was resigned to just take whatever life brought him. After Albus Dumbledore dumped the prophecy on his head after the Department of Mysteries, Harry found himself falling into a role of the Wizarding World's martyr. Perhaps he would live to see another day, but it was not like he was going to escape that world or the dark shadow of Lord Voldemort.

A year later, Voldemort was dead, Dumbledore was dead, and Magical Britain had pretty much collapsed under its own incompetence. The symptoms were there for years. Anyone with a few brain cells could figure that something bad could happen to it, and the Ministry would eventually be burned by the corruption. No one could have expected it to happen that quickly.

Some people landed on their feet, for better or for worse. Other people from that world found themselves drowning with the ship.

At one time, Harry would have burdened himself with that world, seeing it as his obligation to save the day time and time again. Yet, he had grown up.

Harry had realized that there was an entire wider world, no a wider universe out there that he can enjoy beyond one little corner of the globe. He had the potential to become a rather powerful user of magic, but the potential was stunted by the limited standards of that one corner of the globe. The hidden world would not come out in the light, so eventually it got engulfed by its own darkness.

Harry had one person to thank for this. He was half asleep, but the beautiful blonde haired woman in his arms was completely asleep for the moment. She was born Kara Zor-El. He met her when she was under her secret identity as Kara Kent, but she became Kara Potter after a whirlwind romance in Las Vegas.

It was very rapid-fire and lightning fast, as it turned out, within eight hours, and unconventional, from a certain perspective.

Harry's life was anything, but conventional so really the circumstances that lead to him being married would have been no different. Sometimes, the best things in life happened spur of the moment.

For the longest time, he did not have the memories of what should have been one of the most significant days of his life. Then they were triggered during a return visit to Vegas, in a battle with him and Kara against a villain known as Psimon. His telepathic abilities caused the memory of Harry to be triggered when he was in the midst of battle.

Kara was not like other girls, she was special. To Harry, she was the most beautiful girl in not only the world, but the entire universe. She was among the last of her race, Kryptonians. At one point, the planet Krypton had been among one of the most advanced civilizations in the universe, but due to deceit and planet instabilities, the planet blew up and met a premature end.
Kara had spent most of her life on the neighboring planet known as Argo with her parents Zor-El and Alura. That planet had been ravaged by the menacing General Zod, and just as they were picking up the pieces after Zod's defeat, Krypton blew up, and Argo was iced over from the backwash. Kara was the only survivor, kept in suspended animation, until her cousin rescued her nearly three years ago when she was fifteen years old.

Harry just snickered, recalling the rather tense first few months that he had with Kara's cousin. He was known to Clark Kent as his friends, born Kal-El, but the world at large was he was known as the hero Superman. He was the hero that other heroes hoped to live up to, a standard fighting for Truth, Justice, and the American Way.

The entire Vegas Marriage thing kind of did strike a bit of a nerve with Clark at first. Until he realized how much Harry cared for Kara, and would do anything to protect her. Harry and Clark both had had bad years in the months prior to the event, with Harry suffering a hellacious time in what would prove to be his final year at Hogwarts. Clark was kidnapped and brainwashed by an evil god known as Darkseid.

Issues they worked through, and Harry thought that they were all better people for it. Adversity sometimes breeds the best in people, or so Harry found out.

Kara stirred a little bit in her sleep, and Harry smiled, his arms wrapped around her body. She really gave his life meaning in a time where he had no real reason to live. And they had been through a lot together over the eleven, almost twelve months they had been married.

Kara yawned as her eyes opened. She looked up at Harry, who smiled at her. Kara returned it. Her beautiful blue eyes peered into his green eyes.

"Good morning, Kara," Harry said, taking time to gaze at her beautiful face. He always thought she had a face of an angel, but that might not be giving her enough credit for her breathtaking beauty

"Morning, Harry," Kara replied, turning over to face him, and meet his lips for a deep kiss. They allowed themselves to give each other a morning greeting for several minutes, before it was broken. "The last leg of training…it's really rough. And done on a planet with a red sun…sorry I crashed on you last night."

Harry waved it off. In many ways, they both pushed themselves to their limits and beyond. That was just one of the many things Harry and Kara both had in common.

"You're stamina has improved tenfold, and your magic gave you a boost," Harry told her, stroking his wife's hair in a loving manner. "We're almost done, even if we did get put through the wringer by Kilowog."

"Well, John Stewart did warn us that it would be tough," Kara commented, sitting up with Harry. "But we'll be out of here in time for my birthday, yours, and our wedding anniversary."

"Pretty good time to get out there, funny how something fell into place for once," Harry responded, arms wrapped her waist, and he planted a few light kisses on the back of her neck. "We didn't really have to do this, but it will help us. And that's really what matters the most."

"Yeah, I understand my ring a lot better, even if it doesn't make the cool energy constructs that the Green Lantern rings do," Kara commented. "Well, except for Stewart's. The guy has no imagination."

Harry and Kara laughed at this. It seemed to be a running joke in the Green Lantern Corps, even if
they did respect John for is dedication and hard work.

"Whatever gets the job done though," Harry said in a reasonable tone of voice. "Sometimes a tactical strategy is in order, and other times, you just got to hit something with blunt and uncreative force. Either way would work, as long as the day is saved."

Harry and Kara got up, walking through their quarters. Kara sat down, as Harry fixed them Breakfast. It was bacon and eggs, along with toast, with orange juice. Perhaps not the most creative breakfast in the world, but Kara enjoyed it.

'Sure glad you married someone that can cook,' Kara thought, and not for the first time. 'Given my many kitchen disasters on both Argo and the Kent Farm...it's just best I stay away from the stove at all cost.'

"Here you go, just the way you like them," Harry told her with a smile.

Kara tore into breakfast. With her fast metabolism she could really eat what she wanted, but much like humans, the wrong kind of foods played havoc with her body. With her Kryptonian physiology, she did not gain weight; rather her powers did not work as well as they should.

The blue ring energy rings were interesting, as all of their effects had not been hashed out. Plus, Harry and Kara really did not mind the fact that they did not create any kind of energy constructs, because there was all kind of magical spells that could do that. Granted, they were high end charm work, but the two were both up to the task to learn them.

It was funny how the Green Lantern rings and magic had many similarities.

The ring was just a focus device, powered by the lantern. It allowed those to do many great things, with the proper imagination and the belief that the sky was the limit.

"So, I take it you're ready to go back home," Harry said.

"Yeah, I've grown to love Earth, even if it's a bit behind the technological curve," Kara replied fondly. "Plus being out in space has given us loads of new ideas for projects for our company."

Harry smiled; Patronus Incorporated was their pride and joy. They had taken the company from the ashes of LexCorp, and built something wonderful. There were critics, but Harry and Kara thought they had put together a winning team.

"Well, it might be several years before we can use many of these ideas," Harry said. "Earth is a relatively new planet after all compared to many in the galaxies. There will be plenty of time, centuries even, but we have plenty of time to do great things. A couple of our upcoming projects are testing the waters for some more ambitious things."

"Calculated risk, but that technology was obsolete about a thousand or so years on Krypton," Kara concluded. "But, it's rather high end and not too expensive to replicate with what we have on Earth."

Harry nodded. They would worry about that more when they returned to Earth. The company seemed to be in good hands, and everything was set up where it could run smoothly without them. While Harry and Kara both liked being hands on owners, just because it was their financial future at stake, the fact that they found enough people they could trust gave them solace.

They finished their breakfast in silence over the next few minutes.
"So, Harry, I was thinking about my Blue Lantern uniform," Kara commented casually.

"Yeah, you wanted to customize that thing if I recall right," Harry replied.

"Well, do you remember the Star Sapphires?" Kara asked him.

"Yeah, hard to forget, it was only a month ago," Harry replied with a strained smile. "Charming group of women they were, all crazy with the wrong idea about love. They would have gotten on well with Dumbledore. I remember, they tried to trap me and feed off my life energy for their powers."

"The key word being try," Kara said, not even bothering to hide the grin on her face.

They took a minute to remember this particular little escapade in space.

"Yes, because you tended to knock a few of them around if I remember rightly," Harry remarked with a teasing smile. "I'm sure some of them woke up eventually."

"Well, I didn't kill them, because I wanted them to be alive enough to learn their lesson," Kara said. She grinned at the thought. "But you know those girls were just going to put you into stasis and use you as an energy source. What a waste of your power and your skills. Plus none of them were Kryptonian, so it's not like I'm inclined to share my husband with them."

"I remember that deal," Harry told her fondly.

"Those costumes were pink...no offense to people who like pink, but it's just not a good looking color," Kara said, wrinkling her nose at the very thought. "I look horrible in pink, but blue's more my color, and red, and really the primary color thing just kind of tends to go with my hair and eyes. But mostly blue. Even if green is my favorite color, for obvious reasons."

She looked into Harry's eyes for emphasis. Harry's eyes met hers.

"So about this costume, what is it about?" Harry asked her.

"Don't go away, I just finished it the other day when you were out arguing about protocol with the Guardians for the third time this week," Kara said.

Kara zoomed off at the speed of light and returned a moment later.

The vision Harry saw made his mouth go dry. Kara stood before him wearing a blue outfit. The top had two strips of blue fabric down either side, just barely covering her breasts, and meeting in the middle, until it showed her midriff. Covering her bottom half was a short blue mini-skirt, extending to about six inches above her knees. It retained modesty, mostly, but also gave Harry a hint of what was to come. It showed off her shapely long legs quite nicely. She wore white and blue high heeled boots. She sauntered over to Harry. The entire outfit displayed the curves Kara had developed.

"You like, Harry?" Kara asked him, twirling her hair and moving over towards him.

"You look hot in that outfit," Harry said, eying her like she was more delicious than anything for breakfast. "Then again you look hot in anything."

"Or nothing at all, right?" Kara asked him, with a smirk, placing both of her hands on Harry's legs and leaning in closely to her husband's face.

"Do you even need to ask?" Harry responded, and Kara straddled his lap. Harry reached up and
wrapped his arms around her slender waist. He pulled her into deep kiss. Kara returned it, and their fun began for that morning.

**Smut/Lemon begin.**

The two deepened their kiss, with their hands feeling each other up. Kara placed her hands on Harry's arms. She rubbed them up and down and squeezed his biceps firmly. Harry had the shirt that he was wearing pulled up over his head. His hair was sent into disarray, as Kara pulled herself away from the kiss. She twirled her fingers in Harry's hair, playing with it, and placed her lips on the side of his neck.

"Kara," Harry breathed, holding her tight as she sucked on his neck.

Kara kissed the side of his neck, and Harry found the zipper on the back of her uniform. He unzipped the uniform and pulled it off. Kara's breasts were firm, and would always remain so forever. They grew a little bit in the past year, Harry would know, he knew them all too well.

Harry took her breasts and squeezed them. Kara cried in pleasure, and Harry rubbed his palms on her breasts. She encouraged Harry with more moans, and grinded herself on the bulge in his pants.

Harry buried his face into her tits and began to suck on the tasty flesh. Kara placed her hands on the back of Harry's head. She encouraged him to go deeper, to suck on her tits. He alternated between them, but he gave them both equal attention and love.

"Oh, Harry, keep sucking on them," Kara moaned hotly and rubbed clothed center across his erection to tease him.

Kara slowly slid down when Harry was done sucking on her breasts. She bent down onto her knees, and unbuckled Harry's pants. Her hand clasped around his erected penis, and began to stroke him. She felt Harry grow a little bit more in her hand. Kara put her lips on the head of the penis, and slowly trailed her tongue over it.

She looked up at Harry, teasing her husband. She trailed her tongue all over Harry's penis, down the head, onto the shaft, and then moved down to lick his balls. All of Harry's private parts were slathered with her spit, and Kara grasped his stiff cock firmly. She licked him some more, and Harry leaned back, clearing the kitchen table.

The two floated up onto the table. Harry's back was on the table, with Kara sitting on his chest, facing away from him. She arched up a little bit, with Harry seeing she wore a lacy red thong underneath her skirt. It clung to her, completely wet from her arousal. With a swift moment, Harry removed the skirt and then the thong. Kara rested naked, hovering over Harry, teasingly. She rubbed herself with her thumb and grinned down towards her husband.

Harry grabbed her hips and pushed Kara's pussy onto his face. Kara gave a surprised, but rather pleased, moan. Harry's tongue worked its magic within her. Kara grinded her hips onto it, before she lowered herself, her lips moistened.

Harry sped up his efforts, and Kara slowly pushed Harry's throbbing cock into her mouth. Harry pushed his tongue deeper within her, licking her every little bit of her. He felt her go down on his cock, pushing it into the back of her throat.

The slurping sounds Kara made inflamed him into going down deeper into her moist center. Harry placed his hands on her ass and played with it, while he ate her pussy. Kara continued to give him a rather spirited blowjob, determined to make him blow a huge load down her throat. Harry decided
to enjoy his dessert and lapped up all of Kara's juices.

She soaked his face several times, before Harry's balls tightened from her constant deep throating him. Kara reached her hands around to his balls, and began stimulate them. She needed his cum down her throat right now.

Harry brought her to a rather powerful orgasm, and the sweet taste was enough to get Harry to pop. Kara continued to milk Harry as he ejaculated a heavy load of cum down her throat.

She made a production of swallowing his cum, before she turned on the table, and looked at Harry. The blonde rested on her side, and put a hand on her head. Harry saw her breasts with hardened nipples just beckoned for him. Harry dove at her, and proceeded to suck her breasts like a starving man.

Kara helped herself to some of the excess juices that were on Harry's face. She placed her fingers in her mouth and sucked them. She rubbed her pussy, and pushed Harry back on the table. Kara placed her fingers in Harry's mouth, and he sucked on them. Kara moaned in pleasure, as Harry sucked her juices off of her fingers.

"Now, we're warmed up, I need your cock in my pussy," Kara breathed, grabbing his penis for emphasis with her powerful hand. She looked Harry in the eye, before she said her next statement. "I'm going to ride you until this table breaks."

"It has reinforcement charms on it, you know," Harry said, as he once again was on his back.

"Let's test them, okay," Kara said, with a seductive smirk on her face and hovered over Harry, legs spread in the air.

Kara spread her lips and pushed Harry's hard penis up into her tight, hot, and wet pussy. She smiled, lifting herself up and down off of his hips, slowly at first, but the tempo sped up. Harry matched her movements. His arms lifted up and his hands found her breasts. Harry playing with her nipples was rewarded with faster movements.

The table creaked underneath them, and Kara just smiled, to speed up her movements a little bit. Harry groaned. He slid against her warm and wet walls. He continued to push against her, and Kara rode him hard. She squeezed him hard.

"Your wet pussy makes me so hard," Harry groaned.

"Well you make me so wet," Kara countered, squeezing his cock with her tight Kryptonian pussy muscles. It contracted tightly around him, and Harry pushed his rock hard cock deep into her. "Yes, that's the stuff."

Kara threw her head back and placed her fingers into her mouth. Harry continued to fondle her breasts and Kara continued to ride him. Her movements were matched and Harry thrust into her.

Harry looked up and watched her. She looked to be the hottest thing in the world. Her long hair whipped back and forth from the movements. Kara placed her hands down on Harry's shoulders, and squeezed them, tightly.

This dance continued for a while, with Kara being brought to several orgasms. Each climax was more powerful than the last, and Harry continued to touch every bit of her.

"Pound me until I can't go any more, Harry!" Kara yelled, riding Harry's cock and clenching her powerful pussy muscles around it, rubbing it.
Harry felt the load get heavy in his balls. He knew he was about ready to explode. The cooing and moaning of his wife, as her head arched backwards and eyes were shut, caused Harry to get closer to the brink.

"I can feel it, just shoot your load into me!" Kara screamed at the top of her super powerful lungs. "Shoot your powerful cum into my tight pussy!"

His lady's wish was his command, and Harry unleashed his load. Release felt wonderful. Kara was determined to ride out his climax to the very end. Every single drop was squeezed, as both collapsed on the table, and felt absolutely faint from their activities.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Harry and Kara got dressed after their early morning bout of love making. They set at the table, and looked out the window onto the horizon. The blonde haired Kryptonian witch rested on her husband's lap, and they enjoyed a brief amount of time together cuddling, before Harry spoke up.

"There's still some time before we need to report for our final assessment," Harry said. "How about we go for a nice flight? I mean we got an hour to kill for them."

"That'd be fun," Kara agreed, before she put her hand out for him. "Lead the way."

Harry and Kara grabbed hands. They pushed the door open and moved up into the sky into the frontiers of space. Their rings gave them a shield of protection that would allow them to be able to breath and survive in space, another added feature the super powered couple found.

It was a good thing they did. While there were charms that filtered clean air, they could be limited and were difficult to hold on.

They could do it, but it would allow them only limited combat abilities if they got attacked.

The Potters flew off to enjoy the sights. It was a nice leisurely fight, and they enjoyed the time they had with each other. It was a rather trying three months of training, but both pushed through and were even stronger than ever before. Maybe not on a physical level, but most certainly they knew they were on a mental and emotional level.

Both Kara and Harry were stubborn, they refused to break or give up. Kilowog told them that half of the new Lantern recruits broke within the first week. Those who did not would be the cream of the corps.

True to form, the first week was the easiest, and it was harder. It was almost like Batman on a bad day.

Their status was already on shaky ground. Most of the Guardians were rather cool towards the entire Blue Lantern Corps experiment. They were set in their ways like many people were and traditionalists. The Green Lantern Corps was a professionally put together outfit, and the guardians did have their work put together regulating so many sectors.

There was so much protocol to follow that Harry and Kara were both kind of glad that they were only probationary members, just being offered the training. They did add some necessary fire power to a few missions, but they did come to clash with the Guardians of OA. One of them made a comment about them being another Sinestro situation waiting to happen.

It was not until they both found out whom Sinestro was that they got offended. It was a good thing both Harry and Kara had just finished an entire day of drills, and had time to cool down as they
rested. Otherwise the entire situation would have been messy.

So naturally from day one, based off the prototype ring factor, and other things, Harry and Kara seemed to clash with the Guardians. Harry mostly, as he had a nasty habit of speaking his opinion, but Kara was no stranger to offending people with her opinion.

Harry just doubted he would ever have to deal with the Guardians of OA after today. Or more likely a part of him hoped so. He had a feeling that they would give a thumbs down on the entire Blue Lantern Corps experiment by a wide margin. Not that he minded.

Harry did not really fancy spending a lot of his time gallivanting in space. He was glad he could use the ring in many ways, and he sensed Kara was happy as well.

Plus the training gave them new weapons to use in combat, and there always could be someone more powerful than they are. Every single weapon that they could use, even the minor ones, would be appreciated by both of them.

Those thoughts went through their heads as they traveled.

"Harry," Kara whispered to him, and grabbed his sleeve.

"Yes," Harry said, but he frowned and he caught sight of something. "There's a distress signal, someone's in trouble."

Heroism died hard. Even if it was a bit away from where they were, both Harry and Kara had to pick up the distress signal. It was in their nature. They changed into their official Blue Lantern uniforms and moved off to search for the distress signal. Kara's standard uniform was a bit more modest, the one she wore this morning was for Harry's eyes only.

Outside of the Watchtower, Superman, dressed in a white spacesuit with a helmet and a red 'S' signifying the crest of the house of El stitched onto the suit, flew around the outside. He activated the communication device he had on him, a frown appearing on his face when he picked up a beacon.

"Distress signal picked up, requesting back up," Superman said, frowning. His X-Ray vision indicated that alien space craft was definitely in the distance.

"Back up coming, please stand by," Martian Manhunter said. "Hawkgirl, Green Lantern, and Flash are boarding now to travel to your location, being the closest to it. How dire is the situation?"

The telltale signs of an explosion were seen in a distance and Superman moved forward to investigate it. He hovered and carefully analyzed the situation. He gingerly set down on an asteroid.

"We could have a potential hostage situation, and potential casualties," Superman said. "I'm going in; send the others by at the earliest convenience."

"ETA, one minute and forty five seconds."

The Man of Steel saw two figures move around space craft parked on the asteroid. They uniforms on, that resembled those of the Green Lanterns Corps, but the uniforms were red. They were trying to pry it open to get the person inside.

Superman dodged a high impact blast of red light from one of the apparent attackers. The Man of
Steel dove down, and knocked out one of his attackers with a swift shot. He flew down to the ground hard and Superman threw his attacker down.

Another blast of red light caught Superman in the back. Superman staggered from the impact. A look of pure rage appeared on the face of the young man, when he saw Superman remain on his face.

"Why won't you stay down?" the young man demanded, before he held his ring and aimed it at Superman, a crazed expression on his face. "DIE!"

A series of high energy blasts sliced through the air towards the hero. If Superman had not been the Man of Steel, they would have sliced him in half or blown him to smithereens. He shot forward like a cork to engage the enemy.

Three more of these attackers moved into focus. Thankfully for Superman, he did not have to wait for long, as backup was on the way. The Javelin touched down onto the asteroid body.

A green energy shot blocked the red attack and pushed it back. Green Lantern rushed in and engaged them in battle. The red clad attackers seemed angry at his presence, and made him know it immediately.

Hawkgirl and Flash, dressed for space travel, turned up. Flash rushed in to grab them, but a blast staggered him off to the side.

Wings flapping, Hawkgirl lifted up her mace and swung it for the fences. It blasted the red light attacks back. The red attackers would not give any ground, for a while, but the Justice League refused to put any civilians in risk.

The battle continued for a bit. The heroes gained the advantage, and the villains knew it.

"This one's a bust, leave it!" one of the attackers yelled.

Superman was not going to let them go away without a fight. He engaged them, but one of the sadistic attackers blew up the ship to allow them to gain cover. The quartet shot into the air. One of their numbers had been killed, but that was the price for war.

"You can't save him!" yelled Green Lantern, with Superman trying to move over to save him, but Lantern held the Man of Steel back. The young man found himself blown to smithereens.

Superman made last valiant attempt to save him, but it was much too late.

"I can't believe it, dead just like that," Superman said. "I could have saved him!"

"You don't know that," Green Lantern offered in an even voice. "But right now we have to save ourselves."

The asteroid they fought on began to crack and shutter. The Justice League moved off of the asteroid, and boarded the Javelin, before they flew off.

They all caught their breath carefully, before one of their number asked the very obvious question.

"Who were those guys?" Flash asked them.

"They almost looked like Red Lanterns," Superman said, a pained expression crossing his face.

Everyone looked to consider the possibilities and there really was no other explanation for what
"Red Lanterns, really, well they looked like they were seeing red," Flash responded, before he turned towards Green Lantern. "Did you know anything like this?"

Green Lantern shook his head, and was just as befuddled as the rest of the group.

"No, I wasn't briefed on this by the Guardians of OA."

"Maybe they just came out of the woodwork recently," Hawkgirl suggested.

"Whoever they are, they're dangerous," Superman said grimly. He turned his attention towards Green Lantern "I would think that this would be something that the Guardians would like to know about."

"Unless they already know," Flash suggested.

"Well, there's only one way to find out," Superman said, and Green Lantern nodded.

He knew what to do.

"Yes, there is," Green Lantern responded, adopting a business like tone of voice and he turned to the other three. "Someone using modified Lantern technology, but a different weapon and in a different way, they'd want to know. Even if they already know…I can't see why they would. But, still…maybe they didn't have all of the facts."

Hawkgirl, Flash, and Superman all nodded. He would know about the situation in OA the best.

"A trip to OA is our next stop, to discuss this situation with the Guardians. And you three are witnesses so…"

"Hey, we'll help out, no need to say anything," Flash said. "That's what team mates are for."

"We will," Superman agreed and he took a look at his slightly burned suit. "The damage on my suit is…well it's more than enough proof, isn't it?"

'And it's the perfect chance to pop in to see how Harry and Kara are doing with their training,' Superman thought.

He had not heard from either of them since they had left that night after dinner in Smallville. The Man of Steel figured they had been busy. He had been busy himself, the Justice League having a number of fires to put out. That was in addition to the usual trouble he encountered as Superman every day in Metropolis, but he remained upbeat. The world would be a safer place.

A year ago he had been in a pretty bad place after the entire Darkseid fiasco, and it nearly ruined his relationships with several people. His cousin being the worst one, especially after he jumped to the absolute wrong conclusion after she went off to Vegas and the marriage to Harry really was a situation he regretted how he initially handled it.

Superman did weather the storm, and patched up everything with Kara and Harry as well. It was a good thing he did eventually, and he felt it only made the bonds of family much stronger. Even, if it was quite the journey to get that point and things were strained between him and Kara for the longest time.

This entire Red Lantern incident took his mind off of recalling the past, because he had a violent
situation on his hands. Whoever these guys were, they meant business and they did not seem to
care about who they caught in the crossfire.

Carefully, Harry and Kara moved towards the sign of the distress signal they had picked up. They
spotted the source of it, a ship having crashed down on a planet outpost and there were flames.
Immediately, Harry and Kara dropped down onto the ground to get an assessment of the situation.

Both carefully remained in the shadows cast by a range of mountains, for lack of a better term.
Harry and Kara slipped off to the side, and they spotted several imposing figures across the
horizon.

There were about eight of them in total, all moving around the wreckage of the ship.

Their uniforms resembled the standard Green Lantern Corps issued uniform, only they were red.\nHarry and Kara's eyes narrowed, and a family was extracted from the vehicle. A wife and two
children quivered in terror.

"What do you want from us?" the woman asked.

"You saw something, you protected that Green Lantern from us, you prevented us from
annihilating him," a Red Lantern stated in a cruel voice.

"The Guardians latest champions are no different than their previous failures, but will wipe them
out," another Red Lantern said showing his teeth. "And that includes anyone who harbors them or
their kind."

The children were knocked around, and these Red Lanterns looked ready to use more violent
means to get the desired results.

Both watched and Kara crushed a rock into her hand into dust.

"Stealth's over," Kara whispered in an undertone, a dangerous expression in her eyes when she saw
the lengths these thugs would go to achieve their victory.

Harry had to agree. He levitated several rocks and flung them directly at the Red Lanterns to get
their attention.

They turned around; their forces had been divided with precise strategy.

Kara swooped in from one side, and nailed one of the Red Lanterns in the face with a huge punch.
The creature popped up, outraged, but Harry tripped him up.

"Watch your back!" Harry yelled at Kara.

"Isn't that what I have you here for?" Kara retorted.

"What matter of Lanterns are you?" demanded what appeared to be the field leader, but his face
contorted into great rage, before a beam of light shot through the air.

Kara dodged in and punched him out. A firefight began on the planetoid, and continued for several
minutes.

"Whoever these guys are, they aren't fooling around!" Harry yelled.

"We've got to divide and conquer them," Kara said.
The super powered couple attempted to put this strategy into motion, but found their opponents to be relentless attackers. These Red Lanterns appeared to be fighting as one, even if it was motivated by rage and a bloodlust without any peer.

"The problem is getting them to follow us!" Harry shouted, but to his credit, he knocked one of them out when he managed to find the pattern in the erratic shooting.

"Set the explosive device, and retreat!" one of the red lanterns called.

"Set the explosive device?" Kara asked.

"Yeah, that's never encouraging when someone says that," Harry managed.

They found themselves smack into a force field. They found a way underneath, but a few seconds was all that the Red Lanterns needed to vacate the planet. An explosive device started to drill itself into the planet.

"So, do you have any idea what language the timer's in?" Harry asked Kara, but she shook her head.

"If I'd hazard a guess, it's going to go off any minute now," Kara said with a frown.

She moved over and tried to scan it. The circuitry was rather simple, but delicate.

"Okay, Harry, lift the panel off, and I'll cut the wires," Kara said, remaining cool and taking a deep breath.

Harry did as he was asked, and Kara closed her eyes. She fired a concentrated blast of heat vision to slice through the wires.

One wrong misstep and they would be all vaporized. The Red Lantern Harry had knocked out was on the ground taking a nap. Harry watched and waited with bated breath. Kara concluded her work and sighed in absolute relief.

The crisis had been averted, well at least this one. The villagers moved out and all watched them fearfully before one had the courage to speak.

"Is that dreadful thing destroyed?"

"Yes, it's done, and I'm getting rid of it now," Harry told them in a reassuring voice.

"Why is Atrocitus doing this to us?" one of the villages asked.

Harry and Kara exchanged a rather confused look at this abrupt question.

"Who is Atrocitus?" Kara asked them gently, but the very name caused everyone to back up in fear.

Everyone in the village seemed positively terrified and trembled, shaking and pale.

"Hazarding a guess, he's the leader of these guys," Harry said, and he inclined his head towards the Red Lantern Corps member on the dirt. "These Red Lanterns, if I'm not mistaken."

There were a number of fearful nods. A particularly brave young man began to move up and speak to Harry and Kara.
"Atrocitus sent his army to our planet and several nearby to send a message to the Guardians of OA. His message was that he's still out there and he hasn't forgotten what has happened."

"What happened?" Harry asked them.

"No one really knows," the villager replied in a hushed tone. "He arrived here, and sent us a message that anyone harboring Green Lanterns would be punished. This village was often used as a medical outpost for any injuries. The Green Lantern Corps stopped by often, but now they showed up and we have much to fear."

"Being so close you would think you would have a Green Lantern assigned to this place," Kara commented.

The looks on their faces allowed Harry to make an educated guess about what was going on.

"Unless...he's no longer around," Harry said slowly.

"You'd be correct, we did have a Green Lantern assigned to this little cluster of planets, but Atrocitus and his Red Lanterns brutally slaughtered him," said the villager, with a shudder. "He made sure to have images passed out throughout the city, and they were stained in the blood of the poor Green Lantern. Ever since then, he's sent the Red Lanterns here every single day to remind us he's out there, but now you two have given us new hope."

Disgust flooded both Harry and Kara. They could both feel the hopelessness and the horror, but also the breath of fresh air their appearance inspired. Something about that just made them smile.

That was evidence that this training was not all for nothing. The rings seemed to inspire something within these helpless and oppressed villagers.

"What hope, they can't stick around here," another villager said in a panicked voice. "They might have stopped one attempt to blow up this planetoid, but what's stopping Atrocitus from bringing his army back here in full force? We don't even know how many of these Red Lanterns there are."

"We have the one, and that should be proof for the Guardians of OA to react to this problem," Harry said, and he held up the downed Red Lantern for emphasis.

Kara proceeded to help Harry check the Red Lantern on the ground for any tracking implements or surprises. The ring was a danger, but Harry located the power battery on his person. Keeping them separate would be important, as a basic scan indicated that his ring was low on power.

"I'm going to set up a barrier around here, it will only hold for a few days, but it should be able to keep any Red Lanterns out until we sort this out," Harry explained.

"And if they come back around, we'll know right away," Kara added, trying to give them a reassuring smile. "But we're taking this one to OA and the Guardians"

"We should hopefully have some kind of response," Harry said. "Try and live your normal lives the best you can."

"Good luck, good fortune, and thanks!" one of the villagers called after them.

The months and months of terror had subsided at least for a few fleeting moments. They knew of the Green Lanterns, the Red Lanterns, but these Blue Lanterns symbolized a fresh new hope for them all.
Optimism returned to this quaint little village for the first time in ages, and word would spread eventually is it tended to do.

The Javelin touched down on OA. Green Lantern exited, and Superman, Hawkgirl, and Flash followed them. The rough and tumble drill sergeant with a heart of gold known as Kilowog waited for them.

"Ah, Stewart, I heard you were stopping by to report on something," Kilowog said in a gruff, but welcoming tone of voice. He surveyed Flash, Superman, and Hawkgirl. "And you brought along a few friends."

"Witnesses," Green Lantern said stiffly and he pointed them out. "Superman, Hawkgirl, and Flash, this is Kilowog."

There were handshakes all around as the introductions concluded.

"Guardians seem to be intently talking about something," Superman commented, not being able to help overhearing with his enhanced sense of hearing.

Kilowog just nodded and spoke gruffly, "Yeah, the Guardians are in a weird mood. I thought it was because of that entire Blue Lantern experiment. It went decent enough, but some of them can't see past what they thought was the only way. Guess that's tradition for ya."

"So, how are Kara and Harry doing?" Superman asked him.

"Ah, Superman, I'd tell you, about the same as any other pair of new trainees," said Kilowog in an even tone of voice. "Been working them through the grind, but at first I thought they would fall down hard. But they kept fighting up. They took the best I had to give them. Granted, there were some rough patches, and they were a bit raw for a while. At least they had a decent understanding of the basics, unlike a lot of the other fresh meat that I get thrown my way."

"So, where are the two…um Blue Lanterns?" Flash asked with curiosity in his voice.

"That's what I'd like to know," Superman commented, not being able to help overhearing with his enhanced sense of hearing.

"Yeah, you'd figure they would be around here, I thought that were going to be leaving tomorrow," Green Lantern stated, eyes narrowed at the potential tardiness.

"Ah, they likely took a bit of a day out, see a bit of the universe, I wasn't supposed to meet with them for about another five minutes," Kilowog said, also keeping a watch out for them but he remained calm and turned to Green Lantern. "But the Guardians want to see you Stewart, about this urgent distress signal…whatcha say it's about?"

"Red Lanterns," Green Lantern replied, and Kilowog was taken aback by this statement.

"Red Lanterns, you got to be flipping kidding me!"

"What you don't believe us?" Hawkgirl challenged. "We saw them with our eyes…"

Kilowog shook his head and put a hand up.

"Nah, I believe ya, it's just I was rememberin' the good old days where there used to be the good old Green Lantern Corps. Now there's Sinestro and his crew, the Blue Lanterns, and then those Star
Sapphires. Heard of them?"

"I've been briefed on them," Green Lantern said and he cringed at the thought. "They've taken love to absolutely insane degree and tried to enslave powerful men to feed their powers."

"Yeah, well there numbers are a bit short now," Kilowog said roughly, before he chuckled. "Funny story, might tell you about it sometime."

Superman had a shrewd idea what happened. It seemed they might have tried something involving Harry, and run afoul of Kara. He did feel sorry for them, but only to an extent.

"And now we got Red Lanterns, what's next, Polka Dot Lanterns?" Kilowog asked them.

"Hey, that'd be something, wouldn't it?" Flash responded with a grin, but he got a few looks that indicated to him it was time for him to shut up.

"Enough talk, the longer we wait, the more damage these Red Lanterns can do to innocent people out there," Green Lantern said.

"Well you got us the meeting, let's just go pay the Guardians of OA our respects," Hawkgirl said firmly, her mace clutched in her hand.

Everyone agreed this was the best course of action. Kilowog and Green Lantern lead the way.

The entire group looked up to face the Guardians of OA.

"Yes, Green Lantern John Stewart, we understand you and your comrades in the Justice League had a situation close to one of Earth's space stations, by a cluster of asteroids."

The four explained what happened. The Guardians of OA peered down at them from above. Their blue faces mostly were kept blank and they nodded at the news they were given.

"Well, it's a fascinating story, but to think that there were Red Lanterns out there, most likely it was a group of space pirates trying to gain some credibility."

"The Red Lanterns are an urban legend that crop up from time to time, and people take advantage of it to spread fear and discord."

"Urban legend, somehow I doubt it," a voice spoke up from the hallway. Everyone's heads snapped around to see the source.

Harry and Kara showed up for the meeting. They got narrowed eyes from a few of the Guardians, but some inclined their heads respectfully.

"You are not authorized for this meeting."

"Trust me, it'd be well worth your time to break protocol," Kara said fiercely, before she and Harry dropped the unconscious Red Lantern on the ground with a thud.

There were gasps and the Guardians whispered amongst themselves.

Harry and Kara launched into an explanation of their little encounter.

"I might not be the most hip guy to the room on urban legends, but two incidents like that far apart are far from a coincidence," Flash concluded, when they were done.
"Flash is right, I'd think we'd like to know if there have been any attacks," Green Lantern said, a bit more firmly than he would have normally spoken to the Guardians.

"Do not overstep your bounds, John Stewart…"

"Fine he shouldn't, but I'll overstep mine," Harry interrupted them and he got a few gasps. He proceeded to ignore them, and looked up at the Guardians. "The fact of the matter is, you Guardians know a lot more than you let on about this situation. Your explanation was too clean. And this Red Lantern thing, they were assaulting planets who just happened to help out members of your corps."

"This activity could occur on OA," Kara warned them.

There was looks of skepticism, but a few looked worried.

"It's impossible."

"Is it impossible?" Kara challenged them.

Harry looked focused and more serious than he ever been before. "Nothing is impossible, you might think you're secure, but someone could surprise you. "It's a lot better to give the truth now, then try and keep hiding it. I have questions, and I think everyone in this room who dealt with both Red Lantern attacks would like answers."

Everyone nodded, and some of the Guardians shifted guilty.

"Let's start with a simple one," Kara prompted. "Who is Atrocitus?"

That one name got the entire group of Guardians muttering to each other. Kara, Harry, Superman, Hawkgirl, Green Lantern, Flash, and Kilowog all waited, before one decided to speak.

"One of the consequences of the darkest day in the history of the Green Lantern Corps, and it happened many of your Earth decades ago. Nearly thirty five of your years, we believed him to be gone, but now he's back. But he's…."

"Remember, this information is strictly confidential. We must converse privately before you are told anything more."

"Of course," Kara said in undertone, who heard enough about protocol from the Guardians of OA to fill several notebooks.

Some Guardians were very much by the book, and some were very by the book.

Kara turned to see her cousin and offered him a smile.

"Hi, Kal, sorry we couldn't meet up again under better circumstances," Kara said. "So how are you doing?"

"Fine, I've been busy," Superman said. "You?"

"The same," Kara replied, her eyes focused on the Guardians who had their backs turned on them. "How about you Harry?" Superman asked conversationally.

"I've been doing fine, busy, with the training, about ready to go home," Harry said. "So did you bring any news about…"
"It's doing fine, you posted another profit last quarter," Superman informed them with a chuckle, before Harry even had to ask..

He smiled as Harry and Kara relaxed just slightly.

"So, this isn't going to be as bad as waiting at the DMV, is it?" Flash asked to break the silence that had just been formed.

"No, likely worse," Green Lantern answered him in a disgusted voice. "Because, I think we stumbled upon a secret that the Guardians hoped would remain dead and buried."

Superman listened to several bits of conversations. He could not make out most of it, but his instincts told them they were angry.

"These Red Lanterns are out there, we saw them, we fought them," Hawkgirl said. "What are they waiting for?"

"The senior prom it sounds like," Flash said. "Although I don't see many of those faces being top on the invite list."

There were a few sighs.

The Guardians continued their heated conversation, and they could only wait.

The Red Lantern prisoner had been taken away by guards, but that was the only change that happened as the group waited as the Guardians argued.

Several Red Lanterns stood posture nervous and they trembled before the fearsome person before them.

"So, two failures in one day, and two Red Lanterns lost," the imposing figure in the shadows concluded.

"Atrocitus, begging your forgiveness, but there were circumstances," one of the Red Lanterns begged.

The terror known as Atrocitus stood in the background. Decades ago, the Guardians of OA unleashed their terrors, the Manhunters, in an attempt to exert their authority. The Manhunters were shut down, but the Red Lantern Corps rose from the bloodshed of several destroyed worlds. Atrocitus was their leader, and he was the angriest of them all.

His fondest wish was to tear the Guardians apart and their blood to rain from the skies as he bathed in it.

"One of the attackers by the base on Earth, he was most certainly Kryptonian," another Red Lantern offered him.

This information caused Atrocitus to see red. He tried to enlist the help of Krypton many years back when it still existed. They had nothing to do with the Guardians, so he figured they were kindred spirits. Their arrogance spurned them, which caused Atrocitus to lead his legions on Krypton, a calculated error in hindsight.

He remembered those two fools who had stopped his campaign. One dared to tell him to kneel before him. That caused Atrocitus great rage, as most of his Red Lantern Corps were slaughtered in
primal bloodshed by this General and his army, before Atrocitus himself was banished to a place called the Phantom Zone.

Yet, he was rescued by a few loyalists. Atrocitus rebuilt the Red Lantern Corps over the past few years, and now blood would reign down on the universe in crimson rage.

He found out Krypton had perished some time ago, and he felt some minor joy, even if he was not the one to wipe out that race of insufferable fools.

Atrocitus watched the battle, and recognized the crest on the Kryptonian. It was the family crest of the other one who had assisted in his defeat, alongside that arrogant general.

The messenger dropped dead as a consequence of the great anger the leader of the Red Lantern Corps felt.

Atrocitus peered over and faced his followers.

"Charge your rings, we will prepare for the onslaught," Atrocitus ordered them. "And no ghost Kryptonians or Guardians of OA or anyone shall stop us from reining our vengeance upon the universe."

The Red Lantern Corps performed their oath simultaneously.

"With blood and rage crimson red.

Ripped from a corpse so freshly dead.

Together with our hellish hate.

We'll burn you all, that is your fate!"
Chapter 2: Atrocity Part One.

The assembled group waited impatiently, and nearly an hour later, the Guardians turned to face them. They all held their breaths. The tension in the air could be felt as each and every person waited. Several eyes peered down at them. It was another couple of moments before one of the Guardians offered them the courtesy of speaking.

"We have reached a decision. We never thought this information would need to be divulged. There have been whispers of the return of Atrocitus over the past number of months, but we dared not believe them. Yet, after interrogating this prisoner, what little information we could gather indicates that this violent cult leader has returned. He has escaped his prison, even if we had been assured that there was no way out."

The obvious question had to be asked by someone.

"What do you mean there was no way out?" Superman asked the Guardians.

"The last time we saw Atrocitus was thirty five years ago, as we had noted earlier," one of the guardians explained. "It should be only be appropriate that you ask this question Superman, because his final devastating campaign took place on Krypton."

Superman had no idea about this and offered for them to continue. Kara looked intrigued. Every single inquiry she had about Krypton and if their sector had even been patrolled had been stone walled by the Guardians. The information was classified, so naturally her full attention was on what the Guardians were telling them.

"Krypton was an interesting planet, as they had isolated themselves from a great deal of the universe, despite being ahead of their time," he continued dryly. "There sector was not one that was in the jurisdiction of the Guardians of OA, and they refused membership in the Green Lantern Corps. Atrocitus assumed that this was due to the fact that they had hostile intentions towards us. Rather, it was just a similar clash of philosophies, and one that would not have allowed a working relationship with us."

"Yet, Atrocitus thought he could have allies," Green Lantern summarized. "But that didn't go as he planned."

"Yes, and when he found out that Krypton would not consent with joining in his campaign of bloodlust, he lashed out against them. It was a short, but bloody spectacle. It was fortunate that Krypton had an able hero that was able to stop them, even if the price on both sides was steep. It is our professional opinion that Atrocitus left his mark, and contributed much to the long term planet instabilities that lead to its destruction.

Both Kryptonians eyes narrowed and they recalled the death of the planet. Kara was affected more so by this, due to actually remembering the planet. This did not undercut how much Superman felt the pangs of his lost home world.

"Who was this great hero that stopped him the first time?" Flash asked. "He would have to have a name, right?"

There was a bit of a pause, and the Guardians nodded.
"His name was General Zod."

Kara did a double take, and her eyes narrowed with fury. She thought for a moment her ears failed her.

"You're kidding me right?" Kara inquired. Her eyes remained narrowed. She kept her voice neutral, but there was an undercurrent of hostility dripping from it. "General Zod is anything but a hero. And how do we know that Atrocitus was not brought there the first place by Zod for one of his campaigns? If my timeline is right, it wasn't that long after that Zod got kicked off of Krypton for staging a coup, a year or so later I think."

"What Zod did after that point is irrevalant to the discussion at hand," one of the Guardians said.

"Yes, well your hero burned down the entire countryside of Argo and toasted all life on it," Kara said bitterly. "And killed several of my friends, but it's not like you intervened with anything."

She looked upset. Harry placed a hand gently on his wife's shoulder to calm her down.

Nothing seemed to add up.

"Maybe that battle got to him," Hawkgirl suggested.

Kara scoffed, like she seriously doubted it.

"Kara, we know Zod's...well he was unbalanced," Superman said, and Kara gave him a look that clearly told him he had no idea. "But he must have done some good. He could have been respected enough to..."

"Yeah, well you don't know about Zod, that was before you were born," Kara argued stubbornly. Harry put his arms around his wife, and calmed her down a little bit. Kara took a deep breath and spoke in a softened voice. "Everything was a calculated move to get him more power."

The members of the Justice League looked at each other.

"She could have a point," Green Lantern said grudgingly.

"Whether or not she has a point about what Dru-Zod may or may not have done is irrelevant," a Guardian said. "The fact is that we were assured that Atrocitus would not have escaped from this Phantom Zone. Therefore, he must have found a way out, which is most concerning."

"Or someone busted him out," Green Lantern offered.

The Guardians considered this.

"Yes, that is not a possibility we should discount," one of the Guardians agreed. They all took a deep breath. "It is possible that Atrocitus has a small, but dedicated group of loyalists that wish to keep his crusade alive. He may still be imprisoned; it may just be an attempt for these men and women to spread discord. Our prisoner seemed to be uncooperative on the manner, but should we find out any further information in interrogation the entire Green Lantern Corps will be briefed."

"Are you certain you haven't found out anything more?" Harry asked. "About the Green Lantern that was butchered just by being connected with you guys."

"You ask questions that are above your station."

The Guardians should have known Harry would not let the matter drop.
"Yeah, well I think we all deserve answers," Harry argued fiercely. "Why does Atrocitus seem to have it in for you? There has to be a reason. You did mention something about a dark day in the history of the Green Lantern Corps. Yet, there has been nothing spoken beyond that. So, again, I ask, what are you hiding?"

The Guardians looked down at them.

"Our previous champions the Manhunters had a regrettable programming glitch," Ganthet said darkly, ignoring the looks he was getting by his fellow Guardians about speaking this information. "They went rogue, and before we could shut them down, they destroyed several planets. There were survivors, but that particular cluster of planets was called the Forgotten Zone."

John and Kilowog exchanged a look. This was brand new information for the both of them.

"So you thought you could sweep the problem under the rug," Kara said.

"Yeah, that's typical," Harry said dryly.

"We did no such thing, we reached out to survivors, but Atrocitus was harsh and unreceptive to our Olive Branch. His people were all wiped out, and he saw them all die. The rage he suffered was beyond peer. As the last of his kind, he allowed the most violent emotion that a being could suffer escalated to unprecedented levels. His rage and hate for us inflamed others. Whether or not they had lost, Atrocitus made sure to take them under his wing and manufactured a weapon."

Everyone nodded, but some of the assembled group looked up the Guardians with a great deal of skepticism.

"A patrol has been set up to look for any such activity. If these Red Lanterns do try and attack on Oa, they will be dealt with and taken off for trial. Then we will get some answers whether or not this Atrocitus rumor is a hoax. Thank you for your time and the evidence you have presented. You are all dismissed."

Kara, Harry, Green Lantern, Flash, Hawkgirl, Superman, and Kilowog all took that as their cue to leave.

"So, I guess the situation is solved, if your bosses got the heads up," Flash said, but he got some rather cross looks from Harry and Kara. "I guess it's not that simple."

"It's never that simple," Green Lantern said.

"I'm not sure if they are taking this situation seriously," Superman commented.

"Oh, I'm sure they're taking it seriously," Green Lantern argued fiercely.

Kara just shook her head. She took a breath and began to speak in a serious tone of voice.

"At least as seriously as they should be, they did seem to be rather dismissive of this entire Red Lantern thing. They think it's a myth, but you should have seen the look on the faces of those villagers."

"Terror does not begin to even cover it," Harry said in a quiet tone of voice. "And those Red Lanterns tried to blow up a planet, just so they could make a clean getaway."

"There's nothing clean about a getaway like that," Green Lantern retorted. "I don't know… intergalactic terrorists at their finest. The Green Lantern Corps could stop them."
"They have killed before, and they could kill again," Kilowog said, speaking up for the first time.

"Butchered was the word used, stained in their blood," Harry stated darkly. "Intergalactic terrorists would be a good description of what these Red Lanterns are. Each and every one of them is extremely dangerous, and… I just hope the Guardians know what they are doing. There are some situations where sometimes following things by the book aren't going to work. You got to think outside the box."

"Yeah, well you two need to learn that there are rules to be followed," Green Lantern remarked, and he turned to Harry and Kara. "They are in place for a reason…"

"Yeah, but sometimes you got to bend a few of them," Kara argued, not backing down at all and neither was Harry. "And a rule that hurts more people than it helps, is that one you're willing to follow?"

"I spent an entire year of my life following the rules of someone sent by my government," Harry said quietly. "It's in the past, but they thought they were doing well. They were following things by the book."

Superman sensed some tension, so he tried to do his best to bring everything back to a less than hostile situation.

"We could really go around in circles about this entire debate," Superman said warily.

"Yeah, we could," Hawkgirl agreed. "The type of passive resistance that the Guardians are putting up, that's not going to work for long. You heard them. The Red Lanterns are motivated by rage."

"We heard them, we all heard them," Green Lantern stated roughly. He drew breath and continued, "The problem is not to escalate this situation. It snowballs downhill, and no one can handle it."

Superman was rather silent at this point and he looked off into the distance. Kara took a few steps towards her cousin.

"Something bothering you, Kal?" Kara asked him.

"Do you think that Atrocitus was partially responsible for what happened to Krypton?" asked Superman to Kara. "The Red Lanterns you fought, they had a machine that would blow up a planet. What if they were partially successfully at damaging Krypton's core and everything just…"

"I don't know, from what I could tell those instabilities were around for years," Kara said, eyes shut. It did give her something to think about. Krypton blew up, took out Argo, and many lives had been extinguished. "But it could not have helped at all. I'm upset about this as much as you are, but…it's kind of hard to figure out what happened. It would have been about nine years in between the Red Lantern visit and the destruction of Krypton."

The entire group walked around outside. Kilowog turned his attention to Harry and Kara.

"I believe I had an assessment report to give to the two of you regarding your training," Kilowog commented gruffly.

"Yeah we were a little late," Harry offered him.

"Not without good reason," Kilowog said to both of them.

He looked at the two trainees. There was a moment of silence.
"So what's the damage?" Kara inquired.

Kilowog chuckled before he gave his assessment.

"Well, most of the damage has been done in the first month. You're still a bit rough around the edges, and there's room for improvement. But your teamwork is your strength. One on one, I'm acknowledging that you two could take most new trainees. A veteran Lantern would stomp you, but you're creative enough to make 'em sweat a little bit. So yeah, you've improved by leaps and bounds in the past three months. Had some tough times, and I thought there were a couple of times where you might have quit. But I guess you two are just too stubborn to learn the meaning of that word."

Harry and Kara just exchanged grins at this. They were pegged rather well. Perseverance was always a strong suit of them both of them, and they could not be happier with the fact this shined through in this assessment.

"I don't know if the Guardians were impressed enough, even with the mostly glowing review I gave you," Kilowog continued. "Your diplomacy needs a bit of work, but I guess old habits die hard."

"Yeah, well I haven't actually got along with authority figures ever," Harry said.

"Well really your hand to hand is acceptable," Kilowog continued. "So if you ever get in a situation where your powers are useless, at least you won't be that helpless. All and all, a rather decent run for both of you, and most importantly you survived. You could have done better, but you could have done much worse. You'll be out of here, and there's only a small chance you may be called back. But don't be waiting around for it."

Harry and Kara remained silent. They had an idea that they would turn it down anyway. While the three months they spent here had been enjoyable, they did want to return home. It was nice to get out and explore the universe, but they missed the feeling of home that came with Earth.

"Don't worry, we won't be," Harry said.

"Best of luck to the both of ya," Kilowog concluded. "You can really clear out of here at any time."

Kara and Harry both mentally celebrated. The training was over, but they would be happier if it was not for the Red Lantern specter looming over them.

"So that wasn't as bad as you two feared," Superman said. "Seems like you did well."

"They did," Green Lantern agreed in a grudging voice.

"I'd just celebrate a bit more if there weren't murderous Red Lanterns out there," Harry said darkly.

"Likewise," Kara contributed.

Flash just nodded.

"Can't see how anyone would blame you."

"Yeah, but what can we do about it?" Hawkgirl asked. "The Guardians really have dismissed us, and they're not fessing up any more answers."

"So, I guess it's time to head out, and hope that those two incidents were isolated," Flash said.
Superman turned towards Kara and Harry.

"So, ready to go you two?" Superman asked the two of them.

"In a minute, there's something we got to take care of," Kara answered, and Harry got her implied meaning.

'You know, that Red Lantern prisoner, I have a feeling he knows more than he's letting on,' Harry projected to Kara through their mental link.

'I got that feeling too,' Kara thought, grabbing his hand tightly. 'Why don't we have a few words for him?'

'Why not, it's not like I'm going to win any points with most of the Guardians anyway,' Harry thought, barely able to conceal the smile on his face.

'That's really a loss,' Kara thought sarcastically. 'We'll see what this guy knows, if he knows anything.'

The two moved off to leave the Justice League standing there.

"Why do I have the feeling that they're going to do something reckless?" Hawkgirl asked the other two League members.

Superman just winced. He just hoped Kara and Harry did not cause an intergalactic incident.

"They'll be fine," Flash stated in a reassuring voice. "Likely just seeing the sights one last time."

"Yeah, but maybe we should tag along to make sure," Green Lantern suggested.

Once again, Superman had to wince. The intergalactic incident was bad enough, but treating both of those two like children was not going to end well at wall.

"No, we have to trust them, trust that they'll be back," Superman said. "They're adults, like it or not, and old enough to make their own decisions.'

The Red Lantern sat in the prison cell. A disinterested look was on his face. His power ring was barely charged, and those who captured him ensured that he would be separated from his power source. The cell would keep him even if it was not separated. The Guardians talked to him for an hour, but he remained calm and unhelpful.

Their interrogation tactics left much to be desired.

The prisoner shifted at the sound of the footsteps. A twisted grin appeared on his face. He saw the two Blue Lanterns that had captured him.

"Well, the Guardians didn't pry any info from me, so they decided to send their little pet experiment, did they?" the Red Lantern asked in a bored voice. "Well, I'll save you two precious moments of your life that you'll need. I wouldn't tell you anything, even if I wanted to."

"You won't tell us anything, would you?" Harry asked. "You know your comrades; they did leave you for dead."

A twisted grin appeared on the Red Lantern's face.
"I would have done the same thing," the Red Lantern retorted. He looked at Kara and Harry, seriously. "The universe is a cutthroat place. I'm just going with the flow. Don't worry. Whether or not I live, you'll see many more members of the Red Lantern Corps before too long."

"What do you mean by that?" Kara demanded hotly.

"Feisty little thing, I like that," the Red Lantern said, and he looked Kara over. Harry stepped forward, to give him a warning glance. The Red Lantern chuckled. The young man looked at Harry, "She's yours? Well one thing I can't fault you is for taste. But let's see how spirited she is when Atrocitus gets his hands on both of you."

"So there is an Atrocitus and you've been in contact with him!" Harry yelled at the prisoner.

"Did I say that?" the Red Lantern said in a bored voice. "My my, you two are quick on the uptake. Almost as quick as the Guardians, when their little Manhunter experiment went rogue, because it was mere weeks before they decided to get off their pathetic posteriors and do anything about it. But, you got a lucky shot. Both of you are nothing special. And I can hardly wait for your utter demise."

Kara was about ready to reach through the bars and strangle him, but she restrained the impulse.

"Do you really think that Atrocitus will let you out of that cage with your own head intact?" Harry asked.

The Red Lantern paused, and decided to enlighten Harry on the facts of life.

"It wasn't about me living or dying. It's never been about that. It's never been that for any of us. We've been fighting for the same purpose. All of us are willing to die to see the Guardians, Green Lanterns, Blue Lanterns, or any kind of Lanterns go down with the ship. They will finish us off, or we'll take them all down. Either way, we'll win. And Atrocitus will not be pleased about my failure. Yet, my failure is merely just one speck of the grand scheme of the universe to his master plan."

"Just what is his master plan?" Kara demanded, getting a bit annoyed.

"Temper like that, you could be material for the Red Lantern Corps," the Red Lantern said, leering at her once again. "Tell me though, you must be Kryptonian. I can tell, well bred, powerful under a yellow sun, and highly proud."

"It's not any of your business what I am!" Kara replied and she picked up a rock, before she crushed it into her hand for emphasis. "But you're this close to testing my patience."

"Just tell us what we need to know," Harry continued roughly.

The Red Lantern in the cell chuckled. This lasted a minute before he turned to Harry and Kara with a challenging look on his face.

"Or else, I take it. Or else what? Take my ring away, well it's not like I care. Maybe you'll execute me. Lock me in a cell. I'm already there. What more can you do to me that those Guardians haven't already done yet?"

The Red Lantern seemed sufficiently pleased he called Harry and Kara's bluff.

Nothing, that's what you can do. I heard you two are to go home soon. I'd take the first ship out of here while you still can. Earth is truly beneath the notice of Atrocitus. And just as a courtesy
warning, if he sees any Kryptonians here, he will ensure that they are extinct as he should have been."

"His plan is to kill countless, just to avenge his own loss," Kara said in a disgusted.

"An eye for an eye," the Red Lantern retorted. "The Guardians could have stopped this problem at any time. Yet, they tried to run the show. They sent their Manhunters after people who did not fall into line. And it led to this. You do create your own monsters. And Atrocitus is one."

"Yet, you follow him," Harry said to the Red Lantern.

He was unable to wrap his head around the logic of that. The Red Lantern leaned back against the wall of the cell. Bored and rather disinterested at everything that was being said to him.

"This isn't one of those hero speeches that's already been played out throughout the universe," the Red Lantern said in a bored tone of voice. "It was either kill or be killed out there. Atrocitus gave me an outlet for my vengeance. And I took him up on that offer. I do not regret it. I do not regret putting on this ring. He'll come when the time is right. He has amassed a group, no an army."

"The Guardians have made many powerful enemies," Kara replied, closing her eyes.

"Very intelligent of you to come to that conclusion," the prisoner offered dryly. "But true, they created their own monsters. And in this case, they're creating their own executioners."

"Atrocitus is coming later tonight," Harry said suddenly.

The prisoner looked absolutely startled at that sudden revelation that Harry made.

"How did you know?" the Red Lantern demanded.

"Stray thought I picked up from your mind, but thanks for confirming it out loud," Harry stated, and he turned to Kara. "We've got to warn them."

"Warn them, yeah warn them, so they can prepare their last will and testament."

Kara and Harry ignored the prisoner and rushed off to warn the Guardians.

"The Red Lanterns are far larger than the Guardians thought," Harry whispered to her in an undertone.

"Yeah, it's...it's not just a group of fanatics," Kara added breathlessly. "Atrocitus has gathered an army it sounds like."

"Yeah, and they're willing to fight to the death," Harry said.

Harry and Kara stopped, and listened to arguing voices. They tensed up, and slumped behind a stack of crates to get a better idea what was being said.

"The entire Manhunter situation is what caused this in the first place, and you're proposing we give them the orders to defend against Atrocitus."

"The Manhunters have been taken off duty, but they still are powerful weapons and would mean no blood from the Green Lantern Corps would be shed."

"The vote has been cast, it will be done by a narrow margin. That way we do not have to recall any of the Green Lantern Corps from their sectors."
Harry and Kara both cringed at this news. The Guardians were too busy arguing that they did not see the couple slip past and out the door of the prison complex.

The same thing was on both their minds, the Guardians were about to escalate this situation. If Atrocitus saw the things that murdered his home world, he would attack with supreme rage and a fury beyond all measure.

Blood would reign out throughout the entire universe. That was the dream of Atrocitus. His people were absolutely demolished by the heartless Manhunters. These machines were programmed by the Guardians of Oa, for one objective, and that was to bring in anyone who was breaking intergalactic law. The main fundamental flaw in the programming was that it could not distinguish anything such as intent.

Therefore the Manhunters attacked without prejudice, and it all snowballed. Atrocitus remembered the worlds that were destroyed. The machines went rogue, and billions of beings throughout the universe perished. All at the hands of the Guardians, who shut down the programs and modified them.

It was a bit too late. They gave their apologies for what happened.

Atrocitus found the apologies of the Guardians to be a joke.

"Everyone remain on course for Oa," Atrocitus ordered gruffly. "The foolish Guardians refuse to acknowledge the one mistake that they have made. Instead they wish to sweep me underneath the rug. As if I'm some type of boogeyman that is just a myth. But I'm very real."

The Red Lanterns looked up at their leader, and nodded. They could smell the blood of their hated enemies. Anyone who stood in their way would be annihilated.

"But there is another who has is a target and must be annihilated," Atrocitus continued, and the image of the Kryptonian one of his strike teams fought earlier could be shown. There was many boos and hisses.

Atrocitus waited for them to die down, before he spoke once again.

"This young man resembles the one who helped oppressed me. Allowed for that general to slaughter your brothers and sisters, and arranged for me to be sent into the Phantom Zone where I languished until I was found by my devoted followers. He must pay for the sins of his dead planet with his blood."

The Red Lanterns buzzed with excitement. Atrocitus turned towards the front of his ship, and saw Oa out on the horizon. His rage escalated, and the Red Lanterns could feel it through the rings.

"So, those Guardians have decided to not learn from their mistakes," Atrocitus stated angrily, spotting the Manhunters on the horizon. There were sounds of anger. The leader of the Red Lantern Corps looked at the murderers of his planet with distaste. "So be it, they will pay twice as much. I will annihilate them all, and rip the flesh until blood rains all over the universe."

Red Lanterns all held their rings. They prepared to engage the Manhunters in battle. Many had lost their homes due to these mechanical monsters, so revenge would be in the cards.

"You know what to do when I give the word," Atrocitus concluded grimly.

All of the Red Lanterns nodded and prepared for the onslaught that was near.
"What do you mean they're coming here?"

Green Lantern, Hawkgirl, Superman, and the Flash all looked at Harry and Kara.

"What do you think I mean by they're coming here?" Harry asked.

"Here's what Harry means, they're on their way here, they're almost here, there's really nothing we can do to stop them," Kara explained, arms crossed over her chest.

"How soon is on their way?" Hawkgirl inquired.

Harry and Kara both shrugged and took a few seconds to ponder that question.

"Could be a couple of hours, good be a few moments, it really could be any time at all," Harry offered them.

"It really doesn't narrow it down, but that's the best information we can get you right now,' Kara said in an apologetic voice.

The Justice League surrounded each other, and attempted to piece together what was going on.

"So, this little attack, we might not have any time to prepare," Flash said to them.

"The real question is do we let the Guardians of Oa know that there's an attack coming," Superman said.

There was a long pause, and Superman deferred to Green Lantern. The man stood in the background, and pondered the situation.

"We can tell them, but I'm sure they're already taking actions," Green Lantern grunted.

"Actions, yes, we heard them," Kara remarked darkly.

"You mean you were eavesdropping," Hawkgirl said. This was not an accusation, more like an inquiry.

"No actually, we were walking by minding our own business when we happened to hear them talking," Kara said without any remorse. "It isn't exactly my fault that they can't bother to keep their voices down."

"How bad is the situation?" Superman asked. He almost dreaded the answer.

"Oh, it's bad," Kara answered. "Remember the things that caused this entire Red Lantern mess in the first place."


"They've been modified for defensive purposes," Green Lantern said to them. "They have been given limited capabilities, there's no way they could be that much of a danger."

Kara and Harry exchanged a look. Time seemed to stand still as Harry struggled to find the right words to explain this situation.

"Well, you see, that might be well and good for everyone else's safety, but do you not think Atrocitus is going to see red?" Harry asked. "He's going to see those Manhunters, and immediately
jump to the worst possible conclusion."

"There's one more thing you should know," Kara added, and she turned to her cousin at this point. "He's got it in for Kryptonians, after that entire getting banished to the Phantom Zone thing. He seems to want to finish the job that the death of the planet started."

Superman took this news in absolute stride. There really was not all that much he could do, except brace himself for the worst. He had been in situations that his life had been on the line, but he had stood up and weathered the storm. This time should not have been any different.

"Whether the Guardians okay it or not, if I see one Red Lantern, they're going down hard," Harry added to them.

This statement got a bit of a stir.

"You can't be serious," Green Lantern said, rounding on Harry.

Harry turned around to look at the older man, eyes narrowed.

"He looks serious," Flash offered, unable to resist.

"Deadly serious," Hawkgirl added.

"The Red Lanterns are a threat to Kara, if Atrocitus intends to finish off Kryptonians," Superman added with a deep breath. "And Harry takes his vow to protect her seriously."

"As you learned the hard way I take it," Hawkgirl said.

Superman nodded. It was a painful lesson, on both his ego and his eardrums, but it was one he needed to learn even if it did hurt. He remained rigid, and tried to see if he could pick up any threats with his enhanced senses.

"I recommend we get these two off of this planet," Green Lantern said, and he turned to Harry and Kara. If looks could kill, John Stewart would be dead. "Not questioning your capabilities, but if there is an entire army of Red Lanterns this is out of your depth and you're not experienced enough."

"Funny, I do recall saving the Earth from not one, but two alien threats," Harry said, stroking his chin in mock thought.

"Yeah, so I think we can handle ourselves," Kara added, challenging anyone to contradict her.

"You'll end up getting yourselves killed," Green Lantern argued, and he turned to Superman. "You should find a way to talk some sense into them."

Superman just gave him a serious expression.

"It's their decision," Superman argued. "Plus, I have a feeling that we're going to need all of the help we can get when this invading force hits hard."

"So is there any chance we can convince the Guardians that this plan reeks of absolute stupidity and poor planning?" Flash asked the rest of the team.

Loud explosions were heard off in the horizon, and the entire group stood up, rather rigid from what they heard. Harry and Kara moved to the forefront. Whatever defense the Guardians put up either was not complete, or was inadequate to properly protect for long.
The entire party caught sight of the explosions, and the red light show high above them. Hawkgirl was the first to break the silence.

"That time ran out a long time ago."

The screams of agony echoed from above, but immediately Harry and Kara jumped and took off in flight without another word. The first fleet of Red Lanterns had arrived on the planet. The large robotic creations known as the Manhunters engaged them. The Red Lanterns and Manhunters pushed back and forth, but it was hard to tell who caused more collateral damage.

"Defeat the Red Lanterns, no matter what the cost," one of the Manhunters droned.

The Potters stopped in mid-air. When anyone ever said those words, it never turned good. Several people screamed below, and the battle continued.

To the credit of the Guardians, the initial defense seemed to have worked. The Red Lanterns retreated for a mere moment, and they did not seem to get onto the planet. Harry and Kara watched breathlessly, and the rest of the Justice League showed up to join them.

"Maybe we don't have to worry about anything after all," Flash said hopefully.

"They're retreating," Hawkgirl commented, peering into the distance. "Something tells me it's not that easy."

Green Lantern squinted, and tried to get an idea of what they were doing.

"Because it's never that easy, they're just testing the defenses!" Green Lantern exclaimed.

He turned the others.

"The Manhunters won't hold against the full force for very long. Atrocitus is out there somewhere, and he's just seeing what the Guardians have left."

"They're willing to fight to the death," Kara remarked grimly, and she watched as the Red Lanterns hammered the Manhunters, risks be damned.

Harry watched as well. Another fleet of Red Lanterns poured in, and the game was afoot.

"Do you think we can take all of them?" Superman asked the rest of the group.

"Probably not, but we don't have much of a choice," Harry replied grimly.

Green Lantern turned to address all of them.

"We don't have to take them, just find a way to keep the Red Lanterns from advancing onto OA," Green Lantern, closing his eyes as he mentally calculated what he needed to do.

"That ship...it looks like the big one," Superman scanned, and he peered through it with his X-Ray vision. He staggered back for a moment. "Powerful energy, red energy, it's almost overwhelming the sheer hatred coming off of it."

The others nodded, but Harry and Kara both looked confused.

"I don't feel anything," Kara replied slowly.

"Neither do I," Harry contributed.
They received looks of confusion.

"I don't know how you couldn't," said Green Lantern, but a loud explosion rang out to interrupt them.

More loud explosions could be heard, and loud crack reverberated in the distance.

"And the Manhunters are down!" a voice yelled from above.

"Wait, wait, the Manhunters are down?" Flash asked frantically. "Aren't they supposed to be your unstoppable machines that laid waste to everyone?"

"Yes, they are," Green Lantern answered dully.

"Heads up everyone," said Superman with a deep breath. "Things are about to get ugly."

The six prepared themselves to fight.

"Send backup, the Manhunters have fallen, the Red Lanterns are here," Green Lantern said. He waited for the communication. "Yes, I realize it's impossible, but it's happened anyway!"

The Red Lanterns poured onto the planet, but they all stepped back and waited for the imposing figure.

The biggest, baddest, and most dangerous of them all showed up, Atrocitus. He stared down the six heroes that stood before him.

"Stand aside, and I'll allow you to live," Atrocitus said roughly. His eyes glowed with red and primal fury "My vendetta is with the Guardians, and you would just be more senseless blood."

"That hasn't stopped you before," Hawkgirl said in a challenging voice.

Atrocitus acted like he hadn't heard her.

"I'm more than willing to let everything and everyone go, including the Kryptonian," Atrocitus replied. His eyes locked onto Superman for emphasis. "The offer runs out in seconds."

Everyone stood their ground. The Red Lantern leader held up a hand, a red glow emitting from it.

"I assumed that would be your answer. Now your blood will be spilled as well."

He motioned for his army.

They were in for the fight of their lives.
Chapter Three: Atrocity Part Two.

Atrocitus stood before the assembled heroes. The group of Red Lanterns stood behind him, and Green Lantern put up a shield construct immediately. The Red Lanterns were triggered into an attack, and they completely hammered the shields with reckless abandon. They tried to push through the attacks, but the entire team moved staggered back.

"We only got to hold them for long enough for backup to arrive," Green Lantern grunted, his shield broken through.

"And how long is that?" Hawkgirl asked him.

"An hour or so, at the earliest," Green Lantern, and he once again reapplied the shield.

"Well, good luck at holding that shield up until then," Flash said, but the shield broke at these words. Flash’s eyes darted from side to side. "Yeah, I jinxed that…"

Flash dodged the high impact red blast of energy. He rushed forward at super speed. The Red Lanterns were powerful, but motivated easily by their rage. Rage that could be turned against them as weapons, and Flash caused two of the Red Lanterns to blast each other. Neither was harmed too much by the rings assault, but they were down on the ground.

Harry waved his hand, and two of the Red Lanterns were flung over to the side, violently impaled. It was far more difficult to apparate in this particular atmosphere, but doable. Harry and Kara just had to pick their shots wisely.

'If they have a fight to the death attitude, then I’m going to oblige them,' Harry thought savagely, and he used a bone breaking hex to the arm of one of the Red Lanterns. Kara rushed over and nailed him down. Both Harry and Kara flew in the air and knocked their attackers back from the impact.

Harry levitated some rocks, and Kara supercharged them with heat vision. They flew into the faces of the Red Lanterns, and they screamed from the burning rock. This allowed them to get in close enough for a more fatal attack.

Their rings worked a bit better in proximity of a Green Lantern ring, although their rings did feed off of their magical energy well enough. Magic also mimicked constructs well enough if the proper charm work was known, although the rings boosted them.

Hawkgirl flew forward and swung hard with her mace. One of the Red Lanterns created a spiked club with their ring, and it clanged against the mace. Both pushed forward, and Hawkgirl circled her attackers. Superman flew forward in the air and knocked the Red Lanterns down like nine pins. The Man of Steel pulled up one of the Red Lanterns, but a red boxing glove nailed Superman in the face.

"You were warned about the price of playing martyrs," Atrocitus said in a rough voice, and he blasted Superman and Green Lantern at the same time to emphasize his point. Flash rushed forward, but Atrocitus blasted him and pulled his feet out from underneath the Scarlet Speedster. He spiraled head over heels, and crashed onto the dirt hard.

Harry and Kara flew at the leader of the Red Lantern Corps, and knocked him back. Atrocitus was
caught off guard, but he blasted a series of dangerous red attacks. The energy around him was
difficult to penetrate.

"Yeah, dodge that, and deflect his fire!" Harry called out.

"On it!" Kara yelled, and they sent two spells from either side, but a shield appeared. She bounced
back. "Or not."

Atrocitus seemed to guess these two in particular were not going to hold back, and adjusted his
defense accordingly.

"You two have power," Atrocitus to both of them, and he continued to engage Harry and Kara. The
rest of the Red Lanterns fought the Justice League off to the side. "You should not squander such
potential for protecting the Guardians. I sense the potential for great rage. You would be valuable
assets…"

Harry cut off his sales pitch and knocked him back.

"Sorry, maybe a year ago, I would have had the rage," Harry replied firmly. "But my wife and I are
both in a lot better, and a much happier place in our lives!"

The two circled their opponent.

"Not to mention much more hopeful!"

Harry and Kara engaged Atrocitus in combat. They saw Superman fly into three of the Red
Lanterns, and take them out with expert precision. A fourth caught Superman in the back.

'We're losing badly,' Harry projected mentally to her. They're winning the numbers game."

'Yeah, but it's not like a solution is going to mysteriously manifest itself,' Kara projected to her.

The two Potters engaged Atrocitus, but he stepped back. More Red Lanterns showed up, and
continued to blast everyone with fury. Explosions could be seen in the distance, and the battle
escalated to the next level.

"Just step back, help will be on the way soon," Green Lantern said in an even voice, and he blasted
the Red Lanterns back with a huge energy assault. The entire assembled group staggered.

Hawkgirl swung her mace to the left and to the right to smash into the Red Lanterns who were
foolish enough to be in her path. Atrocitus directed traffic, and Flash managed to use his super
speed to lead his opponents off balance. Superman took a deep breath, and managed to blow them
off course. Two of the Red Lanterns snuck behind him. Flash had his back immediately, and
charged the Red Lanterns. They were pushed back, and contained by Green Lantern.

Kara sent a blast of heat vision and it burned through the shields. Several of the Red Lanterns
shrieked in absolute agony. Harry followed up his wife's attacks. A resounding crack could be
heard, and the Red Lanterns felt back, their chests ripped open from the slicing spell.

"Bring it in," Atrocitus growled, and a huge ship hovered over the planet. More Red Lanterns
appeared. The entire Red Lantern Corps stood before them.

The Justice League, Harry, and Kara kept up the fight, but the battle was getting rather tough and
nerve racking.
"Just how many of these Red Lanterns are there?" Hawkgirl asked.

Sweat rolled down her cheeks, but she fought on with the spirit and determination that her race prided themselves in.

"Hard to count," Flash grunted, and he struggled to fight them off. "I'm too busy trying to stay alive, and all of that. It's not easy, but we're doing it. Got to keep fighting."

Superman gained a head of steam. He plowed through the Red Lanterns. Atrocitus stood, but Harry and Kara closed their eyes. They tried to summon all of the power deep within them. Atrocitus made a movement towards Superman and swung a huge pendulum construct through the air. It smashed into Superman and the Man of Steel flew backwards.

Something interesting happened at that moment.

Blue light manifested around Harry and Kara, and shot a shield around the Justice League members and the Red Lantern Corps. The Red Lantern rings began to turn off, unable to formulate any attack. It was like their powers had been completely invalidated.

"Will someone please explain what's happening?" Hawkgirl demanded, after a long moment of silence.

"I'm not sure," Kara said, in confusion, and the Red Lanterns, the ones still breathing, retreated off of the planet.

Superman rushed them all, but the Red Lanterns made it to their ships. All of the Justice League had been empowered, and the Red Lanterns ran absolutely scared. They had no idea what happened.

Atrocitus seemed to be equally confused, and his rage was temporarily replaced by confusion.

"Retreat my children, this is an unexpected event, but we will have the day!" Atrocitus howled at his army.

Superman sent a blast of heat vision, but he could not disable the ship. The Red Lanterns evacuated the planet without another word. Green Lantern, Hawkgirl, Superman, and Flash stood around.

Harry and Kara floated up in the air, but suddenly their rings went dead, and they collapsed to the ground in fatigue from the high amount of power they just tapped into. The Justice League watched in abject horror, and Superman rushed over to check on his cousin and her husband.

"Harry, Kara!" Superman shouted immediately, and they just barely stirred.

Green Lantern rushed over. He ran a scan with his ring on the two downed heroes.

"Energy fatigue of some sort, I think," Green Lantern said.

They both stirred before any further actions could be taken.

"Yeah, don't worry, Kal, we're fine," Kara managed after a moment. "It just zapped us to do that power boost. I don't know how we did it, but we did it. We're just…"

"Going to need to get back on our feet," Harry added, grabbing her hand, to give both of them strength. "And get some answers. The rings did that one other time…against the Dementors. We collapsed like that, but we're able to get…thanks."
Superman helped Kara and Harry up to their feet. They took a deep breath, and felt much better immediately.

"We were able to get up under our own power, it's all flowing back to me now," Harry said, and he turned to Kara. "How about you?"

"Yeah, I feel good, a bit sore, but good," Kara said. "It's a shame we couldn't stop the Red Lanterns completely."

Green Lantern shook his head, and took a deep breath. Flash, Hawkgirl, and Superman looked to be a bit shaken, but in good spirits despite the situation.

"They'll be back, people like that always come back," Green Lantern said, and he just sighed. "We need to double back. With any luck, our backup will arrive before Atrocitus returns. This time, things might be different."

"We'll be ready for him," Superman said in a fierce voice.

"Be careful, Atrocitus had his pride wounded, he'll be more dangerous than ever before," Harry warned them. "He has more reasons to attack us and his rage…well it can be dangerous."

"But he didn't seem to be able to string together a solid attack, it was just mindless rage," Flash argued. "We did use it to trip up his little Red Lanterns often enough, didn't we?"

They all nodded. At least they knew the Achilles Heel. The same weapon that made Atrocitus and his Red Lanterns so powerful could also be exploited as a weapon. It was an interesting paradox, but one they could use once he returned.

"The real problem is the sheer numbers he brings," Hawkgirl said. "He was going for quantity over quality."

"He couldn't withstand the full force of the Green Lantern Corps," Green Lantern said firmly, and the entire group nodded in agreement.

They proceeded to return to the Guardians to report on the attacks that occurred recently. The Manhunters were mostly destroyed, but that was not their problem.

Atrocitus seethed on his ship. He had lost many of his Red Lanterns, but he still had a good chunk of his crew at his disposal. The entire situation with the Blue Lanterns did not make any sense. Both of them were fierce, and he could sense anger within both of them at things that happened in the past.

Yet, they chose to inspire hope, and put their rage behind them. Atrocitus gritted his teeth at those thoughts. He turned to the Red Lanterns, and they retreated away for the time being. The fact those two children were able to short circuit the rings of his corps that was rather bothersome. Perhaps the Guardians were not the most prominent danger. The Green Lantern Corps were a danger, but one that could be more easily dealt with.

Atrocitus allowed his rage to fester and burn deep within; it would make his powers stronger. His next attack would be more vicious. Rage continued to flow within him, and one of his Red Lanterns approached him tentatively.

"What of the attack on the Guardians? Those heroes managed to make a mockery of us and…those Blue Lanterns…well."
"I'm well aware of it!" Atrocitus raged at the top of his lungs, and the entire Red Lantern Corps felt his pure rage. He did not bother to take a deep calming breath. "This situation presented an unexpected problem. A problem which I shall correct."

Atrocitus fired a buzz saw construct at the unfortunate Red Lantern. The man dropped to the ground, butchered from the effort.

Atrocitus turned to the rest of his army.

"I have taken all of you in. I have nurtured the emotions you have felt. And have sympathized with your many losses. We stand on the edge of victory, but it was snatched away from us. But no longer. We will regroup, allow our anger to manifest. We will make these heroes come to us, along with the Green Lantern Corps. There will be a battle."

Atrocitus paused and allowed his words to hang in the air.

"Many of you will not return. But, that means that you have made the greatest sacrifice. All of the planets, all of the cities, all of the cultures that the Guardians allowed to die, will be truly avenged. The blood spilled will serve as a monument of the great power we hold in our grasp."

He turned to them, smirk on his face. He waited.

"All Hail Atrocitus!" the Red Lanterns droned in unison.

"It begins," Atrocitus began. His sadistic grin showed all of his teeth "The end."

"So, since you helped make the rings, I figure you would have...an explanation for this," Harry concluded, and he and Kara faced Ganthet.

The Guardian remained silent and reflective.

"As in what happened, that's the second time the rings activated on their own, and empowered us and others apparently," Kara added, and Ganthet nodded.

Ganthet placed a hand to his chin thoughtfully. He allowed himself a moment to think before he spoke.

"Yes, I figured that would be the case, but I can assure you the rings did not activate themselves," Ganthet stated thoughtfully.

The Guardian paused to allow the full scope of his words sank in. He elaborated a moment later.

"Any power ring in the universe is only as good as the mind of the one who wields it. It becomes second nature when you use them once you have mastered them. You are more in tune with those rings than you might have thought. A fully trained member of the Green Lantern Corps, providing his or her ring is fully charged, could fire off constructs as easily as many would draw breath. The blue rings were intended to work in stronger harmony with the standard power ring of Green Lantern Corps. You previously thought those were wedding rings, but the natural power of the rings plus the modifications...well conventional rules have been thrown out the window, haven't they?"

Harry and Kara looked at each other and allowed this to sink in. They had no choice but to nod.

"Conventional wisdom and I have never really gotten along," Harry replied dryly. He placed his
hand on his forehead. "So the rings managed to empower everyone, and short out the Red Lantern rings so they couldn't attack us."

"And it did drain us though," Kara added. "I think that since our scope was increased, we would have drawn on a greater amount of power."

Ganthet looked thoughtful, and offered a slow nod.

"You and I are on like minds, but the Guardians wish to have a further meeting before they deal with the Red Lanterns, so I must be going," Ganthet said. "I would highly recommend that you two get some rest."

Harry laid back on the bed, that did sound like a good idea, until the moment that Atrocitus came back. Kara relaxed on top of Harry. His arms wrapped tightly around her, and her head was on his shoulder.

They enjoyed a moment of silence before Harry spoke up.

"So how are you feeling?" Harry asked her.

Kara tried to convey into words how she felt, but the millions of thoughts echoing in her head made it more than difficult to think.

"Well, I blacked out for a few seconds, but it least it ran off the Red Lanterns," Kara answered. Her face looked troubled. She took a deep breath, and continued. "I still…well never mind."

"No, something's bothering you," Harry said to her, stroking her blonde hair slowly. Kara relaxed a bit. "It's still about the Zod thing, isn't it?"

"Yeah, he just…maybe the power got to his head," Kara replied, eyes closed and she thought about it. "He was supposed to be a respected member of Kryptonian society, before he got banished to Argo. And then…well we both know what happened."

Harry tightened his arms around her; silently reassuring her everything was okay.

"You still think about what might have been," Harry said. He lightly massaged the side of her neck and shoulders. Kara sighed, at how relaxing this was.

There was a few seconds of reflection.

"Well every now and again, but I'm more than happy with what I have now," Kara replied with a sigh, before she smiled. "It's funny, if both planets weren't destroyed, then I wouldn't have met the most wonderful man in the universe. I doubt anyone else would have been able to do the things for me that you can."

Harry smiled at this assessment, and Kara spun around. They allowed themselves a moment to kiss, but it was all too short for an alarm rang out, to signify an attack was nearby, a short distance from Oa.

Both sighed.

"No rest for the weary," Kara commented to him, but she held out the communicator that her cousin gave her, just in case of an emergency. "Yeah, I hear it too…we'll meet you there, and they're sending back up this time, good. Guardians said twenty minutes; well I think you can hold down the fort for that long."
Harry and Kara locked hands with each other, but on route to their destination, the couple saw a minor explosion off to the side. A fleet of ships had been attacked by Red Lanterns.

"No, please, we don't have anything of value," the pilot begged. "Just medicine and food…we were sent here…"

A loud explosion interrupted those words.

"Your planet was found harboring Green Lanterns," the Red Lantern growled. "For that you must be punished."

He tried to rip through the ship. Harry and Kara decided that the other disaster could wait, they were here, and they could fight them.

A dozen more Red Lanterns showed up, but Harry and Kara locked hands. A combined attack took out three of their number in one fell swoop.

"It's them!"

A blonde haired blur shot forward, and chained together three attacks in succession. The Red Lanterns were sent flying. Harry steadied the ship, and repaired the damages the best he could.

"Try and work with me to get to a landing point, don't panic!" Harry yelled, and the ship's pilot nodded fearfully.

Kara kept the Red Lanterns off of Harry's back. This allowed Harry to do what he needed to set it down to a landing point.

"There, that shield should hold against any further attacks!" Harry added.

"Thank you!"

The occupants of the ship uttered their thanks, but Harry just grunted and gave a nod. Harry kicked off the ground, and blasted through the entire Red Lantern Corps group with swift precision. Kara and Harry locked hands, and they sent them scattering.

One thing was for certain, most were too far gone to really matter. Their rage was beyond anything, and could not be matched by anything.

After moments of intense, and quite bloody battle, the dozen Red Lantern Corps members had been taken out swiftly. They made a quick head count, and found the Red Lanterns all present and accounted for, even if they were less than alive.

Harry stared over the horizon, arms folded. So far, no others joined them. Yet, both were sure that this effort was a calculated effort to keep them away from the main attack.

Atrocitus learned that they were a danger to him, and Harry and Kara flew off towards the distress signal. They both hoped they could make it in time. Space travel could be tricky, especially without a vessel, with only the ring shielding to protect them and the concentration needed to navigation on through.

Superman, Hawkgirl, and Flash all prepared themselves for battle, and the Red Lantern armada engaged the Green Lantern Corps from above. It was an all-out firefight between the two corps, and both sides hammered each other.
Superman carefully analyzed the situation. No yellow sun meant that he was running on reserves. The red sun over this planet continued to shine down, and Superman hoisted up a large chunk of rock. He threw it high into the air and caused the Red Lanterns to scatter.

The Green Lanterns shot into the area. Several constructs appeared in the air of various sorts. Hawkgirl flew up and smashed the Red Lanterns hard in the chest. Flash sped around to the Red Lanterns on the ground. He kicked up a whirlwind, and he felt their rage as they tried to attack. Punch after punch knocked them out.

"Put them into the ground!" Atrocitus shouted, and he dropped down to the ground.

His first order of business was to battle Superman. He blasted Superman with a huge beam of red energy. The Last Son of Krypton's knees buckled, and Atrocitus smashed him down.

The Leader of the Red Lantern Corps stared into the face of what he assumed to be a relative, perhaps the son, of one of his jailers. This would serve nicely for his revenge.

"Just go down now and I may have mercy on you," Atrocitus said roughly.

Superman fought back with fierce determination. He took a deep breath, and blew hard with his super breath.

"Sorry, heard that one enough times," Superman said to the Red Lanterns Corps leader.

Superman pushed Atrocitus back and smashed him down hard! The Red Lantern leader crashed back against a wall. The battle echoed from all around them, and Hawkgirl and Flash tried to battle through. The Green Lantern Corps had the training, but the Red Lantern Corps had the sheer numbers.

Atrocitus withstood some of Superman's best punches, which were admittedly rather weaker than normal due to being at a fraction of his power. Superman was hunched over and Atrocitus whipped several rocks at the Man of Steel. He placed a chain construct around Superman's neck. The Man of Steel tried to pull against, but he was choked out.

A crimson blur sent Atrocitus back and a mace nailed the Red Lantern Corps leader in the face. Superman broke free, but Atrocitus created three gigantic spiked fists. The Justice League scattered.

A shield appeared to block the fists from Green Lantern. Atrocitus ripped through the attacks, and he summoned more of his Red Lanterns down.

"No matter what happens in the end, you will all lose!" Atrocitus shouted.

Much blood had been spilled, but the heroes refused to go down due to sheer determination.

"Yeah, we've heard that speech from the bad guys before," Flash retorted. He dodged the attacks at super speed. "You aren't breaking any new ground."

"But I'll be breaking plenty of ground," Atrocitus replied with a sadistic grin.

Atrocitus aimed his red ring, and jabbed it at Superman. Superman dodged. He summoned all of his strength, and one blast of heat vision shot through the air. A pained scream and Atrocitus found his shield broken.

Superman nailed Atrocitus in his face with all of the force he could muster before he could get his
shield back up. Several shackles appeared around Atrocitus, and Kilowog manifested a giant hammer with his ring. The large hammer smashed the Red Lantern Corps leader hard in the head.

"ENOUGH!"

Atrocitus shot an onslaught of razor sharp red spikes, and they spiraled into the air.

"Scatter!"

The League did scatter, and Atrocitus picked up Superman. Superman tried to break out, but his strength was absolutely zapped.

Two spiked walls appeared, and they closed in on Superman. Superman tried to push out of the attack, but his feet kicked back and forth. Atrocitus savored the moment. Soon Kryptonian blood would be splattered at his feet.

"Just hang on!" Green Lantern shouted to his teammate. He yanked each and every single member of the Red Lantern Corps away from the circle they had formed around Atrocitus and Superman.

"Trying," Superman grunted, sweat rolling down his face, and he tried to summon strength from within.

"It is futile to struggle," Atrocitus said. "Nothing can stop me now!"

Two blurs shot past the fighting groups. A concentrated blast of heat vision sliced through the air.

Atrocitus gave a blood curdling shriek, as the heat sliced through his ring finger. The finger was sliced off. The blood that spurted was as red as the rage he felt. Superman fell to the ground, and Kara and Harry flew forward and smashed Atrocitus.

The Red Lanterns all dropped down to the ground immediately. They had been cut off from their leader, and their hearts stopped. The Green Lanterns Corps and Justice League all checked on them.

"They're...they're...dead."

"Were they ever really alive?" Hawkgirl asked.

Kara smashed her enemy's head into a large chunk of rock. Atrocitus looked up with her. Despite the fact his decimation seemed evident, he had the same taunting gaze in his eyes.

"You can finish me," Atrocitus managed. "Or you can save this planet. This planet is about ready to blow up."

Kara closed her eyes. She used her X-Ray vision to verify that an explosive had been planted. Whether it had been as a contingency, or some twisted murder-suicide pact, she could not tell. Harry frowned, and nailed Atrocitus with a parting shot for the road.

"If they're in trouble...we got to leave him," Kara said, and Atrocitus rolled over, blood splattering from his hand.

"He's done anyway," Harry added, and the only way Atrocitus held himself together was through the sheer force of will and his anger.

Harry and Kara turned. The Green Lantern Corps were already on the way to evacuating the planet. The super powered couple tried to find the doomsday device that Atrocitus had planted. Superman
pulled himself up, assisted partially to his feet by Flash and Green Lantern.

"You two…get out of there…I don't think you're going to be able to stop him this time!" Superman called at them.

Green Lantern scanned the explosive with the ring, and nodded grimly.

"Yes, the device he used this time, it's rigged to blow even if you tamper with it," Green Lantern contributed.

"There's got to be a way!" Kara shouted in an outraged voice.

Harry tried to use scanning spells, but the situation became even more hopeless with each passing moment.

"There's…I don't know…there's got to be a way," Harry persisted Harry.

He could not fail, he refused to admit that possibility.

"And it's buried too deep in the planet," Green Lantern added. "We're getting everyone off of this planet, but that means you too!"

Atrocitus pulled himself up, but Harry summoned the ring into his hand before he could grab it. Kara blasted Atrocitus once more, and they moved around the relatively small planet. The villages had been evacuated off, and the core began to rumble.

"It's crunch time!"

"Last one back to the Javelin…" Flash started but he was interrupted.

"Yeah, talk later, go now!" Hawkgirl yelled, shoving him towards the escape craft.

They made their way to the Javelin. Atrocitus laughed like a mad man.

"I survived the death of one world, I'll survive the death of this one, and I'll return!" Atrocitus shouted, but a huge bolt shot him in the neck to cut off his rage.

"He had the chance to escape, now he's going to pay for what he did," Kara stated, arms folded, ignoring the looks she was getting.

"You could have tried to…" Superman started but he was shut down cold.

"No, we couldn't," Harry argued, discretely pocketing the Red Lantern Ring that he took, before anyone, but Kara, noticed he had it. It was a fascinating piece of technology, regardless of its intent.

The ship began to depart and the planet blew up immediately. They were thankfully out of the blast zone.

Superman watched along with the others, from inside the Javelin.

"Do you think this was what it was like?" Superman asked.

"Something like that," Kara said, understanding what her cousin meant. "But everyone was off this planet."
"They…lost their homes, though," Flash said.

"Yes, they did," Kara said taking a deep breath, and her eyes closed in remembrance at what happened. "That's…there's really no winners when something like happens that. It's where they go after."

"They'll rebuild, give them time," Harry said in a reassuring voice.

It was not easy to deal with a situation like this. Atrocitus had put them in a no win situation. And in the end, he got blown up with his own rage.

"So do you think that's the end of Atrocitus?" Superman wondered.

No one had an answer. The planet blew up with him on it, and he was dying anyway. Still, nothing was for sure. Everything had been totaled. Red Lantern nightmare burned itself out, but only time would tell if the demise was permanent.

It was back to Oa, for one final assessment with the Guardians, and then they would all be able to head home. Something both Harry and Kara were eager for.

Tense moments followed with the Guardians of Oa all going over the reports over the events of the Red Lantern nightmare. Not to mention how the Blue Lantern experiment went. They all nodded their heads, and spoke in hushed tones for several moments. There was a pause, before one of the Guardians spoke up.

"Our investigation will take place in the coming weeks, but we will keep an eye out for any final pockets of Red Lanterns. You are saying that the moment Atrocitus's ring was removed his finger, they all dropped dead."

"Some kind of cardiac arrest," Green Lantern offered them.

The Guardians all nodded once more.

"Yes, and this can be verified with the sudden death of our prisoner inside the cell. The connection to the rage ring broke and the overflow eventually killed him. An unfortunate end, but one that was not unexpected, it has determined to be a mercy killing on the part of our Blue Lanterns and not any act of pre-mediated murder."

Everyone on the Guardian council agreed with the assessment. Kara and Harry relaxed. An inquiry would put a damper on their plans to return home for the end of the day. The Guardians continued to give basic information that was clarified or debunked, before they all turned towards Harry and Kara.

"As for Harry Potter and Kara Potter…our Blue Lanterns, we must give our verdict on how this experiment has panned out. Whilst there have been some snags in the road, and both subjects have breached protocol many times, they have shown promise. And as has been proven, perhaps hope can get the job done, in the rare instances where will power has failed, but it does take a special individual to be able to wield such a power."

Smirks were exchanged by Harry and Kara. Their smugness was either ignored or not noticed. The Guardians continued their assessment for the next couple of moments.

"We may offer a probationary status, and to be on call when needed. The calls will be few and far between. Naturally, you will have to agree to defer to the Guardians."
"Your offer while generous, presents a bit of a problem with us," Kara said after a few seconds of thoughts. "We both thank you for the training, but we're going to have to decline. The rings are ours, but no need to deputize us."

To be honest, a part of her understood why the Guardians did some of the things they did, but another part decided she could not put up with it. The three months on Oa had been more than enough.

"Maybe someday, but that day is not today," Harry said, not wanting to completely close the door, but not wanting to leave it wide open to allow the Guardians to dictate his life. "Traveling through space, it might be fun every now and again. But Earth is where our home is."

"Yes it is," Kara added with a fond smile. "Everyone I care about lives on Earth now, and…I wouldn't want to leave it. Three months away from it is absolute torture. It might not be the most technologically advanced planet, but it's my home."

Harry and Kara both knew that they had plans to speed up the technological curve for Earth, but it could be decades or even a century before they reached their end goal. They had plenty of time, given their long lifespans.

"Very well, let the record state that the offer has been made, and it has been spurned."

The two turned around, and they held their rings with each other. Both of them held hands, and stepped away from the Guardian Council.

"Now, are you ready to go home?" Superman asked.

Kara turned towards her cousin, and nodded.

"I've been ready to go home for a while," Kara answered, and she locked hands with her husband. "Harry makes anyplace home, but I miss my home and where I live. The vacation was nice while it lasted."

"So you survived training," Green Lantern concluded. "Didn't think you two would have it in you, being two of the youngest trainees in history."

"Yeah, well we're all about defying expectations," Kara said, unable to hide the smug smile on her face.

It was time to go home. The entire party boarded the Javelin, and prepared to head back home. To both Kara and Harry, it was long overdue. Three months they were gone, and to them that was long enough to be away from home.

"It's great to be home," Kara concluded with a sigh of relief as they entered their house off of the beach.

"Well there's no place like it," Harry replied. "You did miss this place after all."

"Yeah, but being with you made it worth it," Kara said, and she threw her arms around Harry. She gave him a huge kiss. Harry reciprocated her actions. The couple got into the activity for a few minutes.

They broke it, and Kara went off to change into casual clothes. Harry did the same, and got them some ice cream. It was a scorcher outside, being well into the month of July.
Kara returned a moment later. Her chest was covered by a tight white tank top that showed her cleavage and toned midriff. A short jean skirt was the order on her bottom half, and it stopped down about mid-thigh area. It showcased her lovely long legs perfectly. She did not bother to wear shoes. The blonde Kryptonian sat on the chair, wiggling her toes playfully.

Harry handed her a strawberry ice cream cone with whipped cream, which the young woman took graciously. Kara leaned back, and relaxed.

"Oh, that hits the spot," Kara moaned. Her tongue trailed around the ice cream, and she happily ate it. Her eyes glazed over, and she licked the cone, her head tilted back in pure bliss. "Not as good as something else that I can put in my mouth, but...it tastes good in this hot weather."

Harry enjoyed watching his wife eat the ice cream, as much as she enjoyed eating it. She slowly nibbled on it, biting her lip. The sweat caused her top to cling to her. Harry smirked when he noticed said top was transparent. He managed to tear his eyes away from her chest long enough to notice that it was well past midnight.

"It's someone's birthday today," Harry commented and he eyed Kara with a teasing smile. "I wonder who that could be."

Kara just smiled and struck a little pose as she sat. Her shapely legs crossed over each other, and her bare feet stuck out towards him. Harry saw the outline of her breasts against the transparent white shirt she wore. He watched her for a few seconds, just sitting there in that pose, and a smile appeared on her face.

"Happy birthday, Kara," Harry said, and he got up, and gave her a kiss. Kara pulled herself to her feet. She pressed herself against Harry, and the kiss deepened. After a few moments, they broke apart. "I'd sing to you, but I wouldn't want to ruin your day out the gate with my horrible signing."

Kara nodded in agreement. Her husband had many, many wonderful attributes. His singing left something to be desired, much like her ability to cook. She stood, and turned around.

"So, do I get my birthday spanking?" Kara asked him with a grin on her face.

She swayed her hips from side to side for emphasis. She bent over slightly. From Harry's vantage point, he could see up her skirt, and view what she was wearing. Or in her case was not wearing.

"Good things come to those who wait," Harry teased. Kara placed her hands on the table, and bent over.

"Or in those who wait?" she asked, wiggling her ass towards him. The blonde Kryptonian looked over her shoulder, and flicked her tongue teasingly at Harry, before she gave him a sexy little wink.

Kara threw herself onto Harry. She sat on his lap. Harry's arms snaked around her. Her breast pressed onto his cheek for a moment.

"So what does the birthday girl want to do for her birthday?" Harry asked.

A grin spread out on Kara's face. She had some ideas. Her arms wrapped around Harry's neck, and she got up to his ear, whispering a suggestion to him.

The bulge in Harry's pants that Kara could feel poking her told her all she needed to know about what he thought about that particular idea.
Kara struggled against her restraints. She wore a short white dress that she spilled out of and white stockings. Her hair was clipped back. The door opened.

She looked up, face fixed into an innocent expression, and Harry walked inside. Harry dressed in black pants, a suit jacket, a white shirt, and black tie. He wore sunglasses.

"Please, it's all some sort of misunderstanding," she begged him. A smile appeared on her face, one of feigned innocence.

"Misunderstanding, no there's no misunderstanding about it," Harry told her. "You were an alien spy trying to send top secret information to your home world."

Kara looked up, fear flooded her face, "No, you don't understand. I was just trying to learn about your world. We...we were going to share our advanced technology with you. It was going to be a partnership...we didn't want to tell you anything until we were ready."

Harry looked over the top of his glasses, a questioning look in his eyes. "Please, young lady, don't play dumb with me. You were planning on an invasion. To use us humans for breeding stock."

"No, it's nothing like that," breathed Kara. Her blue eyes looked at him hungrily. "Although, there are some handsome specimens on this planet, and you might be the most able of them. You are a pinnacle on manliness, Agent Potter."

Kara licked her lips for emphasis.

"Please, don't try to distract me," Harry said, trying to distract himself from her actions. Kara bent forward, and Harry could see down her dress. "Flattery won't get you off the hook that easily, Miss..."

"Just call me Kara," the alien temptress stated, her nipples poking out of the front of her dress. "Let me out of these strap, and I'll make it worth your while. You must work hard, a long and stressful job. Lots of paperwork and no way for you to relieve your tension."

Kara paused, and then continued in a breathy tone. She shamelessly stared at his crotch. "I can relieve all of your tension. I can see it just building in you. It's ready to explode."

Harry stood, a slight smirk appearing on his face. Kara skillfully sliced his clothes off with a burst of heat vision. Not that she could hurt him with her powers, but she did not come even close.

Kara's mouth watered as she looked at his erect penis. "So, big, I want it in my mouth now. None of these little Earth girls know how to handle such a piece of equipment, do they?"

Harry smirked and he loosened Kara's restrains. Her soft, but strong, hand grasped his penis. She stroked him.

"It's growing!" she exclaimed, and she continued to stroke him. "It's above average, at least according to your planet's statistics. But I wonder how it tastes."

Kara licked Harry's penis like a lollipop. Harry groaned. Her talented tongue worked its magic. She teased the head a little bit and proceeded to work the shaft. She left little kisses down the penis. Kara licked his ballsac. While she did that, she tugged on him a few times. Harry felt the pleasure of her actions. The blond Kryptonian pumped his stiff member up and down.
"You like that?" Kara asked him.

Harry nodded. Kara continued to tug and pump on his member with one hand, while she fondled his balls with the other hand. Her tongue gave it little teases. Her lips met the head, and the blonde gave a few teasing little sucks. Her soft and juicy lips wrapped around Harry's penis, and she slowly pushed more and more down her throat.

Kara played with herself with one hand. Her mouth bobbed up and down on Harry's penis. She sucked him off with a lustful expression in her beautiful blue eyes. He floated into the air and she matched his movements, bent at the knees about six inches off of the ground. Harry's hands placed a firm pressure on the top of her head, and he stroked her golden locks. He slammed his cock down her throat, but Kara pulled out when she felt him close to exploding. She looked at him with a lustful expression on her face.

"Not yet, baby," Kara breathed. She smiled at him, and placed her fingers in her mouth. She looked at him. "I want to work you up, until the explosion is massive."

Kara grabbed Harry by the arms and sat him down on the chair. She put her hands on top of her head. With sexy movements, the girl swayed her hips and slowly pulled her dress over her head. More and more tantalizing flesh was revealed.

Kara turned around, pressing her nude body against the wall, invitingly. Her hands were placed on the wall, legs spread, and ass stuck out.

"Is it true you humans think that aliens probe you when we abduct you?"

"Yes, I've heard that," Harry told her.

Kara presented her ass to him. "How would you like the situation reversed? Go ahead, big boy, probe me with that nice juicy meat. I want it in my tight Kryptonian ass. Fuck me until I can't sit down for a week."

Harry floated over and placed his hands on her hips. He gave her tight little ass a swat and Kara moaned encouragement. Harry spread her cheeks and took careful aim. Kara's eyes widened and Harry stuck his cock in her ass.

It was tight, and hot. Kara screamed in absolute ecstasy, and she scratched the paint off of the walls when he pushed into her ass.

Harry slammed his rock hard cock into her tight Kryptonian ass again and again. He felt her squeeze against him, and he reached around to play with her tits and her pussy. Kara continued to scream in absolute bliss.

The dance continued for several minutes. Harry continued to fuck Kara up the ass, and the girl enjoyed every minute of it. She was so horny. The moans she made caused his balls to fill up heavy with cum.

"About ready to cum yet?"

"Yeah," Harry answered in affirmative.

"Pull out," Kara ordered him, and Harry did so, wondering what her game was. "I don't want you to cum, not yet anyway."

Harry's balls strained and he needed release. Kara turned around. She pressed herself against the
wall. Her arms were spread out. Harry saw her soft and firm breasts, with pink erect nipples. Her stomach was toned. Her hips were shapely. His eyes traveled down, and were filled with lust with her moist, wet pussy. Her lips beckoned him immediately. Her legs were a vision of perfection, down to the tips of her toes.

Kara winked at Harry, and she held onto the wall with balance. She lifted her right leg up to touch her toes to her right shoulder. Her left leg lifted up to touch her left shoulder. They remained spread, and Kara peered at Harry through her legs.

Harry grabbed her off of the wall, held her in his arms, and flew her over towards the bed.

"Oh, take charge like that, fuck me!" Kara screamed.

Harry placed his Kryptonian wife on the bed. He spread her legs, and teased her opening with slow strokes. Kara inhaled and exhaled, her chest moving up and down. Harry placed his hands on her chest and hovered over her. The golden haired goddess beneath him wrapped her legs around him. Without another movement, Kara locked Harry into place.

"Stick that into me."

Harry did not need telling twice. Her legs were open and inviting for him. He placed his hard penis into his wife's Kryptonian pussy. He began to tease her with slow strokes, mostly because he did not want to pop just yet. Kara's arms wrapped around him and her nails dug into his back. Harry played with her breasts.

Kara cried out in pleasure, Harry's thumbs rubbed around her nipples. He placed one in his mouth just as he slowly pumped into her center. Kara's hips met his, and she worked his cock with her powerful pussy muscles.

They worked up a nice sweat, which was saying something because of their high levels of stamina with their powers.

"You like that cock in you," Harry grunted.

Kara pushed up and met Harry's movements. "Yes, that…that hits the spot. Oh great Rao, fuck me cross-eyed!"

Harry slid into his wife, over and over again. He held out for a while. She continued to climax several times. Her moans echoed louder and louder. He felt his balls get heavy with a massive load. Kara reached around to play with his sac to coax him into cumming.

"Ready, for the motherload?" Harry asked her, and he sped up his movements.

Kara squeezed him hard to indicate she was ready. "Cum in my cunt, shoot your hot sticky cum deep inside me!"

Her moans, her words, and her actions all lead to a winning combination that drove him positively mad. Harry barely noticed his head had just bonked into the ceiling as they floated into the air. He had a load to unleash, and he did so into her. Kara's eyes glazed back in pure bliss, and Harry blew his load into her. She screamed, and clenched around her, to milk every drop of cum he had. Harry unloaded into her, draining his balls inside her.

When Harry finished, they both dropped down onto the bed, in pure bliss.

Smut/Lemons Concluded.
Kara shifted slightly, a smile on her face. "So far, this is my best birthday ever. There's nothing like having fun in the comfort of my own bedroom."

"Yeah, well the day's just begun," Harry said, and he leaned over to give her a kiss on the lips. "Get some rest, love, you've earned it."

Kara would have to agree. She offered a mumbled declaration of love, before she fell asleep.

Harry stroked her hair, before he faded off to sleep with her for a few hours.
Chapter 4: Homecoming.

Sunlight flooded the bedroom of the Potter household. The two occupants of the bedroom laid on the bed, wrapped in each other's arms. Kara smiled, and she rolled over. Her prone form was draped on Harry's chest. She sensed her husband's heartbeat, and was relaxed by the soothing sound of it.

Kara tried to get up, but Harry gripped her wrists firmly.

"No, you stay in bed for right now," Harry said firmly, and he rolled Kara over to pin her to the bed.

Kara gave him a wide smirk. Harry held his hands on her arms. "But, what if I don't want to?"

She asked the question with a cute little mock whine. Her lips formed into a pouty expression, but Harry leaned down. He kissed her lips. Kara's attempts at pouting ceased immediately. She placed her arms around his back, and Harry deepened the kiss. He broke it the kiss after a time.

"You're going to," Harry argued. Kara opened her mouth. Harry responded by putting a finger to her mouth to silence her. "Three hundred and sixty four days out of the year, and you don't want to get out of bed then. So why now?"

Kara smiled up at him. "Just in the mood I guess."

"Oh, I'm sure you were in the mood," teased Harry. "The fact you woke me at two in the morning, ready to go. And weren't you a bit afraid that you couldn't keep up with me?"

Kara gave him a shifty little grin. "Yeah, well, I guess you were right, and I was wrong. I still think you push me to my limits, but hey maybe my limits expanded."

"I told you they would," he retorted.

He grabbed Kara by the arms. He playfully pinned her back onto the bed. Kara struggled, although she could not keep a straight face. Harry's breath was in her face. Green eyes met her blue eyes. His fingers intertwined with her golden hair.

"So, are you going to stay in bed and relax this morning?" Harry asked. He paused, with a slight grin on his face. "Or am I going to have to tie you to that bed."

"I'm half tempted to fight so you do tie me to the bed," she retorted. Harry held her in place on the bed.

"Or, I can start singing to you," offered Harry, a mischievous glint in his eyes.

Kara looked at him in mock horror. "No, anything but that! Please, Harry, have some mercy on me. My poor super hearing will never recover!"

Harry returned her look, a serious expression on his face.

"I will do it, you know," he teased her.

Kara sank back on the bed, arms folded. She tried to look mad at him, but she did not succeed at it.
Harry darted off. She rested back on her bed. Eighteen years old, well the number of years that she was actually awake, it really fully sunk in with her at this point in time. She had been Earth for three years, but it seemed like a lifetime ago she had been revived.

She matured a lot in that time. Kara waited and hummed a triumphant tune underneath her breath. Harry returned a moment later, with a heaping stack of pancakes, maple syrup, and orange juice, balanced on a tray.

Kara smiled. "Oh, breakfast in bed, you're truly my hero. And yay, pancakes!"

"Yeah, I know how you can't get enough of my pancakes," Harry responded.

"But, can't I get off the bed to get dressed?" asked Kara. She batted her eyelashes at Harry.

"One minute, no more," Harry replied firmly.

He was stern and rather serious when he said this. She found it cute. Kara darted over to the dresser. She found herself a blue t-shirt and red shorts, before she threw them on. The bracelet Harry gave her for Christmas was on her wrist, and the wedding ring/Blue Lantern ring rested on her finger like always.

Kara ate her breakfast. She tried not to rush, to savor what she experienced. She gulped down her orange juice, and Harry found his way over to the side of his closet. He sorted through his clothes.

"Now that I'm back, time to head off to work," Harry said to her over his shoulder. "We've been away from Patronus for three months. I want to see how Hermione and everyone else down there has been holding up."

Kara swallowed her food, and drank some orange juice. "Harry, relax, Clark showed you the reports. Everything is fine."

Harry smiled at her. "Yeah, I know, but I like to see these things first hand. I'll be heading out in a little bit, just so you know."

"As the fifty percent owner, I should come along to check this out," she argued, and Harry opened his mouth. "Breakfast in bed was good. I'm concerned about our company as well. I'm sure Hermione didn't tank it or anything, but we should check out to see if all of the projects are where they should be."

Harry agreed mentally. He waited for his wife to finish her breakfast. Kara did so, and changed into her business attire. The two grabbed hands with each other, and set off for the Patronus Incorporated office building for the first time in three months.

Hermione hurried around on the floor. The last year was a nerve racking one for her for many reasons. It all started when she nearly died in the battle of the Department of Mysteries. Sixteen years old, and Hermione Granger had almost died more times than she could care to remember. For all of the intelligence she had, her bravery cancelled that out. A near death experience really put in perspective who a person truly was.

This near death experience sent Hermione on quite a journey towards self-realization. The fact of the matter was she was not completely Hermione Granger. Not since her first year at Hogwarts, on Halloween Night, when she had her skull nearly caved in by a troll. At the same time, an Amazonian named Donna Troy was killed in a savage act of brutality. Their spirits met in a crossroads dimension, and went back into Hermione's body. Donna's soul remained dormant, until
the Department of Mysteries battle where Hermione was revived by the half demon and former Teen Titan known as Raven.

Hermione paused and shook her head; her own tangled history gave her a headache sometimes. Who she was came back over time. She nearly died at the hands of the devious Felix Faust. Her sister, Diana, or Wonder Woman as she was known these days, offered a blood transfusion. That unlocked a lot of the Amazon within her. Hermione suspected it was seventy percent Donna Troy and thirty percent Hermione Granger, for who she was, but it was kind of hard to tell. There were times where the more even minded Hermione could keep the Amazonian warrior within at bay, but Hermione could have her moments of losing her temper.

No one was perfect, especially her.

Regardless, she was the heroine known as Wonder Girl. Right now, Hermione admired Harry for many things. One of those things she admired him for was his ability to keep his cool in a sea of insanity. Running a company was not an easy thing. Harry and Kara had it down to a pretty swift science. Granted, they had left her with a pretty much foolproof plan.

Hermione looked at a couple of these projects. People panicked over the workload. The team leaders seemed to turn around the ship before it crashed. She was stressed out, because if even one project fell below expectations, she would not be able to look either Harry or Kara in the face for the foreseeable future.

A knock on the door brought Hermione out of her frantic thoughts.

"Who is it? I thought I left explicit instructions that I wasn't to be disturbed."

The door opened, and Hermione jumped up to hex whoever had dared entered the room, but relaxed.

"The rigors of minding a business getting to you, sis?" Harry asked.

Hermione looked happy. "Harry, Kara, I didn't know that you'd be back this soon!"

Hermione rushed over to hug both of her friends.

"Good to see you too Hermione," said Kara with a smile. "And you seem glad to see us. But you seemed to do alright."

"Yeah, I've got piles of notes," Hermione remarked, and she pushed her dark hair out of her face. "Loads and loads of notes, but the profit is up from last quarter. I did not sink the company in the ground. You have a few critics, but they're the usual suspects. And, my team's been busy."

Harry and Kara followed Hermione down the hallway. They were curious at what she had found.

"So how was training?" she asked over her shoulder.

"An experience, especially trying to perform magic in a different atmosphere," responded Harry. "But, it was a rewarding one. We decided not to overstay are welcome too much, even if the offer was there."

They continued to walk down the hallway.

"We decided that there's no place like home for either of us," Kara inputted. "Besides, I think we arrived just in time for you. You look about ready to pull your hair out."
Hermione gave her a strained smile.

"Believe me, Kara, I've lost a few clumps already."

The dark haired girl pushed open a double set of doors. She led them down the stairs to a storage room. There were several boxes stacked on top of each other.

"Well, I think that's everything," said Hermione, double checking to make sure. "But my team managed to clear at the Department of Mysteries."

Harry and Kara took a few moments to look at the treasure trove before them.

"Hermione, you're absolutely, well you're through," said Harry. He whistled as he saw the haul.

Harry took a moment to survey everything Hermione found. Kara joined him in this endeavor. There were all sorts of interesting artifacts. Quite a few books as well. Harry had no idea if half of the things worked, but that would be an interesting way to kill a weekend to find out. Kara shifted through the boxes, before she found a white crystal. She gasped in absolute astonishment.

"What is it?" Harry asked her.

Kara held the crystal in her hand, scarcely able to believe what she saw.

"It's a transport crystal, an artifact left over from Krypton," Kara explained. "These are really rare, because it's a project that the Krypton Science Council shelved a long time ago. This crystal can power an interstellar portal device that can allow us to go anywhere we choose in the universe."

Harry was intrigued.

"Maybe when Brainiac infiltrated the Ministry, he left the crystal behind," Harry suggested.

Kara thought about that particular suggestion. She shook her head, and sighed.

"Could be, but I doubt it. Brainiac doesn't seem like the type that would bring technology into the Ministry, if it didn't serve a purpose. We better hold onto this crystal. It could be extremely valuable."

"And extremely dangerous," Harry replied.

"That goes with the territory," Kara answered with a smile.

They would have to build an interstellar portal device to actually utilize the crystal, but there were designs that they could use.

The three spent some time just going over the artifacts had been uncovered. It would take several days, and an entire team to really go over them. There were many books, which Harry had Dobby transport back to their library for further study later. There were countless artifacts. Some magical, some alien, and just some that defied all conventional explanation. Harry did suppose that since it was the Department of Mysteries that would be the case.

"We're going to have to treat these all with the utmost care," Harry said. "I don't know how dangerous some of these things are."

"I'm guessing very," Kara said, and she studied a weird disc shaped object that glinted in the most sinister manner. "There's nothing else that's Kryptonian here beyond the crystal. We'll be keeping that, get a team together, and sort it all out. Mark down anything that might be dangerous, and
Harry and I will take a closer look at it.”

Hermione nodded. She got the message loud and clear. She wondered if anyone else beat her and her team to the Department of Mysteries, and in the Ministry. There could have been a black market for powerful magical artifacts, so she resolved to keep an eye out for anything suspicious.

"So how's Diana doing?" Harry asked.

"She's keeping busy," Hermione answered. "Between the Justice League and her work at the embassy, I've only talked to her a few times. She seems to be in good spirits. Man's World has not broken her yet."

"That's good," Kara said. "Hopefully we'll run into her before too long. She wasn't with the League during our latest adventure yesterday."

Hermione looked at them curiously. Harry and Kara decided to let her in on the adventure with the Red Lantern Corps. She waited for them to finish the entire story. She poured herself a cup of coffee, despite it being close enough to lunch. They walked through the building, and Harry and Kara returned to the main conference room.

Hermione smiled at them when they finished their story. "Never a dull moment with either of you, is it?"

Harry and Kara shook their heads. They went over any problems that Hermione had over the past few months when they left in her charge. Despite Hermione's nervousness and stress level, Harry knew she did well. She smartly followed the plan that had been put into place.

Now the sky was the limit for them now that they were back in business.

"No luck with our runaway witch?" Harry asked.

Hermione shook her head. "No, Miss Greengrass still is at large."

"After what she did, I don't think she's going to risk a confrontation anytime soon," Harry said. "And any luck on…"

"No, still nothing," Hermione said.

Kara placed her hand on Harry's.

They all held out hope that Luna was still out there, but hope waned with each passing day.

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Harry and Kara were finished with their rounds by the time Lunch was over. They were relieved to know that most of everything was running as it should be. The artifacts collected from the Department of Mysteries were secured so they could go through them at their leisure in the future. Anyone who did not have the authorization to go through would pay the price. The summer wind blew through their air. Harry and Kara left their office, and went for a flight over the city of Metropolis.

There was a pretty good chance that they would run into some sort of crime. Now in uniform, the two of them flew through the air, and just enjoyed the sights. In a stroke of good fortune, it seemed like there was no major crime going on in Metropolis at the moment.

"Surprised that no one would be daring enough to try anything," Kara commented.
Harry just looked at her. "Yeah, I agree with you. I mean, with the city's regular hero dividing half of his time with the League, you figure someone would try something."

Harry took a deep breath, but he paused as he thought.

"Of course, if Superman catches wind of something, he'll be over here faster than a speeding bullet," said Harry. "So, these criminals won't tempt fate."

Kara laughed. She would have to agree. They just enjoyed the beautiful day outside. The wind blew through their hair. The sun shined into their face. It was a bit hot outside, but it was a perfect day outside for both of them. They continued to fly, and made the trip back home. Side by side, they soared through the air.

They touched down outside the doors of their home, and walked inside. They were going to enjoy a nice afternoon relaxing with each other, before they would go out for dinner for Kara's birthday.

Harry and Kara sat across from each other in a private booth in a fancy restaurant. Harry wore a three piece suit. He tried to straighten his hair for the occasion, but Kara messed it back up because she said that straight hair still did not suit him. Kara had her hair tied back. She wore a form fitting black dress that hugged her body and high heel shoes. She looked like an absolute vision of beauty. Harry and Kara sat across from each other, and they proceeded to eat dinner.

"It's a shame I couldn't throw you a surprise party," Harry commented idly.

Kara waved off the suggestion. "Hey, you didn't know we were going to be back this soon. Besides, you kind of suck at keeping secrets, and we have the entire mental link thing going on. If you let one thing slip, I'd know. And that would ruin the surprise. Plus, I'm eighteen years old; all of the birthdays tend to run together around that point."

"Oh, that's right the prime of your life has passed you by," Harry teased and Kara took a bread roll and dipped it in sauce, before she slowly chewed on it.

"No, my prime isn't here, you'll know when my prime is here," said Kara, smirking at the thought. "Of course, underneath the yellow sunlight, I will be in the prime of my life for, well a very long time. And you will be too. Just imagine how much we'll see."

Kara sighed.

"We'll outlive most of everyone we know, which kind of sucks," Kara replied. "But that just makes us appreciate them more when they're here."

Harry nodded. He would have to agree with that. He knew better than anyone that life could change in an instant. Sometimes for the better, and sometimes it would be for the worse, but everything was subject to change.

"So, you didn't say what you thought of my dress," she said.

Harry looked over it. The dress fit around her body nicely and showed off her curves that grew a bit more prominent in the past year.

"It makes you look hot," said Harry. "It will look even better when it's on the floor later."

Kara snickered. "Yeah, I figured that one was coming."
"What did you read my mind?" Harry asked.

"Enough to know what you want for dessert," Kara teased.

"Why did you think I got us a private booth?" Harry teased her back.

Kara just smiled and looked at Harry with a hungry expression in her blue eyes. They continued to eat their dinner.

"So, we're heading off to Smallville and Gotham City, to check in to see how everyone's doing there," said Kara. "I think that it will be a good idea to go there. Whenever you're ready of course."

Harry smiled. "I'll be ready when you are."

"This weekend, I want to settle in for a few days," replied Kara, and she looked at Harry, a seductive glint in her blue eyes. "Finished with that, honey?"

"Yeah, about," replied Harry.

Kara carefully cleared the table. They both made sure the charms were secure and they would remain undisturbed. Kara flew up onto the table, and sat down. She kicked off her heels. She wiggled her toes and bare feet. She looked at Harry and edged closer. Her feet were inches away from Harry.

"Aren't you going to give me a foot massage?" Kara asked him. She surveyed him with her beautiful blue eyes, and her tongue licked around her lips lightly, to moisten them.

Harry could hardly think of a better idea. He gently grabbed her right foot with his hand. With a swift movement, he began to massage her foot. Kara sighed in pleasure as he rubbed up and down it, giving little jolts of magic to heighten her pleasure. Harry worked over the heel of her right foot. His fingers pressed, and massaged on the skin on her feet. He rubbed her right foot. Kara's eyes glazed over, she leaned back slightly, and Harry saw her chest rise and lower as he worked over her feet. He worked on the toes on her right foot. Harry then switched to her left foot, and offered it the same treatment.

"Yeah, you've got the magic touch," Kara commented breathlessly. Her pleasure heightened and Harry continued to rub circles around her feet.

Kara felt him give jolts of pleasure through her feet, and up her legs. She was getting worked up from these efforts. Harry continued to rub her feet, and kissed her toes lightly. Kara shivered in pleasure. She spun around. Balancing herself on her elbows, Kara gave Harry a kiss to the mouth. She placed her tongue into his mouth. Harry returned the favor. Their tongues wrestled for dominance. Kara's eyes had passion in them. Harry saw her eyes light up, teasing heat vision, but it just added to the erotic atmosphere.

Harry grabbed her hair gently, and pushed her off. He floated up on the table. He spent a few moments double checking his charms. Kara eyed him, and knew he was ready to go, even without using her X-Ray Vision.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Kara and Harry wrapped their arms around each other. A heated kiss was exchanged between the two of them. Harry sucked on her moist lips. Kara returned the gesture, and her hand worked Harry's belt off. She pulled it off, and pushed Harry back from the kiss. She gripped onto his pants. With a tug, she pulled them down over Harry's ankles.
She eyed the merchandise, and licked her lips. Kara squeezed Harry's package firmly through his boxers. She placed her fingers in his shorts, and pulled them down over his ankles. Harry's erection sprang out, and Kara caught it. She licked her red lips, and puckered them. She slowly stroked Harry's cock, which stiffened. She gave a little lick. She continued to tease him, and Harry felt himself grow more with passion.

"Damn it, Kara," Harry groaned.

Kara just grinned, and she leaned forward. She gave the tip of Harry's cock a light kiss. She left salvia on it. She lubricated Harry with more licks. She popped the cock in her mouth, and slurped it. Harry leaned back, and allowed his wife to pleasure him. Kara bobbed her head up and down Harry's cock. He reached forward. His fingers twisted into her long blonde hair. Kara looked him in the eyes. She took Harry deep into her throat, but pulled off immediately.

Harry was about to protest, but Kara floated in the air and spun around. She placed her feet just inches away from his rock cock.

"Are you ready for me to pleasure your cock with my pretty feet?" Kara asked.

Harry looked at her with an expression of pure need. She grinned. That was a rhetorical question if there ever was one. Kara lightly rubbed her toes against the rock hard pole across from her. Harry's noises of pleasure spurred her to continue to tease Harry's cock with her toes. She rubbed her heals on Harry's balls, and stroked him with her toes.

Kara stuck one finger inside herself, teasing both herself and Harry with the gesture. She sandwiched her husband's penis between her feet. She lifted her hips up slightly off the table. She rubbed Harry's penis between her arches. Harry's eyes rolled back. Kara continued to pleasure him. She made sure Harry's eyes were on her. Then she stuck two and then three fingers inside her core. She pumped them in and out of her. She hit her pleasure center. Not like Harry could, but it did wonders in getting her warmed up.

The night was still young.

Harry watched his wife slowly move her other hand, and play with her breasts. She twisted her nipples. They got hard and pointed at him from underneath her dress. She used her ice breath to make them even harder. She continued to work Harry's erected cock with her feet. She rubbed, and teased him. Kara's mouth was open, and she was moaning. That caused Harry's muscles to tighten.

"Going to cum, Kara," Harry warned.

Kara managed to pull herself out of her bliss long enough to answer.

"Cum on my pretty feet. My pretty, super powerful feet, give me your sticky, white cum! Yes, give it to me babe, cum for me!"

Kara shrieked at the top of her powerful lungs. She managed to bring herself to an orgasm, and she saw Harry's penis explode. She rubbed him, and rode out his orgasm. A great deal of Harry's cum was on her feet, but much of it had splattered on the table. An explosion caused the table to be flooded.

The blonde Kryptonian smirked at Harry. She lifted one leg, and took her cum splattered right foot up towards her mouth. She looked Harry in the eye. Kara slowly and seductively licked Harry's cum off of her feet. She slurped up Harry's cum from her foot, and managed to get her toes. She did the same thing with her left foot. She made sure Harry had his eyes on her. She turned around, and
her ass was in the air. Kara licked Harry's seed from the table. She was careful not to squander a single drop.

"You're a dirty little girl, you know that," Harry commented, and Kara turned to him. She had Harry's cum on her lips, and she sucked on them. Her eyes were glazed over to the side. She flickered her tongue at Harry, teasing him. "Very naughty of you to lick my sticky seed off of the table like that. And we all know what happens to naughty Kryptonians."

Kara grinned at him, and put a finger in the side of her mouth. She flipped her hair out of her face.

"Why don't you show me?"

"I'll show you," Harry replied, and he grabbed Kara's waist.

He threw Kara over his lap. She hid her desire on her face. Harry grabbed her dress. With a tug, he pulled it over her head. Kara was sprawled over his lap. She only wore a blue and red bra. Her ass was only covered by a lacy red little thong. Harry drooled, and he rubbed his hand. He pulled down her undergarments.

Harry raised one hand and smacked her in the ass. Kara moaned deeply in pleasure.

"You like that, don't you?" Harry asked.

Kara's ass was smacked once again. She found her arms held into place so she could not pleasure herself. That somehow added a lot to the situation.

"Yes, yes," Kara replied. She offered Harry further encouragement. "Smack my ass, punish this dirty little Kryptonian!"

Harry raised another hand, and spanked her ass. He felt himself grow. He could feel Kara's wet pussy lips rub against the tip of his cock. He allowed himself a few more minutes of fun. She did say he wanted a birthday spanking, and like a good husband, he obliged her. He smacked her tight little ass several more times. Her nipples poked out from the other side of her bra.

"More, more, more!" Kara chanted, breathing heavily.

Harry obliged her, and spanked her ass. He did leave temporary marks, but they healed themselves. Any other man doing this would break every single bone in their hand, but Harry was not any other man. The scent of her arousal inflamed his mind. He was sure he was up to about eighteen at this point. He licked his hand, and gave her another smack on the ass for good measure.

Kara shivered and Harry turned over the table. Harry straddled her hips, brushing the tip of his cock against her entrance, teasing her a little bit. He leaned down and began to kiss her, starting on her forehead. Harry unhooked Kara's bra.

Her breasts bounced out, and Harry gripped them tight. He squeezed them, and molded the firm breasts in his hands. Kara encouraged him to go further. Her hips bucked up, and she felt Harry's cock scrape teasingly against her entrance. Harry continued his line of kisses down. He reached her belly button, and gave it a long kiss. He brushed his head against her entrance.

"Harry," Kara moaned, but Harry purposely avoided her wet pussy for the moment. His kisses continued down her right leg, and he worked his way up to her left leg.

Kara's legs locked around Harry. Harry smirked, and lowered his faced down. He began to devour Kara's pussy. She screamed and thrust her hips up into his face. Harry worked his tongue into her.
Kara reached her hands behind his head. With a push, Kara shoved Harry's face into her. He licked the inside of her, using his tongue magically. Kara panted and writhed, before she soaked his face. Harry lapped up the juices. Harry leaned forward and scooped some onto his hand. He fed them to Kara, who ate her juices, greedily.

She looked up at him, with desire in her eyes. Her finger wiggled towards him. Harry got the message and teased her opening. He lined up his penis with her opening. Kara's legs locked around him, and Harry slid inside her. Kara exhaled, and Harry pushed more of his length into her. Kara matched his moments with her hips. She pushed up, and Harry returned the favor.

She reached up, and put her hands in Harry's hair. She tugged on his hair, and encouraged him to go deeper and faster. Harry sped up his movements. He thrust deeper inside her. Harry's mouth lowered. He captured one of her nipples in his mouth. Kara moaned and her hips lifted up, wildly. Their hips met together, and Harry alternated between sucking on her nipples. He licked her, and fondled Kara. Kara was driven absolutely wild, and Harry rode her. She thrashed underneath his efforts. He pushed himself deeper and faster into her cunt.

Harry slowed down a little bit, and teased Kara with his strokes. Kara's pussy muscles contracted. The Kryptonian woman floated off of the table, but Harry placed his hands down. He firmly pinned her down, and continued to thrust into her tight, wet, and hot hole.

"Fuck me," Kara moaned loudly. "Fuck my powerful pussy!"

Her moans continued, and Harry continued to stretch the inside of her. Kara could feel Harry's cock touching every bit of her insides. She ran her hands down, and grabbed his arms. She raked her nails into his back, and encouraged Harry to keep up his actions. Harry continued to pound her pussy with his cock. She matched his movements, and the table creaked out from underneath them. It managed to hold, and Harry played with her tits. He rubbed them with his palms just as he kissed her on the lips. Kara moaned deeply into his mouth, and squeezed him with her pussy. She climaxed hard.

Harry continued to pleasure her, and Kara thrashed underneath him. Harry sped up his movements, slamming into her. Kara wanted more, and encouraged Harry to go faster. She felt a feeling of ecstasy go through her body. Harry pumped deeper into deeper, and she could feel him twitch. His muscles tightened, but not before she was driven past the point.

"Blow your load in me," Kara whispered hotly into his ear. "Pop it in me, I want to be filled up with so much of your cum. That's it, Harry!"

Harry exploded. Kara screamed, and she felt absolutely fulfilled when her husband unloaded a steady stream of seed into her. He flowed into her. Kara thrashed, and her cunt muscles squeezed him tightly. She milked every single drop. She moaned, and Harry thrust himself a few more times into her, to drain his entire load into her. She shuddered, filled completely with her husband's seed.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

The minute they were finished, Harry cradled Kara in his arms. A smile was on her face, as she basked in the afterglow. Harry made sure she was held safely and securely in his arms. He cleared up with a wave of his hand. He placed their clothes in a bag. The meal was pre-paid in advance, so there was no need to stick around. Harry popped Kara over to their bedroom.

Harry sat down on the bed dressed in nothing, but a pair of boxer shorts. Kara sped over to the dresser, and got changed for bed. She was dressed in a sheer blue camisole. It showcased her toned midriff. She wore a lacy pair of blue panties that curved around her ass and displayed her long
shapely legs nicely. Kara crawled into bed with him, her ass against his crotch. Harry wrapped her arms around her, as the couple cuddled with each other. Both rested in bed on their side. Kara's long blonde hair framed her angelic face perfectly.

"So, how was your birthday?" Harry whispered to her.

"It was the best," Kara concluded. She paused, before she smiled. "And it ended with quite a bang."

Harry laughed, and playfully stroked her hair. He planted a series of living kisses down her neck. Kara relaxed into his arms. She was now eighteen years old, and Harry made her entire day special. Of course, he made her day special always, whether or not it was her birthday.

Kara's eyes grew heavy. Harry wrapped his arms tightly around her.

"Night, Kara," Harry whispered to her.

"Goodnight, Harry, sleep tight," Kara replied to him.

They both fell asleep in each other's arms. The couple felt absolutely content. A new day would bring more challenges, but both were determined to face them together. That was the adventure that marriage had to offer.

Sirens could be heard throughout Gotham City. To the many people who lived in that particular city for their entire life, that was background noise and just a part of their life. Many did not even bother to look up to see two figures fly in the sky high above the city. Yet, there they were, Harry and Kara took flight, and followed the sound of a museum alarm. With their enhanced senses, they could hear it several towns away.

They looked down, and saw the figures of Robin, Batgirl, and Nightwing circle from a nearby rooftop. The Gotham City Police Department was on the ground. As usual, Commissioner James Gordon and Detective Harvey Bullock led them in. Gordon remained calm, and after all of the insanity that he lived through, nothing could honestly faze him.

"Everyone, gather around!" Gordon hollered. "We have a potential hostage situation at the museum. The suspect wants us to send in transportation for him to get away, and he's promised to let the hostages go."

Nightwing showed up, with Robin and Batgirl. Gordon appeared to be looking to see if Batman would be joining them, but saw he was not present. He recovered immediately.

"How many hostages are we looking at, Commissioner Gordon?" Nightwing asked.

Harvey Bullock looked at them, barely holding his contempt. He mumbled the next words. "Great, the B-Squad of sidekicks. I never thought I'd be longing for the Bat."

Kara dropped down beside him, and Harry followed.

"Ah, we'll be sure to send along that you miss him so much, the next time we see him, Detective, " Kara said. She had a grin on her face, and Bullock scrambled. Batgirl kept her face blank, but she struggled to keep a straight face.

Bullock recovered a few seconds later.

"Oh, great, it's you two," Bullock grumbled. "Supergirl and um…magic sorcerer wizard guy."
"The name's Arcane," said Harry in a patient voice. He surveyed Bullock through narrowed eyes. "It's not that hard to remember. Of course, it's not something you can buy at a donut shop or anything, so I can see why you might have a little trouble remembering it."

Bullock gave Harry an indignant expression.

"Hey, listen here you little. . . " Bullock started, but Commissioner Gordon cleared his throat.

Bullock spun around and faced Commissioner Gordon.

"Harvey, I need you over here with the rest of the squad," Gordon ordered him.

Bullock hastened to move in the direction of the rest of the squad. He chewed on his toothpick, and flicked it on the ground. Batgirl, Robin, Nightwing, Arcane, and Supergirl all formed a group. Commissioner Gordon walked over to address the squad of young heroes.

"I'm guessing he's on business with the Justice League," Gordon mumbled in an undertone.

They all nodded.

"Yeah, but it's an emergency," Batgirl replied in an apologetic voice. "Trust me; he would be here if he was able to be here."

Gordon just waved his head, and took a deep breath to calm his nerves.

"I understand, there are things in the world that would demand his time more than Gotham City," Gordon said. He cringed, before he said his next words. "I was hoping the GCPD would be able to handle this, but this guy's a bit trickier than we thought."

"So who are we dealing with?" Robin asked him. "Firefly? Two Face? Killer Croc?"

Gordon checked the report he had, before he offered his answer.

"Our criminal goes by the name of Crazy Quilt."

At this name, Kara burst out into laughter. She could not help herself. Granted, in the business she was in, absurd names barely hit her most of the time. However, this one took the cake, and she tried to rein in her laughter.

"I'm sorry, but Crazy Quilt?" Kara inquired, holding back her hysterics.

"The name might sound absurd, but all reports indicate he's dangerous," Gordon said in a firm voice. "He's also ranting about how he wants Robin to provide the transportation. Something about how the two of you go way back."

Gordon looked at Robin, who was bemused at the very thought that he had a past with someone named Crazy Quilt.

"I swear, I've never met that guy in my life," Robin said, and Gordon just moved over to allow the group to do what they needed to do.

Robin continued to look amused. Nightwing sighed, and shifted guilty. He waved his younger teammate over.

"Sorry, this entire Crazy Quilt vendetta thing might be on my account," Nightwing explained. The others moved in for an explanation. "If this is the guy who I think it is, we had a run in years and
years ago. I accidentally blinded him. He was a former painter, but obsessed at his craft. One of those starving artist types, who never got his due. And one day, he just lost his mind. He just cracked."

Kara gave a light smile. "Most would crack if you had a name like Crazy Quilt."

"I doubt that's his real name," Harry said with mirth.

"Still, the fact he used a name like that at any time indicates some kind of bad taste," Kara replied.

"So what do you think we should do? Batgirl asked them.

There was a pause before one answered.

"We don't know what the hostage situation is," Harry offered.

"Yeah, but I bet I can find out easily," Kara inputted.

Without a pause, Kara squinted her eyes. She peered intently through the walls with her X-Ray vision. She found a room in the middle of the museum. Immediately, she spotted a group of oddly dressed men. They surrounded a small group of hostages. There was a combination of men, women, and children, all with weapons pointed at them.

"Twelve, or thirteen hostages as far as I can tell, and they have weapons," Kara said. "I don't know how dangerous the weapons are, but they might be a problem."

Nightwing nodded. "Right, Robin and Batgirl you can head around the front end as a distraction. I'll head in the front end. Supergirl and Arcane, you can go around through that top vent."

"Or we could just pop inside," Harry suggested.

"Or you can do that," Nightwing said, mentally slapping himself for not thinking of that. Batman might have thought about that.

Batgirl snickered at his discomfort.

"Yeah, you really didn't think this plan through," Batgirl said with a smirk. "Then again, you don't think a lot of things through these days it seems."

"Not now, Batgirl," Nightwing grunted, and Batgirl just shrugged.

The two heroes exchanged a brief glare. Batgirl moved off with precision like nothing had just happened. Robin stood in the background, confused.

"So what's up with them?" he asked.

Kara just snickered. "Oh, I think it's obvious."

Robin turned to Harry.

"So, are you as late to this party as I am?" Robin asked him.

"No, I get it, but you really should go around to the back," Harry said, only half paying attention to anything, looking over Robin's shoulder. "Batgirl's giving you a dirty look about now."

Robin saw that, and bolted off. He ran off, nearly tripping over his feet as he did so. Harry and
Kara moved towards their position high in the air. Both peered through the museum windows briefly to get a sense of what they were looking for. The two of them popped inside, and immediately slipped into the shadows. They moved around, and saw where Crazy Quilt stood in all of his glory.

The criminal wore a smock with a multitude of different colors of the rainbow. He wore a yellow helmet with three dots on the top of it. He had a black mustache, and his eyes were milky white to indicate his blindness. He walked over, and held a gun onto the hostages. His men were dressed in goggles and smocks. The criminal cackled madly.

"For years, my genius has been spurned by the less enlightened people in this world!" Crazy Quilt exclaimed. A couple of the hostages looked at him like he was insane. "But, now all of these critics will be proven wrong! I will create my self portrait of crime."

Crazy Quilt cackled, and adjusted his helmet. He would have his revenge over all who had mocked his genius. The revenge he would have over Robin would be the sweetest, because he had been blinded by him.

Quilt stepped towards the intercom. He pressed a button once, and it cackled to life.

"Ah, Commissioner Gordon, have you agreed to my demands?" Crazy Quilt asked.

"Just let the hostages go," Gordon said in a reasonable voice. "They've done nothing to you."

"No, but they would have if they would have had the opportunity," Crazy Quilt argued. "I'm not going to allow such an opportunity pass work. The artwork in this museum is blasé and painted by fools who lack the imagination that I do. But, if these fools think of these pieces to be worth money, then I shall make a killing for their return. I will not cave in my demands, and you will see that they are met. Or these fine people will have their futures turned into a blank canvas."

Crazy Quilt cackled in absolute madness. His sight left him, but he could still smell their fear. His vision was destroyed years and years ago when Robin cracked his sensory helmet. His eyes were super charged, and then he was blinded.

"Now, I will wait, and Robin will show up," Crazy Quilt commented to himself.

As if on cue, one of the members of Crazy Quilt's gang fell to the ground with a thump. He adjusted the knob on his helmet. His brain perceived objects in infrared, and could sense a blurred outline. He spotted two figures, and his grin widened.

"Ah, Batgirl and Robin!" Crazy Quilt yelled and he jumped onto the table. "Welcome to my tapestry of revenge!"

The criminal flicked two exploding paint balls. They dodged the attacks.

"Where does this guy get his lines?" Robin wondered.

"I don't know, but we got to free the hostages," Batgirl replied softly.

That was not going to be as easy as the thought. Crazy Quilt's Gang rushed them. Batgirl and Robin fought the gang of the crazed former painter. Batgirl rolled underneath an attack, and took out two of the gang members out at a time. Robin knocked them back with hard attacks. Crazy Quilt fired his gun, but Nightwing charged in. With one huge kick, the criminal was disarmed.

"You and I, Quilt, it's going to be just like old times," Nightwing said gruffly.
Crazy Quilt turned towards him.

"Ah Nightwing, or the first Robin? It's been a long time since you have matched wits with my genius."

"I see the all of years in Arkham hasn't dulled your sense of egotism," Nightwing fired back.

A look of outrage appeared on Crazy Quilt's face. His full attention moved onto Nightwing. While this happened, Harry and Kara took their move to head in, and liberate the hostages. Batgirl and Robin continued to fight the gang, but they had dropped immediately. Nightwing battled Crazy Quilt. He tried to fly at Quilt, but Quilt dodged the attack. Nightwing landed on his feet.

Despite being an insane blind man, Crazy Quilt had more than a few tricks up his sleeve. He threw himself beyond another weapon, but a blast of heat vision disarmed it. He howled in absolute agitation, and an attack knocked him back into the wall. Cords wrapped around him, and he was girt wrapped for the police. Nightwing picked up his bound form.

"You couldn't beat me one on one, so you had to get your little super powered pals to do the dirty work," Crazy Quilt grumbled.

Nightwing shook his head.

"Face it, you lost," Nightwing retorted. "I believe it's back to the drawing board for you, Crazy Quilt."

Crazy Quilt was dragged off, ranting underneath his breath, and the rest of the gang had been wrapped up as well. The entre gang was bagged. The Gotham City Police Department drove towards them, and Commissioner Gordon looked at them.

"No hostages appear to have been harmed, thankfully," Gordon concluded.

"Yeah, good thing it was this fruit cake, and not someone more dangerous," Bullock added gruffly. "He didn't even squirt paint over anyone this time, or deface any of the paintings."

"Progress is progress, Detective," Gordon said.

"Yeah, if that's what you call it, Commish," Bullock concluded.

Crazy Quilt and his gang were all lead off. It was back to Arkham Asylum for Crazy Quilt. Gordon turned his attention to the five assembled heroes off to the side.

"Good work you five, but we can take it from here," Gordon said.

Harry smiled. "No problem, we're happy to help."

"Yeah, it's just in a day's work in the hero business," Kara told him.

"If that's all, we'll be leaving." Nightwing said in a business like tone.

Gordon grunted, and waved them off. The group moved off, and made their way to an isolated area. When they were sure no one was looking, they went their separate ways to change into their civilian attire.

Now that Batgirl was in the guise of Barbara Gordon, she turned to Harry and Kara.

"So how was the training?" Barbara asked them both.
Kara and Harry exchanged smiles.

"It was eventful, we may give you the detailed play by play sometime," Kara remarked.

"Yeah, including all seventeen or so times I was hauled before the Guardians because I broke protocol," Harry added in an amused tone of voice. "All of them completely justified, but that's beside the point."

Tim Drake, or Robin, had a bemused expression on his face. "Really, I thought it would be a lot more."

Dick Grayson, or Nightwing as he was better known, gave his head a shake.

"I was aiming for a couple less, but maybe that's giving you too much credit," Dick said.

Harry looked at two of the three sidekicks of Batman and just sighed.

"It's almost like the two of you had some kind of bet going on."

Barbara looked at both of her cohorts.

"Yeah, for the record, I thought Kara would be the one that would give them the most static," Barbara offered.

Kara put her hands on her hips with a look of mock outrage on her face. Yet, she could not keep a straight face.

"And what makes you think I didn't?" Kara asked.

Barbara whistled at the challenging expression on her friend's face.

"So how many did they get you for?" Barbara asked.

"On my own, or with Harry?" Kara retorted.

Barbara looked at her with a smile. "So you two were accomplices on a lot of what happened."

"Of course, we're in this together," Kara said in an exasperated tone of voice. "Including all of the parts where we get in trouble it seems."

"So what's the damage?" Dick said, cutting off the interplay immediately.

Harry turned to Kara, and both of them barely hid the smiles on their face.

"Oh, what would you say, love?" Harry asked her. "About twenty two times, twelve of them being separate violations all by your lonesome."

Kara looked mock thoughtful.

"Yeah, something along those lines," Kara said with a shrug. She could barely conceal the grin she had on her face.

There was a long pause before someone spoke up.

"Again, I thought it would be more," Tim said.

"Of course you did," Batgirl said, shaking her head. "But I bet, you learned all sorts of new tricks
"Yeah, we did," Kara confirmed. "We made some new allies, and more than a few new enemies."

Harry and Kara both laughed. That summed up their lives in a nutshell.

"So, in other words, it was pretty much business as usual," Harry concluded. "It doesn't matter if it's on Earth or OA or anywhere else in the universe. That's just the way things go down with us."

All five of them laughed. They explored the town, getting a chance to catch up on what had happened. It had been a while since the five had them had gotten a chance to get by. With no crime occurring for the time being, it was a rare chance for them to relax and let their hair down.

A gust of warm summer wind blew through the humble little town of Smallville, Kansas. The crops looked to be on track to have one of the best hauls in years. At least that's what those who were in the know said, but the two flying over the fields of Smallville could not really determine the validity of that. Harry and Kara flew side by side, smiles on each other's face. They held hands in mid-air.

"You know, this trip is far better than the first time I came here," Harry commented with a grin on his face.

Kara could barely keep a straight face, as she laughed out loud at the memories she recalled.

"Yeah, I remember that one," Kara said. She took a deep breath, with her laughter dying down.

"Clark, at his utterly bonehead best, plucked us under both of his arms after our wedding. They he flew us off to Smallville, trying to put us into line."

Both of them were in hysterics, and nearly lost their balance in the air. It was almost a year ago to this day, but it stuck out in their minds. It was a demoralizing event for both of them at the time, all of them in fact. Given that Harry hexed Clark and yelled his ear off. It was something that everyone could laugh at in hindsight. Everything was cool those first couple of months, but everyone got over it in the end. The strife died down, and it was a maturing experience. Everyone grew beyond that in those months.

"At least it's a story we can tell future generations of Potters," Kara commented idly.

"Yeah, that will be great dinner table conversation," Harry said, squeezing his wife hand hard.

They hovered in the air, just enjoying the view for a couple more seconds. The duo touched down onto the ground. They walked on the soft grass, towards the Kent Farm House. It was quaint and cozy, with the feeling of home. Kara and Harry smelled a fresh baked apple pie in the oven. It would not be a day at the Kent Farm without one being baked. And it did nicely in offsetting the smells of the livestock in the area. The Potters continued their trek towards the front door of the farm.

Kara took a deep breath, inhaling the smell of the apple pie. "I'm sure Ma and Pa will be happy for the company stopping by. While I'm sure Clark stops by when he can, it's going to be tough. With the Justice League, his schedule's fuller than ever before."

Harry would have to agree. They made their way up to the doorstep. Without another word, Kara raised a hand and knocked on the door. There was a long pause, and Martha Kent answered the door. Her smile grew wide when she saw who had stopped by for a visit. She surveyed them with a bright smile.
"Harry, Kara, what a pleasant surprise!" Martha exclaimed. "I was just baking a pie. Why don't you two come in and have some lemonade? It's getting rather humid out there."

"That would be nice, thanks, Martha," Harry said.

"Yeah, thanks, Ma," Kara said.

Harry and Kara both parked themselves at the table. Martha hastened to pour them two nice cold refreshing glasses of lemonade. The two Potters sat down, and drank it graciously.

"The heat wave out there is murder," Kara said conversationally. "Even for us people who have super powers."

"I know, tell me about it," Martha said with a sigh. "This is one of the worst one's I remember in years and years. Things are just going to get worse. At least we'll be in for a rather cool fall and winter, if we survive this summer."

Harry gave a strained smile. "Well, hopefully we do."

Both Harry and Kara sipped down their lemonade.

"So, what's Pa up to?" Kara asked Martha.

"He's outside working, there'a lot of work to be done on this farm," Martha said in an exasperated voice. "I told him to slow down, but far be it for him to listen. He's not as young as he used to be. He'd tell me that these things need to get done, well you've been here. You know the drill."

Both of them nodded. They knew how much Jonathan Kent took pride in his work and how stubborn he was. The two continued to gulp down their lemonade.

"So how long have you been back?" Martha asked them, as she sat down at the table with them.

"Couple of days," Kara said. She looked at Martha, an apologetic look in her eyes. "Sorry, we didn't have a chance to stop by sooner."

"Stow that talk, you had affairs you needed to get in order before you could head over here," Martha said. "Things kept intact when you were gone. I read in the business page of the paper, Patronus Inc is on the rise."

"Yeah it is, but that's only the beginning," Harry told her. "The new bank is about off the ground, for magical users who have migrated over and managed to pull their money. And then, the Shining Light School for Magic should be ready to go for the 2001-2002 school year. We got most of the teachers for the core subjects. A combination of regular and magical subjects, because I don't want to have anyone's education suffer for where they can't function in the real world. Hogwarts did lack in many ways."

Martha nodded, and Kara picked up the explanation.

"We changed things from how it was done before," Kara continued. "Ten to thirteen year old students will either learn about magical or mundane culture depending on their parentage. Then, from fourteen to eighteen years old, they will get their mixed education."

"We both think that it will allow people from both sides to get a better understanding of each other," Harry jumped in. "Integrating people who were used to the old way of doing things, well that will take time. But we have people ready for anything."

Martha looked at them. In her opinion, they had a solid business plan.

"I'm sure you two have thought long and hard about this problem, and will come up with a solution."

"It will be years before things really get rolling, but there's no better time to start than the present," Kara commented. "The education will be far different. It's revolutionary, and radical, but if it works, maybe other magical schools around the world will follow suit."

The apple pie was finished, and Martha offered Harry and Kara a slice of it. They took the slice, and began to eat. They relaxed, the air flowing through the opened window with a nice breeze. They talked lightly about some things that they had to do to each other, and Martha half listened. She looked out the door, towards the barn.

Moments later, the door opened, and Jonathan Kent entered the house. His face was covered in sweat, but he seemed to in good spirits. He spotted Harry and Kara, and offered them a smile and a nod.

"Harry, Kara, good to see both of you," Jonathan said in a jovial tone of voice. "Just get back from your training?"

"Yeah, a couple of days ago," Kara confirmed.

Jonathan sat himself down, and Martha immediately made sure he had a nice towering glass of water. He took it without protest. He knew the importance of remaining hydrated. He gulped it down.

"I know I shouldn't have been out this late and this long,' Jonathan said to his wife. "But these weeds don't pull themselves."

"So you've told me," Martha replied dryly.

Jonathan drank more of his water, but his attention turned towards Harry and Kara.

"So, have you two seen Clark lately?" Jonathan asked.

"Yes, a couple of days ago, we saw him during a mission we had at the end of our training," Kara said. "He has been calling you two, right. Even with the League, that's no excuse."

Jonathan chuckled.

"No, he's been calling, every other day," Jonathan said, and Kara relaxed immediately. She blew her blonde hair out of her face.

"That's good," Kara said in agreement. "He's been really busy with the League."

"We know, we've been keeping a close watch on it," Jonathan remarked.

"And proud of everything that he's done," Martha added. "He's honestly growing into his own."

"And you two are as well, in your own ways," Jonathan concluded.

Harry and Kara both offered a smile. They continued their visit for a while at the Kent Farm.

In a near blur, Harry and Kara sped onto the top floor of the Patronus Incorporated office building.
They waited for the person who called them here, and Hermione rushed forward to meet them. She was at the end of the hallway, and faced them with a nod. It was now a few days before Harry's seventeenth birthday.

"So, what's up, Hermione?" Harry asked her.

Hermione took a deep breath.

"Well, I was going through all of the artifacts that I liberated from the Department of Mysteries," Hermione said, and both Potters nodded. "I got an inventory list with it; don't ask me about the hell I went through to get that one. Every single thing is present and accounted for, with the exception of two white lab rats."

Both looked over the list.

"Well, I don't think we should worry about two white lab rats," Kara concluded dismissively. "It's not like they're going to try and take over the world or anything."

All three of them laughed at the utter absurdity of that notion.

"But, I don't think you called us all the way down to Metropolis to discuss lab rats with us," Harry prompted.

Hermione inclined her head with a slight nod, and lead the pair of them down a hallway. They followed, and Hermione opened the door. Both Harry and Kara followed inside. She turned towards a freezer, and put her hands on the door.

"And brace yourself for the oddness that I called you here for," Hermione said.

Hermione cracked open the freezer, and both Harry and Kara recoiled ever so slightly at what they saw. They could not believe their eyes, and almost thought that were seeing things.

A dismembered white head with red eyes with a glass bubbled over its head, stared in front of them. It was a moment before the head began to speak.

"So you liberated me from that government building. From one ice prison to another, but it matters little with the fate that life has given me."

Kara's eyes narrowed. She recognized the former of the head immediately.

"You two know who that is, don't you?" Kara asked them. "That's the head of Victor Fries!"

Hermione gasped. "Victor Fries? As in Mister Freeze?"

Confusion appeared on Harry's face.

"What was his head doing in the Department of Mysteries?" Harry asked slowly.

Both girls shrugged. They were caught off guard by this sudden development. Then immediately, the head began to speak again.

"Previously, I had become embittered by all of the suffering in my life," Fries remarked wistfully. He concluded, his voice dripping with regret. "My wife, Nora, suffered from a disease that seemed to be incurable by all science. I had tried everything to cure her, but the scientist behind the project pulled my funding. The cumulative result led me to the result you see before you. Years of trying, and eventually she had been cured thanks to an organ donor from the Wayne Foundation. Yet, it
was I who paid the ultimate price, and the result was bittersweet."

Freeze paused, remembering what he lost. Kara, Harry, and Hermione did not say one word.

"Nora believed me to be dead, so she moved on and remarried," Fries continued. "I had been twisted in my loss and remorse. I attempted to take that of what meant the most to the citizens of Gotham City. My emotions were cold for the most part, but rage was the only emotion I felt. Batman foiled my plans, and the shell body suit was destroyed. My head sank to the bottom of Gotham River. When I regained my awareness, I had been taken to this Department of Mysteries, as you call it."

Harry, Kara, and Hermione all looked at Fries. He continued.

"They studied my head, in an attempt to unlock the secrets of immorality located deep within my mutated DNA. Those within this Department wished to break the barrier between life and death. But my type of immorality comes at the gravest price as you can see before you."

The three exchanged a look, and slowly turned their backs preparing for an intense discussion.

"So, any ideas in particular what you want to do with the creepy decapitated talking head of a super villain?" Hermione asked.

Both Harry and Kara shrugged their shoulders. Neither could come off with a clear idea off hand.

"From what I heard, a number of his crimes were motivated by his grief and an attempt to cure his wife," Kara said, but she closed her eyes and a bit of agitation appeared on her face. "Then again, this is the guy who once tried to use Barbara as a living organ donor. That's not something that I can easily forgive."

Harry understood, and he placed a hand on his wife's.

"Not asking you to forgive, I wouldn't either," Harry told her gently.

Fries spoke up once again.

"I do not deny that I have committed many crimes. While my body might have been destroyed, my mind remains strong, and at your disposal. I am in your debt for my liberation. Therefore, all I ask is for you to give the matter some consideration. I shall wait, I have plenty of time. Patience has been taught through my condition."

Harry's eyes just shifted and he closed them.

"We'll consider your proposal," Harry said to Fries. He reached over, and closed the freezer door.

Harry, Kara, and Hermione all walked off.

"The man was a brilliant scientist," Harry offered them. "If we keep a restraint on him, he might have some useful ideas."

"Yeah, he might," Kara agreed grudgingly.

The three made their way off to the end of the hallway. Hermione checked her watch and realized that the time had gotten away from her.

"So, I'm going to meet Diana in a little bit," Hermione offered. "She's looking forward to seeing both of you, I think. You think you have time to join us?"
Harry and Kara both thought about it, but both had come to the same conclusion.

"I don't see any idea why not," Kara replied.

"Let's do it," Harry said.

The three made sure all of the loose ends were tied up, before they headed out.
Coup Part One

Chapter 5: Coup Part One.

Diana, Princess of the Amazons, tapped her foot impatiently. The woman was dressed in civilian attire, a black shirt and blue jeans, with boots. The woman looked down the street, and her eyes peered. She suddenly spotted the group of arrivals that made their way down the street.

"Hello, Donna, I'm glad you can make it," Diana said to her sister, before she turned to her sister's two friends. "Harry and Kara, I must say this is a pleasant surprise."

Harry and Kara returned her smile.

"Hello Diana, how are you doing?" Harry asked her.

"I've been doing rather well lately," Diana replied to them. She looked at Harry and Kara. "How about the two of you?"

"We've been well as well all things considered," Harry answered.

Kara smiled. "Yeah, we've been busy, but you know what, we've done rather well for ourselves. Especially since our training concluded, but even after them we barely had a chance to catch our breath. No rest for us, but hey, that's what makes life interesting. Keeps us on our toes and all that."

Diana nodded politely. She had heard of the tail end of the training of the two Potters. The situation involving the Red Lanterns had been briefed by the other members of the League. It had been a nasty battle, one that she had half wished she had been present to lend a hand for. Yet, there were just some things that could not be helped. Diana led Harry, Kara, and Hermione into the café she had been waiting outside.

Harry peered over his shoulder. He discreetly did a few anti-eavesdropping spells, and nodded with a smile on his face, when everything was in order.

After ordering their food, the quartet sat down in a booth off to the side. Harry and Kara took a seat next to each other, Diana and Hermione sat down next to each other on other side. They proceeded to make some light conversation about what had transpired.

Diana listened politely, intrigued about what had occurred. She wanted to find out what she could about the process of training with the Guardians and the makeshift Blue Lantern Corps. The trials and tribulations both had gone through and the fact they survived spoke well of their characters. Then again, from what her sister told her, both of them were survivors.

"Well, even John admits you've done rather well, so you should be proud of yourself," Diana concluded after they were finished.

Harry and Kara took pride in that statement. Granted, they had better have done well, given the fact that they busted their backsides, but to get any praise from that particular Green Lantern was high praise indeed.

"It appears as if you two have returned just in time," Diana commented lightly, and she looked at Hermione with a significant expression. "Donna here seemed about ready to have a breakdown on a daily basis trying to run that company of yours."
Hermione just gave Diana an exasperated look at this comment. Harry and Kara both found great amusement at the expression on their friend's face, so they started to laugh.

"I was not having a breakdown," Hermione informed them in a short voice. "I was just under a great deal of stress. There is a huge difference. And it doesn't help that that the phone never seemed to stop ringing. I don't know how you two do it, but seriously, both of you do an excellent job. It speaks well of how you can thrive under such pressure."

Harry and Kara exchanged knowing looks.

"Well, pressure is something that we tend to thrive under," Harry told her and Kara nodded at her husband's side in agreement.

"Pressure is something that the greatest warriors thrive under," Diana inputted. "It shows the true spirit of a person how well they cope under pressure. Most people are broken under it."

Hermione smiled. "Well, if anyone who has a spirit that logically should have been broken a long time ago, it's Harry. He's been through a lot, more than I could ever care to think about."

She really did admire her adopted brother in many ways. Hermione wished she could be half of the person Harry could be, but she remained rather flawed. There were times where her people skills left a lot to be desired, and she likely got a bit short with people who were trying to help. That was just the way she is, plus she never coped with the company of fools well.

"I'm a survivor," Harry concluded with a shrug. Kara proceeded to grab his hand from underneath the booth. "I had to be a survivor, or I'm too stubborn to admit that I've been defeated a long time ago."

Kara smiled, and tightened her grip on Harry's hand. She took a sip of the soup, and looked thoughtful before she let out the breath she had been holding.

"A little bit of column A and a little bit of column B I think," Kara concluded with a teasing smile. "Then again, I'm the same way."

"You're a survivor Kara, and tough, and really stubborn when you have your mind set to something," Harry told her, but he had a fond smile on his face. "That's one of the many reasons why I love you."

They exchanged a fond look for a minute. They edged closer to each other in their seat on the booth.

"I know," Kara said with a grin. She snuggled up closer to Harry on the booth, and practically sat on top of him. Diana just ate her meal, respectfully keeping her gaze off of them. Hermione hummed lightly underneath her breath, and turned her attention towards Diana.

"Things going well in the League?" Hermione asked her.

Diana pondered that particular question, to give an honest question. They had been busy, but it hadn't been anything too life threatening. Of course, Batman always told them that they should worry more when things are quiet, then when things were chaotic. It was a philosophy that she found herself agreeing with the more she thought about it.

"Yeah, we're rather busy, but thriving well," Diana told Hermione. "There were a few minor incidents, but there's nothing that we can't handle. The seven of us make a rather formidable force, and the criminal element in this world...well, they're rethinking things."
Hermione nodded. She had followed their exploits through the news when she could. It did not beat hearing about them straight from the source.

"That's good, opinions on you guys still seemed to be mixed," Hermione said, rubbing her hand on her forehead. "For every one person who likes you, there is another who hates you, and it's one of the most hotly debated topics on the news."

Diana found herself knowing that all too well. There were some people who were happy to see the Justice League, and others who grumbled. Not all of them happened to be criminals either, so they could not really blame it on that fact.

"I wouldn't worry about it too much," Kara said in a calm voice. "It's going to take a while to gain the trust of people. There were always people who were wary about the entire costumed hero thing. And now that there's seven of you in a flying fortress, well we should have known."

"People will find fault with every single little thing ever, and they like to tear heroes down, to make them into a martyr," Harry added, wisely. "The Justice League should continue to do well in the world, and people will understand their place in the world before too long."

Diana just put a hand to her chin. She was given much to think about, but she turned to the other three teenage heroes before her with one more statement.

"The offer is open for the three of you to join the League at any time," Diana offered them.

The three just exchanged an expression, and responded in perfect and almost eerie unison, "We know."

"But, have you reconsidered or even thought about it?" Diana asked them.

All three had thought about it a few times, but they agreed that it was not for the best, for now.

"The Justice League is not our thing," Kara told her. "We have our own thing going on, and besides we work a lot better as free agents. Plus, we're building a better future for the world, while you guys are saving it. We're not going to sit back and let people roll over us, but we can do a lot more good with Patronus Inc."

"Well, that's more your baby, then mine," Hermione said to Harry and Kara.

Harry looked at his surrogate sister with a reassuring look on his face. "You do have a job there; you're part of the family."

Hermione had to feel a swell of pride at that assessment. This did not go unnoticed by Diana.

"Yeah, I know I do, and I hope to help when I can," Hermione said to them. "All and all, other than a few hiccups, it's been a quiet few months. Can't really complain about anything that has happened, you know."

"Calm before the storm," Harry said in a calm voice.

Harry and Kara braced themselves for something to happen. Given the fact that everything was quiet, it was almost like something was bound to happen. Yet, they heard someone arrive with a pop with their enhanced hearing. The couple straightened up, and watched a new arrival show up. Diana, Harry, Kara, and Hermione all saw the newest arrival. Standing before them was the one, the only, the infamous Sirius Black.
"Sirius, what are you doing here?" Harry asked his godfather, who offered him a smile in response before he spoke.

"Ah, Harry, can't a godfather see his favorite godson?" Sirius asked Harry.

Harry replied with a smirk. "You do realize that I'm your only godson."

"Yeah, but doesn't that springboard you up the rankings to number one?" Sirius asked. Harry found it rather hard to argue with such logic, so Sirius counted that as a moral victory. "And yeah, thanks for asking, but I've been doing well."

"We were going to ask," Hermione told him, with a slight roll of her eyes. "But, I guess giving us a chance to ask would rob you of a chance to be over dramatic. And we can't have something like that now, can we?"

Sirius responded with a mock hurt look, but Hermione just rolled her eyes. Harry and Kara could barely keep the amusement off of their faces.

"So what exactly have you been up too?" Kara asked him.

"Knowing him, no good," Hermione offered with a smile, and Sirius offered his godson's friend a mock glare.

"You know, maybe we could give him the benefit of the doubt," Diana remarked, but the expression on her face indicated that she seriously doubted that. "Old age could mature many of us; perhaps he's deciding to keep his nose clean given how much he's gotten himself in trouble in the past. Need we not forget a little incident involving a certain island years ago, but perhaps he has grown beyond that."

Sirius opened his mouth, but Harry cut him off at the pass before he could say anything.

"Don't be fooled for a second, Diana," Harry inputted. "He hasn't stayed out of trouble. Far from it, rather he's just done a better job in hiding his countless misdeeds."

Sirius shuffled, and reached into a bag that he had brought with them. The group waited to see what Sirius had to say to them, and the crafty Marauder decided to enlighten them on the subject.

"Well for your information, I'm the brand new Minister of Magic of Great Britain!" Sirius exclaimed, and he continued before he spoke once again. "And the post only cost me a measly five knuts."

That declaration earned Sirius a fair share of strange looks. Sirius just gave them a shifty grin, and reached deep into his bag. He pulled out a nameplate. The name of Rufus Scrimgeour was scratched out, and the words "Sirius Black, Minister of Magic" could be seen onto it.

"And to think, most people invest galleons to get that job," Sirius said, laughing for a brief second, before he straightened up and grew suddenly serious. "I think old Rufus was excited to see real money, that he jumped on the deal faster than a two knut hooker in Knockturn Alley."

Sirius got his share of looks for that one. His godson felt compelled to speak.

"Thanks for that mental image, that we could have done without," Harry said with an exasperated sigh, and Sirius just grinned at his godson. Diana, Kara, and Hermione just sighed at the absolute wrongness of the analogy Sirius made.
"But that's not all, I bought this little jem from some fly by night seedy salesman in Knockturn Alley," Sirius replied to both of them. "I doubt they thought it was the real thing. Otherwise, I wouldn't have gotten such a great deal off of a historical artifact such as this one."

Without further pause, Sirius reached into the bag, and pulled out a ratty looking hat. It was not any old ratty looking hat however; it was the Hogwarts Sorting Hat.

"You purchased the Hogwarts Sorting Hat from some seedy salesman?" Hermione asked him, slowly, as if this very concept was hard to grasp.

"I know, and I got a damn good deal off of it too," Sirius said proudly. He held the hat up, and placed the sorting hat on top of his head. "I must say it goes rather well with my robes."

The Sorting Hat came to life, and the brim opened, to allow the hat to speak.

"Funnily enough, this is only the tenth most demeaning thing that has ever happened to me. Or perhaps it is the twentieth? It's not like I keep track of these things. I have a life."

"You're a hat, how can you have a life?" Sirius asked.

"I see the years have not dulled your lack of empathy, Mr. Black," the sorting hat replied dully. "The only good thing to come from the dismantling of Hogwarts is the fact I don't have to peer into the troubled minds of children with magical powers. Of course, the fact that I have a direct pipeline into the mind of Sirius Black, it does make me wonder. But alas, that has been the fate that I have been dealt with in life."

Kara was struck with a sudden thought that she had to voice. She slowly turned her head towards Sirius.

"So, Sirius," Kara said in a casual tone of voice. "You've put an ancient hat on your head that has been on thousands and thousands of heads over the years. Did you at least wash it first? Has it ever been washed?"

This implication caused Harry and Hermione to both pull a face. They did not even think about that when they had put on the hat, and now years later, they sure hoped it was wash. Diana looked kind of disturbed, but Sirius just offered his godson's wife a confused expression.

"I'm afraid, I'm not following you," Sirius replied slowly.

Kara wanted to smack her own palm into her face at this response. "I . . . never mind."

She just offered the exasperated expression to end all exasperation expressions to her husband. Harry shook his head in amusement. All things considered, it was the same old Sirius, in all of his insanity.

"You know, it was a nice chat, but I think I'll be heading down the street," Sirius told them nonchalantly. "This hat will be quite the talking piece, and will be quite fetching."

"Oh yeah, I'm sure a ratty old hat will be something that will attract the ladies by the boatload," Hermione replied in a slightly sarcastic tone of voice.

Diana grabbed her sister by the sleeve, and whispered in her ear, "Donna, don't encourage him for the love of Hera."

Sirius was grinning already. "Yeah, I tell you, I just need to swipe Lucius Malfoy's pimp cane and
I'll be set for life. I'll be back around. Your birthday is coming up in a couple of days, Harry, isn't it?"

"Yes it is," Harry said, and Kara smiled at him.

"And it will be a memorable day," Kara told him.

"I'm sure it will be," Sirius replied with a wink. "If you need me, you know where to find me."

"Follow the chaos?" Harry suggested.

Sirius walked off, the old Hogwarts School Sorting Hat still perched on his head. He got a few stares from the other patrons at the café. Sirius walked down the street, as if he did not acknowledge the stares. Of course, Harry suspected that Sirius was very clear of the attention he attracted, and he bathed in it. His thoughts were broken when Diana's Justice League communicator went off. The Amazon answered it immediately.

"We have a situation. What kind of situation? I see, yes J'onn, thank you for briefing me on it. We've been keeping an eye on him for a while, and he's... I sympathize with him believe me, yeah but we got to make sure he doesn't do anything reckless that will cause a scene."

Harry, Kara, and Hermione remained quiet. Diana turned to them with an apologetic expression on her face.

"I'm sorry to cut this short, but League emergency. And it has to do with your neighbor, Aquaman."

Harry and Kara both were taken off guard by this little newsbit. They had purchased their home, which was a former outpost of Atlantis. Off the shore and under the sea was the royal palace of Atlantis, and Aquaman made quite the first impression on them.

"What did he do this time?" Harry asked. He remembered his new neighbor's idea of a welcome. It was hoped by many that fatherhood would mellow the king of Atlantis, but that seemed to be unlikely.

"There was a barge attacked by his army, it was the third one in the last four weeks," Diana explained. "And a nuclear sub was captured, and the crew was sent back. It's a game of politics the likes of which I haven't seen. We've been trying to appease the situation, but Aquaman seems to be less than receptive to our overtures."

Harry and Kara both sighed. That sounded like the all power king of Atlantis all right, he was very proud and that could get in the way of reason. Granted, given some of the actions of the surface world, Harry found some small amount of justification in some of his actions, but it was unfair to tar all with the same brush.

"Maybe I can talk to him?" Harry suggested after a moment of thought.

Diana frowned. While all help was appreciated, this could be a dangerous situation.

"You don't have to, this could be a tricky situation," Diana offered them.

"He's rather proud and if things get ugly, you're going to need all hands on deck, League or not," Kara said. Sure enough, they figured they'd be doing this team up thing.

"He captured the barge from a man known as Morgan Edge," Diana added, as an afterthought.
Immediately, both Potters and Hermione had their attention. Those at Patronus Inc. had a few run-ins over the past couple of months with Mr. Edge. They paid for lunch, and left quickly. They had to stop an international incident from occurring.

A middle aged man with silver hair approached the podium. He was dressed in a blue suit, with a pair of thick glasses and overly polished shoes. Two burly bodyguards stood on either side of the man. This gentleman had the unassuming appearance of someone's grandfather.

The man stepped up to the podium, and held the microphone. He tapped on it several times. He saw the members of press gather below. The press was a necessary evil and one that he had to deal with. His secretary walked over, and held out a folder of notes.

"Everything you need is in order."

Edge flipped through the notes he had been prepared for his press conference. He grumbled his thanks. With a swift movement, he turned around. He cleared his throat, and prepared to address the assembled press.

"Ladies, gentlemen, and esteemed members of the press, I thank you for your attendance of this press conference today," Edge said in a voice that carried. "In recent months, there have been many rumors that have dogged me. I wish to squash these nasty rumors. Said rumors have tied me to the criminal outfit known as Intergang."

Some members of the press nodded. One dark haired reporter was listening in particular. She had made the connection, and she had gotten a few threatening phone calls based on her story.

"I can assure you these rumors are a falsehood," Edge told them all. "I have been a strong supporter that nobody is above the law. And this includes those ruthless vigilantes known as the Justice League!"

There was some clapping from people in the crowd that Edge had planted to further his agenda. Edge waited for the applause to die down, as the members of the press argued amongst themselves.

"These alleged heroes might think they are doing what's right for the world, but that is a misconception," Edge continued in a heated voice. He gave a smile, showing his perfectly done teeth. "They cause collateral damage, and make more work for the hard working law enforcement officers around the world. I can assure you that I am a law abiding citizen, and play by the rules. Do the Justice League play by the rules or do they think they are above the law?"

There was more applause, but Lois Lane pushed herself forward, and cleared her throat. Edge turned, and offered a smile even if it was forced. If he could get away with it, he would have had that nosy bitch fitted with a cement overcoat and boots years ago.

"Yeah, that might be good, but what about these rumors that you are ignoring?" Lois demanded. "Your company has circumvented global law, and environment laws. You have dumped your waste into the Atlantic Ocean, and used it was your own personal landfill."

Lois tapped her foot, and waited for the answers. Edge remained calm, and just offered look to indicate that he was mortally offended.

"This is more innuendo planted by rivals, none of these rumors can be proven," Edge argued. He decided to deflect the heat off of himself. "If you want to look into shady businesses, you should take a look at the new beloved golden company in the business world. You know the company I'm
talking about, the glorious Patronus Incorporated, run by the golden couple of the business world, Harry and Kara Potter."

There was more applause by Edge's plants. Some members of the press looked thoughtful, but others looked skeptical.

"Has anyone seen Lex Luthor after these Potters took control of his company?" Edge asked the press. "It seems Mr. Potter made him disappear, if I would have to make a guess. You may want to look at the Machiavellian way that they were rumored to take control of the former LexCorp."

Mutterings erupted amongst Edge's plants, in an attempt to implicate the Potters of wrong doing. There was a rumbling from the direction of the ocean. Morgan Edge waved the rest of his security force over. Aquaman marched onto the shores, with armored soldiers. Edge's security force stood in front of their boss, and the mogul surveyed the King of Atlantis with disgust.

"This is a private press conference, only open to select people, your majesty," Edge said, the last two words spoke with a rather sarcastic tone of voice.

Aquaman rose up proudly, and stared Edge down without fear.

"My appearance at this venue has to do with a very public matter!" Aquaman bellowed, making sure all around could hear his voice. "Namely, the fact you have decided to take chemical waste from one of your company's and deposit it in my ocean. These actions lead to the deaths of dozens of my subjects. The three ships that were sent back were a warning against your deception, and the next barge sent into my waters will be met with lethal force."

The press perked up, but Edge just smirked.

"I have the rights to sail those waters, business contracts," Edge argued fiercely. "You don't have the jurisdiction to do anything to my ships."

"I have given you my warning, but I do wonder how many people would sing your praises if they know the murders you have committed," Aquaman said in a warning voice. "You and I both know that poison is carried on those ships, and it may affect surface dwellers as much as those in Atlantis."

Edge's men forced a circle, and one fired a shot at the assembled army. No one was hit, but the gesture was something that was universal on both land and sea.

Aquaman placed his hands on his hips, and gritted his teeth. A huge rumble was about to start, but timely intervention in the form of Superman, Green Lantern, and Flash arrived. Green Lantern and Flash stood by Aquaman, but Superman turned and looked up at Edge.

"Is there a problem here?" Superman asked.

Edge refused to back down from his position, even from the Man of Steel. It was not like Superman could do anything to him in front of witnesses, and he was shielded by armed bodyguards regardless.

"Yes, and it starts with you heroes," Edge said and there were a few boos. "This isn't the first time your antics have caused me a headache, and now Aquaman threatened me."

Green Lantern stepped up to face Edge. Edge remained calm and collected.

"We're watching you, Edge," Green Lantern warned him. "We will not sit back, and allow you to
An incensed look crossed the face of Morgan Edge.

"I will not be bullied by the likes of you heroes!" Edge said loudly.

"Hey, we're kind of doing you a favor, making sure Aquaman and his army doesn't stomp you into the ground," Flash argued. "And you know, make sure Aquaman doesn't cause an international incident and get himself in trouble."

Aquaman spun around and stared down the Scarlet Speedster. Flash took a step back.

"Hey, no need to give me the kingly glare of death, we're just trying to help," Flash said.

"I do not require your interference," Aquaman retorted. "This is strictly a matter for Atlantis."

Superman stepped forward, and stared down the king of Atlantis, "Your majesty, with all due respect…"

Aquaman cut off Superman, and refused to allow him another word in edgewise.

"It is because I respect you, and because we have worked together in the past, that I tell my army to stand down for this moment," Aquaman interrupted haughtily. "But if I catch Edge or anyone else from the surface world polluting my kingdom, the price for these attacks will be fierce. This may be war."

"War, don't you think you're overreacting just a bit?" Green Lantern asked.

"We can settle this, you know, sit down, and discuss it," Flash said.

"The situation is bad, but it would hurt the people in your country more," Superman said. "It's hard, someone like Edge can push all of the right buttons, but for the sake of your people, hold yourself back."

"You should be thankful that I'm restrained as I am," Aquaman said through gritted teeth. "Now I suggest you back off."

Edge and his security force refused to move, and looked ready to fire. They were armored. Before they could do anything, four more individuals showed up. Diana was dressed as Wonder Woman, but Harry, Kara, and Hermione all dressed in civilian attire. Edge's eye looked at Harry. The middle aged business mogul, cleared his throat, and spoke in a nasty voice so only the group near him could heard.

"The numbers game has shifted to your advantage," Edge replied, and he gave each hero their own nasty glare. "Some might feel safer with the Justice League, but I for one don't. I do not sleep soundly knowing these vigilantes are now a more uniformed group."

Harry stepped forward. Kara stood by his side, and both were a formidable force that even Morgan Edge took a step back from.

"Well, if you are sleeping with one eye open, it should because of your own past misdeeds catching up with you, Edge," Harry replied in a calm voice. "Don't think I'm unaware of your attempts to undermine my company, and try to run me out of business."

Edge offered a smirk.
"Mr. Potter, it's merely business, nothing personal," Edge stated.

Kara turned towards Edge, and stared him down with fury. "When you try to sabotage our shipments, it's personal enough to us. You've failed, but when you put our employees in danger from your efforts, you're playing with fire."

Strange's hand curled into a fist, but he restrained himself from further actions.

"You can't prove I was behind any of the sabotage," Edge said nastily. "And all of your shipments were delivered on time and intact, so whoever tried to attempt the job was sloppy, or you were more efficient than they had believed."

Harry and Kara felt this backhanded compliment at their security measures.

"You'll find that our shipments are not something that will be easily sabotaged," Harry informed him. "But, I do wonder if you're starting to slip in your old age. At one time you were one of the greatest media moguls in the city, a ruthless businessman, and the CEO of a major company. And I'm sure you intended to swoop in as Lex Luthor self-destructed with his obsessions, buy up LexCorp, and gain a monopoly on Metropolis business."

Edge chuckled, but it was a mocking type of chuckle.

"Your theories are intriguing, Mr. Potter," Edge said softly. He stared down both Potters. "But your little fly by night operation will go under the current of the harsh nature of business eventually. Enjoy your success, while you still can. And if any of you so called heroes ever trespass on a press conference again, I'll have you all arrested. Super powers or not, you're not above having charges pressed on."

Edge turned on his heel, and walked to his private helicopter. He called an end to the press conference. Aquaman did not take his eye off of the man, but Harry and Kara did not either. The other members of the group watched for several moments.

"Charming guy, that one," Flash concluded.

Hermione's expression darkened. "You don't know the half of it."

"I still can't believe you let that murderer go free!" Aquaman bellowed, and he rounded upon the entire Justice League, in an accusatory manner.

Superman tried to pacify the situation. "We can't just take him in without any proof. Although with someone like Edge, he's not going to slip up easily. The entire Justice League has had an eye on him for months. We believe we ran into and foiled one of his operations before, although he did a remarkable job in slipping out of trouble."

"That would explain the hatred that he has for you guys," Kara said softly.

The four members of the League present exchanged looks.

"Hatred doesn't even begin to describe what that man has for us," Wonder Woman said darkly.

"We cost him millions of dollars, or so he said," Green Lantern added. "He managed to slip his way out of trouble, because he knows friends in high places."

That seemed to be the case. Flash added at this point. "And that's on top of the millions of dollars you two already cost him. Remember, you two pretty much took Intergang down to a fraction it
Harry and Kara both did remember that night. On that night last autumn, they utterly dismantled Intergang, but they figured they'd be back in some form or fashion. They would think twice before trying anything with them.

"So the rumors are true?" Superman asked. "Edge was one of the major backers for Intergang."

Harry stroked his chin. That was an interesting question.

"I don't have any proof, but I think that it's a good assumption based on circumstantial evidence," Harry said.

"And let's face it, Edge could afford to back a high end operation," Kara added. "Whether or not he was working with them alongside Darkseid, that's something I can't tell you. It could be independent hands off backing."

Everyone nodded. Determined looks were on their face, there was something to think about. Aquaman just looked mildly interested in the affairs of the surface world, but his mind floated to matters closer to home.

"While this discussion is quite fascinating, it does not discount the fact that he's murdered men, women, and children. And yet he is considered to be a well-respected businessman on the surface world. It does make me question where the priorities of you surface dwellers lie."

Superman felt compelled to speak up. His eyes narrowed, and he spoke in a stern voice to Aquaman. "I understand your pain, but don't tar us with the same brush."

"Yeah, Edge is a bad apple," Flash argued. "He's a really rotten bad apple as well. Trust me, he'll get his someday."

"We just have to find the right information on him," Wonder Woman concluded. At this point, Harry and Kara exchanged knowing smiles.

"We should have known," Superman mumbled, but he had a smile on his face.

"We've been collecting a bit on him, nothing that he can't explain away, but enough to make me want to look into him more," Harry explained. "Best we can tell, he made several offers to LexCorp before we took over, and we turned it into Patronus Incorporated."

"Luthor refused to sell, and Edge made plans to buy blocks of stock," Kara said. She could barely keep the amusement out of her voice, before she offered the next round of details. "However, before he could begin to close the deal, Vegas happened. All of the stock Edge wanted fell into our hands. He's been trying to undermine us on and off. We believe he might be trying to sabotage our shipments, and hack into our systems. But our security is far beyond what any computer on Earth could crack."

The Justice League all nodded politely, and Harry had more information.

"He tried to run for Mayor of Metropolis three times, and even tried to buy the election. But he's never been able to win. He wants the entire city, but the fact I'm in business makes that very hard for him to get that completely established."

Aquaman had a thought he wanted to offer.
"There is an indication that Edge's aims are far more than one mere city," Aquaman offered. "He wants control of everything. And while you continue to discuss this matter, he will kill even more and dump his poison into my ocean."

Harry shifted into diplomatic mode.

"Your majesty, believe me, we all want Edge shut down," Harry told him, and the others nodded. "But he's not one of those criminals who is going to be so easy to crack. Once he slips up, we'll have all of the justification we need to take him down. He looks about ready to crack."

"But how many people on both sides of the ocean will die before he is brought to justice?" Aquaman asked. As a king and now a father, his fears had been amplified.

That was one of those questions Harry did wish he could answer. There was no simple answer to the question.

"Hopefully no more than there have been, but I can't make any promises," Harry said seriously. "I offer my condolences for your losses."

"We all do," Superman said somberly.

"Yeah, we don't want to see anyone go through that," Flash said.

"If there's anything we can do to help," offered Wonder Woman, but Aquaman shook his head.

"No, there is nothing anyone can do on the surface world at the moment," Aquaman said. "I must prepare for my next move. My royal council wants a report of process."

Superman stepped in front of Aquaman.

"Why don't you try and appeal to the United Nations?" Superman suggested. "I'm sure they'll hear you out."

"It's worth a try," Kara added. "Perhaps they might put some pressure on Edge. He could be breaking laws and would be put down if you offered proof."

Aquaman pondered the manner. All things considered, he might as well try and appeal to the United Nations, but he would do so with dignity and would not grovel.

"I will consider this course of action," Aquaman replied gruffly.

He turned around and took his leave. The assembled group of heroes watched him leave. The Justice League, Harry, Kara, and Hermione all were alone. Superman turned to the others. He held out a communication device and received some vital information.

"The others are keeping a close eye on Aquaman, they'll keep us posted," Superman said. "The rest of us should try and keep an eye on Edge."

"We'll see if we can't find out anything a bit closer to home," Harry said.

Superman nodded.

"Well, if you see anything, you know where to find us," Superman said.

Kara and Harry smiled. Hermione decided to tag along, and the group split in half, going their separate ways.
The Potter Residence was a beautiful house overlooking the ocean. Three pops signified the arrival of Harry, Kara, and Hermione. Immediately, the enhanced hearing of two of the members of the party caught voices. They stiffened, and saw a group of guards dressed in armor from Atlantis.

They took a moment to survey the situation. These intruders had no success in breaking down the front door of the house. The fact these interlopers had gotten so close to the Potter home and tried to break in angered both Harry and Kara.

The security remained tried and tested, but that was only a minor victory. Harry, Kara, and Hermione sped over, but the soldiers spotted them, and all scrambled away. A little half smile appeared on Kara's face when she watched them leave.

"They really don't think they are going to get away that easily, are they?" Kara asked. She kicked off, and tried to pick up flight. She connected headfirst into a force field. She was propelled back from the impact, but Harry caught her in his arms. She managed to readjust herself, frustrated that she fell for that trick.

"You okay, Kara?" Harry asked her.

Kara took a deep breath, and he rubbed her head, and planted a light kiss on it.

"Yeah, I wasn't expecting them to be this prepared, my mistake," Kara said, back to normal. "We just need to find a way underneath."

Harry nodded, and found a way underneath. They busted the forcefield. Hermione followed them closely behind, but already the goons had taken flight in a helicopter. Kara placed her hands on her hips, but she took a moment to scan for any energy signatures with her X-Ray vision. They jumped into the air, and took flight. The helicopters were fast, but they were not faster than a speeding bullet.

"Again, they really don't think they're going to get away that easily," Kara stated. She pushed herself through the air. Harry was beside her.

"Well, they…KARA, DUCK!" yelled Harry.

Blasts of laser fire shot out. Kara dodged and Harry pushed her out of the way. She aimed her head up, and her eyes glowed brightly. A blast of heat vision ricocheted through the air, burning through the blasters. Harry aimed a blasting spell at the other one. With expert precision, Kara bust through the side of the helicopter. She expected to find someone in there to interrogate, but she found nothing.

"Empty!" Kara growled. She held the door in her hand, and crushed it into scrap metal. She and Harry glided the helicopter down. Then they circled the air a few more times, but whoever had attacked made a clean getaway. Hermione rushed over, and was positively frantic.

"I don't see any more around," Hermione told them. "They got away."

Harry and Kara felt similar feelings of frustration. However, the dark haired wizard had a question that he had to voice, about something that vexed him.

"I don't even know why the army of Atlantis would even try to break down my door."

All three looked thoughtful, and tried to determine why something like this would happen.
"It used to be an outpost," Kara suggested. At this point, she was merely grasping at straws. "Of course, I'm not convinced it was really them. Call me crazy, but why would Atlanteans be trying to make a getaway through the air."

This statement got Harry thinking. He paced around on the sand outside, and nodded.

"That's a good point," said Harry. "Hermione?"

"I'm just as confused as both of you are," Hermione offered them weakly.

They looked around. There were no signs of break in on the door. There was not even a tiny scratch. To Harry, that made him feel a bit better.

"Well, whatever their reason, and whoever they are, our security on our home worked," Harry said, and Kara threw her arms around him.

"We knew it would," Kara suggested to him breathlessly.

"But it did when it counted the most," Harry, and Kara responded by closing the gap between the two of them with a heated kiss. It broke too soon, but business called. They doubted the attackers would come back, but it could not hurt to keep a closer eye out.

Kara, Harry, and Hermione walked inside, to get the latest news but they had one ear open. If there was any more weirdness, they would have to move closer to the source, and investigate Atlantis itself. There were some nagging thoughts that something was up.

Edge tower was one of the most handsome and outlandish structures in all of Metropolis. It gave the evident impression that there was a man of great power and taste that commissioned it. Presently, Morgan Edge stood behind his desk, and looked down his nose with contempt. A group of shell shocked looking henchmen dressed in faux Atlantean garb stood before their boss.

"So you tell me your plan was an abject failure," Edge said in a disgusted voice. "I offered you the perfect opportunity to prove yourselves. You could have cost me everything with your failed attempts to sabotage Patronus Inc. But now you're telling me you can't even crack one door open."

The henchmen stammered and staggered, before they began to point the fingers at each other.

"It's not just any door, it's hard to even dent," argued one of the henchmen. "We can't even get through the door. We tried boss, you got to believe me."

Edge smashed his hand down on the desk. He winced from the force he used, but shrugged it off. The mogul/crime lord faced his men.

"And Supergirl and Arcane chased you off," Edge continued, voice dripping with disgust. He took a cigar from a box on his desk. He lit it, and puffed on some smoke. "How I am supposed to be master of Metropolis, when my men can't even handle one simple job?"

His henchmen muttered underneath their breaths. Edge's lip curled into a sneer. He took another puff on his cigar, and flicked his ashes onto a tray on the desk.

"First of all, that was a rhetorical question," Edge continued. He reached under his desk, and the henchmen all backed off. For a wild moment, one of them thought they were going to get shot. "And you were lucky this wasn't a total loss. As far as anyone knows, the Atlanteans were the ones that attacked them. I would have liked some incriminating information on Harry Potter, but we will
turn these lemons into lemonade. You six are dismissed, but if you continue to screw up and not bring me results, your dismissal will be more permanent."

The henchmen shrugged, and nodded their heads, trying to assure Edge that it was not going to happen again. Morgan Edge leaned back on his desk, and the henchmen moved out. A knock on the door broke him out of his thoughts a moment later.

"Yes," Edge said, and the door opened. His eyes narrowed on the person who walked in. "You were not seen by anyone, were you?"

"No, none of your security saw me," the visitor said. "Although it wasn't something that I was too concerned about, they are nothing but a group of mouth breathers. So my brother decided to assert himself today at your press conference?"

Edge just grimaced, but his head inclined with a slow nod.

"Yes, Prince Orm," Edge confirmed, and Orm just chuckled. "Our plan is coming together well. You get your throne, and I get full control of the shipping and disposal of my materials without interference. And with any luck, the Justice League will be discredited."

An expression of boredom crossed Orm's face,

"I care little about the Justice League," Orm said, and his eyes fixed on Edge. "The affairs of surface dwellers mean absolute nothing to me. Just as long as you keep your end of the deal, you will rule on the land and I will have the seas."

A sadistic expression appeared on the face of one Morgan Edge. To him, that was a satisfactory arrangement, at least for the moment. Edge turned around, and Orm continued to speak.

"Arthur will be making his way to the United Nations," Orm added. "It would be the perfect time to take a shot at him, if you are so inclined."

Edge understood the possibilities, but wondered about Orm. The brother of the King of Atlantis seemed to have his own plans for the king, and the mogul thought that he was in the middle of a game of politics between the two members of the royal family. He would play their game for the moment. In the end, it would allow him more power, and eventually the ability to springboard forward with his plans.

"And what of the Justice League?" Edge asked him.

"The Justice League will not be a problem for me, whether they will be for you, that will be your issue," Orm replied. He tapped his fingers lightly, and peered over his shoulder. "I must depart before I am missed. I was not seen in this place today or at any other time."

Edge heard this statement many times from many people. It became almost second nature to him to deal with a situation like this like that.

"Of course," Edge agreed. He watched as the rogue prince of Atlantis moved towards the door. He twisted the doorknob, and returned down the steps.

Edge folded his hands together. He had been in this business for far too long and knew the game all too well. He built his empire by doing what was best for his business, and the broken lives he left behind him were merely collateral. The heavy handed actions of the King of Atlantis, who prevented him from conducting his business proved to be a headache. His inability to get a fix on Patronus Incorporated, and get even a foot inside their door troubled him. Yet, he had hoped to kill
two birds with one stone. He knew of the efforts of Patronus Incorporated to provide an economic and safer business, and much to his chagrin, profits remained high and steady.

His latest barge was equipped with new fresh technology. Through his benefactor, he managed to equip his ships to be much more of a problem for the Atlantean army, and would hopefully have better luck with transport and disposal the next time.

Edge got a message from another interested party. He sent back word. He would soon have more control over the seas than he could ever have dreamed of. He puffed on his cigar in triumph, and rummaged through some records. If he could play all sides against each other, he would win big.

Arthur Curry, the King of Atlantis, better known to some as Aquaman, marched up to the assembly building. He stood high and proud as a king, but he had the worries of any other man and woman who was a commoner. The recent pollution in his seas that lead to death and sickness of his people made him question the mortality of his subjects.

With a newborn son, he had far more reasons to assure the safety of his people. He thought often about the world where his son would have to live in. The surface dwellers, with a few exceptions, seemed to be indifferent to the plights of other individuals.

Yet, here he was, and he continued to walk down the city streets. He moved with a purpose. Aquaman peered at a building, and pushed the doors open with absolute force. He walked up to the assembled security council, who all peered down at him, and started muttering in a variety of different languages.

He was not a patient man, and cleared his throat loudly.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion?"

"I am King Arthur Curry, of Atlantis!" the ruler bellowed at the top of his lungs, and that got the attention of the entire group. "And I must offer you a warning of treachery on the high seas. The disposal of toxic wastes, a practice done by Morgan Edge and many others you seem to be ignorant of."

"Do you offer any proof?" a member of the Security Council asked.

"Proof, my word is not enough?" Aquaman asked haughtily.

"You offer an accusation, and you come to us with a country that is not acknowledged by this council. We require a bit more evidence before we go upon matters of mere hearsay."

Aquaman clutched his fists. He managed to keep his temper in check.

"Any vessel that shows up on my waters will henceforth be considered an act of war, until the surface meets my demands and treat this matter seriously," Aquaman continued. The ruler of the seas just was gaining a head of steam with his words.

"This will disrupt the world's economies," a member of the council begged.

The police arrived, but Aquaman stood his ground.

"That is your concern, not mine, mine is with my people," Aquaman warned them. "I will say that there is a chance the surface world will be threatened by the actions of this madman, Edge. And you enable him, and you enable the deaths of your own children, just like those of Atlantis."
Aquaman spun around, and walked off. He pushed out the doors. Little did he know, a figure dressed in red and green, with a ski-mask, was perched on the ledge, a rocket launcher was in his hand. He held the weapon, and pointed it towards the ruler of seas.

One pull of the trigger, and the rocket was fired. Aquaman looked up to see the miniature rocket spiraling through the air towards him.
Coup Part Two

Chapter Six: Coup Part Two.

Aquaman stood at the edge of the street. A rocket shot through the air towards him. He barely had a time to register the impact. The individual who attacked him managed to connect with the first shot. The ruler of the seas staggered back. Civilians scattered, and screamed out loud in horror.

A bystander rushed forward, and the man above sent another shot at Aquaman. The bystander was blown off guard, but just barely grimaced. The eyes of Aquaman widened at this. It became evident why the bystander could absorb the shots.

The bystander shifted into the form of J'onn J'onzz, or the Martian Manhunter as he was sometimes called. He looked up, and noticed the attacker perched on the ledge. The Martian Manhunter grabbed the communicator, and followed the mysterious assassin's movement.

"On the ledge, across from the headquarters, by your location," the Martian declared.

"Roger that," Superman said. He picked up a head of steam and went after the attacker.

The assassin saw Superman fly at him faster than a speeding bullet. He managed to keep one step ahead of the situation, even if it was by the slimmest margins. A large net was shot towards Superman. The net wrapped around Superman with an electrical charge. Superman grimaced from the charge, but he fought on through the pain. The man of steel pushed out hard, and tried to crash down onto the edge of the building.

The assassin held the rocket launcher and fired it over Superman. He could not harm Superman with his ammunition. The civilians were fair game. He watched Superman fly off to protect the civilians.

The assassin threw himself on a motorcycle and revved it up. He drove away from the scene, but his getaway was not clean as he thought it would be.

"You people don't know when to give up," the assassin said, as a green barricade appeared in front of him. He dove off of the motorcycle, and did a forward roll to evade the barricade construct. The motorcycle skidded to a stop, and he flicked two grenades.

A cloud of smoke appeared, and the assassin hastened his movements. Wonder Woman dove at him, but he pulled out a gun. The bullets deflected off of her bracelets, but the hitman dropped down. He pulled off a manhole cover, and flung it with expert precision. Wonder Woman dented it with a huge punch. The man was already down the hole, but he was propelled back from something. He staggered to his feet.

Kara and Harry now arrived on the scene. He pulled out two guns and fired, but both of them shrugged off his best shots, before they moved in for the attack. Kara sliced one weapon with a burst of heat vision.

The hitman yelped, and Harry blasted him with a bone breaking hex, causing him to drop the other weapon. Batman swooped down, and the hitman was thrown off to the side.

Batman stood over the hitman, a menacing expression in his eyes. The hitman held his hands up.

"Alright, alright, you got me," the hitman said. The Justice League surrounded their attacker, and
Aquaman brought up the rear. He was in a bit of pain, but refused to show weakness. Harry and Kara also stood beside him, ready to blast if the attacker moved.

Aquaman stood over the assassin, teeth gritted, and he peered down at him with a dangerous glare.

"Why did you try to attempt to assassinate me?" Aquaman bellowed. "Just who are you?"

"They call me Deadshot, and I get them every time," Deadshot said, and he blew on his finger for emphasis.

He tried to make a getaway, but Kara grabbed him by the wrist, and flung him back down. Harry's hand glowed, and Deadshot got the notion that he might not even want to twitch.

"You're not going anywhere, so you might as well get comfortable," Kara said.

"Can't blame a guy for trying, I guess," Deadshot said in a crisp voice. His hands were folded over each other.

The entire group rounded upon the assassin. Aquaman's shoulder was a bit injured, but the fury of the king could not be denied. He grabbed Deadshot by the throat.

"Just why did you try and take me out?" Aquaman demanded again.

"You know, you're really not going to get an answer out of him with your hand on his throat," Flash said. "The lack of oxygen often prevents people from talking."

Aquaman turned towards the Scarlet Speedster with a menacing glare, and he took a step back. The Martian Manhunter continued in what he hoped was a pacifying tone of voice.

"Please, do relax your grip, and we'll get answers," the Martian Manhunter stated.

Reluctantly, Aquaman stepped back. His distrustful gaze was still on Deadshot. Superman stepped forward and stared down Deadshot. He had been disarmed of all of his weapons, but he remained cool in the face of all of these heroes. Time stood still.

"So, why did you do it?" Superman asked him.

Deadshot put his chin on his hand, and looked mock thoughtful.

"Well, let's see, I'm a paid assassin and I tried to kill someone," Deadshot said. "So, nope, I can't really think of a reason, can you?"

Batman stepped forward, and leaned down. He whispered something to Deadshot.

"So, what did he say?" Wonder Woman asked.

"Something that would make most people develop long term bed wetting problems," Kara said.

"Alright, ease up, all of you," Deadshot said, a bit terrified. "Check the bike, you might find an answer, but I swear the guy who hired me, he didn't show his face."

"Are you sure?" Kara asked, crushing a piece of debris in her hands for emphasis.

"Yeah, what reason do we have to believe you?" Harry asked him. Deadshot remained calm and collected before he spoke up.
"Well, in my business, when the gold is cleared, we mercenaries don't ask too many questions," Deadshot told them. Batman walked over, with Wonder Woman, Green Lantern, Flash, the Martian Manhunter, and Superman following them.

Batman studied the gold for a moment, before he recognized the contents of the trunk.

"He was paid in Spanish Doubloons," Batman concluded.

The League looked baffled, but the King of Atlantis spoke up.

"That's a commonly used currency of Atlantis," Aquaman stated. "So the treachery came from within my own kingdom. What traitor decided to hire the likes of you?"

"Calm down, I don't think we'll get any more information out of him," Green Lantern said.

Aquaman's arms folded over. The teeth of the King of Atlantis gritted, but he remained rather calm otherwise. He looked over his shoulder.

"Are you sure you don't need any medical attention?" Wonder Woman asked.

"Yeah, I saw that guy, he hit you point blank," Flash said.

Aquaman ignored the soreness in his arm. It was a hit that would have taken out many surface dwellers.

"No, I am fine, and the pain will pass," Aquaman said in a crisp tone of voice. He stepped forward, and looked over his shoulder. "You deal with matters on the surface world, and the sea shall be mine."

"One could argue that we're dealing with similar concerns," Superman said in a firm voice.

Aquaman's glare turned upon Superman. Superman remained firm in his stance, and did not back down at all.

"No, we aren't," Aquaman said harshly.

No one argued, for now. Aquaman turned his back, and walked off without another word. Wounded pride did not make a pleasant conversationalist.

"Well there goes Mister Sunshine," Flash said.

"We can't really force him to do anything," Green Lantern said gruffly. He sighed. "We better haul this one in, to see if we can't get any more out of him."

Kara stomped Deadshot in the back of the head, and he passed out.

"Just making sure he won't get away," Kara said casually, ignoring the question looks she got from the rough treatment. "For the record, I think that you would have captured him eventually."

"Yeah, but we sped up the process," Harry said. There were many things he had to critique about what happened, but he decided to go for the most direct assessment. "I'm not sure if I like this bailing the Justice League out of trouble thing."

"Hey, we manage," Flash argued.

Harry looked at him with a patronizing expression.
"Sure you do."

"Regardless, we need to figure out what our next move is, so..." Batman started, but a loud explosion was heard off by the sea.

It took a few seconds to register. Superman bolted first, Flash followed. The Martian Manhunter, Wonder Woman, and Green Lantern all moved into position as well. Batman lurked in the shadows, and Harry and Kara's curiosity got the better of them, with them following closely behind the others.

Aquaman was slumped on the ground, and his breathing was shallow. Two puncture marks could be seen in the back of his neck.

"Deadshot wasn't the only one taking a shot at him today," Superman said, and he tried to figure out what to do. "Medical attention, but that's not going to be easy."

"Look, he's trying to say something," Kara said.

The entire group crowded around.

"Poisoned," Aquaman said, his eyes glazed over with only the barest traces of recognition.

"Focus, who did this to you?" Batman asked him, and Aquaman's heart just beat a bit faster.

There was a long pause, and Aquaman tried to force out the next words, but it was difficult for him to do so.

"Manta," Aquaman concluded.

He slumped to the ground. The group split up, half seeing if the assassin had remained lurking around. The other half took Aquaman away for medical attention.

One thing was for certain, the first failed attempt to attack the king of Atlantis was not something that deterred whoever sent the attacker. The next attempt was a bit more successful. Aquaman clung perilously onto life, seconds ticked by. There was every indication that the attacker would return to finish the job if given the chance, but the Justice League were prepared to make sure this did not happen.

The situation was rather serious. It was hard to get a fix on what had poisoned Aquaman. His skin, even with magically enhanced needles, was difficult to penetrate due to his Atlantean physiology. With some effort, and strength, Harry and Kara managed to do the job and break through the skin.

It was tougher than a rhino, but they managed and had a blood sample. It was a race against time to determine a cure. Aquaman was preserved in a water tank in one of the main labs in Patronus Inc.

Harry, Kara, and Hermione both looked over the notes from the blood tests. Their lab workers were on the clock, asking no questions, but doing their jobs. The elements in the poison were rare. Even when they compared notes from the Bat Computer, it was hard to nail down the poison and more importantly the antidote.

"The antidote won't be easy to figure out," Hermione said. "The poison was specially engineered from three different strains of venom."

Both Potters allowed that to sink in. They ran the data through the computer, while Hermione
"Making it all that more difficult to formulate an antidote," Kara said to them. She placed a hand in her hair and ran it through it, deep in thought. "It's not impossible, but it seems like the assassin wanted to make him suffer."

"So it's personal," Harry said, and he paused to get ahold of the communication link. "No sign of anyone, security should keep them out, but I don't want to leave anything to chance. Just keep your eyes on everything. Thank you, and yeah, we're working on an antidote."

Harry pulled back from the communication link. He put his fingers in his hair. Kara gave him a sympathetic smile, and the three continued to plug away. Hermione's face brightened up when she moved through the books, but then her expression fell. It seemed like whatever she saw was not going to work. Harry and Kara hastened over.

They took a long and hard look at the notes Hermione had found.

"I really thought this would work," Hermione told them in a rather exasperated voice, but the two Potters responded with a smile.

"Don't be too hard on yourself Hermione," Kara told her in a gentle voice. "We're dealing with an extremely powerful poison. An entire team of trained scientists, some of them well versed in marine biology, are working on it. If anyone could find out a cure for the strain of poison, it would be them."

Hermione shook her head. She really did think she had something.

"Yeah, don't be too hard on yourself," Harry said, but then he got a message from one of his lab technicians. "Hey you two, take a look at this, I think we got the strain nailed down, and an antidote as we speak. But what do you two think about this."

Kara and Hermione both took a peak at the antidote. Neither girl could find a flaw with the antidote. In fact, given the notes they took on it, they almost could have smacked themselves for not thinking of it sooner. Harry waited for their assessment of the situation.

"Yeah, I'd go for it," Kara said.

"Honestly, it seems to be a logically sound formula," Hermione added.

Getting the votes of confidence he needed, solidified his own opinion that he did not see anything wrong whatsoever. Harry leaned forward, and they prepared the necessary to create the antidote. By a miracle, Aquaman held on to life, or perhaps by stubbornness. Regardless, Harry was not complaining of the time had been given.

The antidote was given to Aquaman. Harry, Kara, and Hermione all waited for the signs that indicated that he was out of the woods. Sure enough, the vitals of the King of the Sea's had come back to life, and his eyes flickered open. Harry pulled the dial, and allowed him to exit the tank.

"So, you managed to find an antidote to the strain of poison," Aquaman said. "I don't know how, it's impossible."

Harry just offered a smile, even if it was a weak one.

"Well, impossible is my middle name," Harry said. Aquaman took some tentative steps forward. He hid the grimace on his face. "You might be a little sore. You also might want to take it easy."
Aquaman ignored Harry's very real words of advice. He made his way towards the front door.

"Soreness will pass, I have matters to deal with," Aquaman said firmly. "I now know who was behind this attack."

Kara sent a discreet message to the members of the League outside that Aquaman was awake. "And who was the one who attacked you?"

Aquaman's expression grew angry. He decided to inform all three of them of the identity of his attacker.

"My attacker's name was Black Manta," Aquaman said, hate dripping from his voice. "He's tried to take control of the Atlantean throne by force, and destroy us numerous times. He was the previous owner of the outpost you now consider your home, but he was believed to be dead years ago."

Harry, Kara, and Hermione all had knowing looks on their face.

"The rumors of his demise have been greatly exaggerated," Harry offered.

"Yes," Aquaman agreed, but he saw the door that had blocked him. "I suggest you let me out of here. While your help is appreciated, I must return to my kingdom."

Harry decided to allow him go now, but he knew that the members of the Justice League would want to tail him and see what they were dealing with.

"Very well, there is no more for me to do for you," Harry told him, and Hermione looked surprised about his passive attitude, but Kara did not. She had a good idea what Harry's intentions was. "Good fortune, and may your journey be safe."

Aquaman remained stoic. The king resolved to keep one eye open, but he was driven by his hatred. He would rip Manta's throat out, but his instincts indicated that there was someone else who was involved in this plot to kill him. He would return to Atlantis to warn them of what had transpired.

He had left, and Hermione turned her head towards Harry.

"You just let him go, after everything that happened?" she asked him. Harry offered her a slow nod in response. "I don't know if that was such a good idea."

Kara jumped to her husband's defense immediately.

"Harry has a plan," Kara said firmly. "We could either waste our time or injure everyone trying to keep him here. Or we can just let him leave, and hope to catch this Black Manta in the act. You know when he tries to finish the job."

Harry stroked his chin. He already saw members of the Justice League tailing Aquaman outside. Yet, he had a different track that he was going to head down. He was almost convinced that the attacks originated from inside the Kingdom of Atlantis, and there was someone who tried to overthrow the King.

"Alright," Harry told them. "We're going to approach this carefully, and gather information. For that, we're going to need something we were working on that will allow us to get down to Atlantis."

"You didn't technically test that yet," Hermione said, knowing what Harry was alluding to immediately.
Kara and Harry both just smiled.

"There's nothing like a practical test," Kara said, waving off her concerns. She then added, "Besides, it runs perfectly safe. It should withstand any attacks. It's nearly as durable as the three of us."

Harry, Kara, and Hermione popped back over to the Potter Residence. Kara and Harry much preferred flying, but this was a bit quicker, and every second counted in a case like this. The group walked over, to a set of caves that was used as a storage type area in the mountains. Harry pointed over towards the vessel submerged halfway in the water.

"I must say, you've done a pretty good job with it," Hermione said. She eyed vessel up and down, taking a few seconds to soak in its architecture. "And you didn't make it obvious that it belonged to you. What does it have?"

Harry and Kara both looked at their work with pride.

"Stealth capabilities, can outrun any vessel, can sustain huge impacts, and onboard weapon systems in case of a fire fight," Kara explained, but she paused. "That's the iffiest part, we really don't want to use that function unless it is was a last resort. But it is something that we can use if we get trapped in the corner."

Hermione gave them a strained smile.

"And knowing the two of you, it's likely," Hermione offered.

The two Potters just exchanged knowing grins.

"Well, that's likely," Harry said, but he shook his head. "It's something that we'd like to avoid. Anyway, get inside, and Kara and I can walk you through everything. I know you know a little bit, but we made some tweaks and some changes since we last talked about this. We think it should be able to get us past any security undetected."

'We hope,' Harry and Kara thought to each other in unison. There was nothing to worry about right now. They needed confidence in their ship.

They entered the ship, and it submerged. The underwater entrance they created in the cave cracked open. Harry already picked up that the Justice League had taken the more direct approach, but the crew of this ship looked for a more stealthy approach.

The Atlantean Army stood before the towering form of Prince Orm. He stood before the group of Atlanteans, and they all looked up. The Prince's lip curled into a sneer, as he reported on the latest news from the surface world.

"I bring before you the gravest news!" Orm declared in a booming voice. "Our beloved king has been assassinated, and it is a plot by the surface dwellers to undermine the nation of Atlantis. They dump the waste that they create, and the deaths of our citizens should not be forgotten or forgiven. Are we going to stand for this brutal assault against our people?"

There was a loud chorus of angry noises, and Orm inclined his head ever so slightly. He held his hand, to cause the boos to cease.

"The nation of Atlantis will not be stifled underneath the whims of the surface world any longer," Orm continued. "While the prince will become ruler when he becomes of age, the king's death has
allowed me to become interim ruler. And my first act as your interim king of Atlantis is to declare war on the surface dwellers that have imposed their will on us! All will be wiped out, and Atlantis will rise!

There were cheers. The cheers had been cut short when the doors of the palace burst open. The angry and imposing form of the King of Atlantis stormed into the palace. His face looked at Orm, who took a step back, in surprise.

He recovered quickly.

"It appears the rumors of your demise have been greatly exaggerated, my liege," Orm said with a bow towards Aquaman. The ruler of the seas did not falter or even acknowledge the gesture of his brother. "We are just discussing what to do with the surface world. I have suggested a full out assault, driving the surface dwellers down."

Aquaman turned and drew a large breath. The members of the army took half of a step back.

"That is the action of a foolhardy ruler, and will condemn all in the world to death!" Aquaman bellowed at the top of his lungs. "I have brought my terms towards the governments of the surface world, and they will either agree to work with us, or relinquish any right to use these seas."

Orm shook his head. His brother did not get what needed to be done to ensure the further survivor of the empire of Atlantis.

"Will all due respect, you have gone soft and corrective actions must be taken," Orm said. "I hereby suggest that the responsibilities of the crown of Atlantis shall be put under my hands. The former king should be escorted out, and declared to be unfit to rule due to his attempts to coddle the surface dwellers. This is my rule!"

"You have no rule!" Aquaman shouted, but the Atlantean guards advanced on Aquaman. Their threatening pose caused Aquaman to anger even more. "This is treason!"

"No, this is justice," Orm corrected the king with a sneer. "I have made a deal that will ensure Atlantis rises to prominent place in the world. It is unfortunate that you remain alive, but I will have to take more corrective actions. If you have any dignity, you will come quietly, or you will be dragged from this palace, unconscious."

The guards surrounded Aquaman. A swift movement showed what course the king of the seas would be taken. Aquaman swung his fist, and furiously fought his own guards. The guards pushed forward and tried to pin Aquaman down. The king was forced down to his knees.

He struggled, but Orm nailed him with a hard blow. He picked up the trident Aquaman left on the ground. With a swift aim, Orm blasted Aquaman hard in the face with a huge blast. The king of the seas fell to his knees. He was held in place.

"I believe this makes me ruler of the seas," Orm said, and he motioned for the guards to drag Aquaman off. He made them stop.

"A change of heart?" Aquaman asked his brother.

Orm chuckled. He took a matter of seconds to soak in his triumph.

"Far from it, in fact, with you and your son out of the way, the rule of succession will make me king," Orm whispered so only Aquaman could hear it. "A fitting end isn't it, Arthur? A new world order will be created. Atlantis rises, while the surface world in all of its decay falls beneath the
Aquaman was knocked unconscious, and then dragged off before he could say another word. Orm watched his brother get dragged up. A calculated expression twisted onto his face. Yet, it was something that had to be done, his brother had grown soft, and the surface world was dangerous.

The deal he made with Edge was only temporary, to lure his brother away and potentially killing him. Yet, Edge could not even get that job done well. His face twisted into a grimace, when he thought about that.

The doors swung open around. Queen Mera arrived in the palace, a frantic expression on her face.

"Yes, Mera, what seems to be the matter?" Orm asked casually, as if he did not plot to kill her husband and son.

Mera's expression grew troubled. "Orm, I thought I heard my husband return. Yet he is not here."

Orm's face contorted into a look of pity. He took a step forward to play the role of sympathetic brother-in-law.

"I'm afraid you must be mistaken, Mera," Orm said in a sympathetic voice. "The rumors you have heard of the king's demise are true. But do not worry; I will take good care of both you and your son."

Mera's posture stiffened at the mention of her son. She turned towards Orm, who looked calm and collected under her stare.

"My son, where is he?" Mera told him. She rushed into the adjacent room, and pulled back the blanket, but its intended occupant not missing. Her heart sped up, and she turned around. "Orm, where is my son?"

Orm's expression contorted into a mask of remorse.

"He's perfectly safe, as long you cooperate," Orm said, voice only dripping with the hint of a threat. "The surface dwellers, they may have taken him as a hostage. It appears that the prince may soon be another victim of surface world aggression. I'm taking the necessary steps to ensure that the surface dwellers never bother us again."

Mera was not fooled for a second. The fact her brother-in-law had taken over the army with such ease, it was almost like he had planned for this to occur. She tried to remain calm for her son's sake, but it was hard to do. She took a step back.

"I need some time alone," Mera said, closing her eyes in sorrow.

"Of course, you lost your husband and may soon lose your son," Orm said, once again shifting into the role offering sympathy. "Take your time, but do know that I'm here, if you should require anything."

The leering expression on Orm's face was not unnoticed by Mera, but she scrambled off immediately. She took several calming breaths, and waited until the palace had been evacuated. Then she left through one of the many passage ways that she knew, and slipped out, undetected.

She had to know what was going on, even if it was at great risk to herself.
Morgan Edge showed up in an abandoned warehouse. The crime lord puffed up a cigar, and peered over his glasses into the shadows. A dark and forbidding figure shifted.

"They say smoking is hazardous to your health."

Edge continued to puff on his cigar, and his eyes fixed into a sadistic glare.

"The king of Atlantis still lives," Edge said. He took another step forward, and his voice raised just a slight bit. "You assured me you would destroy Aquaman!"

"A mere careless error on my part," rumbled the deep and sinister voice from the shadows. "Soon enough, Aquaman will be sleeping with the fishes, to borrow a term you may have used in the past, Mr. Edge."

Edge's expression shifted to one of neutrality.

"I want Atlantis destroyed, their army has caused me enough headaches," Edge said. "It is a profitable venture I'm undertaking. I pollute the water, and then I have my crews clean up the waste at a profit."

"Admirable business sense, Mr. Edge," the sinister specter in the shadows stated. "But you can't undertake this scam, until Aquaman and his subjects have been put out the way. Is this correct?"

Edge curtly nodded. His hands were folded over, and his hand reached into his jacket. He reached for insurance, in case his benefactor pulled a double cross.

"Your temporary partnership with Prince Orm has ceased, I take it," stated the figure, and once again Edge responded with a crisp nod. "I will throw in Orm for free, so he does not discover your duplicity."

"I will make it worth your while, Manta," Edge said. "You will be a made man."

Black Manta responded with a sinister round of laughter. He had his run-ins with Aquaman and his subjects more times than he cared to remember, and he had been humbled by that boisterous buffoon. The last laugh would be his.

"It's a pleasure doing business with you, Mr. Edge," Manta concluded, and a briefcase was slid out in front of the criminal. He opened the contents, and flipped through them. "I must depart, to finish the job you paid me for."

"I expect results by sundown," Edge said, sadism dancing from his eyes.

Black Manta stepped out, to face Edge in the light.

"And you will have them," Manta said, and he turned around to walk off. If Edge double crossed him, Manta had a nice place underwater set up where he would bury him.

Edge watched Manta leave. Once the job was done, he had his men ready to put a bullet in Manta's head, and clear his tracks. Then he would reclaim the money Edge had already paid the criminal.

A figure watched from a perch point from above, and exited through the window. Little did Manta or Edge know, Batman had witnessed their entire transaction, and would report back the details of their plan back to the Justice League.

"Edge has hired this Black Manta, he's on route to Atlantis to finish the job," Batman said into the
communicator. "Keep an eye out for him, but he's dangerous. I'm going to stick with Edge, to see if I can find out any more on him. Out."

Batman dropped down and continued to tail Edge. The business mogul entered a limo, with three armed bodyguards. The Dark Knight followed at a discreet distance, and soon he would find out more.

Atlantis was a magnificent kingdom. Architecture beyond beneath anything that was seen on land could be seen freely underneath the water, but given the recent events above land, many citizens opted to stay indoors for their own safety.

The vessel, cloaked in invisibility, set down outside of the Atlantean Royal Palace. The guards were none the wiser, but while the vessel was invisible, the crew inside was not invisible. It would be difficult to use the Invisibility Cloak under water.

Harry, Kara, and Hermione all exited, dressed in black. Bubble headed charms had been used to prevent a fresh stream of air. They slipped out of the vehicle, and moved around in the shadows. Two guards walked around on patrol, but through a sheer miracle, they were not seen.

Harry pointed towards a half opened window. Once the coast was clear, Harry and Kara made it to the open window. Hermione followed them, with Kara and Hermione giving them an added boost. They safely crossed the window, without being seen.

They entered the palace. Footsteps caused them to stiffen in the shadows, but the footsteps had passed.

Harry, Kara, and Hermione popped to the other end of hallway with stealth and super speed. They forced opened the doors. Hermione stood, eyes widened and mouth a gap. She was greeted by a massive library, with stacks and stacks of books as far as the eyes could see. Hermione's mouth opened, but Harry elbowed her to get her attention.

"No, Hermione, focus," Harry whispered to her in an undertone.

Hermione folded her arms with a cross expression on her face. Kara would have normally been amused, but this was a serious and tense situation. The three had to move to the library to get to the other end of the palace. Their footsteps continued to quicken, and they slipped around the shadows.

A group of armored guards marched down the hallway.

"Orm says to arm the weapon, and blow the surface dwellers off the map," one of the guards grunted.

Harry, Kara, and Hermione all exchanged glances. That news did not encourage them. They followed the group of guards. Outside, there were the sounds of battle. Kara peered through the wall. Superman, the Martian Manhunter, Wonder Woman, the Flash, and Wonder Woman had gotten into a scuffle with the Atlantean Army.

"Maybe we should go through there," Harry whispered to them.

Kara and Hermione both nodded. All three were tense and ready for a battle at the drop at a hat. Harry opened the door, and immediately they found themselves facing a dozen Atlantean Guards.

"The surface dwellers!" one of the Atlanteans yelled.
"Maybe we should have tried door number two," Hermione suggested, and she dodged an attack at these words. She disarmed one of the attackers. Kara and Harry waged battle with these tough warriors. The sounds of combat echoed from all around.

Fighting in closed quarters could potentially result in a difficult battle if one did not know what they were doing. Yet, even in the hardest of battles, there was a way to gain the advantage. One of the army members blew a large hole through the wall.

Water began to flood into the room. Kara focused hard, and a blast of heat vision shot from her eyes. It heated up the water to a near boiling temperature and caused their opponents a great deal of discomfort.

Kara knocked several them over with swift punches. Harry and Hermione got the rest. They did not stand a chance, not expecting their adversaries to offer such lethal brutality. There was one guard left, but immediately Kara snatched him by the throat and slammed him against the wall.

"Okay, what's going on here?" Kara demanded. She was rewarded for her question by getting spit in her face. "That was a stupid move!"

Hermione grabbed Kara and held her back from pummeling the guard into paste.

"Kara, this isn't how to interrogate a prisoner, this is," Hermione said, and she threw the guard to the floor, before she forced his arm behind his back. The guard struggled, but Hermione kept his arm magically held in place. "Alright, you better talk about what happened to Aquaman, before I really make this hurt. Who was behind this attack?"

The guard struggled. Harry waved both of the girls. He crouched down, and looked at the Atlantean guard in the eyes.

"You better speak, I don't know how much longer I can hold these two back," Harry told him calmly, but the footsteps of more guards could be heard.

The guard tried to scramble to his feet, but the loud clang of metal smacking against skulls echoed. The four guards who had been sent down the hallway had been dropped before Harry, Kara, and Hermione could engage them in battle. Queen Mera stood at the end of the hallway, a determined expression on her face.

"Queen Mera," Harry said acknowledging her.

Mera saw the three guests, recognizing two of them as her neighbors, but relaxed her grip only slightly.

"It is good to see you again, although I do wish it was under better circumstances," Mera said. The expression on her face contained a great deal of pain, that she was trying to mask. "My husband may be in danger, and I think my brother in law is behind it."

Harry closed his eyes, and inclined his head.

"That's not surprising," Harry said.

Mera took a deep breath, and continued to explain what had happened. Harry, Hermione, and Kara looked on with rapt attention.

"So, you think Orm might have attacked your husband," Harry confirmed. "And he might have captured your son, and put him in peril."
Mera nodded, but worry flooded the queen's face.

"We'll get him back," Kara told the queen in a reassuring voice. "Both of them, I doubt it's too late, but we overheard the guards talking about a weapon of some sort."

Mera's expression grew suddenly grave. She turned around, and began to pace up and down the hallway. She leaned on the hallway.

"It is a last ditch effort if the aggression of the surface dwellers become too much," Mera said. "My husband has only built it was a means to deter, and he never hoped to use it. If Orm intends to arm it, it could have severe consequences. I saw glimpses of battle outside. The Atlantean Army will not give up, and your friends will need all of the help they can get."

Harry, Kara, and Hermione all exchanged nods. Mera continued to look at them, her expression grew rather grim.

"And they need help soon," Harry offered grimly.

The Justice League held their own. He could see Superman push through a large underwater war machine, and the Green Lantern blast through it. Wonder Woman, Flash, and the Martian Manhunter all added their efforts, but the full force of the army hammered the entire Justice League.

A blast of heat vision shot through the main flank, and scattered them. Several spells impacted the armor of the guards, offering a necessary distraction. Superman looked up, and nodded, with Harry, Kara, and Hermione turning the tide slightly in battle.

The battle raged on for several more minutes, but the Atlantean Army turned around and rushed off.

"They're going back for reinforcements," Superman said. "I don't understand why Aquaman did something like this."

"The guy's gone nuts," Green Lantern offered in a gruff voice.

Harry and Kara shook their heads.

"Aquaman has his own hang ups, but this little attempt to wipe you out is not his doing," Kara explained. "His brother has staged a coup. We think he's behind at least one of the attacks."

The obvious question had to be asked.

"What do you mean at least one attack?" Wonder Woman asked them.

"There's evidence that Deadshot was paid off by Orm, but Black Manta, we're not so sure," Harry said slowly. "What we do know is Orm is planning to sink the surface world down beneath the ocean."

Queen Mera showed up at that point, and turned to address the Justice League.

"Yes, there is a weapon, to be used as a failsafe, that has been created," Mera said. "I had long since suggested Arthur not create it, but his reasons seemed sound."

Several people below the depths begged to differ.

"They always do," Green Lantern said in a disgusted voice.
"What type of weapon are we looking at?" Martian Manhunter asked.

"One that could have a cataclysmic impact on both the surface world and Atlantis," Mera told them grimly. "Once Orm arms the weapon, the world will suffer a grim demise in a matter of hours. He is willing to sacrifice much to get his way. And now he has my son as a bargaining chip."

"We'll find them, both your son and your husband," Wonder Woman told her.

Mera relaxed immediately, but there was a part of her wondered if they could help her at all. She had to remain hopeful.

"And here come the reinforcements," Flash said.

"Let's make them think twice about going over here," Superman, and he turned to talk to Harry and Kara, but the bot of them were gone. "Did any of you see those two go off?"

Hermione noticed her friends were gone. "No, I didn't, they were right beside me a second ago; well I don't know if they were. I wasn't paying attention but…"

The blasts of the reinforced Atlantean Army cut off her words. The Justice League prepared themselves for battle, and loud explosions rang out in the distance. The battle between the two sides proceeded to take place. While the team work of the Justice League improved over the last number of months, they were fighting a trained army.

Orm's face contorted into a twisted grin. Aquaman was chained to a miniature mountain under the ocean, and said mountain was armed with explosives. Orm cradled Aquaman's child in his arms. The child seemed to sense that something bad was about to happen, for he was crying at the top of his lungs. Orm took several more steps before he focused his hateful glare on Aquaman.

"Once you and your son are out of the way, the rule of succession will make me the undisputed ruler of this kingdom," Orm said. "And both you will go down."

"Your quarrel is me, leave my son out of this," Aquaman said.

Orm just chuckled, and he fastened Arthur Junior to the mountain. The child's wails continued to echo.

"Another pair of victims chalked up to the aggression of the surface world," Orm said in mock remorse. "It will give my army the one last push to rise up, and to utterly destroy those pitiful air breathers. They will be plunged underneath the ocean. And you, my brother, can do nothing about it."

Orm's finger lingered on the trigger, but he felt an electrical pulse from behind. He staggered and dropped down to the ground. He dropped face first onto the ocean floor, in the seaweed. He did not move, and he did not breath.

The imposing form of Black Manta stepped forward. Aquaman's eyes narrowed with absolute hate.

"I offer you my condolences on the death of your brother," Black Manta said in a twisted voice. He saw the child screaming and howling at the top of his lungs. "I detest the wails of children, so I will do you a favor and put both of you out of your misery. A fool your brother might have been, his plan had many promising ideas."

Black Manta soaked up his moment of victory, and he continued to taunt Aquaman.
"Your demise will be satisfying, but your little doomsday device, it needs a tweak or two. Namely, it will still be armed, but instead of the surface world falling, Atlantis will fall, and all of your subjects will perish. And I will be a very rich man because of it."

Aquaman tried to pull himself free, but Black Manta pushed the detonator. The underground rocks busted apart, and the prince and king of Atlantis began to slide down to a fiery demise. Aquaman tried to pull himself free, before himself and his son were condemned to a molten death.

Black Manta stayed around to watch the demise of his enemy. It was a memory he wanted to commit to his memory forever. He stopped, when the mountain was held up before it could fall. It was flown out of sight, and safely away from Black Manta. Manta's head turned from one side to the other.

Manta turned his heel, and was blasted backwards by an attack. His armor blocked most of the impact, but he was face to face with a dark haired wizard. He engaged his newest enemy in battle.

"You're out of your depth, child," Black Manta said. He took more steps forward, and stared down the form of his enemy.

Harry kept his eyes firmly on the ball, and tried to send a spell that would hopefully weaken the armor. It had magical properties that made removal problematic, but it had the drawback of limiting movement.

Yet, if he could slice it, he could move in for a more deadly attack. Black Manta dodged the attack, and tried to throw a dagger at Harry. A flick of his wrist turned it into a harmless rubber chicken. It bounced off the ground at Harry's feet.

"Impressive, you have power," Black Manta said, and he blasted an energy attack.

Kara returned and knocked Black Manta down with a double fist to the face. Black Manta rolled over, and used her momentum against her on a second attack. Kara and Harry flew into Black Manta and knocked him down with a combined attack. Kara was quick enough to disarm Manta with a burst of heat vision. His remote flew through the ground.

Black Manta rushed over to his underwater vessel. The Justice League battled the Atlantean Army from above, but Manta had more than one escape plan.

Now with his son safe, Aquaman returned. Manta picked up the trident that Orm stolen and aimed an attack at Aquaman. The energy blast echoed through the air, but the king of seas dodged it immediately. Kara and Harry distracted Manta from either side.

Aquaman nailed Black Manta hard in the face, but Manta temporarily blinded Aquaman with a flash bang. Aquaman was knocked down to his knees.

A force field appeared around Black Manta and Aquaman, and that locked Harry and Kara out of the attack for now. Aquaman wrestled the trident away from Black Manta. The two enemies continued to battle each other fiercely.

"Once, I take you out, your entire kingdom will collapse," Manta grunted, and he wrestled with Aquaman. Aquaman pushed him back. The battle continued with several punches, but Black Manta made it to his transport vehicle. Manta managed to escape the kingdom of Atlantis and was on his way to the surface.

Kara and Harry watched Aquaman go off after Manta. They opted to assist the Justice League in
fighting the rogue members of the Atlantean Army.

"So, where did you two sneak off to?" Hermione asked them.

"Had to stop a royal assassin, the prince is safe with his mother, and hopefully we can wrap this up," Kara said without taking a breath.

"Good to hear," Superman said. He slammed his fists into the ground and the shockwaves knocked the army for a loop.

Flash ran at super speed under the water. His enemies were knocked backwards. Green Lantern hammered a huge fist into them. The bullets were deflected by Wonder Woman. The Martian Manhunter went intangible, and phased them under the ground. He popped them back up a moment later, but they had been rendered unconscious.

Above, Black Manta tried to escape, but a killer whale dove out of the water. Aquaman rode on the back, and the whale knocked Black Manta's escape pod off balance. Black Manta tried to escape immediately via a parachute, but Aquaman reclaimed his trident.

Aquaman sent Black Manta back down, and they splashed into the water, back into the depths below. Black Manta was nailed hard and sent over the same ledge where he tried to attack Aquaman.

"You're not getting away that easily," Aquaman grunted, but Black Manta pulled out a gun in response. He tried to shoot another poison dart at Aquaman, but he plummeted to his demise because of that one gesture. He was going to die, but he would be damned if he would live being in the debt of Aquaman.

Aquaman looked down, to verify Black Manta was gone. He had taken a long and hard spill. He turned, and looked up at the remaining members of the Atlantean Army who had not been knocked out.

Time stood still. Aquaman's chest puffed up, and he looked at them through narrowed eyes.

"Stand down!" Aquaman bellowed, and the army members paused, before they all back up. The Justice League stopped immediately, and both sides remained cool towards each other. "While I acknowledge the surface world needs to be dealt with, this is too far to the other extreme. You are all to return to the palace, while I try and figure out what to do with you all."

Aquaman had one piece of business to deal with. He would find out where the doomsday device had been taken and have it dismantled. In his attempt to build a world for his son to live in, all he nearly succeeded in was to destroy that world.

"So what now?" Superman asked him before he could go off.

"I fix this mess, one step at a time," Aquaman said, but he paused. "I thank you for your help, all of you."

Aquaman walked off to recoup, and replay.

He would have to reevaluate who he put in high positions of power in his kingdom, first of all.

Morgan Edge sat in his office, long after business hours were over. He had expected news about the destruction of Atlantis by now, but that was not happening. He reached over to make a call, but
before he could dial the phone, it rang. He snatched the phone in his hand and answered it immediately.

"Speak," Edge said in a gruff voice.

"Mr. Edge, Aquaman still lives, and we believe Black Manta has failed to reach his destination," his contact replied to him in a gruff tone of voice.

Edge just nodded.

"Just one second, I have a call on the other line," Edge responded to his contact in a rough tone of voice. He clicked on the other line, and decided to go with the call. "Morgan Edge here, how may I help you?"

"Mr. Edge, we regret to inform you that your shipping practices are being investigated," said the contact on the other end of the phone. "You will be summoned in a number of days to given the evidence in favor of your case, but until that point your license has been suspended."

Anger crossed the face of the business mogul, and his knuckles cracked.

"I can assure you that I've done nothing wrong, and it is that ruler of Atlantis who is spreading lies and rumors about me," Edge said roughly. "He is unbalanced."

"Be that as it may, we must investigate this matter," said the contact on the other end of the phone. "If you have nothing to hide, then there should be no problem. It will be back to business in a number of days. We will be in touch with more information on your hearing."

"Yes, very well, thank you," Edge said in a crisp voice.

He stood back, and leaned back into the wall. He walked over to a cabinet. He cracked it open and poured himself a glass of scotch. He downed it immediately. A dark shadow swooped down behind him. He staggered back, and looked up to face the figure who had presented himself in his office.

"Having a rough night?"

Morgan Edge stood face to face with Batman. Edge's expression simmered with hatred.

"You know nothing about me that will hold up in a court of law," Edge said in a calm and collected voice. More calm than he actually was, as he stared down Batman. He took another drink of his scotch to give him courage.

"Perhaps not, but sooner or later, you'll get sloppy," Batman told him. "We're watching you. Slip up, and we can take you down."

A bodyguard moved in from behind Batman. The dark knight just casually back handed the man a foot larger than him. The bodyguard fell down to the ground, with a solid thud. Edge moved to call for more security, and he reached for a gun under his desk.

As it turned out, neither gesture was needed because Batman had departed as quickly as he arrived. Edge downed the rest of the scotch he had poured himself. He sank down on the chair. Today was a mistimed venture, with two partnerships that did not go down that well, and now the Justice League was watching him.

It was under pressure where Morgan Edge excelled the best. The grey haired mogul poured himself
another glass of scotch, and thought of more plans. The heroes would not be able to bring him down. He would have Metropolis in the palm of his hand, but he had another goal in life. The Justice League and any other costume hero would need to be taken down.

The day long since concluded. Harry and Kara relaxed on the couch after a nice hot dinner. When they had personally verified the doomsday device had been disarmed permanently, the Potters could rest easier and unwind. In front of them, laid an interesting invention of a different type, but it was just a blueprint for right now.

"So, what do you think, Harry?" Kara asked him.

"You're the scientific genius in this relationship," Harry said, and Kara rewarded Harry with this praise with a kiss on the lips. She withdrew after a couple of minutes. "But from what I know this should work, once we find a way to get it properly working."

Kara looked thoughtful, and the two of them combed over the blueprint plans.

"An Interstellar Portal Device is a rather tricky piece of technology, even on Krypton it was something that few did not dare to try to make," Kara explained. "One wrong misconfiguration and anyone who uses it could be sucked into a black hole, along with everyone in a fifty mile radius."

Harry winced at the implications, but he did understand how that would be a rather delicate process. He held Kara tightly against him. She wore a red sleeveless half-shirt and every time she shifted against him it seemed to get shorter and tighter. The blue jean shorts she wore hugged her hips and she shifted against him. Her beautiful legs and her gorgeous feet were on display.

"Without the crystal, it would be impossible," Harry suggested to her, and Kara nodded.

"Yeah, it's a necessary focus and rare," Kara explained to him. "There were other attempts to create a necessary focus to duplicate it, but it didn't end too well. The Kryptonian Science Council put a stop on that, but Jor-El still had some version of the plans. The real problem is adapting Earth technology to fit, but we'll figure something out."

Harry nodded. A lot of the components were available at the Fortress of Solitude, but not all of them. He wrapped his arms around her tightly.

"Well if anyone can figure it out, it's you," Harry said, with a smile on his face. "Your brilliance can only be matched by your beauty after all."

Kara offered him a radiant smile at this phrase.

"I'll do the best I can," Kara told him. "But today's been a long day. We should really do something to unwind, shouldn't we?"

Harry grinned. He knew what she had in mind. He began to plant kisses on her neck, before he spun Kara around. Her legs wrapped around his waist tightly, and Harry deepened the kiss. Kara intertwined her fingers in Harry's hair, and straddled his lap.

Smut/Lemon Begins:

Kara slipped Harry's shirt over his head, and pulled it over his head. Harry teased her breasts. With simple movements, he rubbed and massaged them. He squeezed her breasts, and fondled them. Kara moaned deeply into his mouth. Harry continued his efforts, and played with her breasts.
The flesh was squeezed underneath her shirt, and Harry pulled the shirt over her head. Kara's perky breasts bounced out.

Harry took her breasts, and began to suck on her rosy, erect nipples. Kara's head leaned back, and she moaned deeply.

"Oh, yes Harry, suck my tits!" Kara moaned loudly. Harry's sucking got more frantic, and she placed her hands on the back of his head. "That's it baby, it makes me so wet!"

Harry continued to suck on the lovely flesh. He rolled his tongue around her nipples, to the right to the left, and alternated. Kara reached down his pants, and found his penis. Kara began to pump her soft hand up and down his penis inside his pants. Harry grew larger and larger, to the point where he was practically ripping through his trousers.

She slowly let go of his penis, and Harry grunted at the lack of attention. Kara pulled his pants down with a swift motion. She grabbed his penis, and stroked it. Harry groaned, and Kara slid down to the floor. Her tongue licked around the underside of his penis. She licked around slowly, until her salvia completely covered his penis. She gave the head a long kiss, placing her luscious lips around it.

She grabbed his penis, and pumped it a few more times. She puckered her lips, and pushed Harry's rock hard penis into her mouth. Kara shoved it bit by bit down her throat. Harry felt himself engulfed inside her throat cavity with heightened pleasure, and he felt his penis hit the back of her throat. Kara gave him a few deep sucks, and then she swirled her tongue lightly on the underside of his penis. She hummed something that drove him further to the edge.

Harry grabbed Kara's hair, and pushed her face down onto him. She made several lewd noises, and slurped loudly. Her hands squeezed his balls, and stimulated him more and more. He felt his balls fill up with semen. Kara continued to suck his cock deeply. Her throat muscles contracted around his length, and Harry gripped her hair tightly. She squeezed, and massaged his balls to coax him to the edge.

His hips began to thrust forward, and he unleashed a steady stream of seed into her mouth. She made sure she milked all he had for this round.

Kara slid down onto the carpet, and made a production of swallowing Harry's seed. He watched her, as she rose to hover, above him. Harry matched her movements. Their heads hit the ceiling of the living room area.

Harry grabbed his hands onto her shorts and pulled them down. Harry lowered himself down so he was across from her moist opening. He saw her wet pussy lips, framed by a strip of blond hair. The beautiful aroma filled his nostrils, and Harry grabbed her hips.

She floated in the air as Harry stuck his tongue into her pussy. Kara moaned, and she grabbed onto the ceiling. He licked and sucked on her clit. She got louder, and louder. Her super powered lungs carried for some direction. Harry snaked his tongue into her, and vibrated it to enhance her pleasure.

Kara reached down with one hand, and grabbed his hair to encourage him to go deeper into her. Harry proceeded to go down onto his wife. She felt her skin tingle with the absolute pleasure, and nearly lost it. His tongue worked such wonderful magic in her.

"Oh, Harry, lick me dry," Kara moaned, and she clenched tightly.
Harry teased her pussy with a few more licks, before he proceeded to eat her out with absolute hunger. Kara's orgasm approached and she completely soaked his face with her juices. Harry slurped down the tasty treat she gave him. Kara broke free, and wrapped her arms around Harry.

She slowly licked her own juices off of Harry's face with her wet tongue. She made sure Harry's face was completely clean, and then some. From these efforts, she could feel his stiff member poking against her. She grinned, and grabbed his penis tight.

The blonde Kryptonian gave Harry a few teasing strokes to get him warmed up. She aimed his penis towards her entrance. She rubbed him against her to tease him, before Kara decided she could not take it anymore. She shoved him inside. Harry found himself pushed into her tight core. He groaned, and their hips met with each other. Harry wrapped his arms around her, and he decided that he needed more height.

Harry and Kara popped outside into the summer breeze high above their house. He pushed himself deeper into her. He felt his penis slide in and out of her pussy. Her walls rubbed him in the most pleasurable way.

Kara grabbed her hands around him, and dug her nails into his back. This just encouraged Harry to push into her further. Her eyes gazed over, and she felt her muscles contract around him.

Kara's breath continued to increase with each push. Harry's hands grabbed her breasts, and molded them in his hands. Their hips rocked against each other in mid-air. Sweat rolled down both of their bodies, and Harry rolled his tongue over her nipples. Kara screamed, her head rocked back in absolute passion. Harry rewarded her moans by speeding up his thrusts.

"Yes, Harry, pound my pussy!" Kara screamed.

Harry obliged her, and continued to slam his penis into her pussy, deeper and harder. Kara grabbed him, and pushed her tongue through his mouth. She made several deep moans into his mouth to inflame him. Her hand found his sac, and she massaged it. Harry just sighed, and continued to feel her contract against him, tighter and tighter.

He slowed down his movements a little bit, but Kara would not let him do that for very long. Her core was warm, wet, and tight, and Harry felt her super powerful Kryptonian pussy tighten around his strong cock.

"Am I tiring you out?" Harry asked her.

He slowed his strokes, but Kara grabbed him to try and reassure him that she was not done by any means. Even if she had long since lost count of how many times he had made her orgasm in the night sky.

"No, no," Kara breathed, she closed her eyes, determined to not be defeated.

He slammed his penis into her center. Her senses were overloaded with the orgasms he gave her. She tried to squeeze him the tightest she could manage. Any normal person would be dust. However, Harry's own invulnerability allowed him to assert the right amount of force to match her best.

The loud miniature explosions could be heard in the air from their activities. Kara tried to do everything she could to make Harry reached his climax. Her moans got deeper, and more sensual, deep into his throat. She squeezed his balls as hard as she could get him to pop.

Their dance continued for a bit longer.
"Cumming," Harry told her.

"Yes, inside me!" Kara shrieked at the top of her lungs. "Shoot your seed into my pussy! It's hungry for your powerful cum!"

Harry gave her a few more thrusts and they mutually climaxed. Harry injected his wife with his seed. She felt absolutely thrilled, and squeezed him. He continued to cum into her for a short amount of time, and Kara's vice like grip made sure she had milked every single drop. Kara slumped in Harry's arms, with a satisfied grin on her face and basked in the afterglow.

_Smut/Lemon Ends._

Both were back in their bedroom. Kara relaxed in his arms, and she rested against him. Harry cradled her in his arms.

"So, we're going to start work on the portal, tomorrow," Kara whispered to him. She felt absolutely full of his seed.

"Yeah, we'll see what we can do about getting it up and running," Harry said.

Both looked forward to it. They had no idea what treasures they could find, but it would be amazing. Harry leaned forward and gave her a deep kiss on the lips. Kara returned it, with passionate fury. They sucked on each other's lips.

"Good night, I love you," Harry said.

Kara smiled, and Harry's arms wrapped around her naked, sweaty form. They looked into each other's eyes, and felt like they were gazing into each other's souls. "I love you too, pleasant dreams."

The happy couple faded off for a few hours of sleep, until the mood struck them for another round long after midnight.
Chapter Seven: Message.

Winds blew through the sky over Brazil. Three figures carefully moved in.

First was a tall and rather attractive blonde eighteen year old girl dressed in a snug blue shirt half shirt. On the shirt was a red "S" incased in a yellow shield. She wore a red cape over her shoulders, along with a blue mini-skirt that showed her tanned and longed legs. A pair of red boots topped off the look. Her golden blonde hair flowed freely down to her back.

The second was a dark haired sixteen, nearly seventeen, year old boy, with dark hair and green eyes. He had grown a lot in the past year, no long resembling the scrawny haired youth with glasses of years past. He wore a black top with a Red "A" on it, and black leather pants, with yellow and red stripes down the side. A pair of black boots topped off the look.

The third was a dark haired seventeen year old girl with brown eyes. Her no longer bushy hair was tied back. She wore a black top, black leather pants, and red boots, with silver bracelets. A silver tiara topped off the top of her head. She peered around, nodding towards the other two.

Kara, Harry, and Hermione, under their guises of Supergirl, Arcane, and Wonder Girl, touched down onto the ground from above.

" Couldn't we have just apparated? " Hermione said under her breath.

"For one, we don't know if there were any barriers preventing it," Harry explained to her gently.

"And you hate apparation, because you can't seem to land on your feet right," Hermione said, before she looked at both of them. "Either of you."

Kara just looked at Hermione, shaking her head.

"And also flight is just so much more fun," Kara said with a bright smile.

Hermione crossed her arms. She would beg to differ.

The reason they had shown up was that of a personal nature. Months ago, Astoria Greengrass went on a killing spree, and several people fell to her sadistic and greedy rages. While Harry did not shed tears for the loss of many of the murder victims, the fact of the matter was that a dangerous killer was out there, with unlimited resources.

In the months Harry and Kara had been away for training, Hermione tried to do what she could to track down Astoria. Astoria had been slippery like the namesake of the Slytherin house, a snake. She managed to keep at least three steps away from them.

A couple of hot tips had led to dead ends. There was a couple of times where Harry wondered if Astoria was the one leaking false information about her whereabouts to throw the three of them off of their tracks.

"If I ever get my hands on her, she'll pay," Hermione told them savagely. "All of these months, she's managed to keep under the radar."

Kara looked at her. "So, she's sneaky, but that is supposed to be the nature of the Slytherin House
isn't it? The cunning and ambitious, that's what they're supposed to be all about. She's just taken it to the most logical and potentially insane extreme."

Hermione nodded in agreement. Harry remained quiet, and Kara sensed her husband's discomfort.

"Why did she do it?" Harry asked. A frown appeared on Harry's face, and Kara grabbed his hand. Harry closed his eyes. "I want to ask her that one question."

"Does it really matter?" Hermione asked. "She's a greedy little bint, who lost her mind. I vote we take her down, and not bother getting any answers from her."

Harry and Kara exchanged a look. The truth was they were in two minds. On one hand, they figured it would be best to take Astoria down, and put her in the ground hard. On the other hand, it was hard to reconcile that quiet girl two years beneath him turned into an ice cold killer.

"Let's find her first," Kara suggested breaking the silence. "We can worry about why she did what she did, and smack her around if she tries anything."

Hermione nodded approvingly. The three heroes stepped around in the shadows. There was a rundown factory off to the side that was their destination. Harry, Kara, and Hermione popped inside, and looked around. Kara used her X-Ray vision to scan the boxes off to the side, but she found nothing but antiques.

"Don't tell me we've found another dead end," Hermione said in an exasperated tone of voice.

Harry frowned, and took a step forward. He saw a small puddle of blood near an empty closet. He performed a scanning spell. It was seconds later before he received his diagnostic.

"Maybe not," Harry said, letting out the breath. "That blood is fresh, it's been spilled recently. And it leads to right behind that door."

Kara reached forward, and without another word, busted open the door. A young man fell out of the next room, and dropped to the ground. Several deep wounds were on his chest, and Kara and Hermione both grimaced. Harry recognized the wounds to be magically created by a dark cutting curse. He also knew because of that, the victim was beyond all help. Kara used her super hearing to check for vital signs.

"I don't hear a heart-beat," Kara breathed.

"That's because his heart's been burned out and all of his blood has been drained from his body," Hermione explained grimly. "It was a nasty way to die. Seems like little Astoria had a little taste of blood, and seemed to enjoy it."

Harry continued to search, the situation got more frantic. It was not one hundred percent certain if Astoria was behind this, but he treated her as the most likely suspect. He motioned for the two girls to walk over towards him. They took an inventory of the glass cases. Several of them had been busted. In some, nothing had been stolen. Yet, there was one item missing.

"We've got something stolen, but I can't read the description," Harry said.

"Here, let me take a look at that," Hermione answered, and she recognized the language as Portuguese. She managed to translate it carefully, and turned towards Harry and Kara. "It says here that it's a magic talisman. It is believed to hide the wearer from anyone who wishes to do them harm. And it causes them to become invulnerable to most attacks beneath super human strength."
Harry and Kara allowed this to sink in for a moment. Kara responded.

"Does it block against magic?"

"I'd imagine so," Hermione concluded, but she noticed a little more. A small grin appeared on her face in spite herself. "Hang on, guys, there's more. You two are going to love this. I don't think Astoria knows what she got herself into. The talisman is believed to be cursed, and brings misfortune to the user after constant use. It causes them to become reckless and arrogant."

"Well, all of these powerful magic artifacts do have a backfire," Harry said immediately, and Hermione nodded. "I'm not sure if Astoria is the one behind this."

An uncertain expression crossed Hermione's face. She considered the possibility, but did not really buy into them. Perhaps she was looking for a reason to tangle with Astoria, after Astoria tried to frame her for the murders. Kara looked thoughtful.

"If not, Astoria, then who?" Kara asked Harry, and Harry just responded with a shrug. "Well we'll find out something, if we search around. Let's snoop around for some clues."

Harry, Kara, and Hermione moved around the building. This looked to be mostly a storage area, with only a few workers. They half expected to find a few more corpses, but thankfully they were blessed with not finding them. Of course, Astoria or whoever did this might have not left enough to identify remains. Harry remained calm, but they had found a secret passageway.

Curiosity got the better of them. They found a dial, and opened it. It revealed a set of stairs, and they walked down to see what would await the three of them.

Kara was the first person to notice something out of place in that secret room in the factory. In fact, it was one of the last things she expected to see. She tensed up, and could hardly believe what she saw. Kara backed off, and Harry gripped her by the shoulders.

"What is it?" Harry asked, and Kara pointed it out.

"It looks like a space ship," Hermione said, and Kara nodded, she pointed it out.

"It's not just any space ship, it looks Kryptonian, and a rather ancient architecture at that," Kara said, in an awed voice. "They didn't make ships like this for at least eight hundred years. They were supposed to be more durable than your average ship as well."

Kara, Harry, and Hermione all looked at the ships exterior to try and find something to open it to see if anything had left inside. The only thing they had on the ship was a mark on the ship. It was a triangle with a circle in the center and a straight line down the circle. Kara analyzed the symbol, and her eyes narrowed.

"It's ancient and obsolete Kryptonian," Kara told them both them. "The written language went through some alterations since this ship was constructed."

"Do you recognize the symbol?" Hermione asked her, and Kara tried to rack her brain. Harry tried to find an entry point to the ship, but nothing came up.

Kara shook her head after a few moments. The symbol vexed her. It was an archaic word that had been long since lost through the written and spoken language.

"I suppose I should try and cross reference it in the data we got from Brainiac, maybe we'll find something in there," Kara suggested.
Harry tried to levitate the ship, but it refused to budge an inch off the ground. He tried again. Kara and Hermione assisted him with the levitation, but the ship didn't move at all.

"That's interesting, whatever it is it's resistant to magic," Harry said. He fired several spells towards the shell of the ship, but there was nothing, not even a dent.

Kara tried to dent the ship with her super strength, but found there was no way to even scratch it the slightest bit. She punched and kicked it for a couple of minutes, but there was no give.

"Whatever alloy they used to create this ship, it's amazingly durable," Kara said, impressed. "And not found anywhere on Earth and maybe rare on Krypton for all I know. We're going to have to study this ship closer. Moving it might be a problem."

Harry and Kara exchanged a look. They would have to get some people in, and move this mysterious Kryptonian ship out immediately. The fact that it mysteriously ended up in a warehouse in Brazil and was hundreds of years old was something that they wondered about. That would be a question that they might be able to answer if they ever found a way to get the blasted thing open.

"We're going to have to call someone to pick it up, manually," Harry said after some careful thought. "I figure if I can't levitate it, it's not going to be easy to transport it by magic."

Hermione and Kara nodded their agreement. It would not be something that could be done a lot of the way.

"Maybe once we get it out of here, we'll find out how it's so resistant to magic," Kara said.

"We should really put some barriers up," Harry suggested.

"Right, if someone investigates this guy's murder, we won't want them happening upon the ship," Hermione said.

Harry did so, putting some barriers to repel any unwanted visitors away from this secret passage until he was ready to move it.

"Okay, and when the heat dies down, we're coming back for this vessel," Harry told them both. "In a week or two, we'll find it. In the meantime, I think it would be a good idea to research that symbol. Maybe we can find something about it, somewhere. What it means."

Kara, Harry, and Hermione poked around for a few more minutes, to make sure they did not leave any other treasures undiscovered or any other clues to what happened. They found nothing, so there was little else they could do than depart, and leave the ship behind, underneath the protective barriers.

It remained immobile, as if no one touched it at all.

Harry's seventeenth birthday did seem to fly up on all of them. It was amazing to see what a difference a year made. Yet, Harry was not concerned about what happened, or what could have happened. Rather he reflected on what did happen.

The fact that despite the first sixteen years of his life being less than ideal, he found the girl of his dreams due to his drunken escapades in Vegas for his sixteenth birthday, and in a couple of days, he would be officially married to Kara for a year.

When he finally received his memories back, Harry was astounded that Kara agreed to marry him
in the first place, but he sure was not complaining. Plus, Kara saw him behind the mask of pain he wore around that time, and even for the first couple of months of marriage.

"Happy birthday, Harry," Kara said, and she glided over to him. She was dressed in a red half shirt, blue jeans, and sandals. She wrapped her arms around him, and peered into his eyes. "So by the standards of your old world, you're officially of age today."

Harry leaned forward, and gave his wife a big kiss. They could not do too much right now, because Harry knew they had guests showing up this morning. Plus there were a few things that they had to take care of after the morning was done.

"So do you feel any different?" Kara asked him, and Harry shook his head. "Yeah, you don't really feel too different past a certain birthday. Of course, last year when I turned seventeen, I was brooding over my lot in life, but things got better, much better."

"For both of us," Harry said, and she straddled his lap, with a smile, in response. The two kissed each other hard and passionately, but a knock on the door indicated that their activities would have to be cut short. Kara slid off of Harry's lap, with a look that indicated that they were going to finish later. "That must be Sirius. He said that he, Remus, and Tonks were stopping by this morning."

Kara smiled, and the two of them made sure their clothes were straight. The Potters made their way towards the door, and they opened the door. The door was pushed open, and Sirius, Remus, and Tonks all stood outside on the doorstep waiting to be let inside.

"Hi, guys," Harry said.

"Wotcher, Harry, Kara," Tonks said with a bright greeting and she stepped inside. "Happy birthday to you Harry."

"So, you've been keeping out of trouble?" Remus asked the both of them.

Harry and Kara responded with a pair of grins. Remus knew all he needed to know from that.

"No more than usual, Moony," Harry told them.

"Yeah, we've been keeping busy," Kara said, and she walked the group of them towards the kitchen where breakfast was already set out for everyone. Kara and Harry explained some of the things that they had been involved in over the past number of weeks.

Tonks, Remus, and Sirius all nodded, and ate the meal that had been provided for them. The training with the Guardians was something that the three of them were extremely interested by, and they listened intently. All of the adventures were detailed over the meal, and Sirius looked at his godson and his wife approvingly at the fact they had got in trouble with the intergalactic authority figures known as the Guardians.

It was some time later before they had finished the story for their benefit. They all looked thoughtful, as they allowed everything to soak in.

"Well, it seems like you two had a rather productive summer," Tonks concluded. She decided to ask them a question that has been on the tip of her tongue. "Did you two ever figure out what the rings do?"

"Our powers seem to be stronger through the rings when we draw hope off of each other," Kara told all three of them. "It also empowers others, and they seem to be amplified within proximity of a green lantern ring, although our magical abilities do the trick in a pinch. It also shuts down evil
red lantern rings apparently, but that's rather draining to do at the moment. "

"And they destroyed the Dementors," Harry reminded them, and Sirius, Remus, and Tonks. "I need to ask you a question. Did the rings act in this way with anyone else before?"

Sirius looked thoughtful. James had told him a bit about the rings, but the only thing he told him about was the fact that they were glorified match making devices. They chose the perfect girl and nothing more. It looked like this particular couple had qualities that no other pair of Potters had before.

"You know, I don't think it has," Sirius informed the pair of them. "Of course, I don't know how the rings reacted to every single Potter ever. But, I only know what James told me about them."

"Well, thanks for telling me what you know," Harry said to him, but Sirius looked at him.

"I wish I could be of more help, but there is something I have to tell you, both of you," Sirius said to Harry and Kara, and they listened up. "Anyway, I was going through some things at Number Four Grimmauld Place, to see if there was anything else of value left there. Before I decide to demolish the place."

"That would be the most fitting tribute to your mother," Harry said.

Sirius responded with laughter, but he straightened up. Kara, Harry, Remus, and Tonks all looked intrigued at what the old Marauder had to say.

"So, I was going through all of the boxes, and I found a box of things that belonged to your mother. She gave them to me, a week before the Fidelius Charm was performed."

Harry was intrigued. Sirius handed him the box. There were his mother's school notes, some textbooks, and a few pieces of jewelry that belonged to her. Sentimental perhaps, but it was nothing too out of the ordinary.

The most curious item in that box was a letter. Harry picked up the envelope, and looked over it with keen interest. There were many questions that went over and over in his head, and he turned his attention to Sirius.

"Isis Lovegood," Harry whispered, seeing the name of the sender on the unopened letter, and he looked at it. "Sirius, is that Luna's mother?"

"Yes, and your godmother," Sirius said, and Harry looked at him like he grew two heads.

There was a moment in time where Harry seemed unable to properly speak.

"Come again?" Harry asked Sirius. He was not sure if he heard his godfather correctly.

"Yes, Harry, it's something that never came up, but Isis and Lily were friends. It's strange; Isis came around after our seventh year, and struck up a friendship with Lily. She married Luna's father short thereafter, but there was no record of her ever attending any magical school."

Sirius paused, before he continued his stroll down memory lane.

"We all thought she was a Death Eater in disguise, but she proved to be a good friend. A weird friend, but a good friend, and Lily thought enough of her to make her your godmother and Lily was Luna's godmother as well."
Harry suddenly sat up straight. There was something about this that was not really adding up in the back of his head.

"So, let me get this straight, Luna's mother was my godmother," Harry said, and Sirius nodded in confirmation. "So, I know this is well past the point of it doing any good. But, Luna told me her mother died when she was nine. So that would make me about ten when she died."

Kara saw where her husband was going with this one. She frowned, this did seem like another adult who had let Harry down, even if she did die.

"There's nine missing years in my life, where she wasn't around and I know that she wasn't in Azkaban. So, just saying, where was she?"

Sirius had no idea, and Remus decided to field this one. It was something that he had to deal with up close and personal.

"In addition to the protections that Dumbledore put around the Dursleys, he added a couple other tricks," Remus said, and Harry and Kara could both hear the sarcasm in Remus's voice when he said the word "protections". "He made sure no one could remove or visit you without his permission. Granted, he justified it when he said that it was so no Death Eaters could show up, but when I tried to visit, I was unable to get past the front of the driveway."

Remus offered Harry an apologetic expression, but Harry just nodded.

"That really doesn't surprise me," Harry said with a sigh. It was evident that every time he was rescued, Dumbledore gave his rubber stamp of approval. And that included the little escape with the flying car in his second year. "More lies, and I'm relieved he's dead in a way."

Kara grabbed her husband's hand. She was kind of glad Dumbledore was dead too, because after everything he pulled, she might have had to do something drastic to him herself.

"Something happened to Luna's mother, and something tells me it wasn't an accident like Luna thought it was," Harry concluded darkly.

Sirius pondered that manner, and would have to agree with Harry.

"Lily always did say if something happened to Isis Lovegood, it wouldn't be an accident. There were many secrets she seemed to know, and there were times where she seemed to know far more than she should. But that's in the past. Isis didn't die in an accident, it was premeditated murder. And I would hazard a guess that the Ministry covered it up.

Neither Harry nor Kara was surprised by this particular revelation. The fact the Ministry would cover up something like, and potentially tamper with a young girl's mind to make her think differently only scratched the surface of what they were capable of. Of course, thoughts about Luna's mother, led to thoughts about the girl herself. It would be over a year since she was missing now.

"We tried to do everything to find her, but whoever has her, they're making sure she isn't found," Kara said in a quiet voice, and she looked somber. "Even during our travels of the universe, we tried to find out anything we could. You know, on the off chance Luna had been kidnapped by someone off world."

Harry looked rather guilty at his inability to find her. Luna had worked hard in the DA and fought hard in the Department of Mysteries. The fact she disappeared, even if it might not have been due to him, made him feel kind of guilty. Sirius, Remus, and Tonks exchanged a few looks.
"Look, Harry, one day, someone will find Luna," Tonks said in a gentle voice. "Don't beat yourself up over it, there are some things that are out of your hands. Luna, Astoria, and anyone else is out there. It's your birthday; this should be a joyous day of celebration. No need to brood after all."

Harry nodded in agreement. It just annoyed him that there was someone that he could not find. Even with all of his resources, even with all of his powers, he could not track down his friend. He relaxed, and looked at the letter in his hand.

"You know, it looks like my mother never opened this letter," Harry said, trying to keep his mind off of his lack of success in finding Luna. "She just threw it in this box, and forgot about it."

Harry held the letter, and thought about what it could have contained.

"It could be that she wanted you or someone else to find it," Kara suggested to him. "Maybe you should open it."

Harry agreed, and opened up the letter. He unfolded the piece of parchment in it. He looked at the parchment, but it was not written in any language that he understood.

Well at least ninety percent of the letter was not written in any language he recognized. If would have to guess, it was written in several languages. It was done in a stream of consciousness style, absent mindedly switching between languages. Or perhaps not so absent mindedly.

"Kara, look at this, there are a few words on this, written in Kryptonian," Harry told her, and Kara looked over with interest in her eyes.

Sure enough, parts of it were written in Kryptonian. Harry and Kara poured over the letter, to try and get a hint of what was being said.

"Okay, I don't think I missed anything, but I recognized the following words," Kara said. "They translate into Collective, Bond, Seven, Lord, Darkness, Conqueror, Lord, and Bottle. Did I miss anything?"

Harry double checked Kara's work, but sure enough she did not miss even one word. Harry shook his head, and put a hand on his wife's shoulder.

"No, Kara, you got everything," Harry said.

Harry looked it over, almost hoping against hope he could translate the entire letter, but there was absolutely no deciphering it.

"But what does it all mean?" Tonks wondered.

"It could mean anything," Remus suggested to them. "There was some kind of code being passed back and forth, in a number of different languages. I wonder if these words have any earthly meaning. It's a letter that was sent almost sixteen years ago."

That just made it even more impossible, given that all of the parties involved were dead.

"So, we can't really figure out what it means," Harry said, and he frowned to try and look over the letter again. He was hoping for inspiration to find out what happened.

"I wouldn't get fixated on it, whatever meaning the letter had, it might not relevant," Kara said to Harry. Kara placed her arms around Harry. She sighed. "We'll figure it out one of these days, but we have a lot on her plate. With the mysterious ship we found in Brazil, the Interstellar Portal, and
the school starting up, not to mention other activities we have on our plates."

Harry and Kara discussed more about their plans, but the mysterious letter of correspondence between Isis Lovegood and Lily Potter weighed heavily on Harry's mind.

It was just one of the mysteries of life that were loosely tied into his past.

In a handsome manor house sat a man with platinum blond hair. He dressed in elegant robes and had a sneer upon his face. One of his subordinates delivered him a Muggle Newspaper. He saw a group of seven colorfully dressed Muggles on the front page. He gave them an expression of absolute contempt.

Lucius Malfoy sipped his brandy, and flipped through the paper. He read the exploits of this Justice League with a mild amount of distaste. The fact that such Muggles appeared to have power, and were beloved made him extremely uneasy.

He barely noticed his wife enter the room.

"They do seem to be the talk of the Muggle world, Lucius," Narcissa Malfoy said. Lucius just acknowledged his wife with a nod.

"Muggles must have their entertainment just like anyone else," Lucius drawled. "Naturally, I can receive all of the entertainment I require by dropping a Galleon in the middle of Diagon Alley, and allow the rabble to fight over it."

Lucius chuckled, but it was much more forced than usual. The fact of the matter was that ever since the unfortunate incident involving his son, Draco, he had less to be self-assured by. He had investigated the matter, and came to one conclusion.

The last daughter of House Greengrass appeared to more resourceful than Lucius believed. He would approve of the girl's calculating actions, had his son not been the one caught in the crossfire.

"You are thinking of what happened to Draco," Narcissa remarked in a calm and cool voice. Lucius just inclined his head. "One day justice will prevail over Astoria Greengrass. She is, but a child, she cannot hide in the shadows. And I doubt that you're the only one who is after her."

Lucius leaned forward, and thought. He had laid low ever since Magical Britain had come undone.

"Perhaps," Lucius remarked, and he got to his feet.

He walked past his wife, and moved down a set of stairs into a chamber where he kept any number of rare artifacts. Lucius spent some time visualize the pain that he would cause Astoria Greengrass. She ruined the name of the Ancient and Noble House of Malfoy, and had slaughtered his son.

Lucius's expression was fixed on the glass case. Inside the case was the purple crystal he had found in the Artic some months ago. He had a shrewd suspicion it was of some great value, although he had no idea that special powers it may have held.

He was reluctant to do anything to damage it beyond repair, to lower its value. He did not trust anyone to handle his crystal with the care it deserved either. Lucius peered at the crystal. He was intrigued by it. What was it?

Interest continued to be piqued in the mind of Lucius Malfoy. His eyes shifted over towards the next item, a ring with a black stone he had rescued from Dolores Umbridge's slain form. He
recognized the stone as one Dumbledore was seen wearing, and Umbridge had worn it as well.

Being an expert on dark magical artifacts, Luicus deduced that the stone had caused both Dumbledore and Umbridge to be pushed to madness. Dumbledore's absurd obsession beyond all reason with Potter and Umbridge's crazed rantings about an alien invasion backed up that notion in Lucius's mind.

He leaned on the edge of his custom made walking stick. There were other artifacts that he managed to save, although many had been stripped down and taken during his short stint in Azkaban.

Lucius gritted his teeth in absolute disgust at the items that he had lost in the raid. Any one of them would be worth more than what ninety eight percent of witches and wizards would make in a year.

More news arrived, and Lucius learned of something very interesting. In a month's time, the International Confederation of Wizards would be meeting to see what to do about the situation in Great Britain. Lucius read every single word of this press release with distaste. Once the Ministry of Magic had utterly failed, and most who had been left in Great Britain had been left destitute, now they were jumping in save them all.

'\textit{That particular timing is incredible,} ' Lucius thought to himself. '\textit{It's a plan worthy of the great Salazar Slytherin himself.}'

He folded up the press release, and knew that the International Confederation of Wizards would set up a provisionary government, appointing a Minister that would be directly subordinate to the Muggle Government.

There would be new jobs created, and new taxes that would cause the wealthy purebloods, few that there might be left, to falter, and Muggleborns and half-bloods to get a break and further opportunities.

Connections forged over generations would be useless. Lucius made plans to gather up a few good purebloods and have their say at the International Board of Governors meeting. While they did not join the Dark Lord, they did have sympathies that favored the old families, and maintain the tradition. And Lucius deduced he would need to forge alliances to track down Astoria Greengrass and anyone she had tricked to work with her.

That girl would pay with her blood for ruining the pureblood society of Britain. Her, and Harry Potter, Lucius swore a vengeance on pair of them.

He gave the crystal one final look, and walked upstairs to plot even more.

The winds blew over the Artic. Harry and Kara caused them to increase as they flew up at super speed over towards the Fortress of Solitude. Both of them decided to take a side trip to the Fortress after work hours, to check up to see if they could find anything on the symbol on the mysterious ship in Brazil.

They dove through the underwater entrance. Kara had a heavy black parka on, a white shirt, blue jeans, and boots. Harry had a coat on as well, a black shirt, and jeans, with boots. They made their way inside through the secret entrance.

Harry and Kara walked into the Fortress, and made their way through the console computers. Kara walked over to activate them.
"Let's see if you know anything about that symbol," Kara said, and she had the computers do a complete scan. The happy couple waited in the background, and the computer proceeded to come to life. It hummed, and tried to find something to help them.

"Nothing?" Harry asked.

"Nothing," Kara confirmed in a deflated voice. "It was worth a shot, even if it was a one and a million shot. Of course, you know that symbol could mean nothing at all. It could be some random doodle that someone sketched on the ship."

Harry was unsure, and decided to voice this to Kara.

"I'm pretty sure it means something. It's just the meaning has been long since lost. We don't even know how old that ship is. Could be hundreds of years old, it could be thousands of years old, or it could be from the future."

"The future?" Kara asked skeptically.

Harry just offered her a smile, and put his arms around her waist. "Hey, you never know, honey. Some time traveler could have got lost here, and their ship just got stranded in Brazil."

"I suppose so," Kara offered in a grudging voice, but the two moved around the Fortress of Solitude. "Doesn't look like Kal has been in here in a long time, but with all of his work with the Justice League, he doesn't have time for a casual visit to check up on his own Fortress."

Harry nodded, but he took some time to look around at the magnificent architecture. There were few structures that were more magnificent. In the back of the Fortress, there was a cracked pod in the background. Harry grabbed the sleeve of his wife's parka.

"Kara, is that what I think it is?" Harry asked.

Kara's eyes widened. She held her hand over the pod, and ran her hand over the smooth architecture of it. Her lips curled into a small smile in remembrance.

"It is Harry, the pod that I spent years and years in stasis," Kara breathed in an amazed voice. "I thought Kal would have thrown it out by now, but it's still here. Hard to believe that kept me from freezing to death for twenty three years. I slept, and didn't age one bit."

The eighteen year old girl eyed the pod with interest, and she touched one of the crystals. An image of Kara's parents, Zor-El and Alura appeared before the two of them. Kara looked at them in awe, as Zor-El spoke.

"If you receive this message, please save us, our planet will get hit with a cataclysmic disaster that will cause its extinction. These stasis pods will hold the three of us, but if you receive this message, please hurry. Our daughter's life is the most important to us. She is our greatest treasure, and if one of us shall be allowed to live, it would have to be her. Follow these coordinates, and you will find my laboratory. End transmission."

A brief flash of the coordinates were written down, and Harry wrote them down.

"When we get the portal working, Argo should be the first place we go," Harry offered her in a gentle voice.

"Everything's frozen over, though," Kara said, but Harry surveyed her with a smile.
"There might be something sentimental there buried in the snow, you deserve to have something," Harry told her.

Kara threw her arms around Harry. She buried her face into his chest.

"I have everything I want here," Kara mumbled in his shoulder, and Harry comforted his wife. He could tell that seeing her parents, even though they were images, struck an emotional cord within her.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked her.

Kara just pulled away, with a smile on her face.

"Yeah, sorry for getting all sentimental on you for a second," Kara said in an apologetic voice.

Harry shook his head, and cupped her face. He leaned forward towards her with a kiss. The kiss was deep and tender. Kara sighed into it, and placed her hands around him. They broke apart after several moments.

"Don't be sorry, you missed your parents, I would do the same thing if I saw a message from mine," Harry said, and he grabbed Kara by the hand. He noticed something peculiar. "Hey, Kara, there's two crystals here."

Kara's head snapped around, and she could hardly believe her eyes. There was a second message crystal. It was buried out of the way. The first message crystal protected the image of Zor-El and Alura. But what did the second message crystal project?

"Well, what's to lose?" Kara asked to herself.

She grabbed the crystal and activated it. The solo image of Kara's mother appeared.

"Hello, Kara Zor-El, my daughter," Alura said in a regal voice. "If you have received this message, that means you have lived to see your eighteenth birthday, and that gives me hope. Whether or not myself or your father are present beside you, I cannot predict that element of your future. What I can say is at this point you may have found the person that you will want to spend the rest of your life with. I cannot say that it will be male or female, as I sense you have leanings in towards both genders."

Harry looked at Kara, and he was intrigued. Kara did not look embarrassed by this theory exhibited by her mother, rather kind of amused and she nodded.

"Harry, if you were a girl, I still would have fallen for you," Kara said with a smile. "You were the right one, after all."

Before they could go down this particular road of conversation any further, Alura had more to say.

"Regardless of where you end up, or where your heart leads you, I know that you will do what is best for you. You will live a very successful life, because you are too stubborn to lead any other kind of life. I must tell you to watch over your cousin, Kal-El, and ensure he doesn't get harmed in any way. You have a responsibility to him as the head of the House of El, should your father and your uncle perish. However, I am confident you will succeed in ensuring nothing happens to him."

"I'm doing my best, mother," Kara said, closing her eyes.

There was a bit more from Alura.
"Whoever your life mate is, he or she must be amazing, and they are rather lucky. As I sure you are as well, and you should give each other support and strength. I love you my daughter, and you are destined for great things."

The image faded and Kara watched. A fond smile was on her face. She looked at her beloved mate, her husband, the love of her life in the eyes, and they felt connected.

"Yeah, I'm lucky," Harry said with a smile. Harry placed his arms tightly around her. "Lucky to have the most beautiful girl in the universe in my arms, you saved me."

"No you saved me," Kara argued, and she wrapped her arms around Harry. The two rested in each other's arms inside the Fortress of Solitude. The silence allowed them to properly appreciate what they had right now. "My mother was right, the two of us, and any others will be destined for great things together. And we're going to accomplish a lot."

"We have already," Harry said, and he cupped her face in his hand. He continued to peer into her bright blue eyes. He concluded in a soft voice. "We've come a long way after all."

"And we're still going to come a long way," Kara said. "I love you so much."

"I love you too, my Kryptonian goddess," Harry told her, and he continued her in his arms.

Kara closed her eyes, and relaxed with a deep sigh in Harry's arms. Time passed second by second.

"Harry?"

"Mmm."

"Make love to me, please," Kara said.

"Any time," Harry replied to her.

Harry tightened his arms around her, and kissed her. Kara melted into his arms, returning the kiss with pure passion. They were only barely aware they were doing this activity in the Fortress of Solitude but what Superman didn't know would not hurt him.

Smut-Lemon Begins

Harry and Kara continued their deep kissing. Harry unzipped her coat, and pulled it off her shoulders. The white blouse she was wearing was revealed next. The cool Artic air caused her nipples to poke out from underneath her shirt. Harry could tell she was not wearing a bra, and he smiled. He grabbed her tits, and squeezed them through her shirt. Kara breathed heavily, and enjoyed what Harry did to her.

The kiss was briefly broken. She snaked her hands behind Harry's back and worked his own coat off. Kara removed his coat and then his t-shirt. She jumped up, and wrapped her legs around Harry's waist. Harry reached his right arm around her, and held her in place.

Kara rubbed her hand over Harry's chest, with a smile on her face. She leaned forward, and offered him a kiss. The blonde Kryptonian grinded her clothed center across Harry's crotch. His erection continued to stiffen in his pants. Kara's kisses got more heated and passionate. Despite the coldness of the Fortress, Harry found himself warmed up.

With a grin, Kara shoved Harry down on a block of ice. He sat down, her eyes locked firmly on her. She floated in mid-air and swayed her hips in mid air. Harry watched her hypnotic moments.
Kara slowly popped her buttons open, one at a time. She showed more and more skin with each action. Harry watched her, and Kara slid the blouse off of her shoulder. Her nipples were stiff and erect, her bouncy breasts sprang out to face Harry. Harry watched them sway, but Kara grabbed her jeans, and unbuttoned them as well.

The Kryptonian slowly slid the jeans down her lovely legs. She turned around and bent over. Her thong covered ass was bent over tantalizing a couple feet away from Harry's face. She slipped the jeans off, and spread her legs. Kara looked at Harry through her spread legs, and flicked her tongue at him, teasingly.

Harry grabbed her by the waist, and planted several kisses down the back of Kara's neck. She moaned in delight, and Harry tightened his grip. He sucked on her neck, and rubbed her bare breasts with the palms of his hand. Harry rubbed his clothed erection against her thong covered ass, and Kara grinded her ass back towards him. Kara placed her hands on the ice block, and Harry pulled her thong.

He spun Kara around and kissed her hard on the lips. Kara bent back in Harry's arms, and moaned deeply into his kiss. Her fingers messed his hair up, and Kara worked off the belt on his pants. His pants were pulled down, and then Kara reached around. She squeezed his package twice with her strong hand, and pulled his boxers down. Harry sat down, ignoring the cold feeling on his ass.

Kara blew her hot breath on the tip of Harry's penis.

"Jesus, Kara," Harry told her, and Kara sat on top of his legs, before she placed her hands on his chest, pushing Harry back onto the ice block.

"Like that?" Kara asked him, and she gave his penis several slow and seductive licks. Her eyes were filled with absolute love, and she continued to offer Harry a few more licks of his throbbing member.

She placed her hand on Harry's throbbing member. Kara used her hand to pump up and down on his cock. Harry's cock twitched, but Kara just sped up her movements for a bit. Then she stopped. She gave Harry a few more teasing strokes, and licked the underside of his penis. She bathed his sac with her wet tongue.

Kara grabbed Harry's penis, and pumped it a few more times. She paused, and gave Harry a smile.

She dove into the air, and splashed into the ice cold water leading to the exit of the Fortress of Solitude. Harry's eyes widened at her daring actions.

His eyes became even wider, when Kara slowly rose out of the water. Water rolled down her naked body. Harry looked over her body, and his cock throbbed more madly. She was completely wet with ice cold water.

Her blue eyes peered up with Harry in desire. Her golden blonde hair framed her beautiful angel face, draped over it to give it a bit of a seductive look. Her lips curled into a sultry smile. Her tanned curvy body stood up out of the water. Her slender shoulders, her perfect perky C, nearly D cup now, breasts, her toned abs, sexy hips, her wet pussy framed with a small strip of blond hair, long beautiful legs, and beautiful feet with perfect arches.

Harry only had one response to that. His wife got more beautiful with every passing day. Harry sprang up to his feet and attacked her beautiful lips with a kiss.

Kara returned the kiss with equal passion, and she felt Harry's erect penis brush against her moist
entrance. Harry teased her pussy with a few strokes of his fingers. He transfigured a block of ice into a makeshift table, and pushed Kara back onto it.

Harry planted a series of loving kisses down every inch of her body. Kara shivered, and it was not because of the ice pressing against her bare back and ass either.

"Harry, don't tease me," Kara whined, and Harry licked her luscious pussy lips. He put his hands behind her, and squeezed her ass. Kara sighed deeply.

Harry spread her lips, and aimed his cock towards her pussy. Kara moaned in absolute pleasure, and Harry slammed his penis into her moist pussy. Harry slid his penis in and out of her tight pussy. She contracted against him, and it resulted in a loving feeling with her wonderful walls rubbing against his length. Kara wrapped her legs around Harry, and held him into place. She lifted her hips to meet Harry's pleasurable thrusts.

Both Potters found themselves submerged into heaven. They would have to sneak into the Fortress of Solitude and do this more often. Harry continued to hammer her tight pussy with his penis. He pushed in and out of her, and Kara responded. She cooed and moaned, wrapping her hands around him to increase the pleasure.

"Like me fucking you in your cousin's Fortress," Harry whispered in her ear.

"Yes," Kara replied, eyes glazed back. Harry grabbed her hair, and this just caused Kara's pussy to clench.

"You're a naughty girl," Harry told her, and he continued to push in and out of her.

"No, I'm your naughty girl," Kara breathed. She moaned as Harry pushed in and out of her, and his actions was rubbed by the fact she tightly clenched around him. "Fuck me, FUCK ME!"

Harry obliged by speeding up his thrusts. Kara's moans got deeper, and she gripped his ass and his lower back. Kara thrashed underneath Harry, and he leaned down. The ministrations Harry did on her breasts caused her to moan loudly, but Harry lightly scooped some of the juices off of her pussy.

Harry placed his fingers in Kara's mouth, and her bucking hips increased. She sucked her own juices off of his fingers. Her eyes glazed forward in sheer ecstasy. He felt good, his penis being rubbed and massaged in her tight opening. He felt his balls fill up slowly. Kara's eyes got more lust filled, and filled with even more passion.

"Ready for my cum, babe?" Harry asked her.

"Yes, cum for me, Harry," Kara moaned deeply.

Harry gave her a few more teasing strokes.

"Damn it Harry, I need it in me!" Kara yelled. "Fuck me, shoot it into my tight Kryptonian pussy. It's hungry for your massive load! CUM FOR ME!"

Kara moaned, and sweat rolled down both of their bodies. It was amazing given that they were in the Artic, and in the middle of the Fortress of Solitude.

Harry finally lost his will to hold back, with Kara squeezing his penis and her heaving breasts swaying in his face. His penis spurted a massive load into her pussy. Both of them felt a powerful orgasm that nearly cracked the ice in the Fortress of Solitude. Kara was determined to get every
single drop that her husband had for now. She milked every single drop of cum out of him.

They both orgasmed simultaneously, and collapsed in each other's arms.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

They breathed heavily, and rested on the ice with each other, feeling absolutely pleased with themselves.

"That was amazing," Kara concluded with a goofy grin on her face. She rested in Harry's arms.

"Yeah, it's always amazing, isn't it?" Harry asked.

"We're sneaking in here more often," Kara said firmly.

Harry smiled. Once they had recovered, they moved off to take a hot shower with each other, before they headed on home for a good night's sleep.
Torches lit a long cavernous secret passageway. Two figures crept down the hallway. One of them was a woman dressed in purple robes, with a golden face mask covering her face. The other was a surly looking eight year old boy, dressed in purple, with a bored expression on his face. He was half interested in what was going on around him. Despite technically being hundreds and hundreds of years of age, he had the physical appearance and attention span of an eight year old child.

The child, Mordred, turned towards his mother, with half of a sneer. "This better be worth it mother, I mean it this time."

The woman just took her son's disrespect in stride. It was something she had grown desensitized too.

"If the legends are true, it will be more than worth it," the boy's mother said. She was the age old sorceress known as Morgaine le Faye. "The legends have told me that should we acquire this artifact, you will be able to finally ascend to the throne that I have promised you."

Mordred sneered. He had been hearing that for longer than he cared to remember. Yet, his mother continued to promise his ascension and had delivered nothing, but failure and disappointment. It was getting bothersome.

"You've been saying that for centuries," Mordred whined. Morgaine only paid the slightest amount of attention to her son's complains. "Nothing's changed."

"Everything has changed, Mordred," Morgaine replied in a patient voice. She turned to her son, and looked down at him. "Except for you, because I want you to be young when you ascend to the throne."

Mordred just folded his arms, and sighed. How much patience did his mother expect him to have? This has been something she has been promising him, but to no avail. The child continued to follow his mother.

'Likely another dead end, as usual," Mordred thought, curling his hands into fists.

Morgaine and Mordred traveled for several more minutes. The eight year old child was getting more and more annoyed by this never ending labyrinth of passageways. His mother stopped, and Mordred stalled.

"What is it, another charm?" Mordred told his mother, his tone dripping with pure disrespect.

Morgaine did not acknowledge her son's twisted words. "If the legends are true, it could be the thing that would get you your throne, my son. It is the Amulet of First Magic. It is believed to be the source of all Earthly magic."

Mordred eyed the amulet with disinterest.

"Shiny," he drawled in a bored voice. He took a step forward. "So all we need to do is retrieve the amulet. Should be a simple summoning spell, even a simple wand waver could pull off elementary magic like this."
"If only it was that simple, Mordred," Morgaine told her son. "The enchantments are such where only one whom is a child can retrieve it. Naturally, those who had performed the enchantments did not count on someone such as you. Retrieve the amulet, the other enchantments have been lowered."

Mordred took a few steps forward, but he hid the calculating smile on his face. His mother was right; this little trinket could be the solution for all of his problems. He stepped forward, and reached. He closed his eyes, and retrieved the amulet. He felt the power swirling around his hands, and it did feel intoxicating. For the first time in his life, he felt in control.

Morgaine nodded, pleased that her son had not been blown to bits.

"Very good now, Mordred, now give it to me," Morgaine said, and she reached her hand out. She did expect her son to be obedient after all she did for him.

Mordred's lip curled into a sneer. He twirled the amulet on the chain in his hand.

"Why should I?" he asked her with disdain.

Morgaine looked up at her such incredulously. The power seemed to be more intoxicating than she thought.

"Silly child, you're not..." Morgaine started, but Mordred cut her off.

"I'm not what?" Mordred asked, with a raised eyebrow. "Not ready? That's where you're wrong mother, I'm more than ready. I've figured it out. The only thing that has been holding me back from my throne is your own sheer incompetence."

Morgaine took a commanding step forward.

"You are to hand over the amulet, now," Morgaine told him firmly.

Mordred laughed. Pure mirth and amusement was upon his young, arrogant face.

"No, I don't think so, I now have power, and I don't need yours," Mordred said. Everything was clear to him now. "In fact, I no longer require anything from you, or any other adults for that matter."

"What are you saying?" Morgaine demanded.

Mordred's mouth turned into a sadistic expression. He looked up at his mother, and just hummed. His eyes glowed with golden fury. The amulet clutched in his hand, before he gave his first royal proclamation.

"It's simple, mother, even you can understand it," Mordred said. He paused for dramatic effect. "I don't want to see you or any other person over the physical age of eight in my kingdom ever again!"

Morgaine opened her mouth to try and reason with her son. The wave of magical energy burst out from his being. Even her great powers could not block the enchantment.

The wave of magic erupted and one by one, a good portion of the Earth's population was banished. Mordred waved the amulet in his hand, and looked up. It was perfect.

"Finally, a world fit for a king," Mordred concluded with glee. He placed the amulet around his neck, and walked off to address his subjects.
Patronus Incorporated, Harry rushed into his office. Kara followed him. An alarm went off to pick off a heavy concentration of magical energies being unleashed. Hermione showed up to investigate the cause of the alarm.

"What is it?" Hermione asked.

"Someone just unleashed a heavy stream of magic," Harry said. He began to check the readings. Kara followed his lead, as did Hermione.

Before the three of them could find out where the energy was coming from, the wave flowed through the walls of Patronus Incorporated. Every single person inside the building vanished one at a time. Harry, Kara, and Hermione tried to block the magic, but even their best shields could not override whatever was being done.

The next thing they knew, they were in a different realm. There was just so much nothing around them. Large vortexes of purple light and several people stood on stones. Kara tried to fly around to see if there was a way out, but returned a moment later.

"No, there's nothing there," Kara said, with a sigh. "We've all been banished to some world between worlds. Maybe we can apparate out or something?"

It was worth a try. Harry closed his eyes, and he popped his way out of the realm. He bounced back into the realm, and landed hard on the ground.

"Nothing," Harry told them in a breathless voice. "I was back on Earth for a split second, and cast back here. There's absolutely nothing, no way out. I don't understand what happened."

"It doesn't make any sense," Hermione said, and she ran her hand through her hair. "I swear, if I find out who did this, I'm going to wring their neck."

"Well before we can wring their necks, we do kind of need to find a way out of here," Kara said patiently, even if she was with Hermione one hundred percent of the way.

Kara, Harry, and Hermione walked around. They moved to try and find anything, a backdoor, and clue anything. All they found was nothing, and panicked people. Everyone looked around frantic, and some were yelling about where their children were. That was the first thing that clued Kara in on something that was very wrong. She turned to Harry and Hermione.

"Well, there's no children, at least no young children," Kara said, and she closed her eyes. "Where are the children?"

"There are no children, because it is a child who did this."

Harry, Kara, and Hermione spun around. They saw Morgaine le Faye practically glide towards them. The age old sorceress peered at them from behind her golden face mask. All three looked up at this woman, and immediately they were ready for a fight. Morgaine stepped back with a defensive stance.

"I mean you no harm, not this time," Morgaine told the three of them. Harry and Kara just folded their arms. The last time they encountered Morgaine le Faye, she used a statue to help engulf Gotham City in a fear plague. The plague was intended to sacrifice the city, so Mordred could have his kingdom. Kara and Harry helped put a stop to the plan, and le Faye and Mordred had escaped, narrowly. "The truth is, my son Mordred is the one that has brought upon this treachery."

Harry, Kara, and Hermione all looked at the sorceress. They had a feeling that this was one of
those situations where she reaped what she sowed. It was only unfortunate that Morgaine le Faye's son had blasted pretty much every single adult into this mysterious realm.

"So, your son has used some spell to banish everyone, including you, to this shadow realm," Harry said slowly, and he remained rather calm and collected, even if he stared her down. Kara and Hermione both kept their eyes on her.

"That essentially covers it in the most simplistic tone possible," Morgaine said with a sigh. "I have no idea where I could have gone wrong with him. For centuries, I fed him, bathed him, personally attended to his every need."

Kara opened her mouth to say something, but Harry gave his wife a very pointed look that told her "now is not the time." She folded her arms, and remained stoic. As always, Hermione seemed to ask the logical question.

"If you're such a powerful sorceress, why don't you find some way to reverse the spell," Hermione challenged. "Something like that would be within your ability."

"Under normal circumstances, I would be able to do such a thing," Morgaine admitted. "I should have realized it was foolhardy to put such an artifact in Mordred's hands. It is the Amulet of First Magic."

"The mystical artifact that is believed to be the source of all Earthly magic," Harry said, but there was a lot of skepticism in his voice about this point.

Morgaine nodded, but Harry just gave an expression to both Kara and Hermione. An expression that told them that he did not quite believe an amulet could not be the source of all magic on Earth.

"I can sense the skepticism in your voice, Mr. Potter," Morgaine said to him. "But regardless or not whether or not you can believe it, you must acknowledge that such a powerful artifact could have only allowed Mordred to accomplish what he did. He banished all adults from Earth, but there may be a way for us to defeat him, if we work together."

Kara just looked rather dubious about that fact. "Work with you? Work with the very same person who just a year ago tried to kill an entire city in paralyzing fear, to give her brat son a kingdom. The same brat son that she is now having trouble with. I don't know if we should trust you."

Hermione and Harry both nodded in agreement. Morgaine was unfazed.

"Fine, don't accept my help, we'll be stuck in this place forever," Morgaine said. She peered at the three of them, and continued in a grim voice. "And my son will have reign of all the children of Earth, and the world will be plunged into absolute chaos. So do think about those particular consequences, if you do not return to deal with him."

"How can we deal with him?" Harry asked her.

"You said the spell banished adults, but even if you did send us back somehow, it would bounce us back to this realm the moment we set foot in," Hermione added. "Harry already tried to apparate out, it was a no go."

"So, how can we help you without finding a way to break the spell?" Kara continued.

"If we can get the amulet from him, the enchantment should be broken," Harry said.

"All indications point towards that being correct, Mr. Potter," Morgaine told him, and she took a
step back. "The three of you, I believe you may be able to assist me. With your own magical
powers, you should be able to stop Mordred, or trick him into relinquishing the amulet. If you are
willing to work with me, I can send you back, but there will be certain drawbacks."

Harry, Kara, and Hermione all exchanged expressions at this moment. Judging by the looks on
their faces, they sensed that they might regret what was going to happen. But they really had no
choice. They took a step back, and Morgaine waved her hand, and muttered an enchantment under
her breath.

A swirling gold light erupted from her hand. It struck all three of them immediately, and Harry,
Kara, and Hermione all disappeared in a pop. Morgaine stood in the realm, stoic, and unconcerned
about where they had been sent. All she could do at this point would be to wait and to watch.

A bright light appeared, and dumped three figures outside of an amusement park that had been
transformed into a makeshift kingdom. Children ran around haphazardly without parental
supervision. There were several crashed cars in the distance.

"I hate that witch," the voice of Harry Potter grumbled.

Harry, Kara, and Hermione were there alright, but they were different. They had been twisted and
turned into the form of eight year old children. Kara led the way. She was dressed in an outfit with
a red cape, blue shirt with the "S" shield on it, and blue pants with yellow stripes down the end,
topped up with white tennis shoes.

Hermione followed her, dressed in a black t-shirt and black pants. Harry brought up the rear,
dressed in a red and black t-shirt, with white pants with black stripes down the sides.

"This better not be permanent," Harry said. Eight years old was not a happy time in his life, so his
new lot in life did not invite any pleasant memories.

Kara flew around immediately in the sky, and watched everyone. She tested out her powers. For
some reason, one did not appreciate having super powers until they had been transformed into an
eight year old child. Harry watched, an amused look on his face. Kara laughed, but Hermione
tapped her foot, and appeared to be annoyed. She finally had enough of Kara's antics, and grabbed
her cape, to pull her back down to earth.

"Will you knock it off?" Hermione asked.

"What, I have powers, I never had powers at eight years old, this is so cool," Kara said in an
excited voice. She struck a heroic, but ultimately cheesy, pose. She bounced up and down on her
feet, hyperactive and excited.

"You are not allowed any sugar," Hermione told her.

Kara just folded her arms and pouted.

"Okay, you two fun's over," Harry said seriously, shaking his head, and he looked over. "If the
spell was done right, Mordred should be around here somewhere."

"Yeah, let's kick that little brat's butt!" Kara cried boisterously, and she smacked her fist into her
palm for emphasis. "I vote we drag him out of his little throne room by the ear, and haul his butt
out. Then we throw his butt into the Phantom Zone!"

Hermione blinked, but Harry smiled.
"Yeah, I like that plan," Harry said, and Kara returned the smile. Hermione rolled her eyes.

"You would," Hermione told the both of them. She put her hands on her hips. "Did it occur to you that Modred would have had his palace guarded? And with the amulet, it's not going to be easy."

"Yes, Professor Wonder Girl, we get that," Kara said dryly and she gave Hermione a mock salute to add to the point.

Hermione sighed, and Kara and Harry just snickered at her exasperation. The trio walked over the gate. Two children played with wooden swords in the distance. A quartet of children pulled over a suit of armor, and put it on a guillotine.

"We've got to step it up, just get Mordred, before anyone gets hurt," Harry said, and Kara and Hermione nodded. The three eight year olds moved over, and made their way to a large and impressive looking castle. "Something tells me we can find him in here somewhere."

"Well, duh," Kara said, and she looked up. "He's obviously overcompensating as usual, but c'mon, let's fly up there and smack him around."

Harry, Kara, and Hermione flew up to the window. Harry only barely noticed that Hermione seemed a lot more at ease with her flight powers now that she was eight years old. He did not bring that up, half hoping that it would translate to her older self.

They made their way through a barred window. Kara peered in, and she nodded. With careful precision, she cut the bars with her heat vision. They entered, and Harry repaired the bars with a spell. The three of them made their way into the palace, and saw several children standing in line. They popped off to the side, to cut in line, much to the dismay of the children who had been in line.

"Hey, no cuts!"

"That's not fair!"

Sighing, Hermione waved her hand, and they were all struck with a cheering charm. All protests of cutting in line had ceased, and Harry and Kara rushed around the corner, where Mordred was holding court for his subjects.

Mordred sat on a throne, and peered down at his subjects. He had no idea that being a ruler was so hard. He looked down, and continued to move the line forward as quickly as he could manage.

A girl moved forward, carrying a younger infant.

"My sister's crying, I think she's hungry," the girl said.

Mordred sighed, and waved his hand. A cow appeared from the sky. The girl opened her mouth, but Mordred waved the line along.

"Next," Mordred remarked.

There was a pause, but no one showed up. Mordred smacked his palm to his face, and ran his hand down on his face.

"Next!" he repeated.

"We have a complaint about the ruler of this kingdom. We think he's nothing but a big, smelly dork!"
Mordred sputtered and stammered, before he turned around. He saw Supergirl, who had spoken, along with Arcane and Wonder Girl. He began to laugh, putting himself in hysterics. He was laughing so hard that tears were rolling down his cheek.

"What's he laughing at?" Harry asked.

"He might have looked at himself in the mirror," Kara suggested, arms folded. She shook her head, in mock sorrow, and cast a look towards Mordred."I would have died of laughter if I saw myself in that stupid outfit."

Mordred continued to laugh, but he regained control of himself. Harry managed to get a fix on the amulet, and scan its energy's while Mordred was kept distracted. There was nothing like he had ever seen before.

"Well, the Justice Babies," Mordred drawled in a bored voice.

"We prefer the term, Young Justice, you little ponce," Hermione said. She continued in her best bossy voice. "So why don't you hand us the amulet, and we don't have to spank your little butt from here to Camelot!"

Modred's face looked down at the three guests. He looked more amused than anything. Why should he be afraid? He had power, more powerful than they could ever hope to be.

"Mother sent you," Mordred commented in a bored voice. "I should have known. It just proves…"

Mordred stopped his sentence suddenly, and screamed like a little girl when a blast of heat vision shot towards him. He just narrowly evaded it, and Kara stood there, eyes glowing.

"Hand over the amulet, or I'll fry your stupid butt!" Kara shouted at the top of her lungs.

Mordred fell off of the throne, face first in the dirt, and he was absolutely and utterly humiliated.

"You dare try and attack me," Mordred said, and he waved his hand.

"Get the amulet!" yelled Harry, who had tried to summon it, but the artifact seemed to be charmed against that.

Harry, Kara, and Hermione rushed forward. Mordred lifted a hand, and a wall of rocks appeared. The three of them stopped. Harry and Kara flew back and blasted through them. Mordred evaded the shower of stones, and waved his hand frantically. Two toy robots that a child off to the side played with grew to supersize.

Hermione and Kara's eyes followed the robots, and looked in awe, before the two girls said in unison, "Cool!"

"That's not cool!" Harry yelled in an exasperated tone of voice, but both of the girls managed to dodge the attacks.

The three of them attacked the robots with absolute fury. They were blown to smithereens immediately, but Mordred stood back, a bored expression on his face.

"That is just merely one thing that I can do, and if you continue to fight me, you shall suffer the fate of all of my other enemies," Mordred said, and the three flew towards him, and knocked him back through the wall. Mordred spiraled onto his feet. "You dare touch the king!"
Mordred waved his hand, and blasted a blue light at Harry, Kara, and Hermione. The three of them disappeared immediately. Mordred laughed.

"The best my mother had to send, she must have been losing her touch after all of these years," Mordred said, and he turned towards his subjects, who continued to run amuck. He had the kingdom; all looked up to him, and worshipped him.

He was on top of the world.

Not even the famous Harry Potter and his companions could stop him.

Harry, Kara, and Hermione dropped into a dark dungeon in the distance. Harry took a deep breath, and rolled over, before he pulled himself to his feet. The two girls followed him.

"Well that's just great," Harry said to them in an agitated voice. "The three of us couldn't get that amulet off of him."

"Maybe we should knock him out before we get it this time," Kara suggested meekly.

Hermione and Harry blinked.

"Yeah, that would be the best idea," Harry agreed with her. He paused, and heard a sound. "Kara, Hermione, did you hear that?"

There was a rumbling nearby towards a gate. Behind the metal gate, there was a pair of glowing red eyes staring out from behind it. Harry, Kara, and Hermione all looked at each other. Harry recognized the owner of the eyes, and he stepped forward.

"Etrigan?" Harry asked in a tentative voice.

"The demon?" Hermione asked him.

"Do you know any other Etrigans?" Harry retorted to her, rolling his eyes.

Hermione opened her mouth to respond to him, but the gate cracked open. The demon took a step forward, and Harry, Kara, and Hermione braced themselves, and a breath of fire flew out. They stood back, and watched the demon walk out towards them. It was a two and half foot tall demon, albeit one that breathed fire and had sharp teeth just the same.

"What happened to him?" Hermione asked them.

"Search me," Kara said with a shrug, and Etrigan raised his hands in the air. The demon sprang into the air. The three of them scattered immediately in every single direction. "Someone fed him sugar, didn't they?"

Their eyes widened, and they dodged the attacks.

"I sure hope not!" Hermione yelled, mortified at the thought. The last thing she wanted to deal with was a demon toddler on a sugar high. The three of them scattered, and went around in every single direction. Etrigan playfully dove out them.

"What are we doing to do?" Harry asked.

"Can't you figure out something for once?" Hermione snapped back.
"You're the one who comes up with all of the brilliant plans," Harry responded, and dodged another attempt for baby Etrigan to dive at him.

"Yeah, but you're the one who can think under pressure, so just do something!" Hermione yelled, completely losing her head, and Kara sighed.

"Etrigan, sit, down, roll over, do something!" Kara demanded, but the demon seemed to still want to party.

"He's not a dog," Hermione replied dully.

"No, really," Kara said sarcastically.

"Not helping!" Harry replied. "Some kind of spell might shut him up."

He continued to bounce around, scratching and nipping at the three of them. They continued to scramble around, and Etrigan also sent several random spells. It was not unlike accidental magic, but it was to an even grander extreme.

"You will behave!" Hermione yelled at the top of her lungs, and Etrigan paused. The monster started to wail at the top of its lungs.

Seeing a little demon crying, especially one as tough as Etrigan was as an adult was something that was rather absurd.

"Nice one, Wonder Girl," Kara told her sarcastically.

"Stuff it, Supergirl," Hermione fired back, and she looked down at Etrigan. "Etrigan, come on, I didn't mean it like that, oh honestly, that is really..."

Harry waved his hand and Etrigan went to sleep immediately, peacefully.

"What did you do?" Hermione said.

Harry winced and held his cut up hand, and paused for a minute, to explain what he did.

"A sleeping charm combined with a cheering charm, trust me a temperamental demon is the last thing we need in this situation. We better find a way out of here, before Mordred kills everyone."

Hermione and Kara both nodded and they all searched for a way out. Harry winced; his arm had been banged and scratched up. This did not go unnoticed by the blonde haired, blue eyed Kryptonian down in the dungeon. Kara moved over, and grabbed Harry's arm.

"You're hurt, aren't you?" Kara said, with a questioning look.

Harry tried not to show weakness, even if she gave him a searching look.

"Kara, I'm fine, it's nothing," Harry said.

"I can kiss it, and make it feel better if you like me to," Kara said, fluttering her eye lashes and flashing Harry a pretty smile. "And maybe we can play doctor later."

Hermione wanted to bang her head against the wall.

"You are eight years old, remember," Hermione said.
"Not for long and besides Kryptonian girls mature much faster than Earth girls," Kara said, with smug satisfaction on her face. She grabbed Harry's hand and gave it a chaste kiss. "All better?"

"Loads," Harry said with a grin.

Words failed Hermione, but the three of them had much work to do. The three of them managed to find a weakness. Harry and Hermione made a target on the wall. Kara busted through it with her super strength. They would be able to find their way out through the tunnel. The three of them saw the light, and continued to move up towards it.

They were greeted with the sight of children rushing around, and playing tag. Hermione, Kara, and Harry looked at the chaos, unable to pull their eyes away. The fact they were without parents, the children were self-destructing at a rather insane rate. Kara and Harry exchanged a grim expression. Hermione's expression grew darker and darker, before she put her hands on her hips.

Her anger simmered at the antics of these children, growing by each passing minute.

"Alright, knock it off!" Hermione yelled in her most bossy voice.

The children looked on in confusion. Kara put her hands on her hips, and hovered high in the air above him.

"You better listen, or else," Kara added.

"What are you going to do, you're just a little girl?"

Kara just looked at them, and blasted a high intensity blast of X-Ray vision. She blew ice breath in the air, and flew around at super speed.

"Yeah, and I can do that, can you?" Kara asked them, and the children nodded. "The thing is, I've got super powers, and you don't, so there. I've got super breath, and super speed, and heat vision, and ice breath, and I can reverse time by flying around the Earth backwards!"

"No, you can't, that's stupid!"

"Well, maybe I can't," Kara said hotly. "But, if you brats don't knock it off, I'm going to fly you up in the air, and give you a super wedgie!"

Kara glared at the children, but Harry put a hand on her. "Kara, calm down, getting upset isn't going to solve this."

Kara took a deep breath, and Harry held her hand, telling her silently that everything was going to be alright. Harry hovered up in the air beside her. He took a deep breath. He prepared to be the voice of reason and maturity.

"I know it might seem cool right now, without any adults now," Harry said, and the children all nodded. "Trust me, it's going to get worse, far worse. Dinner's getting close isn't it? How many of you are allowed to use the stove? Scratch that, how many of you even know how to use the stove?"

There were many head shakings.

"If you aren't allowed to use the stove, then how are you going to eat?" Harry asked them. "You should all go home, right now. No one's going to get in trouble for anything they did today, but we need to find Mordred. If any of you can tell you where he went, that'd be helpful."
Despite the fact he was technically an eight year old child, Harry carried an air of authority that was years beyond him. Hermione and Kara looked impressed. A few of the children pointed off into the distance. Harry grew rigid, and he led both of the girls off into the distance. The children moved off immediately, towards their homes.

"Do you think they'll listen?" Kara asked Harry and Hermione.

"For about an hour," Harry concluded after a moment of thought. "And then they'll get restless, but never mind. Just find Mordred, and the amulet, and everything will be put right."

Harry, Kara, and Hermione all moved over a stone wall. Mordred was asleep, out like a light. Harry smiled. It was too easy. He popped over right beside Mordred. There was one shot to get the Amulet of First Magic. Energy pulsed around Mordred, and the eight year old wizard stood beside him. He carefully grabbed the amulet, and slowly slid it off of Mordred's neck.

Mordred's eyes snapped open, and Kara flew over immediately, and knocked Mordred into a wall before he could react any more. Harry lifted up the amulet over his head, pumping his little fist in the air triumphantly.

"Look, I've got it!" Harry called, and Kara nodded, before dragging Harry off.

Mordred pulled himself up, absolutely incensed by getting humiliated. He curled his fists in the air.

"You got it alright!" Mordred yelled, and his eyes glowed with malevolent power. He blasted at them with a series of magical attacks, but they flew out of the way. "Give me back the amulet, or else."

"Or else, what?" Kara taunted him, and stuck her tongue out, as she dodged a high intensity blast of magic. Several more blasts shot through the air.

Mordred just cackled. He grew to ten times his normal size. He was a giant, and stepped forward. His foot impacted in the ground, and he swatted at them. Kara dodged, and rolled. She sent a heat vision blast at his hand. Mordred screamed in absolute agony.

With a huge crash, Hermione knocked Mordred's legs out from underneath him. Harry and Kara got him from behind at the legs.

Mordred swung with absolute primal fury. Harry and Kara flew around his head, buzzing around him like a pair of particularly bothersome flies.

"Okay, you got the amulet," Kara said in a breathless voice to Harry. "Sure you can't hocus pocus everything back to normal."

Harry looked at the amulet, and Hermione dodged an attack. The giant form of Mordred stalked the three of them. Harry put his hand to his hand, and he tried to analyze the amulet. It should be simple enough to reverse the spell, barring one small little issue.

"We need to get Mordred to break the spell himself," Harry said to two girls. A wave of magic was blocked, but Harry picked up a sword. An intense, and determined look flickered in his eyes, as he gritted his teeth. "And I've had quite enough of him."

Harry flew forward, and magically super charged the sword. He jabbed it into Mordred's leg and the would be king screamed in agony. The super charged magical sword blasted Mordred backwards. He flew over the wall.
Mordred propelled himself back up after a few seconds and faced Harry, Kara, and Hermione. The three of them charged Mordred. He sent a magical attack.

They all went their separate ways. Harry to the right, Hermione to the left, and Kara from high above, and they all smashed into the chest of Mordred. Mordred's legs buckled from the impact and he dropped to the ground.

"Alright, you little big little brat, let's end this!" Kara yelled.

"That was lame," Hermione said dryly. Kara shrugged.

Kara and Hermione dodged an attack. They blasted each and every one of his attacks. Mordred's attacks got sloppier with each attempt. The two girls were too busy dodging the attacks, and did not notice that one of their number had slipped up off into the shadows.

Mordred howled at the top of his lungs, and Harry caught him from behind. He shrank down to normal size, and he ricocheted into the wall, hard. He rolled over, and was on his hands and knees. Kara, Hermione, and Harry stood over him, but before they could move, Kara, Harry, and Hermione were placed in stocks.

Even Kara's super strength could not break through. They were magically enhanced.

"You shall be executed for your treason!" Mordred yelled at the top of his lungs, and he snatched the amulet. "That will be mine. Did you really think you could beat me, Potter?"

Mordred stared Harry down at this point.

"Well it doesn't matter, because no matter what you're always be a kid," Harry said, dismissively and nearly bored. "You could kill us, but no one's going to take you seriously. It's not like no one's going to care you defeated Harry Potter."

"Yeah, no one's going to listen to you for very long," Kara added, getting what Harry was trying to do.

"They'll obey me, I'm their king!" Mordred howled.

Harry, Kara, and Hermione all snickered at his posturing, and Mordred looked at them, incensed.

"You're no king," Harry said curtly.

"A little fairy princess, maybe," Kara giggled, and Mordred's scowl continued to get more and more prominent.

"If he had real power, he could use it to grow up," Hermione suggested. She then shook her head. "But he won't do that. Because, he enjoys being a kid. He enjoys his mother doing everything for him. He enjoys her feeding him, bathing him, attending to his every need."

"SHUT UP!" Mordred yelled at the top of his lungs.

Their laughter just got more prominent. Had their hands not been bound, they would have been pointing and laughing at him.

"He doesn't have the guts," Kara said. "He couldn't handle becoming a man."

"I wonder if mummy still changes his diapers," Hermione taunted.
Mordred's face was absolutely red. Harry, Hermione, and Kara continued to laugh at him. The fact was that they were starting to get underneath his skin.

"You will and always will be one thing, and that's not a king," Harry said. "You will be nothing but an overhyped, overblown, arrogant little ponce with an Oedipus Complex."

That was the last straw for Mordred. His hand began to shake, but he held the amulet.

"I'll show you," he muttered.

"What your doll collection?" Kara asked him innocently.

"I'll show you!" Mordred yelled, and he held the amulet in the air. He used the magic within the amulet to morph into an adult. "You see, I'm now all grown up!"

The stocks crumbled, and Mordred suddenly found himself susceptible to his own spell. He screamed, and Harry snatched the amulet away before Mordred could be teleported away.

"Congratulations, genius," Harry told the disappearing form of Mordred dryly, and the king was sucked away. "Got it."

"Awesome, Harry!" Kara cheered.

"We really showed him," Hermione said with a smile.

Harry smirked, rather pleased at himself.

"Yeah we did," Harry said, offering a slight smile. The first one that appeared on his face on that age. Kara rushed over, and hugged him from behind, before nearly tackling him to the ground. She began to tickle him, and Harry returned the favor.

"Children," Hermione sighed, but she had a smile on her face.

Mordred showed up in the shadow realm, but he was not deterred.

"Those fools might have tricked me, but I still have the amulet," Mordred said, but he looked at his hand. It was devoid one amulet. "No, but it doesn't matter, I have power, that I absorbed from it!"

Mordred closed his eyes. He tried to revert himself back to a child to return, but he found himself unable to do it. All he accomplished was a rather huge headache. He began to breathe in and out.

"No, I don't understand this!" Mordred yelled. "Where is it? I should have power; I absorbed it from the amulet."

"You used it all up."

He spun around and saw Morgaine le Faye walk towards him. Mordred's expression twisted into a pained one, and he saw his mother standing there.

"Do you realize what you have done you foolish child?" Morgaine inquired. Mordred invited her to continue. "When you allowed Potter and his friends to goad you, you broke the spell that I put on you a long time ago to give you eternal youth. And now you have nothing but eternal life."

Mordred opened his mouth, but suddenly he looked at his hands. His hands were aging rapidly.
"Every single year you have lived, needless to say you will have a lot of catching up to do," Morgaine added in a dry voice. "You will pass out, but will live. But do not worry; I will be beside you, always. No matter what, I shall forgive. That is the true measure of a mother's love."

Mordred's hands wrinkled, and cobwebs almost dropped off of them. He staggered for a couple of moments, and reached out for his mother. He wheezed, with his hair and teeth all falling out.

"No," Mordred rasped.

"You brought it upon yourself," Morgaine said without sympathy. "If you had only listened to me, you would have had your kingdom, and Harry Potter's head."

"Mother, make it right," Mordred rasped, feeling his age, but he collapsed to the ground in the shadow realm.

With a sigh and a wave of her hand, Morgaine transported her son away. She returned back to the real world to attend to some unfinished business.

Harry, Kara, and Hermione all stood, awaiting the return of le Faye. She showed up, and their faces looked up at her. They wondered if she was going to turn them back.

"A bargain is a bargain," le Faye said, and she waved her hand. The adults reappeared on Earth, and Harry, Kara, and Hermione looked up at her "You did manage to break my son's spell, but do not think of me as defeated. This is not the end of me, and I will return."

"Dare, I ask what happened to Mordred," Harry said.

"He's feeling his age much more now," Morgaine said in a cryptic voice.

There was no need for her to elaborate; the sorceress vanished in a cloud of smoke. Harry, Kara, and Hermione allowed her to leave. They would not be able to win a fight with her at the moment, despite the improvements they had made. Harry held the amulet in his hand.

"We must make sure this thing never falls into the wrong hands again," Harry said, and the others nodded.

"So what did you think about being a kid again?" Kara asked.

"You mean for the first time," Harry said, and Kara just offered him a sad smile. "Actually, I kind of enjoyed it. Although I think you two enjoyed it a bit more."

"We were kind of mean to Mordred," Hermione said.

"Hermione, he banished all of the adults from Earth," Harry said, eyes closed as true consequences full hit him. "We better inform the League what happened, although I'm sure they have a good idea. But it doesn't look good. All of the planes that were crashed, cars, trains, with adults driving them. Those children…"

Harry let the implied meaning drop, and Kara wrapped her arms around him, comforting him.

"Yeah, it's bad, but we can't save everyone," Kara said to him, but she could feel the pain just as well as her husband could. "At least we saved some people.

Harry and Kara rested in each other's arms, and thought about how much worse the world would have been if they did not stop Mordred.
"Things would have been much worse if Mordred hadn't been stopped," Hermione said. "Plus if it's any consolation prize, Mordred's not going to have a very pleasant time of things from now on."

Kara, Harry, and Hermione returned to Patronus Incorporated without another word. They would make plans to tell the League to look for any wrecks and to help any survivors. Also, the amulet would have to be locked away, where only the three of them knew about it.

In a castle in an uncharted section in the world, a fray old man sat on a chair. His eyes were sunken in. The old man was bald and toothless. He was unable to move, and the part of his mind that still was capable of coherent thought wished for death. Yet, he could never die. Drool rolled down his chin, and Morgaine walked in the room.

"It's okay, Mordred," Morgaine cooed, and she dabbed the drool off of his chin. "Mummy will take good care of you."

Mordred could do nothing but blink. He could scarcely even remember why he was put in this current predicament. The rapid aging fried his brain. Drool continued to dribble from his mouth, as he sat with a vacant look in his eye. His mother tended to him.

To Be Continued in the Next Arc "Injustice."
Chapter 09: Injustice Part One.

A bald headed disgraced businessman sat in a lab at the edge of town. A sadistic expression was on his face, leaning forward on a chair. He turned around in the chair, and peered out the window. He had been offered this lab, but his movements had been carefully restricted by certain higher ups. For the past year of his life, the cancer inside him was a reminder of how short his life was. Yet, as long as he could still breathe, Lex Luthor would still be a threat.

It was amazing the difference a year made. A year ago, Luthor was on top of the world, and he was about to eliminate a problem that had vexed him for quite some time. Ever since Superman showed up in Metropolis, he had been knocked off of his pedestal as Metropolis's favorite son. Luthor refused to bend to the will of anyone, and time and time again, he made plans to deal with the Kryptonian menace.

Things got worse for him, when another Kryptonian showed up, Superman's cousin. She was a disrespectful little snot. Luthor gritted his teeth at how close he had to destroying both Kryptonians. Then, a new pain in his neck presented himself, in the form of Supergirl's new husband. He had any number of names, but Arcane was what he was most commonly referred as.

Luthor made a crucial error in underestimating this young man, and he nearly paid for it with his life. In fact, his bitterness escalated when he realized that he had Superman to thank for the fact that he was still alive. If he could call his current state of existence being alive, which Luthor severely doubted.

The pain was extreme, and Lex Luthor never felt anything worse. He nearly plummeted to his death, but was rescued by a government group known as Cadmus that he had been a silent partner in. It seemed certain people in this organization wanted to keep a closer eye on him, to make sure he did not become a liability.

Of course, it was not all for nothing. Luthor had this state of the art lab to continue to search for a cure for his cancer. He had a few offshore accounts that he could live off of for some time. Despite these resources, everything he tried to research ended up as a dead end. His limbs had limited movement from what Arcane did to him. He could not even move without the aid of a metal bodysuit, and his doctors only gave him another year to eighteen months to live if a cure was not found.

He had tried to enlist the help of Psimon to capture Supergirl and Arcane months back, for revenge, but that had been foiled. Psimon had complained of severe headaches, and ringing in his ears ever since he had tried to bend them under his control. Luthor was rather intrigued as to why this happened.

Just like he was intrigued by the vial of blood he held in his hand. It was an interesting little curiosity that he had studied, and had ate up a great deal of his time. The blood had been like nothing he had ever seen before in his life, and he had seen a lot.

There was many times where Luthor wondered if the blood sample he held could cure his ailment. He naturally was not foolish enough to inject foreign blood into his body without tests. He had shielded this sample from Cadmus, because he did not completely trust them.

He chuckled; the feeling had to be more than mutual.
Footsteps echoed from the corridor outside. Lex put his sample away immediately. Every now and then, Cadmus had sent some guard to this area, in an attempt to see what he was working on. He remained absolutely rigid, and the door opened. A pair of Cadmus guards entered the lab.

"Greetings gentlemen, how may I be of service for you," Luthor said mock respect.

The Cadmus guards exchanged a business like expression, before one of them turned their attention to Luthor.

"The higher ups want to know what you are working on in here."

"First, let me correct one misconception," Luthor replied to them. "There is no one higher up than me. If it wasn't for the name Luthor, none of you would even be able to have the funding to replicate grass seed. And secondly, this is a personal matter, a cure for my cancer. A cure that Project Cadmus seems to be unwilling to assist me on."

The guards just remained immobile.

"Remember, you are not to leave this facility without permission."

"Leave such a paradise," Luthor retorted in a sarcastic tone of voice. He whistled lowly, and chuckled. "Wouldn't even dream about it, good sirs."

The guards just paused and looked at him. Many of them had to deal with Luthor's wonderful personality in the past. It seemed like the cancer had not changed his disposition to those he felt beneath him.

"Just one more thing, you have been assigned a full time guard," one of the guards. "Ms. Waller thinks that you need someone to keep an eye on you at all times."

"What does she think I am, some spoiled brat in nursery school?" Luthor told them, and he leaned against the desk. "Where am I going to go? I can barely go to the bathroom without being in excruciating pain."

"We're just following orders, sir," the guard said.

Luthor would not be so accommodating to Cadmus if he did not need their resources. He folded his hands, and peered at the two guards at the door. Contempt danced in his eyes, and dripped from his voice.

"Send this guard in, then if it will get Waller off my back," Luthor said.

Luthor remained calm and docile. The guards eyed him suspiciously. Every time they had checked up on Luthor, he had been rude and abrasive. He was up to something nasty.

'It's just a guard,' Luthor thought to himself. 'What's the worst that could happen?"

'Hello, Mister Lew-Thor, it's a pleasure working with you again."

"Oh, great, you," Luthor said dryly.

Sure enough, standing there in all of his glory was former LexCorp security guard/henchman, Otis. Lex Luthor was not a pious man by any means, but he prayed for some deity to strike him down immediately.

"Yeah, it's great, isn't it?" Otis asked him in a jubilant voice. "We're going to be working together,
just like old times."

"You can't even begin to guess how thrilled I am," Lex retorted dryly.

The only silver lining to this cloud was that if he needed privacy, this man would not be difficult to dupe.

"I even brought you the paper, Mr. Lew-Thor," Otis said and he walked over, to hand Lex the paper.

The bald businessman snatched it away.

"At least you're good for something," Luthor said in a dry voice.

He read the paper, flipping to the business section. That was of the most interest to him, naturally.

Luthor read the latest news about Patronus Incorporated. His mood got darker and darker, when the news reporter remarked that Patronus had more success in the last year than LexCorp had in the last five.

Also, there were a few coarse words that stated the Metropolis economy was a lot better without Lex, and even a few words psychoanalyzing how an obsession with Superman had derailed LexCorp into near ruin before Harry and Kara Potter had saved it.

"Otis, you idiot!" Luthor yelled, and he hurled the paper at Otis.

The paper smacked the bumbling oaf in the face.

"What did I do now?" Otis said him.

"Patronus Incorporated, how everywhere I turn, I have to hear about how they corrected my mistakes," Luthor ranted, words splattering off of his tongue in a venomous tone. "You wouldn't understand, because you're an idiot."

"They did fire me, sir," Otis offered helpfully.

"I can't fault them for that," Luthor said in a harsh tone of voice.

Otis turned around, and turned on the radio. Some good music always cheered him up when he was feeling down.

"Children safety groups continue to storm the capital, demanding justice after the unprecedented deaths of many of our children a day previously. And in other news, the heroic Justice League managed to save the day from certain disaster the other day. While we can't speak for everyone, we can speak for all of the people who were rescued. We are happy that the Justice League arrived to save the day, as they do each and every day. Superman could not be reached for a public statement, but his heroic actions speak for themselves."

The report droned on and on. Most of the praise was directed towards Superman. Luthor's teeth gritted, when he heard Superman called "Metropolis's favorite son", and he turned around, practically foaming at the mouth.

"It's all Superman's fault that I got this cancer," Luthor said, voice dripping with bitterness. "He's not the hero, if he never came here, the world would be a much better place."

Otis just nodded in the background, and Luthor pulled himself to his feet. He took a few tentative
steps around the lab. He managed to shut out the pain he felt.

"Why isn't that I can't find good help these days?" Luthor demanded.

Otis frowned. "You have me, Mr. Lew-Thor."

"I rest my case," Luthor said dryly. He rubbed the top of his bald head, and rocked back and forth. "There must be someone to help me take them down. I'd die a happy man if Superman went before me, and the rest of the Justice League and any other heroes along with him."

It hit Luthor suddenly.

"I may have to call in a few favors, and grease a few palms," Luthor concluded. "But it should work."

Luthor made sure his precious blood sample was locked up tight. He knew all of the lines in this particular Cadmus facility were tapped, but given his own genius, it was not much of a problem to set up an alternate line.

It was time to call in some favors.

It was a beautiful day in Metropolis. For August, it was a rather mild day. The sun shined brightly outside. There was a nice breeze, and it was just perfect outside. The weather was warm, but not humid like it had been over the past couple of weeks.

Kara Potter peered outside the window. She sat in the chair, facing the window in the office she and Harry shared. Her blonde hair was clipped back. She wore a blue blouse, black jacket, short skirt, flesh-toned stockings, and heels. A pair of glasses was on her face, and she peered over them with her beautiful blue eyes.

"It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

Kara spun around, and saw Harry walking up towards her. She flew off the chair and threw her arms around Harry. She pressed her lips against his with a deep kiss. Harry wrapped his arms around her, with Kara's legs wrapped around his waist. They melted into each other's embrace.

Kara broke apart from the kiss. Her arms were still around Harry's neck. "Yeah, it's beautiful.

"Well today is always been a good day for me, it was the day that I met the woman of my dreams and married her later that day," Harry said, and he smiled. "Happy anniversary, Kara."

"Happy anniversary, Harry," Kara replied. She gave him a guilty little smile. "In all of the excitement, I almost forgot it was our anniversary."

Harry offered her a teasing smile.

"And I thought it was supposed to be the man who forgot the anniversary."

Kara just grinned.

"Well, women are just as able to capable of forgetting as guys are," Kara said, and she wrapped her arms around him and gave him another kiss. They broke apart. "The important thing is one of us remembered. I'm sure it would have been something that would have come to my mind. I never would have forgotten something like that."
The two appreciated the moment. The first step towards their relationship had been an interesting one, but their lives improved because of it.

"I think we've got everything done that we need to get done around here," Harry said. "We're working on getting together a team to move that ship we found in Brazil in about a week."

"So you found space for it?" Kara asked him.

"Yeah, no problem there," Harry said, waving it off. He continued to recall everything he had put together. "The Interstellar Portal should be finished in about three weeks, maybe a month at the latest."

"I know how much that little project means to you," Kara said, offering him a smile. "And it means a lot to me too, just thinking about all of the untapped secrets we can find. There are some areas in the galaxy that can't be traveled by space vessel after all, too much rough terrain."

"Once we finish it, that will be something," Harry said. His expression shifted to a more brighter one. "But today's our anniversary, we can worry about all of these projects that we have to undertake tomorrow."

The two were in like minds because of this. Harry and Kara decided to excuse themselves from their main headquarters in Metropolis. A dozen new branches would be opening within the next couple of months, and they would hope to increase their scope of business over the next several years.

Business had been booming, and they were proud of the work their entire team had done.

As for right now, it was time to celebrate their anniversary, and Kara had a good idea that Harry had something special planned for them. Of course, even if he did not do anything, Kara would not have minded.

Every day she spent with Harry was the most special day of her life, and Kara knew he felt the same way.

Harry got an inkling of these thoughts, and just smiled. He would have to agree.

Life was excellent.

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Batman sat on monitor duty in the Watchtower. He was keeping an eye on any developing situations that were taking place. He frowned, just at the point where Superman walked by him. The Man of Steel sensed his teammate's frustration, and stopped short.

"What is it?" Superman asked him.

"Trouble," Batman said in a grim voice.

"Could you be a bit more specific?" Superman asked him. The Martian Manhunter, Hawkgirl, Wonder Woman, Green Lantern, and the Flash all moved over to see the disturbance.

"There has been a release of several prisoners, some rather dangerous ones at that," Batman said.

"That is serious," the Martian Manhunter agreed. "How many of them have been released?"

"I can confirm a few, but the reports are sketchy," Batman said. "The Ultra-Humanite, Shade, Cheetah, Copperhead, and that may just be scratching the surface."
"Some heavy hitters then," Hawkgirl observed. "And they just happen to be broken out on the same day."

"So, some kind of criminal collective," Green Lantern said grimly.

"But, these criminals have never worked together," Wonder Woman said.

"Not as far as I know," Batman informed them. "There's a chance that the breakouts are unrelated."

"But you doubt it," Martian Manhunter said.

Batman just nodded stoically.

"It's not a breakout," Batman said after a few more moments of thought. "They were let out."

The Justice League all looked at each other.

"So what's the plan?" Flash asked.

"We dig up more information, and find out who they are working for," Superman suggested.

Batman nodded. He moved over.

"There was a call coming in on an unsecured phone call," Batman said. "It's garbled."

"That would back up the theory that there was some hand in breaking them out," Green Lantern remarked.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Superman asked.

"If you're thinking Luthor, then yes," Batman said.

The situation had gotten more serious. Luthor had gone under the radar. They knew of the cancer that was eating away at him, and knew he was not in good shape. Where he was, they had no idea.

This was the first hint they had of Lex Luthor since the situation in Vegas with Psimon when he attacked Supergirl and Arcane. He had laid low like the snake he was since then.

"Let's move," Superman said, and the Justice League got all of the information that they needed.

A large albino gorilla moved forward with surprising stealth and speed for someone his size. He was dressed in a red vest and shorts. His large cranium indicated the size of his brain power. He was called the Ultra-Humanite. At one time he was a scientist, but his experimentations had led him to this particular form.

He entered the warehouse he had been told to go to. There were certain conditions he agreed to for his release. The Ultra-Humanite's curiosity was piqued. While he did not feel that much inclined to leave his cell, and the comforts it offered him, he had to admit that he was intrigued. When someone told you something was worth your while, anyone with a brain would have at least tried to take a closer look at what was being offered.

He paused. The sound of voices caused him to tense up.

"I don't know about this, Mister Lew-Thor. Ms. Waller isn't going to be too pleased you left that lab."
"Relax, Otis, I know what I'm doing," Luthor said. "You're doing your job, sticking close to me, as disgusting as that thought might be."

Otis nodded slowly. Luthor stepped out of the shadows. He walked with all of the grace of an eighty year old woman with a bad back. He peered at the first of his guests who had accepted the invitation.

"Greetings, Humanite," Luthor said in a crisp voice.

Ultra-Humanite surveyed the man he assumed had pulled the strings to get him here.

"Luthor," the Ultra-Humanite said in a crisp voice. "I must say, I was wondering who had arranged for an early parole. Now I'm curious to why it would be you."

Luthor held up his hand. "In a minute, Humanite. I would prefer to only answer this question once and once alone. We have a few more guests."

The Ultra-Humanite nodded, and the two masterminds and Otis watched as another figure entered immediately.

A woman with fur entered the room. She resembled a cheetah, appropriate enough because her name was Cheetah. She was a research scientist that used herself as a test subject, and got her these powers. At the cost of having a normal life and she turned to a life of crime to try and find a way to turn her back to normal.

A man with dark glasses, in a top hat dressed in black with albino pale skin entered next. He was called the Shade, and he had a trick cane that allowed him to disappear in shadows. This was something that allowed him to escape immediately out of any predicament.

A man in an orange snake suit showed up next. He had fangs and a sadistic glint in his eyes. With one bite, he could inject anyone with poisonous venom. His name was Copperhead, and he dropped down to the ground.

"Hello, kitty," Copperhead said with a leer, but Cheetah just slashed at him, and he backed off. Copperhead bared his fangs.

"Put those away, you're not intimidating anyone," the Shade said in a dull voice. "Both of you."

"Well, this is quite the crowd. I for one find myself unimpressed."

A woman dressed in pink and black, with a pink mask showed up. Star Sapphire, the leader of the corps of the same name, appeared. She had been summoned here on a mission, and only consented to come on reasons of vengeance. She looked at the other members of the group, with absolute contempt in her eyes.

"What are you looking at? Grundy not know who all you people are."

The four criminals spun around immediately, and saw the imposing form of the zombie known as Solomon Grundy. Grundy had been banished from Earth for a time, but had returned in a fashion. It was a journey that the zombie would not be recalling fondly anytime soon, and he was quite displeased by it.

"All I know is that someone called us here," Copperhead said.

"It better be worth it," Star Sapphire said in a snobby tone of voice. "I do not find myself mixing
well with the rabble and all I see before me is a bunch of common criminals."

A voice cut the tension before this situation could get any uglier.

"Criminals, perhaps. But common, I sure hope not."

Five sets of eyes turned to the two newest arrivals. Lex Luthor took a few tentative steps into the room. He remained still, to shield the extent of his predicament. The Ultra-Humanite had noticed Lex's inability to walk without pain, but had not clued anyone else in on the fact he knew. At least, until it was worth his while to let people in on the secret.

"Lex Luthor," the Shade said in a mocking tone of voice. He paused, and continued dryly. "The plot thins."

"I thought he was dead," Copperhead voiced before he could help himself.

Luthor chuckled for a brief moment.

"I can assure you that the rumors of my demise have been greatly exaggerated," Lex commented to the assembled group.

Silence could be felt, before one person broke it.

"Just what do you want?" Star Sapphire demanded.

Luthor allowed a few seconds of silence to ensure their full attention was grabbed. He would have them all eating out of the palm of his hand.

"It isn't what I want, per say, but rather it's what you want. And what you want is something that I want. And what I want is the end of the Justice League."

"So, you think that we are going to help you defeat the Justice League," Cheetah said, skeptically.

"Indeed, Cheetah," Luthor said. "You have heard about them over the past few months. Perhaps a few of you have had run-ins with at least a few of their members. The point is that not one of us can defeat them alone. But, each and every one of us, united, we can stop the entire Justice League in one fell swoop."

Luthor walked around, and surveyed the group of criminals that he assembled. Perhaps they were not the best, but a little confidence could go a long way in boosting their abilities.

"I busted you out of prison, and assembled you here because you are the best at what you do," he continued. "I am willing to pay you for your services. This could be something that could make you all. Everyone needs money; the question is, how much?"

The criminals all nodded.

"But how do you hope to accomplish this, Luthor?" Cheetah asked.

"We are going to defeat the Justice League with a page out of their own playbook," Luthor said. "We'll work together, and achieve our end goal."

Luthor's face contorted into a bit of a twisted grin. His arms folded over each other, and his eyes remained on his Injustice League, for lack of a better of term.

"So, are you in?" Luthor asked them.
"As long as the check clears," the Shade said.

"It sure beats going back for prison," Copperhead said.

"The money will be useful," Cheetah offered.

"Grundy like this plan," Solomon Grundy said.

"I believe this will be a great opportunity, and I look forward to helping see an end to the Justice League," the Ultra-Humanite said. "And Superman especially, he has vexed many of us, but naturally that would be your motivation, would it not, Lex?"

Luthor just responded with a crisp nod. Star Sapphire hovered in the air, and turned towards her.

"Well, Sapphire, the vote is nearly unanimous," Luthor said, and he looked at the woman through narrowed eyes. "Are you in?"

"I am not like this rabble," Star Sapphire stated pompously. "But this does present me an opportunity to get what I want. It is a matter of revenge for me. If the Justice League are involved, that must mean Arcane and Supergirl could potentially be as well. I do not take well from being spurned from something I desire."

"Hell hath no fury," Luthor offered in conclusion.

"Quite," Star Sapphire said.

Luthor's eyes locked onto hers. He leaned against the wall, to hide the fact that he could barely stand.

"So now is the moment of truth," Lex said. "Are you in, or not?"

She paused.

"I believe this arrangement will be worth it. Count me a member of your group, but once it has served its usefulness, I will be gone."

"I wouldn't expect anything less."

Luthor prepared to begin the second phase of his plan. By now, the Justice League would have found out that his new teammates had been liberated. It was fitting that one year ago on this day, he lost majority stock in his company, and it was the beginning of the end. For on this day, it would be his greatest triumph.

Vengeance would be sweet, as would his victory.

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Their first anniversary as a couple was great. Harry and Kara spent the entire day together, without a care in the world for once in their lives. Their minds could not be further away from work. They spent the day dancing, flying, and taking a nice stroll through the park. Much like the first time they met, they tried their hand at karaoke. That particular activity sent everyone fleeing for the hills.

After a nice dinner, the super powered couple made their way towards a hot tub. Kara stripped out of the form fitting red dress she had been wearing for the meal and kicked off her heels. She slowly changed for Harry's benefit. She wore a white bikini. The thong bikini bottom showed off her perfect ass, and had a nice red bow on the front. Harry was dressed in black and green swimming
trunks.

Kara climbed into the hot tub. Harry followed her, with a hungry look in his eyes. Said look was matched by his wife.

"I had a great time today, Harry," Kara said. "But that goes without saying."

Harry smiled. She splashed the water and it caused her white bikini top to go transparent.

"I know it goes without saying, but the fact you said it makes it worthwhile. This entire year has been a dream come true."

"And it's only going to get better," Kara said with a sweet smile. She stretched forward, as the couple soaked in the hot tub. "Best year in my life."

"Mine too," Harry replied.

Kara swam forward and wrapped her arms around Harry. Harry felt contentment. His wife's barely clothed, wet body pressing up against him was something that gave him the greatest joy. He wrapped his arms around Kara, tightly holding her. He pressed every inch of her body against his.

Harry reflected on where he was a year ago, and recalled just how much his life had changed. A year ago, he really was not living his life.

A year later, he realized that was a bumpy part of the journey to get to the point. It was useless living in the past. His present and his future rested right here in his arms. Harry leaned forward and met Kara's lips, giving her the deepest kiss. Kara returned it, and their hands travelled down each other's bare flesh and explored their body, just getting warmed up for future activities.

At least that was their intention. An explosion from across the street caused them to abruptly pull apart from their kiss. A look of sheer annoyance crossed Kara's face, and Harry was not too happy with this incident either.

"What was that?" Harry asked.

Kara crossed her arms.

"Someone who is apparently sick of having a pulse," Kara said savagely.

Harry and Kara got out of the hot tub. Another explosion indicated that the fun was over, and the scream of civilians jerked them out of their thoughts.

Harry used a quick drying spell, and they reached over the back. Harry made sure the windows and doors were secured. It only took a matter of minutes before they were changed into their costumes.

Supergirl and Arcane stepped outside. There were still sour looks on their faces, but there was no such thing as a day off in their line of work. Why should their anniversary be any different? The Potters peered from the balcony above, and saw the police surround the building across the street.

Using her super hearing, Kara managed to get a fix on the radio scanners. Harry had sharp hearing as well, but Kara was able to pick out these things a little bit better.

"It's the Ultra-Humanite," Kara said.

"That's that guy who resembles a large albino gorilla?" Harry asked.
"Yes," Kara confirmed. "He's given Kal a couple of headaches over the years. He was once a normal mild-mannered scientist, but he decided to upgrade to a body that he felt would fit him. At least that's how the story goes."

A grimace appeared on Harry's face.

"So we're dealing with the worst combination ever," Harry said to her. "Extremely insane and extremely intelligent."

"And he's got a couple of hostages," Kara said, and she tried to scan. "And that building's lined with lead."

"Where there is a will, there is a way," Harry said, trying to get a scan magically. "A few warm bodies, could be a problem, we better scope everything out a bit closer."

Kara nodded. The two heroes took flight, and tried to get a better assessment of the situation. They heard the cops from below.

"Just let the hostage go, Humanite!"

They got their first brief glimpse of the villain. He peered at the police with absolute contempt.

"What do you take me for, a Neanderthal?" the Ultra-Humanite remarked in a dry voice.

Harry and Kara were about to circle in, but it turned out the Green Lantern arrived first and beat them to the punch. Quite literally as a Lantern Construct shot out of his ring, and knocked the Ultra-Humanite back.

"Take a seat, Magilla," Green Lantern said roughly.

Kara and Harry exchanged a look, and watched the Flash zoom in and speed the hostage away from the clutches of the Ultra-Humanite. The rest of the Justice League was involved, so maybe just maybe they could sit this one out.

Then again, it was highly unlikely they would get that lucky.

They stepped back, ready to jump in if they needed help.

Inside the museum, Flash had the hostage.

"Are you alright?" Flash asked.

"Yes, but you won't be," the hostage said, before a hat fell off of her face to reveal Cheetah. Before Flash could react, he was slashed in the face. Cheetah jumped up with cat like quickness.

A lasso flew out and wrapped around Cheetah's waist. A rough yank pulled her down to the ground. Wonder Woman showed up. Copperhead jumped at her, but Batman beat him to the punch. The villain landed hard, but slithered on the ground.

"I could have handled that," Wonder Woman said, shooting Batman an agitated glare.

She dodged Cheetah, who had returned fire.

"Better safe than sorry," Batman said calmly, and without missing a beat, he kicked Copperhead down hard.
The large form of Solomon Grundy stampeded towards them. He swung at everything that moved. Superman flew in. Grundy tried to grab Superman, but the strength of the Man of Steel pushed Grundy back hard. Grundy slid back on a carpet, but picked up a large stone shield and swung it. Superman punched it back into the swamp zombie's face.

Green Lantern tried to hold Grundy in place, but the Star Sapphire blasted through his constructs.

"Quite a disappointment," Star Sapphire, but Hawkgirl swung her mace at her. Her wings flapped, as Star Sapphire blocked another mace swing with a shield construct.

"We both have a different idea of what a disappointment is," Hawkgirl said.

The Shade showed up, and controlled his darkness with his nightstick. Hawkgirl was taken off guard, and Copperhead knocked her off balance. Star Sapphire blasted her into the wall. She shrugged it off. The Ultra Humanite was back in the fight. He nailed Superman from behind.

The Martian Manhunter popped up from the ground and knocked Ultra Humanite back with a punch. He went intangible, and Copperhead went through him, fangs bared. Wonder Woman caught Copperhead on the rebound, and flung him to the ground.

Ultra Humanite pulled himself to his feet. Not to be denied, he held up a staff and tried to electrocute Hawkgirl and Flash with it. They dodged the attacks.

The staff was levitated out of his hand, and Ultra-Humanite met the business end of a huge punch from Supergirl. He was knocked back, massaging his jaw. He managed to twist a knob on his belt, to create an energy field. Both Supergirl and Arcane had been repelled, but he had to crank up the power to keep them at bay for more than a few seconds.

"I was wondering when you two would show up," Batman said.

"Well we figured you'd need a hand or two," Harry said, and Star Sapphire looked at him, recognition dawning on the woman.

"So we meet again," Star Sapphire told him, and she tried to blast Harry. Harry dodged out of the way, but before he could react, Kara flew at her like a bottle rocket. Both fists were outstretched and she gritted her teeth.

Kara knocked Star Sapphire hard into the wall, and kicked her in the face. Star Sapphire used an energy construct to blast Kara back. She readjusted her footing, and Kara used her heat vision to cut a pillar and land on the back of the head of Star Sapphire. The shield managed to keep the woman mostly unharmed, but it would only be a matter of time before a fatal blow could be offered.

The blonde Kryptonian refused to back off. The sounds of combat echoed from all around her.

"Remind me to never get on her bad side," Flash said.

"Yeah, I'll make a note of it," Hawkgirl said, but they had to focus on Grundy charging them. Grundy still seemed content to crush anything under his massive frame.

It was fortunate that Superman was there to smash Grundy down again. The swamp zombie bounced back, but Harry nailed Grundy in the back hard with a spell.

"Grundy remember you!" Grundy yelled, and he charged Harry mindlessly.
"Yeah, that's nice," Harry said dryly.

He apparated out of the way, to position himself to be behind Grundy, and the swamp zombie turned around.

"Stay still!" Grundy bellowed.

Harry popped out of the way every single one of his attacks, and burned Grundy with fire. Grundy screamed in absolute agony.

He got his share of looks, some of them a bit questioning.

"What, zombies are resistant to fire," Harry said with a shrug.

"And apparently, Star Sapphires are resistant to heat vision," said Wonder Woman with a grimace.

Cheetah tried for another attack, but it was deflected immediately.

Ultra-Humanite activated the communication link. He could sense this was not going to end well.

"What is it Humanite?" Luthor asked him. "You know I cannot be there in person."

"Yes, we've run into a problem, our numbers are losing badly," Ultra Humanite said. "And I think Supergirl and Arcane may lead our group to a premature demise. I feel that they do not have the same hang-ups as the other heroes about fatal attacks."

"I do not pay you for theories," Luthor said. He suspected this would happen. "But, we need to go with a different strategy."

Much like in business, when one strategy goes awry, it was time to take a step back. It was time to regroup and head back to the drawing board.

Batman and the Shade battled intensely off to the side, but Copperhead positioned himself to get the drop in on Batman. The Dark Knight could not block his attack in time. His fangs sunk into Batman's shoulder and neck.

"No!" Superman yelled, and he rushed forward. He flung Copperhead off. Copperhead tried to slither away, but Harry blasted him hard.

Copperhead screamed, the spell caused him to bite his own tongue with his poisonous fangs. He dropped to the ground, sweat rolling down his face, and the venom pulsing through his body.

"Too well organized, yes, I believe a strategic retreat would be in order," Ultra Humanite said, but then he turned. "Shade, we require an exit."

"Naturally," Shade said and he clicked his nightstick on to activate it.

A large shadow engulfed Shade, Ultra-Humanite, Grundy, Cheetah, and Star Sapphire. Copperhead was on the ground poisoned.

"They're getting away!" Superman yelled.

"Yeah, that's obvious," Kara said dryly.

Harry could have slapped himself; he should have slipped a tracking charm on one of them. Of course, it was easier to think of these things when the battle was over.
Green Lantern paused. "Not all of them, Copperhead's been zapped by his own poison."

A few looks averted towards Harry, who whistled nonchalantly. Kara stood beside him, and they noticed Batman's groans on the ground. The exposed skin was red and sweat rolled down his face. The other members of the Justice League rushed over to check on him.

"Batman's been hit as well," Wonder Woman said.

"He may not live through the night if an antidote is not administered," Martian Manhunter theorized.

The other members of the Justice League exchanged looks. In a situation like this, they would defer to Batman. Given the fact that Batman was down on the floor that would be a tad bit difficult at the moment.

"Just hang on, this should do it," Harry said, reaching into his bag. "It's an antidote, for most common snake venoms."

"And you just happened to have this on hand," Hawkgirl commented.

"Always be prepared, no matter what," Kara offered, and Harry made sure everything was in order.

Harry took the antidote and offered it to Batman. The effects began to slowly subside. Batman declined Superman's attempts to help him to his feet.

"I'll be fine, we got to focus on finding the rest of these criminals," Batman said.

"Hey, how about an antidote for me," Copperhead managed.

"We may have one, providing you answer some questions," Green Lantern said.

Harry and Kara exchanged a look. The fact that this guy was going to die from his own snake venom was the most poetic justice they could give him.

"Actually, I don't have another antidote on hand," Harry whispered, but he put a spell up so Copperhead could not hear it.

He knew he wouldn't give Copperhead an antidote even if he had one. This time he was technically telling the truth.

"Well, that's still a bargaining chip we can use," Hawkgirl said.

"You mean we're going to bluff him?" Flash questioned.

Copperhead twitched on the floor.

"We don't know what he's been told, if everything," Batman said, before he deferred to the Martian Manhunter. "J'onn?"

There was a bit of a pause.

"He's just a hired thug for the most part, from what I can tell in his mind," the Martian Manhunter told them.

"So we're back to square one," Superman said, deflating.
Harry looked over, and saw a communication device lying on the ground. It looked slightly busted.

"Maybe not," Harry said.

"Humanite must have dropped it," Batman said.

"We'll take this back to Patronus, tell you what we find out," Kara said.

"Wouldn't it be easier just to head back to the Watchtower?" Superman offered.

"Not really, if it's LexCorp technology, then we should be able to trace it easier," Kara replied.

"And what makes you think it's Luthor?" Superman asked.

The two exchanged grins.

"Who else would break that many prisoners out of prison?" Harry offered. "Actually, who else could?"

"Can't argue with that logic," the Flash conceded.

"He does seem like the most obvious suspect," Hawkgirl agreed.

The two popped away with the communication device.

Batman watched them leave. In the heat of the battle, he had slipped a tracking device on the Shade's nightstick. With any luck, it would lead him right to the headquarters, and he would get more information.

"We need to return to the Watchtower," Superman said.

"I have pressing business to attend to," Batman told them.

"In the middle of this entire investigation?" Wonder Woman asked.

Batman just responded with a nod.

"Unless it has something to do with the investigation," she added.

Batman just did not say one word. When he had his mind fixated, it was hard to argue with him. He turned, but was stopped by the Martian Manhunter before he could make a proper getaway.

"I do hope you're not trying to stop me," Batman said coolly.

The two heroes exchanged a look.

"No, I would not," the Martian Manhunter said. "But, given what has transpired today, perhaps it would be a good idea for you to sit this one out. You came close to death."

"It's not exactly a new experience," Batman said dismissively. He turned to the other members of the League. "I would suggest you all return to the Watchtower. See if anything new has broken, we'll be in touch."

Before anyone could protest, Batman was gone.

"Sometimes, I wonder about him," Flash said, shaking his head.
"I've wondered about him since the day we met," Superman said, unable to say anything.

"No, I mean, if he had the magical teleporting powers," Flash said.

"I asked him that one time," Superman said. "Well not that exactly. But I asked him if he had any powers."

"What did he say?" Hawkgirl asked.

"He told me powers would only slow him down," Superman said.

The League members all responded with nods.

"That sounds like Batman, alright," Wonder Woman said.

"If those two find out if that belongs to Luthor or not, then we should be able to get a fix on where he's holed up," Green Lantern said.

A part of Superman did not relish meeting with Luthor. The last time they met, it did not go so well. He had stopped Harry from finishing off Lex Luthor once and for all. At the time, he thought he did the right thing, but there was a part of him that wondered.

Still, it was a slippery slope. Some could make those tough choices, but the Man of Steel did not trust himself to do so. Plus, as Kara and Harry reminded him, Superman was supposed to be a beacon of hope and a role model for people. So there was a certain way he had to act.

In the back of his mind, he did wonder if there would come a day where even Superman would be forced to break that moral code that set up for himself to follow.

"Let's head back to the Watchtower," Superman offered.

Lex stared down the Ultra-Humanite, Cheetah, Solomon Grundy, Star Sapphire, and the Shade. Anger did not even begin to describe exactly what he was feeling. They currently were in the back room of a museum that Lex had outfitted as a makeshift laboratory.

"I'm beginning to wonder why I broke any of you out," Luthor said quietly. "You incompetents will kill me quicker than the cancer will."

"Hey don't try and deflect your failures upon us," Ultra-Humanite said, waving his hand.

Luthor lifted his arm and slammed it against the table. A spasm of pain caused him to grimace, and his eye began to twitch.


"The problem is you ingrates!" Luthor yelled at the top of his lungs. "The Justice League made an utter mockery out of you. You should have slaughtered them easily. I did not put this team together to fail."

"Well perhaps if we have more competent leadership, then we wouldn't have failed," Star Sapphire said. Her lips curled into a sneer. "If I had not followed your plan to the letter, the outcome would have been different. The two Kryptonians would be outfitted for pine boxes first of all."

"I recall that battle," Shade said. He gave Star Sapphire a mocking bow. "You were getting knocked around like a super ball by Supergirl."
"The little brat got lucky!" Star Sapphire yelled, losing her temper.

"That's not what I recall," Shade said. "Leader of a highly advanced alien race, indeed."

Star Sapphire tried to step forward to take a shot at Shade. Cheetah quickly threw herself between the two of them to avoid a fight.

"This isn't solving anything," Cheetah said.

The tension was high between the members of the Injustice League.

"Cheetah is correct," Ultra-Humanite said. He placed his hands on his large cranium. He was deep in thought. "Perhaps it was folly to form this team. Our own individual plans have failed, but you cannot make a team out of a group of failures."

"You only fail, because you fear to succeed," Luthor argued. "If it were up to me, you wouldn't get paid one red cent for your bumbling antics.

"You would stiff us on payment," Star Sapphire said with an angry glare.

"What are you going to do to me?" Luthor asked. "I'm already dying. Go ahead, and take your best shot. I dare you."

There was a long pause.

"You're crazy," Grundy commented.

"And what's wrong with that? It's done wonders for me!"

The Injustice League spun around for a new arrival. In all of his glory, a pale man with green hair and a twisted permanent grin walked forward. He wore a purple suit, and offered a hearty round of laughter. He needed no introduction. He was the one, the only, the Joker.

"What are you doing here?" Cheetah said, and she spun around towards Luthor. "You didn't invite him?"

Luthor gritted his teeth. Naturally he would not be that stupid enough to invite that particular person into this scheme.

"No, he didn't, my invitation must have gotten lost in the mail," The Joker chuckled. He took a few steps forward, and gave a calculating glance towards the entire group.

"I'm not in the mood," Luthor said to the Joker. "Just what do you want?"

"Jeez, Lex, what's eating you?" the Joker retorted, before he straightened up in mock realization. "Oh that's right, the cancer."

The Joker responded with a loud round of laughter. When he calmed down, he grew eerily serious. Luthor looked like he had something sour shoved down his throat against his will.

"Seriously though Lex, whether you want to admit it or not, you need me," Joker said. He placed his hands on Lex's shoulders, and peered in his eyes. He drew a deep breath, and his voice dropped to a deadly whisper, releasing his grip and stepping back "I know how the Bat thinks."

For emphasis, the Joker plucked the tracking device off of the Shade's nightstick. The criminal was surprised.
"Tricky little devil here," Joker said, gently holding the all too familiar tracking device between his finger tips. "Your little planning and plotting, it's all good and all. But what you need to take down the Justice League, is a little good old fashioned chaos."

The Joker paused.

"He should be arriving at any minute," Joker concluded. "Just everyone act natural, and I'll take care of your bat problem, free of charge."

The Joker made a zero with his fingers and walked off into the shadows.

"So now what?" Ultra-Humanite asked.

"Do what he suggests, for now," Luthor said dryly. He was at the height of desperation for something to go right.

They all looked at him, and shrugged. As long as they got paid, they did not care.

The members of the Injustice League crowded around a table and proceeded to play cards. None of them tried to get the indication that there was nothing out of the ordinary going on.

As if on cue, Batman showed up. He followed the tracking device. He saw Star Sapphire, Ultra-Humanite, the Shade, Cheetah, and Grundy all in place. He also spotted Lex Luthor, and that was the confirmation he needed.

Before he could radio the Justice League, a large blunt force trauma impacted him across the back of the head. Batman did not see that attack coming, and he landed to the ground off of his perch point. He crashed with a sickening thud.

The Ultra-Humanite was the first to check on him.

"He's out like a light," The Ultra-Humanite concluded.

"Excellent," Luthor said, rubbing his hands together with glee. "Make sure to remove his belt and any other gadgets. I don't want any surprises."

The Joker proceeded to give them a mock salute from above. He began to laugh like a mad man, as he emptied the rocks from the bag he used to knock out Batman. The Clown Prince of Crime was pleased at a job well done.

The communication device they snatched was in front of them at a lab table. Kara and Harry both poured over it. It was fortunate they had a large database of inventions throughout the years that Lex had patented. A good deal of the inventory was left behind, but some of it was missing. Harry suspected Lex had a few secret stashes, but where was the mystery.

Lex Luthor could be given credit for one thing. The man was a master of hiding what he did not want to be found.

"Well it's homemade, made out of scraps, but it does the job," Harry said.

"Definite Lexcorp?" Kara prodded.

"Definite Lexcorp," Harry confirmed. "And this little model was definitely damaged, but I think we might be able to find a signal."
"Let's see then," Kara said. "Lex might be able to run."

"Actually after what I did for him, I doubt he could be running," Harry said.

Kara smirked. "Well he can't hide."

"No, but if he has an accomplice, they could be just as dangerous," Harry said.

Kara nodded in agreement.

"So let's get to work," Kara concluded. "Let's see if we can bring new life to this little gadget."

After exchanging a determined glance, the two got to work. If they could get a signal working before too long, they might be able to find where Luthor was. And Harry could finish the work he started the last time he met Lex Luthor.

It was going to be hard to get a functioning signal, given it had been dropped and cracked. Plus it was used from cheaper materials, but they had to try.

The race was on.
Chapter 10: Injustice Part Two.

A pair of eyes beneath a dark cowl flickered open. The detective's gaze moved back into focus. It was likely he had a concussion. A grimace appeared on his face because he was a bit sloppy, and careless. He had seldom made such a profound slip up in his time.

He realized in a matter of seconds that he was restrained. His arms, legs, and head were strapped. He was in a stasis field. Said field gave off a lot of static. Judging by his surroundings, the Injustice League was present and accounted for. He saw Grundy, Ultra-Humanite, Cheetah, Star Sapphire, and the Shade. The newest member caught his attention, and walked up to him immediately.

Batman found himself face to face with the Joker.

"I should have known you'd be involved in this somehow," Batman said, breaking the silence.

The Joker threw his hands up, in mock surprise. "Me? You should have known? Wow, I must be losing my touch. I guess old age gets the best of us. Not like that's something you'd get to experience."

The Joker took a threatening step forward, but a bald man cleared his throat.

"Leave him alive for now," Luthor said firmly, and Grundy stepped over to enforce that order.

"Lexy, Lexy, this is a prime opportunity," Joker said, shaking his head at how naïve Lex was. "This is an opportunity that most dime store crooks would give their left nut for, an opportunity to knock off the Bat."

The Joker paused, before his voice dropped into a more sinister tone.

"Don't waste it."

"He won't escape," Luthor told the Joker.

"You'd be surprised with what he could escape," the Joker argued knowingly.

"I'm telling you, these bars are reinforced with solid titanium, not even Superman could break through them," Luthor said.

The Joker just shrugged calmly. He tried to warn Lex. Who was he to judge if this situation blew up in his face?

Luthor's expression turned and locked right onto Batman. Batman remained calm in the face of certain fire. Despite the odds being against him, he would not back down, he would not break. Luthor took a step forward, ignoring the shooting pain of doing so. The adrenaline of being so close to finally achieving his ultimate triumph cancelled out any pain.

"Looking for this?" Luthor asked him. He held up Batman's utility belt for emphasis "You'll find that escape is impossible."

"We'll see about that," Batman said dryly.

Luthor just offered a slight smirk, and thought Batman had no idea what he was in for.
"Maybe the clown's right, perhaps we should eradicate him while we have the opportunity," Ultra-Humanite suggested, casually.

"He's nothing without this," Luthor said, once again holding up the utility belt. "I had him searched for communication devices. He can't contact the Martian in this state either, the static blocks any telepathic communication. All I need is a passcode, and the second phase of my plan will be set into motion."

Luthor paused, before he turned to Batman.

"The passcode, where is it?"

Batman offered a shadow of a smile. It caused a few of the occupants in the room to shiver.

"Guess."

Luthor clenched his fist, before he managed to turn his head slightly.

"Grundy, get the belt open," Luthor ordered.

"That's not going to work," The Joker said in a sing-song voice.

This little bit of advice was ignored. Grundy grabbed Batman's belt and tugged on it. He tried with all of his might to get it open. A shock knocked Grundy back, and he crashed to the ground. The belt remained unopened, and the Joker just chuckled.

"I tried to warn them, but don't listen to the guy who has the most experience dealing with that guy," Joker said with an aside glance to no one in particular, pointing towards Batman for emphasis.

Luthor looked at Grundy and snatched the belt away. He studied the belt.

"There must be some way to break into this contraption," Luthor said, deep in thought. "Fortunately, I have learned the art of patience. Someone needs to keep an eye on him to make sure he doesn't try anything."

"And here I thought he was trapped," The Joker said.

The Joker took a step back. Luthor had given him a murderous gaze.

"I'll do it, Mister Lew-Thor," Otis said eagerly, speaking up for the first time.

Luthor looked at his henchman/babysitter.

"No, you see, Otis, the idea is that we want Batman not to escape because of someone's bumbling incompetence. We need a combination of both brains and brawn. That is why I'm electing Humanite and Grundy to do the job."

"Of course, Lex," Humanite said with a curtsy.

"Fine," Grundy grumbled.

The Joker took a step forward, but Luthor looked at him.

"You're coming with me, I'm not letting you out of my sight," Luthor said.
The Joker looked mock offended.

"Seriously, can't even give a guy a little bit of trust?" Joker asked, and Cheetah, Shade, and Star Sapphire followed the Joker, Luthor, and Otis up the stairs.

Grundy stepped over to take the first watch. The zombie's gaze was on Batman. Unblinking, and harsh, in a way that most people would have been seriously intimidated. Batman was not most people, and he remained calm and collected. Grundy grunted, and Batman returned the glare.

"So Grundy, what's Luthor paying you?" Batman asked the zombie.

"Money," Grundy grumbled, after a pause.

Batman inclined his head as much as his restraints would allow. "More than the Ultra-Humanite?"

Grundy paused, and thought. It looked like hard work.

"I don't know," Grundy admitted.

"It would be a pity, if you didn't get paid more," Batman said to him in a calm voice. "All you have to put up with, getting burned, getting electrocuted, punched in the face by Superman. I think you deserve more money than Humanite."

Humanite looked up from the business section of the newspaper he was reading. He fixed a narrowed gaze towards Batman.

"He deserves more than me?" Ultra Humanite said in a disgusted voice. "Preposterous."

Grundy had no idea what that word meant, but he knew he had been insulted. The zombie walked over, and ripped the newspaper from the Humanite's hand. Both the Ultra-Humanite and Solomon Grundy proceeded to rumble, and exchanged punches.

"Unhand me you oaf!"

"Not until you apologize to Grundy!"

Batman just nodded, and studied the restraints and the force field. The fight would allow him time to plan and to plot a potential escape without anyone watching him. At least it would buy him a few minutes.

One of the main laboratories at Patronus Incorporated was a hub of activity. Harry and Kara looked over the communication device they had liberated from Lex Luthor. The device had been hooked up, to try and get some kind of signal.

The couple offered a bit of a sigh. It was not going to be the easiest thing to crack, especially by design, but they plugged away at it.

"Luthor would have had to make this technology rather hard to crack," Kara said.

There was a pause, but a slight beep-beep-beep sound could be heard.

"I've got a signal," Harry said in triumph.

Kara smiled, but quickly adjusted her focus to the matter at hand.
"What is it coming from? Kara asked.

"It's several signals actually, bouncing off of several points," Harry said, and he frowned.

Kara and Harry sat, and tried to see if there was any kind of definite pattern to the signals. It was not how they envisioned spending their anniversary, but after nearly an hour of no work, it was progress. It was getting late in the evening.

Harry held up a hand and got something from one of his sources.

"We've got several messages of Luthor calling in for the release of several of the members of his gang," a garbled voice stated.

"Thank you," Harry said in a grateful voice. He turned to Kara. "Well at least that does confirm what we already know."

"Luthor's behind this," Kara said, and she closed her eyes. She hoped that they would get to finish the job Harry started on him last year.

As long as Luthor still drew a breath, he was too dangerous.

"His cancer, it should be getting close to killing him," Harry said, and he looked at his notes.

"That is going to make Luthor even more dangerous," Kara said, grabbing onto Harry's hand with hers. "You know what they say; a dog is more dangerous when he is wounded, then when he is one hundred percent healthy."

Harry offered her a slight smile in agreement, and they continued to plug away to triangulate the signal. They could isolate the signal into downtown Metropolis somewhere. Exactly where, it was hard to tell. Luthor had made his tracking device as such where it would be hard to even tap into a signal. Harry was fortunate to get as far as he did. He decided to check in.

"Arcane to Watchtower," Harry said.

"What's your status, Arcane?" Martian Manhunter asked him.

"Luthor and his gang are holed up in downtown Metropolis," Harry said. "I'm running a check right now to see if I can find any places where Luthor might have the resources that he needs."

"Please keep us posted on your status," Martian Manhunter said.

"We have a problem," Superman said, jumping onto the line for it could be properly terminated.

"What kind of problem?" Kara asked over the intercom, dread filling her.

"Kara, Batman hasn't reported back in an hour," Superman said.

If it was any other member of the League, it would be a cause for worry. However, Kara speculated that this was a case of Batman being Batman.

"I'm sure he can take care of himself, in fact I know he can," Kara said, remembering the training she and Harry had with Batman.

"He's normally prompt in checking in with the Watchtower, he slipped a tracking device on one of the members of Luthor's gang," Superman said.
Harry and Kara just allowed this to sink all in for a matter of moments.

'So, Batman might have gotten caught,' Kara thought to Harry.

'Yes, but he wouldn't normally be this sloppy,' Harry thought to Kara. 'Unless he was trying to get caught to get a better idea of Luthor's plans. But something tells me there is more to this.'

'Like what?' Kara asked him.

'Search me, but we better find out,' Harry reported back to her.

"Guys, are you still there?" Superman asked.

"Yeah, it's a good chance Batman got nabbed by Luthor, whether intentionally or not on his part, I don't know," Harry offered them. "But, there is one way to find out everything. Kara, please lock into the frequency that Batman uses."

"Wait, you know the frequency that Batman uses?" Superman asked.

"Yes," Harry said, nonchalantly. "I've got my ways."

"Fair enough, if it helps us," Superman said.

Kara tried to lock onto the frequency. She wondered if Batman ever envisioned his own tracking devices being used to track him down.

"They disabled it, I think," Kara said frustrated, but Harry grabbed her hand gently.

"It's not over yet," Harry offered her, with a smile on his face.

Harry tried to tap into something else, to activate one of the tracking signals remotely from Batman's utility belt. It was a gamble, and he wondered if he was overstepping his own capabilities.

"Warehouse off of 3rd, right off of the river front," Kara announced into the communicator. "We're trying to tap into the security cameras right now to see if we can get a view of anything."

"We'll meet you there," Superman said.

"Be careful, it's going to be heavily guarded and Luthor would have it rigged with traps," Kara said.

"Right, I'll keep that in mind," Superman said.

The Justice League departed from their post, and Harry and Kara tried to tap into the security system. It was several minutes before they came to the unfortunate conclusion that security had been disabled.

"Guess we're doing this the old fashion way," Kara offered him.

Harry just smiled. The two of them flew out the open window. It was a short flight, so there was really no need for them to apparate. Flying came a lot more natural to both of them anyway, and the breeze blew through their hair, allowing a feeling of liberation.

The two of them lowered down on the top of the building. They peered through the front door. It looked like a normal, abandoned museum, but both of them knew by now looks could be
deceiving.

Kara and Harry slowly slipped into the shadows, to gain a better assessment of everything.

Lex Luthor was hard at work, sweat rolling down his face. He had Batman's utility belt spread out beside him. The Joker sat to the side, spinning around in an office chair. Luthor tried to block the Joker's antics out of his mind. If he could crack this belt open, it would allow him to punch his ticket into the watchtower.

The loud sounds of combat from the floor underneath caused Luthor's concentration to be broken. He clutched his chest, and his breathing came shallow. Luthor pulled over, and activated the communication link. Stairs was not something that he wanted to brave right now.

The sight of Grundy and the Ultra-Humanite fighting downstairs was the first thing to greet him. That did not improve his mood. Luthor's face contorted into a scowl, and he activated the communication link.

"What in the devil are you two doing?" Luthor demanded.

There was silence, before Grundy offered him a response.

"He started it."

"Started it, hardly, this oaf put his hands on me,' The Ultra-Humanite responded.

'These idiots will kill me faster than the cancer will,' Luthor thought to himself.

A sneer contorted on the bald businessman's face.

"Humanite, I may need your assistance momentarily, Grundy stay on Batman," Luthor said. "Do not talk to him; do not listen to anything he says. Keep your eyes on him at all times. Is that clear?"

"Yes," Grundy offered with a rumble, and he allowed the Ultra-Humanite to get up. "Grundy would like to negotiate further terms of his payment."

"We'll talk later, you undead ingrate," Luthor said through gritted teeth, but the other members of his Injustice League stared at him. "What are you staring at?"

"You should really throw in a pair of pants, that might pacify the old guy," the Joker offered, before he laughed.

Luthor once again ignored the Joker, and tried to break into the Utility Belt. He managed to blast it open, and several gadgets flung out.

"So whatcha looking for?" The Joker asked him. "Bat breath mints, bat car keys, bat credit card?"

The bald businessman held up one hand, to silence the Joker. He shuffled through each and every one of the items, before he found what he was looking for. It was a passcode of some sort.

Before Luthor could open his mouth, the passcode key began to glow red, and vanished from his hands.

"Well that was a waste of time," The Shade said.

Luthor was flummoxed completely, but he recovered, taking a deep breath.
"No, I had it in my grasp," Luthor said, with a grimace.

"Amazing, they programmed it to disintegrate upon contact with a non-League member," The Ultra-Humanite said.

Luthor just gnashed his teeth angrily. He thought for sure he had a sure fire way to sneak into the Justice League's headquarters, and finish them off nastily.

"So what now, ol' fearless leader," The Joker said to him.

"Yes, given your plan has been bungled, I do wonder if you did have a contingency," Star Sapphire said, eyes on Luthor, and a sneer on her face.

Before Luthor could say a word to any of them, a phone call brought his attention. He recognized the number.

"I want all of you to leave, go to the adjacent room, this is a private conversation," Luthor said.

The members of the Injustice League exchanged looks.

"Leave, or you don't get paid one cent," Luthor commanded, a bit more harshly.

The Injustice League all left. Even the Joker decided to walk off, but it did it slowly, on purpose. Luthor answered the cell phone carefully.

"What do you want now?"

"Luthor, I've been informed that you've left the lab," an angry woman said over the phone. "What the devil do you think you're doing?"

Luthor took a calming breath. He should have known this was coming.

"I'm about ready to destroy the Justice League," Luthor responded. He was calm, cool, and collected.

"Listen Luthor, we already pulled your ass out of the fire once before. If we have to do it again, we won't be happy."

"Yes, I know what you've done for me, but I've done much more for you," Luthor responded crisply. "As enlightening as this conversation has been so far, I am working."

"Lex, I'm warning you…"

"We'll discuss this later," Luthor said in a calm voice, and he disconnected the call.

Before he could even draw another pained breath, an alarm went off immediately. Luthor staggered, and he clutched his chest.

"The Justice League?" Luthor managed. "No, it's too soon, and besides they couldn't get past the defenses without any help…"

Luthor paused, but sudden realization dawned on him. He took a deep breath.

"This is the moment you've been waiting for, a chance to redeem yourselves!" Luthor yelled at the top of his lungs. "The first person to bring me Superman's head gets a bonus. The rest of them, just leave enough of their bodies to ensure they are dead."
The Injustice League moved off, but Otis took a step forward at his boss's gesture.

"Get my helicopter ready for when I give the signal," Luthor said, and he removed an explosive device from his briefcase.

He was going to use this to take care of the Justice League's little Watchtower, but this would do just as nicely.

Luthor prepared to seal off the top floor the best he could, once the last member of the Injustice League left. It would take an act of God to reach him, until he was ready to leave.

Which would be in a matter of moments, and Luthor prepared for a swift retreat.

Footsteps could be heard where the alarm had been tripped. Star Sapphire, Shade, Grundy, Humanite, and Cheetah all looked around. Yet, there seemed to be not even a cape in a corner.

"Maybe it was a false alarm?" Cheetah suggested.

"Something tells me that isn't the case," offered Humanite with a sigh. He put a hand on his head. "Everyone pan out, search the area. Find the Justice League."

Ultra Humanite took a few steps forward. A blast knocked him off of his feet, and he cracked hard against the wall. He staggered, and Star Sapphire held up a hand, blasting towards the wall.

"Something took out Humanite, everyone on your guard!" Sapphire yelled.

A loud crash echoed, and Cheetah found herself down on the ground, wincing from the impact of someone nailing her from behind. She rolled over, and she struggled to breath. It was almost as if her throat was being crushed by some invisible force.

"Don't like this," Grundy grunted.

"That makes two of us big guy," Shade said to him, and he held his nightstick, and kept his back against the wall.

"Everyone stick close, Batman might have escaped," Star Sapphire whispered. "Come out wherever you are?"

"Actually, I prefer not to."

Star Sapphire's eyes widened and she blasted towards the sound of the voice.

"It's the Kryptonian brat," Star Sapphire said with distaste, but a burst of super breath knocked them off balance.

"They're toying with us," Shade said, but he looked outside. "And things are getting worse."

Star Sapphire turned around and blasted the door. It sealed itself shut immediately, but that left herself open for an attack. She found herself slammed down hard to the ground. She landed with a sickening crack.

Grundy turned around, and the Justice League smashed through the wall. Superman caught Grundy with a huge punch. Grundy flew backwards into the wall. Angrily, the swamp zombie picked up a statue, and threw it hard towards the Man of Steel.
Superman caught it, and Flash rushed in at super speed, and knocked Grundy down. Hawkgirl, Wonder Woman, Green Lantern, and the Martian Manhunter all entered the museum.

"I thought this would be a bit harder for some reason," Hawkgirl commented.

The Shade tried to hold his nightstick, and twisted the knob. Shadows engulfed him, but a blast of magical energy caused his shadows to be illuminated. The cover that he wanted was lost, and the next thing he knew, Supergirl and Arcane popped up out of nowhere.

They fought him, and Wonder Woman offered her contribution, by yanking the nightstick out of his hand. Without that particular weapon, the Shade was helpless against the attack.

"Please, mercy," The Shade said.

Wonder Woman just responded by slamming him down to the ground.

"I don't think you would have offered us any in that situation," Wonder Woman said, and they all made sure the Injustice League was all wrapped up.

"Well that's all of them, I think," Superman said.

"All of them, except for the big one," Green Lantern said.

Luthor was conspicuous by his absence.

"Maybe he went home early," Flash suggested.

Harry and Kara had a hunch. While the members of the League checked for traps, they made their way to the top floor.

An energy field blasted them back immediately.

"Luthor has to be upstairs," Kara said immediately.

"Go and find Batman, we'll take care of him," Harry said.

"By take care of him do you mean…"

Kara and Harry did not offer any kind of answer. The two found a way to tear through whatever technology Luthor was using to block the upstairs area. They continued to fly up the stairs.

'This is it, we'll have him now,' Harry thought.

'It wouldn't be that easy, would it?' Kara thought to herself.

They blasted through another set of doors, and they made a turn to a makeshift lab area. The lab had been cleared out within the last few minutes.

It was obvious Luthor had long since departed. He had more sense than his minions.

"Yeah, it wouldn't be that easy," Harry offered her, but he paused. He saw a glowing bomb left on the desk.

"That coward," Kara said, and she looked at it. She scanned the technology with her X-Ray vision. "I don't recognize most of this, but it's created to implode, not explode."
Harry and Kara worked to get rid of the bomb, or at least shield it before the explosion could level everyone in the building.

"Guys, we got a situation," Harry said, deciding to check in with the Justice League.

"What kind of situation?" Wonder Woman asked him.

"Nothing much, Diana, just the fact that we're about three minutes from being vaporized," Harry said. "Luthor's gone, but he left a present behind."

"Surely it's a simple process to disable it," Wonder Woman said.

"Normally it would be, but whoever created this bomb made it so that any kind of tampering would cause an automatic implosion," Harry said.

"And that includes magic?" Superman asked him.

"We're under the assumption it does," Kara chimed in. "But we don't want to take the chance. About three minutes, so do try and find Batman, and get out. We'll see what we can do about disabling it, because it would take out an entire city block."

Harry and Kara knew that they would not have to worry about the Injustice League; due to the fatal injuries they had been given.

Now, they had to deal with the bomb, and its unique creation.

The Joker tip toed in, quiet as a church mouse. He turned and saw Batman still restrained. A twisted grin appeared on his face, and he eyed his favorite sparring partner up.

"I tell you what, Bats, things are getting a bit insane around here," the Joker retorted. "All of these heroes coming around, the villains get batted around. And some crazy bald headed bastard with cancer is going to blow ups all to Kingdom Come. What the hell is going on with the world anyway?"

Batman responded with nothing but his usual stoic glance.

"I'd love to stick around for some small talk, but you know, things to do," the Joker paused. "Like not getting blown up. And plus between you and me, that Arcane, the kid is nuts. I saw what he did to the Scarecrow."

The Joker tip-toed, but he paused and lowered the force field. He pulled out a knife.

"Ah, what the hell, I can't leave without saying a proper goodbye," the Joker said, his face contorting into a wide and sadistic grin.

The Joker lifted the knife, but a blast of heat vision melted it. The crazed clown turned around, and saw six of the seven members of the Justice League.

"Well, the odds a bit skewed," the Joker said with a shrug.

"Yeah, I've got this one," Flash said.

"Flash wait…"

Flash rushed forward, but the Joker pulled out a bag of marbles. He flung them on the ground, and
the Flash skidded on them. The Joker rolled around, and he pulled several razor sharp playing cards out of his sleeve. He flung them at the Justice League, who dodged the attacks, and the sadistic taunting laughter of the Joker rang out their ears.

"Be careful, he's tougher than he looks," Superman said.

"Yeah, no kidding," Hawkgirl grunted.

She tried to swing her mace at the Joker, but the Joker dodged the attack. He flung a penny on the floor and a noxious gas spread in the air when it hit.

The Joker laughed madly, and began to skip, before he picked up a crowbar.

"Time to bludgeon the bat!" the Joker sang.

The Joker held up the crowbar with great malice, but Batman was gone.

"What?" the Joker demanded. "Oh of course, it was bound to …"

The Joker's words were interrupted by a huge punch to the face. The Joker dropped down to the ground from the impact.

"You're despicable," the Joker slurred, before he passed out.

Batman adjusted his footing, and walked over towards the other members of the League.

"We've got a situation, there's a bomb!" Superman said. "Please tell me you two have got it."

Kara came over the communication link.

"Yeah, give us a minute."

"And how much time do we have left?" Green Lantern asked.

"Forty seconds," Kara replied.

Panic started to set in.

"I'm no Math Major, but something about that doesn't add up," Flash said.

"RUN!" Batman yelled, and Flash did not need to be told twice.

Upstairs, Harry and Kara managed to pry the bomb open. Harry decided to make a snap decision.

"Alright, heat vision that coil, and then I'll apparate the bomb into the desert," Harry said.

They only had a few seconds to time this right. Kara aimed, trying not to think about what would have happened if she failed. Her heat vision sliced through the coil, and Harry grabbed it immediately. Harry apparated the bomb away before it could detonate.

Kara held her breath. Time seemed to pass rather slowly.

Harry returned, a bit shaken, but mostly intact. He had a small piece of the bomb in his hand, he staggered a little bit.

"Don't worry, Harry, I have to," Kara said, and Harry collapsed into her arms.
"I know, you always do," Harry said, offering her a smile.

The comlink came back to life.

"So, no explosion, I'm guessing you two managed to disable it after all," Superman said.

"Yeah, we did, another second, and half of Metropolis would have been blown up," Kara said.

"No, Luthor, though," Harry said, in a deflated voice.

"We'll get him eventually Harry, he can't hide forever," Kara said.

"We have the escaped villains secured downstairs," Martian Manhunter said.

"And be careful, the Joker is among them," Batman added.

The Joker was the only one they really had to worry about, given the fact that if those villains might not be waking up after what Harry and Kara did to them.

Harry and Kara both appreciated the heads up. Kara half carried Harry until he could regain his bearings. Then the two of them walked, when Harry shook his head.

"If he causes any trouble, I'll put him in my place," Harry said.

No one had any idea what to say about that. It was an unwritten rule that Harry and Kara both would take more extreme measures, but they would justify it every time. Of course, with people like the Joker, it would be hard to disagree with putting him down for a very permanent nap.

Harry and Kara went downstairs, and paused. They looked around, but sure enough there was not one contained villain.

"That's impossible," Kara said in shock.

"The injuries we gave them were fatal," Harry said.

"Or at least extremely crippling," Kara said, and she grabbed Harry's hand. The pair of them moved around the entire base, in an attempt to find even the slightest hint what was transpiring involving the Injustice League.

There was not a clue, not even one.

"We've got another situation on our hands," Harry said.

"Let me guess, they escaped," Batman said.

"I figured you'd know," Harry said. "The question is how do you know?"

"You wouldn't describe anything less than that as a situation," Batman said.

Both of them blinked, before they nodded.

"But, we had them secured, they were knocked out," Hawkgirl said.

"Well, looks like they woke up," Flash said.

"We have the outside of the building locked up tight, they couldn't have slipped out," Wonder Woman said.
"So, all of them just vanished?" Superman asked.

"Someone must have teleported them out of there, or something," Harry said.

"How do you figure?" Green Lantern asked.

Kara and Harry remained silent, and thoughtful.

"Six dangerous super villains do not walk out of a place undetected without any help," Kara said. "We'll check the inside, you guys can see if you can find any hint on the outside."

"Sounds like a plan," Superman said.

There were mutterings, of which members of the Justice League would divide into teams. Harry and Kara only half paid attention to those words, they had their own investigation to conduct.

The fact that no one was there troubled both of them greatly. Harry wondered what Luthor was involved in. This was the second time he disappeared out from underneath his nose.

"So a witch or a wizard was involved," Harry concluded.

"That's the only explanation I can think of," Kara said, and she closed her eyes. "There were a few minutes where they were left alone. That was more than enough time to pop everyone in and out. We should have put some anti-transport wards over the place."

"They're not foolproof," Harry warned her. "One little hole, and a powerful individual can weave around them."

Kara opened her mouth to suggest a counter possibility, but found the Shade's nightstick still on the ground. So that was not the way they had escaped, under the cover of darkness. The two Potters searched.

"Please tell me you found something," Kara said.

"Wish we could," Wonder Woman said.

"They just vanished into thin air," Superman added.

Flash could not resist putting his two cents in. "Yeah, almost like magic."

"Maybe because it was magic," Hawkgirl said. "That's the theory we're going with, right?"

"Yep, most logical theory," Kara said.

"There's nothing we can find here, not even a clue," Batman said. "Whoever got them out covered their tracks."

"Luthor has an accomplice, we know that much," Martian Manhunter said. "And whoever it is, they are extremely powerful."

Both teams pondered the mystery of Lex Luthor. Harry had the piece of the explosive device he managed to salvage. That would be perhaps a slight hint.

"No need to hang around here, if we can't find anything," Kara said.

"No, we're heading back to the Watchtower as well," Superman said. "You know how to get in
It had not completely been the perfect day they had envisioned, but there were some moments, and it was not over yet.

The battered piece of the explosive device was being scanned at the Patronus Incorporated headquarters. Harry and Kara looked over it, and tried to get a word on the print out.

"The results are inconclusive," Kara concluded, tearing off the print out to read it.

"Inconclusive, that can mean any number of things," Harry said thoughtfully.

Harry and Kara tried to rack their brains to figure out what inconclusive meant in this case. It was a moment later that Harry had a wild shot in the dark theory.

"Kara, this is an insane idea."

"Sometimes insanity and genius can go hand in hand," Kara offered him with a smile.

Harry returned it. "Well, given that this technology was inconclusive, what if it was not technology, at least not completely?"

"You mean it was magically created?" Kara offered him.

Harry responded slowly.

"That makes it far more dangerous if I remember correctly," Kara said.

"You remember correctly," Harry agreed with her. They exchanged a serious look. "There is a reason why magic and technology should not mix. It leads to something bad. Luthor's mysterious partner or partners might be dabbling in it."

Kara and Harry both had no idea whatsoever who Luthor's mystery backers were. Given the state of his health, he was not working alone. He remained mostly out of the picture, just ordering his henchmen to do his dirty work.

"Luthor could be dying, but until he's buried, he's on the list of people I want to track down," Harry said.

"He's not making it easy," Kara said.

"No, he's making it hard, but if we had just been a bit quicker, we would have had him today," Harry said.

Kara immediately sensed Harry's frustration and gave her husband an encouraging smile, and wrapped her arms around him. She pulled the chair and whispered into his ear.

"You know why he attacked today, don't you?" Kara asked him.
It struck Harry.

"One year ago, it was the day he lost everything, his beloved company," Harry said. "He's a dangerous man, but we can beat him."

"I know," Kara said, and she spun Harry around.

Their lips met in a kiss. Harry and Kara ran their hands through each other's hair. They floated off of the chairs in flight, arms wrapped around each other, still dressed in their costumes.

"I just wish that we didn't have to spend half of our anniversary dealing with one of his schemes," Harry said. "I really wanted to make this day special."

"You did," Kara argued with him. "We saved people, even if all of those villains got away. And they're not going to forget what we did to them any time soon. Besides, it's not quite midnight yet. We can end today in style."

Harry got her implied meaning, and Kara wrapped her arms around him tighter yet, and Harry leaned forward into a kiss. Their arms tightened around each other, and they touched back down onto the ground.

"Let's go home," Kara said to him. "I think you'll enjoy what I have in mind for the both of us. It will end this day right."

"I'm sure I will enjoy it," Harry said, and he put his arm around her. "It should more than make up for our fun in the hot tub being cut short."

Kara gave him a knowing grin, and a slight wink that got Harry a bit hot.

The two of them made sure to lock up. Between the two of them and their super speed it only took a few minutes. Harry and Kara disappeared into the night, and prepared for something wonderful to wrap up their first year as a couple.

The first of many, Harry and Kara wanted more than they could ever count. They wanted so many wedding anniversaries that they would lose track of how many they had after time.

Luthor returned to the main lab, his tracks completely and utterly covered. He sat back in his chair, but the intercom buzzed to life.

"Yes, may I help you?" Lex asked in a patronizing tone of voice.

"You were lucky that you were not caught," said the voice on the other end.

"Luck has nothing to do with it," Lex said. "My superior intellect managed to ensure that I left with not a scratch. Even Arcane and Supergirl, they could not touch me."

"As I said, Luthor, it was luck. The Justice League still lives, and I had to pull a few strings to get your flunkies out of there. Did you not think that Potter wouldn't have paid them the right price to have them hand deliver your head, or found a way to loosen their tongues?"

"It was a possibility I considered," Lex admitted.

Lex shuffled his hands.

"And for your information, while I do agree this particular scheme could have gone better, it was
not a failure," Luthor said.

There was a long pause, before Lex's contact responded.

"In what demented fantasy land is what happened today is not considered a failure?"

Luthor paused. He enjoyed leaving people in suspense. The truth was, he did not expect many to fathom the genius of his plans. Even if he was defeated, there had been many times where he found a way to win. There was always a way to come out ahead, if one was creative enough. He tapped his fingers.

"You really don't know," Luthor responded.

"No, I don't know."

Luthor chuckled. A grin appeared on his face. "Let me break this down for you, and I'll try and use small words so even someone with your moderate intellect can understand."

Any noise of agitation was promptly ignored. Luthor enjoyed the fact that he was milking this situation for all of it is worth.

"Thanks to my efforts, you have far more information on the Justice League today, than you did yesterday," Lex offered his contact. "We have a better understanding of their capabilities. And before I escaped, I managed a complete scan of every single item in Batman's utility belt. Something that you would not even have dreamed of having before today."

Luthor offered a pause, before he added in his most patronizing tone of voice.

"You're welcome for that, by the way."

"I'm watching you, Lex."

"I'm sure you are," he replied coolly. "In the past week, I've uncovered and disabled six monitoring devices you've placed in this facility. This lack of trust really is not the best way to formulate a business partnership."

"After today, you've given me no reason to trust you."

"I'm hurt, really I am," Luthor said, dryly. "This partnership is a marriage of convenience, I can't cure my ailment without your resources, but without my connections, Cadmus would be brought up on more charges than you could ever imagine."

Luthor knew he had a good point, but he decided to offer more of his commentary.

"And, no one in this lab would be in the cushy position they would be in, if it wasn't for the name Luthor," Lex summarized.

"Yes, I'm aware, and I know your father…"

"Do not speak to me of that man, he's long since dead, and good riddance," Luthor said in a harsh voice.

"Well, it appears that I've struck a nerve. How much longer do you think you have Lex? A year, eighteen months, two years if you're lucky, before the cancer slowly eats away at you?"

"I'll find a way to cure it," Luthor stated.
"It wouldn't have anything to do with that blood sample in your vault, would it?"

"How do you know about this, Waller?" Lex asked him.

"I have my ways," Waller replied. Her voice was smug and self-assured.

"Amusing, we're just going around in circles now, and withholding information from each other," Luthor said.

"What is in that blood that makes you want to hoard it for yourself?" Waller replied.

Luthor chose his next few words delicately. He knew this subject would not be dropped down that Waller knew.

"It's unlike anything that I have ever seen before. And I've studied Superman's blood up close, but this blood is something different. There are elements in this blood that are unlike anything, it is almost supernatural. Amazing, if I would have to say so myself, and if I can figure out what, perhaps I could formulate a cure for anything, including my cancer. Given that Cadmus has been unwilling to assist me. It's almost like you wish to keep me ill for your own benefit."

There was no response. The mental game of chess was on, and Luthor was determined to get the checkmate.

"I believe you have information to report to me about the weapon," Luthor said.

"After the snag we ran into, she'll be fully operational within the next six weeks," Waller said.

"Snag, what kind of snag?" Luthor demanded.

This was new information to him.

"Nothing that isn't under control, she's in stasis until we can remove all residual memories from the original," Waller said. "This will need to be done with care as to not damage her. Then we can begin feeding her the necessary information."

"Just make sure she's under your control before you release her," Luthor responded. "We don't need any nasty surprises."

"Believe me, Lex, we're taking every precaution necessary," Waller said patiently, before she added. "We've learned from your mistakes regarding the Bizarro mess. Project Galatea will be fully operational in a matter of time."

"Just make sure the weapon doesn't fall into the wrong hands," Luthor said harshly.

There was a moment of silence between both sides of the conversation.

"If this clone is successful, then we can move onto the next phase of the project," Luthor added. "And what of our guest in lab three?"

"Sedated, and held at bay," Waller commented.

"And make sure she remains that way," Luthor said. "I expect you're going to keep me posted."

"And I expect you not to go on any outside excursions from that lab in your condition," Waller said.
"Yes, mother," Luthor said sarcastically.

Waller was used to dealing with grown men and women who acted like petulant brats. She worked in government after all.

"I mean it, Lex," Waller responded crisply. "I'm going to double your security."

"For my own protection, of course," Luthor said.

The connection went dead. Luthor pondered about what he had to do next. He had hoped to gain some revenge today, but he still had time. As long as there was breath still in his body, his obsession remained strong. He curled his fists calmly to his side. Pretty soon he would have everything that he wanted.

It was always darkest before the dawn, and today was a final setback. Arcane, and Luthor refused to think of this hero under his real name due to the fact it humanized that particular nuisance, would pay for how he ruined his life.

Right now, Luthor would lie low, but he had any number of plans. For the present time, he resumed his studies on the vial of blood.

"Just what are you?" Luthor asked in a quiet voice.

The bedroom of the Potter Residence had a crisp summer breeze blow through the open window. Harry waited on the bed for his wife. She was one of the few things in life that he felt was worth waiting for, but he did not have to wait for long. Kara appeared in the doorway of their bedroom. She wore a red bathrobe, but Harry had no idea what awaited him underneath.

"Hey, beautiful," Harry said to her with a smile.

"Hi, Harry," Kara said, returning his smile. It grew slightly seductive, and she winked at him. "It's almost after eleven. The end of our first year, the beginning of our second year together."

Harry recalled the memories fondly, especially the more intimate ones.

"The first year of many we're going to be together," Harry told her.

Kara gave him a smile, and glided over towards him. She allowed herself a few seconds to reflect and to think.

"It's funny how a difference a year makes," Kara said to him. She sat down on the bed beside Harry. "A year ago, we were much different people. We had a lot of demons, a lot of scars, but after a year, the both of us, we've grown beyond that."

"We do have something special," Harry said to her, scooting closer to her. "Thank you Kara, for loving me."

"It's hard not to, even at your most brooding, you had a certain charm," Kara said, and she wrapped her arms around him.

Harry returned the gesture. He could not believe how lucky he was for finding this girl, but there she was. She was beautiful, and offered him nothing but the most unconditional love and understanding. She saw something in him that no one else ever did before.

Kara had similar thoughts. The past year had been like a dream, and she could not wait to see what
the future hold. But, she had a feeling it would be interesting. A part of her did wonder in the past if she would ever find love, especially the kind Harry gave her. Yet, he let her into his heart, and she did likewise.

It was pure magic, figuratively and literally.

Not too many people would have stood up to her cousin when he pulled the overprotective act, and that made Kara smile the most of all. Of course, she did think that Harry did earn Clark's respect in a way by standing up to him, even if things were a bit awkward. It proved that he would do anything for Kara, and it was a relationship that was built to last.

"It's no problem loving you," Kara whispered to him lightly, reaching up one hand to stroke his cheek.

Harry and Kara looked in each other's eyes. The two of them, they could take on anything, together. They really were meant to be together.

"I always thought I would have to settle for someone, because they would have me," Harry whispered to her. "I got someone who wanted me, who fell in love with me, my love."

"No more words, Harry, I love you, and I'm glad you fell in love with the real me as well," Kara said to him.

They exchanged a passionate and quite heated kiss on the bed, falling backwards Their hands roamed around each other's bodies for a brief moment, but Kara pulled back. She floated off of the bed, and began to sway her hips in mid-air. Harry watched her hypnotic movements.

Kara untied her robe, and slid it off of her shoulders, slowly and seductively. Harry saw his wife's perfect body become revealed. Her curvy tanned frame, with a sheer blue negligee that showcased her perfect breasts and toned, fit stomach. A skimpy pair of thong panties covered her bottom half, barely covering her nether regions. Her long lovely legs were on full display, making Harry drool. Kara spun around, allowing Harry to get a great view of her wonderful ass.

"You look stunning," Harry managed, barely able to articulate a word.

Kara turned around, grinning at him, and swaying in mid-air. She flickered her tongue at Harry teasingly. Harry reached up, and grabbed Kara by the hips. He pulled her down so they were level with each other before pulling her scantily clad body into a deep kiss. Kara returned the gesture with absolute fury, before they got down to business.

_Smut/Lemon Begins._

Kara and Harry melted into the kiss. Harry poked his tongue into her mouth, and Kara returned with absolute fury. Kara undid his shirt buttons feverishly, before slipping the shirt off of his body. The blonde Kryptonian pushed Harry onto the bed and his shirt slipped off. Kara placed her hands on Harry's chest, and began to massage it. The beautiful blonde teased Harry's abs, stroking them with her fingers. She skimmed the waistband of Harry's pants, and Harry placed his hands on her back, to encourage her.

Harry removed his wife's top garment. Her breasts bounced out. He sat up, to get a full look at the wonders that greeted him. Harry grabbed Kara's wonderful tits, and squeezed them. Kara moaned, and Harry continued to speed up the motions. He put his palms on her breasts, and rotated them in circular motions.

"Oh, that's the best," Kara moaned, grinding herself on Harry's crotch to get him to do more to her.
Harry grinned, and he continued to rub her tits. She continued to moan at the top of her lungs, and Harry hastened his motions. He took right nipple his mouth, and began to suck on her right nipple. Harry swirled his tongue around her nipple, and Kara continued to make sensual sounds. He switched to her left nipple, and continued his movements.

"More," she moaned.

Harry buried her face into her chest. Kara hugged his head into her chest, and Harry sucked her tits, his face buried in her flesh. The fact that he could hold his breath for a long time, made the pleasure last for a while. Kara reared her head back, eyes heavy, and she breathed in and out. Small jolts of magic pleased her, and Kara reached down, feeling herself get wet because of Harry's actions. She slowly pleasured herself, and let a little moan escape from her mouth.

Harry slowly backed away, and he grabbed Kara's hands, and pulled them away.

"Harry," Kara said.

Harry grabbed her panties, and peeled them off of her damp mound. With a grin, he rubbed his fingers up and down her, causing Kara to breath in and out heavily.

"You're really wet," Harry whispered in her ear.

"I can get wetter," Kara replied with a smirk.

Harry rested on the bed, and Kara hovered above Harry. She hovered over Harry's face, and Harry grabbed her hips. Kara was sat down upon Harry's face. The blonde gave a bit of a lustful moan, as Harry's tongue licked her clit. Harry scrapped it slowly, every five seconds, with teasing licks. Kara felt the pleasure nearly overwhelm her.

"Yes, Harry, that feels so good," Kara said, and her powerful pussy clenched.

She could feel Harry smile beneath her, and Harry began to slowly lick, swirling his tongue around her walls. Kara grabbed her hands on Harry's pants and managed to push them down. She waved her hand, and his boxers vanished. Harry continued to eat her moist pussy out, but Kara felt his large, throbbing member nearly smack her in the face.

Kara grinded herself on Harry's face, and Harry responded by quicker movements, vibrating his tongue into her Kryptonian cunt. He seemed to sense what was coming, and Harry pushed his hips into the air. Kara placed the tip of his penis into her mouth. She tasted his wonderful pre-cum, and slowly, inch by inch, shoved Harry's cock down her throat. Her lips wrapped tightly around the base.

Both Harry and Kara floated off of the bed, and Harry fucked Kara's throat, as he ate her pussy out!

The wonderful sensations Harry made Kara feel, caused her to moan deep form the back of her throat. That caused her pussy to be eaten out faster, and she unleashed her juices onto Harry's face. Kara bobbed her head up and down on Harry's large member.

Harry felt his desire mount, and his balls grow heavy. A pair of strong, but soft hands began to fondle his balls. That drove him closer, and closer to the brink. Any minute now Harry was going to pop, and the explosion would be massive.

Kara used her throat muscles, to coax the cum out of Harry's balls. She planned to suck him absolutely dry. She hummed in the back of her throat, and Harry spurted several thick ropes of cum down her throat.
His cum spurted down her throat, and Kara made sure not to waste a drop. She sucked and milked Harry's cock, slurping all of his cum up, and slowly pulled off, after Harry brought her to the end of her own powerful orgasm.

She slowly pulled herself off of Harry's face, and slowly spun around. She grabbed her fingers and scrapped her own juices off of his face.

"Hungry?" Kara asked him, her lovely lips curling into a smile.

Harry matched her grin, and looked up at her with lustful eyes. "Famished."

She slowly brought her fingers down onto Harry's mouth, and he sucked them a little bit. Kara then turned around, and put her own fingers in her mouth. Her eyes glazed back, and she began to suck them heavily, eyes glazed back from the pleasure.

Kara alternated between feeding Harry her own juices, and feeding herself with them. Harry grew harder and harder, a fact that was not unnoticed by Kara. His erection brushed against her stomach. This activity continued for a few minutes, until Harry grabbed Kara by the shoulders.

Kara squealed in excitement as Harry flew her all across the room. The blonde Kryptonian was pushed up against the wall. Harry kissed her deeply against the wall, her tits pressed against his chest. Kara felt herself react to his kisses, and ran her fingers through his hair, making it even messier. Their tongues intertwined with each other, and Harry backed off a little bit.

Harry kissed her neck, and Kara wrapped her hands around his back. He continued to give her more teasing kisses down her body. Harry spread her legs, licking the juices from the inside of her thighs. She gave little moans, and Harry lifted his fingers, before he slowly probed the inside of her pussy. He inserted three fingers into her, and pumped them in and out.

The reaction Kara had was quite vocal, and Harry hit every single one of her pleasure centers. She moaned, and grabbed Harry's hair, tightening her grip to encourage him.

"Oh, great Rao, that's the spot!" Kara screamed at the top of her lungs. She continued to push herself upon Harry's fingers, and Harry felt her be brought to a near orgasm.

Suddenly, he withdrew his fingers from her.

"Harry," Kara whined, but found her hands and feet bound against the wall. The Blonde Kryptonian was excited at the possibilities of what was going to happen to her now.

Harry teased her a bit more, and aimed his cock at her. He slowly, and surely teased her, rubbing the tip against her pussy lips. He pushed it inside her tight opening. He pumped his penis into her tight, and wet core. Kara was bound against the wall, and she felt herself clench when Harry hammered into her pussy with all of the force he could muster.

Kara was in heaven.

"Work my cunt over, stretch me, work me to the limit!" Kara encouraged him, breathing hotly in his ear. "Don't hold back, give me everything!"

Harry sped up his movements, and Kara continued to feel herself get hotter and wetter. The fact she was fastened to a wall made this more pleasurable. The fact she was one of the strongest women on Earth, and she was dominated like this made her so hot.

Harry felt himself throb and pulse inside her. His cock continued to exert the right amount of
friction, and force against her. Kara's moans mandated that every single bit of his self-control would need to be exercised for him not to lose it right inside her.

She orgasmed, and Harry used the right combination of teasing her and then pleasuring her. Every pleasure center of her body was hit, sometimes multiple ones at once, and she loved it. Nothing was neglected.

Harry squeezed her breasts, and played with her hard nipples, flicking his tongue off of them. He continued to slam into her at a force that would hurt a normal woman. Judging by her moans, this force brought Kara absolute pleasure, beyond anything she could dream of.

The fact his cock was sheathed in his wife's wonderful pussy was a wonderful feeling. The tight, wet, and powerful walls closing in around it, rubbing it hard, caused Harry to be pushed further and further to the brink. The fact that he could withstand such power made him grow harder, and push into her more. The sounds of pleasure she made caused his balls to weigh heavier and throb.

The dance continued, with Harry pounding into his beautiful Kryptonian goddess of a wife against the wall. Kara's moans got deeper, and heavier, her brain growing numb, as her powerful husband fucked her against their bedroom wall.

"Shoot into me," Kara panted. She sensed her husband was near. "Load me up with your own juices, shoot your cum into my nice, tight, Kryptonian cunt!"

Harry was pushed over the edge. His balls tightened, and he unloaded into his load directly into her womb. He rode her hard to the end. Kara's lovely cunt quivered beneath his actions, and she continued to rub her walls against his member. Each and every single bit of his cum exploded into her, draining his balls into her, and Kara felt herself brought to another orgasm before he was finished.

By the time Harry had been deflated, a steady stream of cum was leaking out of Kara's pussy, and down her leg. She never thought she could be filled with so much wonderful magic.

Her juicy lips curled into a smile, and she slumped against the wall, in her restraints, in a blissful daze.

*Smut/Lemon ends.*

Harry released Kara from her bindings. She slumped into his arms, a goofy grin on her face from the wonderful fucking she just got. She was completely worn out, at least for a couple of hours.

"You're the best, don't let anyone ever sell you short," Kara told him. "I'll be ready to go in a few hours, if you want to go more, but I really need a rest to recharge."

"I should have held back a little bit," Harry said to her.

"No, listen, Harry, I want all of you," Kara said, grabbing his shoulder firmly.

Harry wrapped his arms around her, lovingly, and looked at her.

"You didn't hurt me, just wore me out a little bit," Kara said, in a reassuring voice.

"Take all of the rest you want, and just nudge me if you're sure you want more," Harry said.

"Oh I will after that performance," Kara replied with a grin.
Kara rested in his arms, and he gently floated her over the bed. She found herself resting in the arms of someone who not only gave her pleasure, but made her feel like the most wonderful and beautiful woman in the universe.

Harry gently placed her on the bed, and curled up next to her.

"Love you, so very much," Kara said to him.

"Happy anniversary, even though it's technically a bit past midnight," Harry said to her.

"Thought that counts," mumbled Kara. "Good night, my beloved emerald eyed angel."

"Good night, my Kryptonian Goddess," Harry said, and he offered her a brief kiss. "I love you, always and forever."

"Even if there might be others," Kara whispered to him.

Harry just smirked.

"You're number one, but it could be a tight race," Harry told her, a bit teasingly.

"Well, I'm just going to have to step up my game, poor you, all of that hot and passionate super powered sex, how are you ever going to survive?" Kara teased back, and she rested her head on his chest. "Harry, you know, I'm sure you'll treat anyone else equal and have enough love in your heart for more than one."

'Of course, I'm beginning to think that I'm the only one, so it's not like we're going to go down that road,' Kara thought to herself. 'I'd be fun, but the weird things that you say when you're thinking hypothetically. Ah well, no use splitting hairs over hypotheticals."

There were no more words, and Kara slowly drifted off of her sleep. Her lovely, rhythmic breathing allowed Harry to be lulled to sleep, deeply content in their love.
Chapter 11: Gold

Down the rails of the subway in downtown Metropolis went a train. Or at least that was the case, before the train got halted to an abrupt stop. A group of men dressed in black, with masks entered the scene. They held high tech weapons, and managed to hold an entire train hostage.

"Take the cargo, kill the passengers," the one of them grunted, before he waved his men onboard. He was the field leader. "Everyone move it, double time. The news said that Superman is halfway across the world, but he could be back in a few minutes.

"Yeah, faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive," another member of the gang said in an amused manner.

"Yeah, yeah, and he jumps tall buildings in a single bound, don't get smart with me, just do it!" the leader of the gang snapped.

The gang stood in position, and the passengers looked up fearfully. Several weapons were held on them.

"Who are you people?"

"You idiot, don't you watch the news. That's Intergang!"

"I thought they were broken up!"

Before this debate could go much further, a warning shot was fired.

"Alright, we might go easy on you, we know you're carrying something on this train," the leader barked. "One of you is a high tech research scientist, you have an atomic destabilizer."

"Why would you want such a thing?"

"Are you kidding, that's the perfect thing to pull off more of these heists," the leader of the gang said, pushing the woman who had asked the question down immediately.

A swooshing sound was heard from the side of the train. Intergang stood rigid, and they got nervous. The slightest sound caused them to be jumpy.

"Move it, we got to get out of here, before Superman shows up!" the leader of the gang yelled at the top of his lungs.

They tried to search for the item in question, but the windows vanished. Two figures entered the train, and half of the members of Intergang were taken down with extreme prejudice.

They knew how screwed they were when they saw Supergirl and Arcane show up on the scene. They were almost praying for Superman now.

Kara and Harry exchanged a look, smirking at Intergang's poor attempts to formulate an attack. One of the members of the gang pointed a laser blaster towards Kara, but she shot a blast of heat vision at it. The gun heated up, and exploded in his face. Harry knocked him out, and his neck snapped back from the high powered banishing spell.
Intergang tried to escape, but they found their feet being pulled out from underneath them. Kara and Harry knocked them around with supreme fury.

The passengers were escorted off of the train, and Harry and Kara looked down. The remaining member of Intergang who was still standing scrambled. He fell backwards, and tried to crawl away, but he was blocked.

"The only reason you're still breathing is because we need information from you," Harry said to him.

The gang member shuddered.

"You're supposed to be the good guys, you can't do this!" the member of Intergang yelled.

Kara leaned her head towards the gang member, and he gulped in fear.

"Trust me, when you put an entire train of people in danger, we kind of forget that fact," Kara said, cracking her knuckles. "I could give you a severe beating right now, if you don't want to cooperate."

"Okay, okay, we wanted this atomic destabilize. We got intelligence that some high tech research scientist was riding on this train!"

Harry and Kara took a step back. They had scanned the crates, and sure enough the device was on the train. The fact that some scientist was carrying this thing on a train, it really upset both of them. It put innocent people in danger, and it just invited psychopaths to take a crack at it.

The Intergang member tried shoot them from behind, but Kara spun around and grabbed him by the throat, before she hurled him backwards hard. He landed hard on the ground, with a huge crack.

"Another pocket of Intergang shut down," Harry said.

"A lot of them are kids who made bad choices, but these are hardened criminals, you can tell," Kara said to him.

"No hesitation, no regrets, killing comes natural," Harry said, with a frown at the thought.

Harry and Kara left, to see if there were any other members of Intergang lurking around. They searched for about twenty minutes, making sure to leave no stone left unturned. The official word was Intergang's own plan blew up on them, and the damaged equipment collaborated this statement.

A bright vortex opened up over Metropolis. A young man with blonde hair flew out and landed on the ground hard with a thud. He was dressed in a gold and black suit, with a yellow star and a yellow mask. A miniature robotic companion shot out of the portal.

"As always, your landings are impeccable, sir," the robotic companion known as Skeets said.

The young man just struck a pose. His name was Booster Gold. He arrived from the twenty fifth century to seek the glory of being the hero in a time where his heroics would be more appreciated.

"Yes, I do aim to please," Booster Gold said with a joyous smile on his face. He spun around, and checked his watch. "Where exactly are we?"

"I believe we are in Metropolis sir," Skeets replied.
Booster Gold looked up, and saw the globe of the Daily Planet. He recognized it from the history archives.

"Print media, that's still around?" Booster Gold asked in an astonished voice. "What, do people still read books, too?"

"I believe so, sir," Skeets replied.

Booster Gold held his hands, and turned around. He gained flight, and his eyes moved around from side to side. A wide smile appeared on his face, his grin getting wider and wider with each several action.

"So, when are we?" Booster Gold asked.

Skeets checked his database, and answered promptly.

"We are in the year 2001, August 5th," Skeets confirmed to him.

"Wow, we did go back a long time," Booster Gold, but he saw a billboard for Patronus Incorporated in downtown Metropolis. "Some things never change, do they, Skeets? Patronus Incorporated, it's international, global, galactic in the future."

"Judging by my calculations, it must have just gotten off the ground in the past year or so," Skeets offered.

Brilliant inspiration struck Booster Gold.

"So why don't you say we pay the CEO a little visit?" Booster Gold said. "I'm sure he'll be up for a little publicity with a true blue hero from the 25th century. Plus it would be a good way to get some publicity for Booster Gold, the hero of tomorrow…today!"

"Good catchphrase, sir," Skeets said. "But, I thought Mr. Potter told you never to step foot in any of his buildings again, after…the incident."

"Ah, that was in the past, well technically in the future, but my past, and…" Booster Gold started, before he stopped.

He was beginning to get a headache.

"And this is why time travel is not advised," Skeets offered.

"Ah, but I'm sure he's mellowed out by now," Booster Gold said. "Plus he doesn't know who I am, in this time. And he's only married to one of them, for now."

"Fortunately for you, sir," Skeets commented. "Remember his fourth wife?"

"Yes, it's hard to forget," Booster Gold said with a grimace.

"I would hope not, " Skeets replied. "Given the fact she broke your legs."

There was a pause.

"And your arms."

There was another pause.
"And your jaw."

Booster Gold grimaced before Skeets finished.

"Along with your ribs," Skeets concluded. "Because you wouldn't take a hint about the fact that her husband didn't want to market your action figures. And she felt that he was too nice to give you the proper hint."

Booster Gold grimaced, but he tried to straighten up. Business called, and it was time for Booster Gold, the hero of tomorrow…today, to shine.

Morgan Edge slammed his phone on the receiver. He had the perfect plan to get the device, and to take his next step to become the master of the city. Once again, Arcane and Supergirl foiled yet another plan of Intergang.

Edge leaned back in his chair, and shook his head. How could he control Metropolis if his plans kept getting foiled?

It was only a small miracle the Justice League had been distracted by other matters. However, their associates were not distracted.

"Mr. Edge, watch your blood pressure," his subordinate told him.

"I'll watch whatever I want!" Edge snapped at the top of his lungs. He turned around, and looked out the window.

He saw Metropolis from his vantage point, all of it. His hands clutched together. It would only be a matter of time before someone pinned something tangible on him. All of this would have slipped through his fingers.

Now he knew that the Atomic Destabilizer had been moved, and he was back to square one with everything.

Edge reached over towards his phone. He had to make a quick phone call, and hoped that he could salvage it. He had money, resources, and he was not in the ground yet.

Patronus Inc. had only a skeleton crew due to it being a Sunday. Yet, there were some dedicated workers who took care of the various projects that were on the table. In the next few months, the expansion would be happening, so everyone wanted to help it transition, and lead to a brighter future for all.

Everyone would want to be on the grand floor, and be the foundation for the expanded company. The sky was the limit.

Harry and Kara walked down the hallways, and Tonks followed behind them. They were giving her and her group of magic specialists their next job, a very important one.

"Tonks, I appreciate you undertaking this project for me, it's not going to be easy," Harry told her. "We've got to move the ship from Brazil, to here, without anyone noticing it."

"Are you sure no one has tampered with it?" Tonks asked them.

Kara decided to field this one. "We put up enough charms, anyone who doesn't have our
permission to move the ship will be disorientated completely, and walk away. Remember, it's going to have to be done the normal way, without any magic at all."

"Unless a dozen of you can move it with magic, and do something that we couldn't," Harry said to Tonks.

"Well to be fair, a dozen of us is still not going to equal the three of you in magical power," Tonks replied.

Harry and Kara grinned at the assessment that was given for their magical powers.

"Just what are you hoping to find in there?" Tonks asked.

Both of them shrugged.

"We're not sure, getting it open will be the fun part," Kara said.

"We can't scratch it, or budge it or anything," Harry said, and he leaned next the wall, deep in thought. "I'm sure that there is something that we are overlooking, but that will be part of the adventure."

"All we know is it's Kryptonian," Kara said. "Whether it was stolen or hijacked by someone, or whatever, I really have don't have the slightest idea. We'll figure that out when we get it open. The ship log should hopefully be salvageable."

Tonks responded with a crisp nod. She could have sworn that she had seen the symbol Harry and Kara showed her. Of course, she could just be imagining things, as she doubted a Kryptonian symbol would have been something that would turn up in Study of Ancient Runes. Of course, Tonks did wonder sometimes, those symbols that she had to study; they had to have come from somewhere.

Harry and Kara split the work in checking on everyone on the fourth floor, their most busy floor to this date.. They peaked in. Their billboard advertising was really rocking, and there seemed to be many new customers.

It was hard to keep their merchandise on the shelves. The new digital video recorder had been a hit in particular, due to the unprecedented memory space it had on it. It was at least double what was the standard on the current market.

"Sales figures are up, we're going to have to double our product staff pretty soon, because the supply is not meeting the demand," Harry informed her.

"Yes, even with magic, we're being worked to the bone," Kara said, and she looked at the latest sales figures, impressed. "This quarter will be another winner. Sky's the limit for us it seems, and we're still barely into the bag of tricks."

"It's all about slowly building everything," Harry said, but he was very pleased with the progress. Their rapidly swelling bank account was proof of this.

The two of them made their way into the adjacent room. It was a laboratory, set off to the side. Several parts were on the floor; with a half constructed screen the size of a doorway. Blueprints had been tacked the wall, for easy access.

Harry and Kara spent a few seconds double checking the work they had performed.
"And speaking of things that are slowly being built," Harry concluded.

"Not too bad, a quarter of the way done, and given that it's just the two of us working on this, pretty good," Kara said with a smile.

The truth was, that the Interstellar Portal Device was something that required a great deal of care, and neither of them wanted anyone to get hurt. One misstep could send half of Metropolis into some horrific nightmare dimension. Every single part was checked for specifications, and once they got it working, it would be a modern marvel.

The only other person who knew about this project was Hermione. She was currently on leave, visiting Themiscyra with Diana. Harry and Kara took a couple of moments to gaze upon the fruits of their labor.

"Excellent work, if I do say so myself," Harry added.

"Yeah, we did a good job," Kara offered him with a smile.

Harry and Kara checked a bit of the work they did. Given their early morning run-in with Intergang, they were not in the proper frame of mind to work on Patronus Incorporated's Interstellar Portal Device. The two decided to give a quick sweep of the floor of Patronus Incorporated.

Once they found that everything was running smoothly, they decided to call it a day.

"Done early, it's about an hour before lunch," Harry said.

"I'm sure we can find something to occupy our time until then," Kara said, placing her hands around his waist, with a grin, and directing Harry into their office.

"You read my mind," Harry told her.

Kara fired back with a smirk. "Yeah, that's not that hard, given we have that entire mental link thing going on."

"But, we can shut it off if we really want to," Harry offered her.

Kara nodded. Harry levitated all of the items off of their desk, and put them neatly stacked over to the side on the floor. The Blonde Kryptonian sat down on the edge of the desk, and pulled her hair down, letting it flow freely down her back. Harry placed his hands on her back, and started to kiss her. He planted several kisses down the side of her neck. Kara threw her head back, allowing Harry easy access to suck and nibble on her neck, and she stroked his messy hair, making it messier.

Harry unbuttoned his wife's blouse, and was preparing to unravel her to have even more fun.

Before their fun could get too heated, a small explosion disrupted their activities, and Harry and Kara both were staggered.

"Please don't tell me someone broke into our office building," Kara said, frustration mounted in her.

Harry was completely thrown off guard. He knew it was always a possibility, anything was a possibility. He knew by now that it would be unwise to discount the strangest and most absurd things in life. He drew in a bit of a breath, and turned around to study.
“Yeah, someone must have broken in here, but how would they do that?” Harry asked Kara.

Kara moved over to the computer, to check, buttoning her blouse back up. She peered towards the computer system.

“Well our intruder didn't trigger any of the outer alarms, just one of the internal ones,” Kara said. This did not make any sense at all, and she turned to Harry to voice this. “He would need…”

“A quantum bypass wormhole generator to get past the building defenses,” Harry said.

“Earth doesn't have technology like that, yet,” Kara replied to him. “But he would need something like that. And that means we're dealing with something or someone extremely dangerous. Especially, if this individual has access to something like that.”

Harry braced himself to get some answers. The intercom clicked off, and this time, Harry answered it.

“Mr. Potter, we have the intruder downstairs, he is claiming that he's here to see you about a deal of the lifetime, to get on the ground floor about something.”

Harry had no idea what to make of this, but he had an idea that he might not like where this was going. If nothing else, he could find out how exactly this person broke through his outer defenses, so he could prevent him or anyone else from doing so in the future.

“Where is he?” Harry asked.

“Ground floor, seventh door on the right in corridor two,” the head of security replied drolly.

Harry and Kara grabbed their hands, and were there in an instant. They saw the rather colorful individual at the bottom floor, even if he was nervous of having so many guns trained on him.

“I told you this wasn't a good idea, sir.”

“Shut up, Skeets.”

Harry turned to the young man who had trespassed in his building. His eyes narrowed, and his mouth twisted into a bit of an agitated expression.

“Just who are you?” Harry demanded.

“I'm glad you asked,” the young man said in a boisterous tone of voice, and both Harry and Kara could tell already that this guy would be trouble. “Prepare to be razzle dazzled by the man with the plan, the hero who is not a zero. The one and only, the hero of tomorrow…today, the man who needs no introduction, give it up ladies and gentlemen for Booster Gold!”

Booster Gold struck a heroic pose, but if one listened closely enough, they would be able to hear crickets chirping.

“Never heard of you,” Kara responded dryly.

“Yeah, me either,” Harry said.

Booster Gold was gobsmacked. "Oh that's right the time travel thing, but don't fret, young Harry, for I have brought to you the key to put your company to a greater scale. Galactic even, just think, you could be on the ground floor of marketing a super hero before he is even born.”
“So you're a time traveler?” Kara asked him. She was not surprised.

“Do you have any idea how risky time travel is?” Harry asked, agitation flooding in his voice.

Booster Gold took a step back. "Hey, hey, I know the risk, quantum theory is taught in first grade in my time. I'm not going to do anything to change the future for the worse, but when I return home, I want people to know my name. And people know yours. In fact you are a standard that all red-blooded men want to achieve because of…"

"Careful, sir, you don't want to say too much, you're mess up the time stream," Skeets interjected.

Harry wondered if Arkham was missing one right now.

"Just think about this, toy deals, movie lines, a comic book, all with the Booster Gold brand on it, it could really launch Patronus Incorporated into the stratosphere,” Booster Gold said.

Kara and Harry both blinked.

"So, let me get this straight,” Kara said slowly. "You came all the way from the future, just to get us to launch a line of tacky merchandise."

"Hey it's not tacky, I'm sure you can make it out of the best materials, make it built to last, to stand tall,” Booster Gold said, waving his hand and chuckling.

"And you thought we'd do this because you just happened to pop through my security," Harry said.

Booster Gold's bold expression faded, and his face fell a little bit.

"Exactly,” Harry said. "If you wanted an audience, you should have phoned ahead."


Harry and Kara motioned for their security to escort young Booster Gold off the premises.

"Come on, just think about it, Arcane and Booster Gold, that would be a team up that could be put on posters, the new dynamic duo," Booster Gold said. "Throw in Supergirl too, to appeal to the female demographic, and can we say winner?"

Both of their arms are folded. The two Potters exchanged a "can you believe this guy?", look, and Harry just managed to will himself to look at the would be hero from the future.

"I don't do this for the attention," Harry said. "I don't like the attention."

"Yeah, neither do I, so why don't you take a hike, Booster," Kara replied.

"But…”

"Yes, butt, as you get your butt out of our door, and don't let said door hit you on the way out," Kara said, and her eyes seemed to glow a bit just as they narrowed at the glory hungry hero.

Booster Gold got the hint immediately, but the radio on the security desk piped up with a special news bulletin.

"This just in, the criminal outfit known as Intergang has returned after their failed train hijacking in the early morning hours. Eyewitness accounts have stated that they have hijacked a truck from Kord Industries off of Suicide Slum in Metropolis.”
Harry and Kara excused themselves immediately. With the city's normal protector in deep space in a mission with the Justice League, babysitting the city had fallen on their shoulders.

Booster Gold and his robotic companion were shown the door. In hindsight, that little meeting could have gone a bit better. Gold took a deep breath, and turned to Skeets, inspiration striking him immediately.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" Booster Gold asked him.

"Depends, are you thinking that it would be a capital idea to try and stop Intergang in their tracks to prove yourself to the people in this current time?"

"Bingo, it should be a piece of cake, the toy deals are going to be rolling in," Booster Gold said, and he turned around. Skeets followed him, and they began to track Intergang to its latest location. "What could possibly go wrong?"

"I believe saying that brings misfortune, sir," Skeets warned him, but Booster Gold just shrugged it off. He was a man on a mission now.

"On the ground, now!" the Intergang leader yelled at the top of his lungs. "Everyone now, get in, and get out, the transport vehicle is right over there. We don't want another relapse of what happened to the guys this morning!"

One of the members of the gang felt a feeling of dread, and he looked up in the sky.

"Too late," the member of Intergang grumbled, and he turned to run from the figure approaching at super speed. "I'm getting out of here!"

The crook lost his head, and tried to rush away. His feet were tripped out from underneath him, and he spiraled down to the ground with a solid crash when a flying fist punched him in the face.

Intergang tried to detonate an explosive device to blow everyone up to get a clean getaway, but it was levitated off of the ground. Then with another swift movement, it was hurled high in the air. A blast of heat vision caused it to detonate harmlessly, above the citizens of Metropolis.

Harry and Kara showed up, to once again engage Intergang in battle.

"Bring in the big guns!" one of the Intergang members stated at the top of his lungs.

The big gun was in fact a giant robot, with many lasers for arms.

"Yep, standard stuff," Harry said in a near bored voice.

"Just another day at the office," Kara said, cracking her knuckles. "I'll take care of that thing, you shield the people, and help me when you're done."

Harry nodded. He heard his wife smash into the robot. The crowd was ushered back to safe.. The Special Crimes Unit moved in immediately. The dark haired wizard hastened to give them the assistance they needed.

"Everyone, just remain calm, Intergang is being taken care of," Harry said. "Stay back behind the barricade and…"

A blast echoed throughout the air, and Booster Gold appeared on the scene, in all his glory.
"Hang on, just stay back, we may have a situation," Harry said, and he spun around immediately to deal with this new problem.

Kara flew hard into the robot with a sonic punch that caused the robot to crack. Booster Gold immediately moved in.

"Everyone make sure you get a good shot," Booster Gold said to the assembled members of the press, but Intergang took a shot at him, blasting several explosive charges.

The hero of tomorrow…today staggered back, and he flew back. His grandstanding allowed Intergang to make a getaway, but Harry and Kara flew forward. The members of Intergang crashed down from the attacks hard, unable to defend themselves from the super powered and potentially lethal attacks. Several of their ribs got crushed from the impact. Harry and Kara continued to fight them, smashing into them with everything they had.

"A couple of these guys are armored!" Harry called.

"Not for long," Kara replied to him.

Harry and Kara used swift team work to disable and dismantle the armor of the thugs that they were fighting. It took a few moments, but they staggered back. Booster Gold blasted in front of their way.

"Get out of my way!" Kara yelled, losing her patience.

"In a minute, can't you see, this is the money shot," Booster Gold said, and he posed, but a large cannon blast nailed him in the back.

He flipped to the ground, and one of the members of Intergang picked up a device that he dropped.

"Hey, I wonder what this little knob does," the thug said, and he began to press buttons. A miniature wormhole appeared in the city. "Hey guys, let's get going, why the getting's good!"

Intergang rushed into the vortex. Harry and Kara prepared to follow them, but the hole closed behind them. Booster Gold rolled over, shrugging off the pain.

"Please tell me they didn't take what I thought they took," Kara said in dismay.

Harry turned over to Booster Gold. He was a bit upset, and the hero of the future backed off.

"We had it under control, you know until you showed up with your grandstanding act!"

Booster Gold took a step back. The fact that both of them had their sights set on them, made him a bit uneasy.

"Hey, I don't know what the big deal is, we'll get it back, it's just a setback," Booster Gold said.

"Intergang has a dangerous piece of technology from the future, that they can pop in and out of secure buildings at will, to steal whatever they want" Kara said to him, rounding on him. "And you are asking what the big deal is?"

A blonde Kryptonian woman staring him down in anger because of something he did was the second scariest sight in the universe to Booster Gold. The only thing worse than that would be several blonde Kryptonian women staring him down in anger because of something foolish that he did.
"Yeah, that's bad," Booster Gold said, taking a deep breath, and Kara just struggled to keep calm, or potentially keep herself from strangling this guy.

Harry put his hand on her shoulder, and Kara relaxed.

"I'm sure, we can find a way to track the little device before Intergang does too much damage to it," Harry said.

"Indeed, Arcane, we will be able to trace it, but retrieving it will require a distraction," Skeets inputted helpfully.

"Oh come on, it shouldn't be too hard to find some dupe who wants to play the hero and save the city from a super powered crime spree," Booster Gold said.

Harry and Kara turned towards him, grins on their face.

"What are you looking at me for?" Booster Gold asked them.

"I believe you're the dupe they intend to use, sir," Skeets said.

Booster Gold should have known this was coming, after all, he brought it upon himself. His shoulders deflated, he knew he had no choice, but to come quietly.

It was time to take his medicine, so to speak.

Harry and Kara returned to Patronus Incorporated. Booster Gold stood awkwardly off to the side. It was mostly to keep an eye on him and keep him out of the way. It was just much easier that way. The two Potters hovered over their best, high tech equipment, and began to check for any odd spikes of energy.

"The good news is, your technology shouldn't be too difficult to track," Harry told the hero.

"That's good, isn't it?" Booster Gold said, trying to keep things rather calm.

Kara turned her attention to the screen, to avoid looking this so called hero in the eye.

"Yeah, that's good, but tracking something is one thing. Remember, they can escape at any time, at any place. But, the energy signal seems obvious."

"It should be obvious, you did design it," Booster Gold, but the two turned to him. "Or well you will, a while from now."

"Time travel," Harry whispered in an exasperated voice, trying to ignore the migraine he was getting.

Kara's eyes closed, and she made her way through the scans of each and every one of the high security buildings in Metropolis. If there was anything that seemed like Quantum energy, she could nail it down in a blink of the eye. Of course, she might be giving these Intergang thugs a bit too much credit.

She grabbed her hair with her hands. Her lips curled into a slight smile.

"See that?" Kara asked him.

"Yeah, love, I see it," Harry said.
Booster Gold took a step forward, but then he stepped back. There were a few miniature blips in the city.

"So, they're hitting a few labs, here and there," Booster Gold said. "Um, I hate to be the one to say this, but if I could pop in here, they could too?"

"We know," Harry said.

"But, we have a few more tricks," Kara added. "Now that we know something is being done, we can guard against it. Trust me, no one who's not wanted will be getting into this building, with that type of transportation. We won't be dealing with something like that ever again."

Booster Gold nodded immediately, he got it. The hero took a couple of steps, before he peered out the window, and took a deep breath.

"So now what?" Booster Gold asked.

"Tracking the wormholes right now, to see if there was a distinct point of origin," Harry said, and Kara leaned over with him. "Yeah, I think we got a good idea where they are holed up, the warehouse, right on eighteenth avenue, right in the heart of Suicide Slum."

Harry and Kara turned around.

"So, ready to roll them," Booster Gold said. "This would be something to…"

"No," Harry replied immediately.

"But…"

"He said no," Kara retorted, and her eyes narrowed, arms crossed over her chest. "Remember, you're the distraction, so do what you do best, and just make a spectacle out of yourself, and we'll do the real work."

Booster Gold nodded slowly. He was not about to argue, the narrowed eyes fixed on him, and he took a few steps back. Harry and Kara remained rather calm and collected, and prepared for battle.

Intergang laughed. The members of the criminal outfit looked at the fruits of their labor. A few hours with this little thing and they were able to pull off the crime spree of the century. One of the gang members held the device in his hand.

"Man I tell you what," the thug said, and he held up the device, twirling it with glee. "We have this thing, and there's no one who could touch us. Not even Superman."

Intergang cheered. The thugs stamped their feet on the ground, and saw the haul. Their boss would be pleased that they had finally taken a few steps forward. It had been a rough year for them.

"And we can still steal that device that the boss wanted, before Supergirl and Arcane stopped us," the thug added.

The gang members clapped their hands together. They all put on the specially created armor. With this new technology, the sky was the limit for them.

"I tell you boys, nothing could stop us now?"

"Really, people are still using that line? Don't you know by now that line is just going to invite a
The eyes of the various Intergang members all snapped up. The first thing they saw was Booster Gold, in all of his glory. The entire group took a few steps back, and prepared to engage the hero in battle.

"Go home, and we might go easy on you," the leader of the gang said, but he cracked his knuckles.

"Yeah, that's another one that's gone out of style," Booster Gold said. "Let me introduce myself, the names Gold, Booster Gold. You know the hero of tomorrow, today?"

Booster Gold dove at the Intergang members, but they stepped into a wormhole and vanished without a trace. Then they popped back out, and blasted him from behind. He rebounded quickly. Booster Gold engaged them in battle, using his flight powers, but he was thrown against the wall hard.

"Come on, that's the best you got?" Booster Gold asked, but he grimaced.

He tried to get up to his feet, but Intergang pulled out the big guns. They began to fire at him with pure and primal fury. The heavy stream of laser fire shot at him. Booster Gold ducked, and dodged around each and every attack. He refused to go down, but he looked over his shoulder. His back up should have been arriving momentarily, or at least that was the idea.

Booster Gold slammed against the wall hard, and Intergang advanced towards him.

"You want to be the star of the show, fly boy?" one of the members of Intergang asked.

At that moment, Harry arrived, and knocked the member of Intergang off to the side. Sure enough, it was the member who had the Quantum Portal Device. Kara showed up, and used her ice breath to slick up the floor. Intergang slipped and slid on the floor, and Kara and Harry used a tandem attack to make quick work of their enemies.

"These guys just don't know when to take a hint, do they?" Kara asked Harry.

"Hardly," Harry fired back.

Harry and Kara flew into the large armored thug that tried to protect the other members of Intergang. He crashed to the ground, overwhelmed by their attacks.

"You two, no fair, where's Superman when we need him?" one of the members of Intergang whined.

"He's not here right now, but we'll fill in just as nicely," Kara said, and she broke the front of the armor open, and pulled the thug out of his shell.

He tried to shoot her at point blank range, but Kara grabbed both of his wrists. With a sadistic snap, she flung him backwards. The sound of his bones shattering echoed.

Booster Gold flew into the Intergang members, knocking them down. Most of them had already been weakened from the battle, so it was only a matter of him picking up the pieces. He continued to swing a left punch, and a right punch, and he sent the members of Intergang toppling.

"Keep a better eye on this next time," Harry said, handing him the device.

"Yes, you really should, sir," Skeets said, but he was sent spiraling out of control when one of the
members of Intergang took a heavy shot at him.

Booster Gold knocked him down. Harry and Kara finished the job, and made sure that no member of Intergang was left standing.

"We'll figure out where their contraband was stolen from," Kara said, and Harry responded with a nod.

"Shouldn't be too hard," Harry offered. He pulled out a portable device, and began to check the police reports. Kara looked over his shoulder.

Booster Gold turned, and flew off while they were busy checking out the stolen items. It was a job that took them about approximately ten minutes, even with their speed and powers. Still, the hero of the future knew that it was time for him to make a strategic exit.

Harry and Kara made their way through the inventory.

"I'll take this half, and you take that half, and we'll meet back here, and then the police can clean up this mess," Harry said.

Kara nodded, that did seem like a fair enough deal. They both popped off, taking only a few minutes to return the stolen goods. The couple returned a few minutes later.

"So that's everything?" Harry asked her.

Kara looked around to verify. "Yeah, that's pretty much everything."

Harry noticed that there was one particular individual who had been missing from the festivities of today. He took a moment to make sure he had not just missed him slipping out the door.

"Well, looks like Booster Gold decided to check out," Harry said.

"Yeah, but really that guy was a bit full of himself," Kara said. She offered a slight thoughtful gaze. "He did have some potential for heroics, if he could work around his ego."

"Ego tends to get the best of us, even in this line of work," Harry said, with a smile. "Something tells me that we haven't seen the last of Booster Gold."

"Something tells me that you're right," Kara agreed with him.

The two made sure to get in touch with the police, to report that the stolen goods had been missing. Then without another word, Harry and Kara made their way home. This was a longer day than they had expected, but there was still an ample amount of time to kick back, and relax.

The sun shined down in the warm August afternoon. It was perfect conditions to sit outside, and sunbathe. Harry and Kara did so. Harry rested on the lawn chair set up on the beach in front of their house, wearing a pair of black swimming trunks.

Kara wore a red bikini. The top had two thin pieces of fabric that narrowly covered her breasts, and showed off a generous amount of cleavage. The bottom was skintight against her, scantily covering her up. She rested on top of Harry, his hands folded over her midsection. Both wore sunglasses, and listened to the hits of the eighties, enjoying some rare downtime.

"This just in, the latest plot of Intergang has been foiled by the two heroes known as Arcane and Supergirl," the radio announcer said. "With a generous assist from the new top flight hero, the hero
of tomorrow today, Booster Gold!"

Harry's eyes narrowed at that.

"Can you believe that guy, taking the credit for what happened?" Kara asked.

"Well he did help," Harry offered, with a shrug.

Kara frowned. "Yeah, he helped. After he buggered up the entire situation himself."

"Oh, buggered?" Harry asked her. "My Britishness is rubbing off on you?"

"That's not the only thing that is rubbing off on me, Mr. Potter," Kara retorted in a really bad, but kind of adorable, British accent. "Shall we shag now, my love."

"You never can get enough, can you?" Harry asked her.

Kara just smirked, and she grinded her ass on Harry's crotch for emphasis. Harry began to lightly kiss the back of her neck.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Harry felt himself grow hard, and he continued to kiss down Kara's neck. He moved his hand around, cupping her clothed breasts. Kara offered a bit moan when Harry squeezed her breasts. He slowly squeezed them, teasing them, and she ground her ass around his crotch, in circular motions. He rubbed her breasts, and began to untie her top.

Harry spun her around, and her top slid off of her. Her breasts were out for Harry to grab. Kara put her hands in Harry's hair, and his fingers rubbed her nipples, causing them to become erect with the circular motions that he was making. Harry leaned forward, and scraped his tongue off of her breasts.

Kara grabbed the back of Harry's head, and his mouth worshiped her breasts, bringing the blonde Kryptonian unmistakable pleasure.

"Yes, lick me right there," Kara breathed, and she tightened her grip around the back of his head. She continued to grip the back of her husband's head, and grabbed his hair.

Harry felt himself grow harder and harder inside his swim trunks. He teased her breasts with a few more licks, and began to suck on them deeply, alternating between the two of them. Kara pushed him back in the chair, and she backed off.

Her knees bent in mid-air, and Kara grabbed Harry's trunks. They were pulled down with a tug. She licked her lips, maintaining eye contact. She grabbed Harry's cock with both of her hands. Her right hand was wrapped around the base, and her left hand clasped around the head.

Harry sat back, and allowed Kara to milk his cock with her skilled hands. He felt absolute pleasure, and with every three or four pumps, she licked him slightly, scraping her tongue across him.

Kara paused for a moment, and lowered herself down. She got between Harry's legs, and placed her lips firmly on his balls. She sucked, and licked around his ballsac, and caused Harry's cock to pulse. Kara pushed herself up, and grabbed it firmly in her hand.

Harry watched her. Kara proceeded to plant several light kisses on the tip of his cock. Kara grabbed his penis, and placed her lips on it. Harry watched his penis disappear inch, by inch inot her mouth.
Her mouth enclosed against his penis, sealing it tight within her juicy lips.

"Suck my dick," Harry whispered, stroking her hair. "Suck it like it's the best thing in the world."

Kara began to bob up and down on his penis, bouncing up and down in the air. She hummed in the back of her throat, and her tongue vibrated on the underside of his penis. Harry grabbed Kara's hair, and thrust his cock forward. He proceeded to fuck her mouth with a force that would shatter the jaw of a normal woman. Kara just moaned deeper, and her throat muscles worked him towards his climax.

Harry felt himself fill up, and the actions of his wife coaxed him further and further. The Blonde Kryptonian took both of her hands, and began to rub his balls, to try and coax the cum out of him.

"Jesus, Kara, going to cum," Harry breathed, leaning back.

Kara sped up her movements, and Harry's load exploded down her throat. She continued to suck Harry's pulsing cock until completion. Not one drop was wasted, as Kara sucked Harry dry of all of the cum he had, at least for the moment.

She dropped back onto the sand. The sunlight, plus her husband's cum in her stomach, caused Kara to be empowered. She turned over, and was floating off of the ground. Kara bent over, and presented her ass towards Harry.

Harry did not need telling twice. He peeled her thong bikini bottom off of her. He ran his hands all over her naked and beautiful body. Kara closed her eyes, and allowed her husband's touches to inflame her. She moaned low, and sensual, as Harry teased her asshole with his finger, and turned her over in mid-air.

Several kisses had been planted all over Kara. Kara shivered underneath his efforts, and Harry kissed down her body. He paused, and deeply kissed her belly button. He barely scraped the inside of her thighs, and Kara got excited, waiting for her husband to eat her out.

"Enjoying that, baby?" Harry asked her.

"Yes, now eat my pussy," Kara breathed, and she spread her legs in mid-air for emphasis. "See how wet it is for you?"

Harry saw her wet, pink pussy lips, inviting and delicious as always. He dove in, and licked her. The licks were slow at first. He savored the taste, but Kara bucked her hips towards his tongue, meeting it with each motion. Harry continued to lick around her. The blonde went absolutely nuts, when he started vibrating his tongue on her clit, using Parseltongue.

"Fucking hell, that's the stuff!" Kara yelled. "My perfect tight Kryptonian pussy wants you, I can't wait any longer."

Kara sat up, and grabbed Harry, before flipping him over onto the sand. The burning sand would sting a normal person, but it added to the atmosphere. Kara grabbed Harry's throbbing cock, and placed her small hand on it. She stroked it up and down, to get it to full mast.

She then took it, rubbing the tip against her pussy lips. Harry groaned a little bit. He wanted it, and she was teasing him one hundred percent of the time.

"Ready for my pussy?" Kara asked him.

"Yes," Harry breathed.
"Good, my pussy's ready for you, now fuck me until I can't think straight," Kara said.

Harry did not need telling twice. She lowered herself onto his throbbing penis, and Harry reached forward, grabbing her hips. He roughly pushed her down. Kara's eyes glazed over. She began to slowly lower herself up and down on Harry's cock. His cock pulsed in her.

Harry rested on the burning hot sand for a minute, and Kara continued to pleasure Harry. She bounced up and down on him, a bit quicker with each passing moments. and Harry returned her motions with fury. Kara rode him with expert precision, and grabbed Harry's shoulders, to guide him into the air.

They tilted in mid-air. Kara's legs wrapped around Harry's waist, and his penis pumped in and out of her. Harry moaned, and groped her breasts. Her pussy clutched his throbbing dick. He felt absolutely in heaven, and Kara's screams indicated that she felt like she was too.

Kara rocked back and forth in mid-air. She could do this all day, every day, but there never seemed to be enough time in the day. Their organs met with each other, rubbing against her other. Harry's cock pulsed in her body, and she thought about her husband shooting a large deal of powerful seed into her.

The thought caused her to reach her climax. The sun beat down on the two lovers. Being in such close proximity to the yellow sun when it was at its highest caused them to get far much more out of it, and Harry sped up his thrusts, going deeper into her.

"Great Rao, oh my, fuck my tight cunt!" Kara screamed.

"Do you want me to slow down?" Harry asked her.

Kara grabbed him around the shoulders, and Harry sped up. He had tried to channel all of his magic through his penis, to give her a great deal of pleasure. Kara screamed at the top of her lungs when he did that. Harry paused for a brief moment, but she squeezed his shoulders.

"Your cunt's so tight, keep squeezing my cock," harry told her.

"Fuck me like that, even if I black out, the sun will revive me!" Kara encouraged breathlessly.

Harry did so, pushing deeper into her. He groped her breasts, and her ass, alternating between them. Kara played with his balls, as they flapped in the air. Their bodies completely shined with sweat, and Kara breathed heavily, inhaling and exhaling.

The climax was nearly there. Kara only had one word to say in her hysterical state.

"Cum!"

Harry did in fact do so. Her pussy clamped around him tightly, and his penis ejaculated a healthy load deep inside her, coating the inside of her with the thick juicy fluids. Kara screamed in passion, and she had no idea the human body could contain this much cum.

Not that she was complaining, and her orgasms reached what she was sure were some kind of universal record. She used her cunt muscles to squeeze every bit out of her husband, milking him dry, and felt completely filled to the brim.

They both collapsed to the ground.

Smut/Lemon Ends.
A couple of hours after they started, Harry and Kara slumped on the sand, both absolutely fulfilled, well at least for the moment from the exertion of the heavy amount of love making they had done on the beach.

"The best, as always," Kara said, sighing in contentment, eyes glazed over.

"Yeah, your screams could wake the dead, so I could figure as much," Harry teased.

"Well, you hitting every single bit of me at once will do that," Kara said, but she reached over to get the meal they had packed. "Just got to eat something, and then I'll be game for one more round, if you are."

"I'm always ready," Harry said with a smirk.

Kara offered a smile. The fact he had gained so much confidence made her hot for him. She felt herself get revived a little bit by those thoughts, but the yellow sun rays beating down on her helped.

"Yes, and I'm glad," Kara replied.

The two enjoyed the sandwiches and juices that had been packed. There would be another round later on, but for a while they rested, ate, and sun bathed nude on the beach.
Shadows Part One

Chapter 12: Shadows Part One.

Several books and artifacts were laid out in front of Harry and Kara. Even more were piled off to the side. They were going through the books and artifacts from the Department of Mysteries.

Some of them were busted beyond repair, but others were still working. They would have to have the ones that were still in working order checked out to make sure none of them were cursed, or possessed, or anything. That would be a job for when they had shifted through all of them.

The books were interesting. Many of them had knowledge in them that had been lost for centuries. They detailed potions that contained parts from animals that they knew to be extinct. Kara sat against Harry on the floor, and they had the books divided out between them. Given their powers, they would be able to read twenty times as quickly as a normal person. The couple skimmed through the books at super speed, only pausing when something interesting caught their eye.

"Some of those spells look nasty," Kara said, breaking the long silence.

"Yeah, and not to mention hard to pull off," Harry said reading it. "The darkest of dark magic, the type Riddle might have even thought twice of performing. I mean summoning someone's spine out through their neck, and strangling them with it"

"Yeah, overkill much?" Kara responded.

"A good bone breaking spell works just as well, if you aim it right," Harry mused. "Shattered bone fragments, going up into someone's brain. Tenth of the power, just as effective."

"Or a high powered banishing charm, through a window," Kara said.

"You run into the problem of them actually surviving," Harry said.

"It depends on how high the window is," Kara said, but she paused, before shaking her head. "I can't believe that we're talking about the easiest way to kill a person."

"Well, if they're going to try and kill us, we might as well consider a few options," Harry answered her.

Kara offered a shrug and a smile. "Sure, but I can just imagine a lot of people throwing a conniption fit because we're a bit rougher on the psychotic murderers. Kal's still not completely comfortable with it, even though he knows to keep his mouth shut. And the others...well you see how they fight. It takes a lot more effort to hold back, and leaves yourself open for a deadly attack."

"Yeah, unfortunately, but those are lessons some people might have to learn the hard way," Harry said, and he flipped through the book. "And this one has illustrations.

Kara looked at them, and pulled a face. "Lovely. The thing is, some people had to think of these spells."

"I can just imagine the creative thought process beyond that," Harry said, mock thoughtful. "Hey, here's an idea. We need a spell to have someone's eyeballs jump out of their head, and be shoved down someone's throats."
Harry and Kara laughed, and they continued to move through the books. All of the books were not horrifically rotten tomes of dark magic. There were books detailing all kinds of advanced charm work and transfiguration that might have been taught centuries ago. The notes indicated that the Ministry banned these books due to the fact that there was no use to learn some of these charms, despite none of them being rather dangerous.

Well any spell could be dangerous in the hands of a creative mind, but most people would not think of the more despicable uses.

"What do you think, about halfway done?" Harry asked.

Kara gave a quick scan of the books, and nodded.

"Yep, there were more books than I thought," Kara said.

"About ready to take a break?" Harry asked.

Kara nodded, and she put the last book on the keep pile. There were many duplicates in that pile. Harry would denote the duplicate books that did not have the horrifically mentally scarring dark magic depictions to the Shining Light School of Magic, which was on track to start in the first week of September. There will be children coming around from all around the world to learn, and a number of capable and knowledgeable magical instructors had been brought in. Although none of them had a Hogwarts education, which the two found rather lacking.

The only thing Harry asked for was progress reports every couple of weeks so he and Kara could make adjustments as needed.

Harry and Kara got themselves a couple of sandwiches and juice to drink for a fifteen minute break. Before they could settle down, the door burst open. Hermione rushed in and skidded to a stop.

"What is it?" Harry asked, and Hermione just tried to take a deep breath. "Hermione…just take a deep breath, and speak your mind."

Hermione did what she was asked, taking a deep breath. She managed to get her own bearings, and looked at Harry. She held a photograph for Harry to take a look at.

"It's Astoria Greengrass, she was sighted in Albania," Hermione said, pointing out the familiar blonde in the photo.

Harry and Kara took a few seconds to study the photo.

"And that's Neville with her, isn't it?" Harry asked, his worst fears confirmed.

"Yes, I noticed that too," Hermione said.

Harry took a long moment to think. "Neville might not have an idea what danger he is in. Astoria managed to fool everyone, and she could be using him."

"You mean as a hostage," Kara replied.

"I don't know, we got to prepare for everything," Harry said, and he closed his eyes.

He did not want to believe that Neville was willingly working with Astoria. At the same time, he had to prepare for that eventuality. Then again, Astoria turning out the way she did was an absolute
and utter shock. And Neville had a rough life that could easily push him. So Harry felt he had to expect the unexpected.

"Are you sure it's in Albania?" Harry asked her.

"Yeah, I'm sure," Hermione said, and she looked at the photo. "Albania that could be trouble."

"Yeah, it's swimming with Voldemort sympathizers and blood purists," Harry said, cringing at the thought.

"Did people ever figure out that you finished off Riddle?" Kara asked them.

Harry had no idea. He suspected enough people put together the pieces to realize that Voldemort was deep underneath the ground.

"If they did, they did, if they didn't, well I can't help them, not now," Harry said. "It's just as well, we have to head over to Albania right now."

Hermione looked absolutely confused. "Why in the world would you be going to Albania?"

Harry decided to enlighten her.

"The Interstellar Portal Device we created, the final part is something we have to pick up in Albania," Harry explained to her.

"You're going to a country where Harry Potter would be crucified on sight?" Hermione asked, raising an eyebrow, and Harry nodded. Hermione had to shake her head at that. "You sure do love to live dangerously."

"Hey, it's the only place where I can get something like that," Harry said, and Kara nodded. "Trust me; we had people comb the world. We're lucky we didn't have to make one from scratch."

"Yeah, otherwise this would be a decade process," Kara said.

"With or without magic?" Hermione asked.

"With," Kara said. "It would be about, twenty, thirty years, maybe more without magic."

"So, I guess we're off to Albania," Harry said.

"I'm coming with you," Hermione added.

Harry turned towards his friend, seriously. "Hermione, you need to swear to me that this is not going to be a mission of vengeance against Astoria. We'll deal with her if we run into her, but we got to pick up our part first and foremost. It's important to this project."

Hermione looked at Harry, arms folded, but his gaze did not waver, not even for a second. There was a long pause, and Harry just tapped his foot. Hermione just sighed, and offered the slightest of nods.

"We'll deal with her if we find her, and we'll figure out where Neville lies in this entire mess, but she might be gone by the time we get there," Kara said, offering a slight smile. "We'll figure this out…"

"She might already be there and still be there, for she may be looking for something that she hasn't found."
Harry, Kara, and Hermione turned around. They saw a young woman dressed in a black cloak, with purple hair and a jewel on her head. She stood there, and silence occurred before Harry broke it.

"Raven," Harry said acknowledging the half demon and former Teen Titan. "Long time no see."

"So I'm guessing this isn't a casual visit," Kara said, sensing the seriousness on her face.

"Believe me, I wish it was," Raven said with a sigh. "It is no coincidence that Astoria has made her way to Albania right now."

"There's any number of dark magical artifacts that have been rumored to be stored in that country," Harry replied, with a nod. "The notes from the Department of Mysteries said that much."

"Yeah, half of these treasures have been stored in Albania, that's part of the reason why Riddle hid out there when he had been kicked out of his body," Kara added.

Raven offered a brief nod, and she unfolded a piece of paper, before she showed Harry, Kara, and Hermione it.

"This book is what we're dealing with," Raven told them.

"It was a book belonging to a witch who claims to have uncovered the secrets of life and death," Kara read.

Mortal dread filled all of them at this point. Dabbling around with magic that powerful could only lead to a backfire.

"Including a potential spell to resurrect the dead," Raven inputted.

"I was under the impression that no magic could resurrect the dead,' Hermione said.

It was then Raven offered a slight smile, but it was a rather pained one. "Well, you see, technically speaking magic can, to an extent. The worst kind of magic would, and you're dabbling in a special kind of nastiness and dark magic to even consider doing something like that. It takes a vile mind to even think about doing such a thing."

"Some of these books, there are spells that can resurrect a person, as long as the body is still warm," Harry told her. "The problem with these spells is that unless you're powerful and skilled, it will kill you. It is a life for a life thing."

Hermione nodded, the implications clear to her.

"And it's not the sort of thing that you can practice," Hermione added.

"And there are other spells, well they can raise the dead," Kara said. "The problem is they have no sense of being."

"And they're murderous monsters that are going to rip into anyone who stands in there way," Harry added. "Eating people's flesh, and tearing them limb to limb to try and sustain their life until someone puts them down."

"Yeah, it's not a good idea," Hermione said with a grimace. "Given Astoria's entire deal was killing a group of people, I would be surprised if she was trying to find a way to bring someone back."

"Well she's got her money, so maybe she wants to bring her sister back or her parents, or…who knows how the mind of that little psychopath thinks," Kara said, shrugging her shoulders.
"Besides, that's not the only magic in the book," Raven said. "There are advanced spells, power boosting rituals…which is something else that is dangerous for the reasons you might suspect."

"The body can't handle them," Harry said.

"Indeed, but that doesn't stop idiot witches and wizards for trying for a bit more power," Raven said in a disgusted tone of voice. "And if they exhibited a bit more patience, trained their bodies and their minds, they would have the power. But that's the problem with magic. There will always be people looking for shortcuts that could end up killing them."

"As nice as this debate has gotten, we really do have a runaway witch in Albania," Harry said, before he added "And a vital component to pick up, can't forget about that."

There was no more time for words. The entire group popped away. They had to go outside of the country borders. Harry knew given the notes he found that Albania would have any number of defenses that would prevent people from entering their country straight away. Or, they would alert the government that there was someone in the country that should not have been.

"Guards," Hermione mouthed.

Harry and Kara smiled. It was easy as a simple Confundus Spell. The guards walked in the other direction, far away from the quartet as possible. It allowed them to slip inside of the country undetected.

"Searching an entire country might take a bit long, even with people with powers," Harry commented.

"The village Astoria was spotted should be close enough though, providing she hasn't given us the slip yet again," Hermione said, and she clutched her fists together.

"There's only one way to find out," Kara said. "Let's stick together, and find her."

They moved to her last known destination. Perhaps this would be the time that Astoria slipped up. Over the last four months she had been giving everyone who had been hunting her the slip, but soon something had to give.

Tonight might be the night they finally caught up to Astoria Greengrass, or the Hogwarts Killer.

It was eerily quiet, almost too quiet. The village was rumored to be a suspicious hub of comings and goings of the mysterious sort. People had appeared out of thin air, and then disappeared out of thin air. Nightwing, Batgirl, and Robin slipped into the shadows, dressed incognito.

"The number of suspiciously dressed people here and Batman thinks we couldn't fit in," Robin said.

"You know what he's like about undercover," Nightwing said. "And keep your voice down."

"So, with the rest of the League doing their own thing, Batman's decided to follow up on his investigation involving the Society of Shadows," Batgirl whispered, and the others nodded.

"That's not all, apparently," Nightwing said. "There's some girl involved, that has been in contact with them. Someone with the last name, Greengrass, a weird name, but she's run afoot of the Society of Shadows."
Batgirl gasped immediately, but regained her bearings. "You don't mean Astoria Greengrass, do you?"

"Yeah that's her name," Nightwing agreed with a slight nod of his head, and he surveyed his teammate. "Do you know her?"

Batgirl became serious and spoke in an undertone.

"She's a girl that went to Harry's school, she was...I don't want to say Harry's friend, but they got along well enough. The problem is that she apparently lost her mind, and killed dozens of people. Kara told me about this, and Harry's been obsessed with tracking her down, to get answers as to why."

"He's taken personal responsibility for this," Robin said.

Batgirl nodded. "Yeah, it's really weighing on him. He won't show it, although Kara did say just as much. Then again, she's equally intent of tracking them down. Batman wanted to keep those two out of the loop on this one, because it could cloud their personal judgment."

"So, he was keeping information from us, that's about right," said a voice, and Batgirl, Robin, and Nightwing spun around to see Harry, Kara, Hermione, and Raven standing in the shadows, watching them.

Harry stared down members of the bat family, hands on his hips. Keeping this information from him a year ago would have triggered a super powered temper tantrum at the top of his lungs a year ago. A year later, and Harry remained calm and collected, to the point where those involved wished he would have shouted.

"Hi guys, um, how much of that did you here?" Batgirl asked sheepishly.

Harry just offered her a smile. "Figures Batman would have a lead on her, I did bring her up once, in passing, but I didn't know it would have stuck. Then again, Batman has that ability to know things that he should not."

"We've got a bigger problem than that," Raven said.

That foreboding statement got the attention of Robin, Nightwing, and Batgirl.

"I'm guessing it's a problem with highly dangerous magic, if you decided to come out of your library and get involved," Nightwing said.

"Yes, Asotria wants to get her hands on a highly dangerous spell book," Raven said. "It's magic beyond anything that has been taught in most schools around the world, and it's highly dangerous."

"So, does she think that if she uses that, she'll be a match for Harry?" Batgirl commented.

Raven was silent, but only for less than a minute.

"I'm not sure I can even begin to figure out what is going through that girl's mind," Raven replied with a sigh.

"I thought I did, but now I'm not sure," Harry said. "This entire Astoria thing is more of a side trip than anything."

"Yeah, we're actually more here on business, although we're not turning down a chance to settle the
score with her," Kara said to them.

"Any idea where she went?" Batgirl asked.

"The village where we are was the last place she was sighted," Harry explained. He craned his neck, to try and find her.

"She gave us the slip again, then," Hermione said, and she was frustrated.

Harry opened his mouth, but then shut it immediately.

"Maybe not," Harry said, and he saw a shady looking figure looking around, watching their every move.

He was quick, but Harry was quicker. The next thing this mysterious spy knew, he was hanging upside down by his ankles.

"Okay, it's obvious you don't want us to know something," Harry said, using the universal translator on the ring. "So spill. Do you know anything about Astoria Greengrass?"

"Forget it, I won't tell you anything," the spy said, spitting at Harry.

Kara moved forward and her eyes glowed.

"Are you sure?" Kara asked in sweet voice that had the undercurrent for danger. "I hear third degree burns is not a pleasant way to spend the evening."

The spy trembled at the thought, and managed to stammer out a slight answer. He was shaking madly.

"Alright, alright, I'll tell," the spy said. "You can find this Astoria girl; she's the one with strawberry blonde hair, yes."

"Yes, she is, now do tell us," Raven said, and she looked rather dangerous.

"She was meeting with someone, the spell book of the ancients, she's looking for it," the spy said, trembling.

"The spell book of the ancients?" Harry asked, intrigued and a bit suspicious now.

The spy trembled, and could barely articulate his words. Several glares gave him all of the indication that he needed that he should fess up what he knew. Especially when the blonde Kryptonian crushed a huge stone in her hand into powder like it was nothing.

"Powerful magic, very powerful magic, not the type that anyone but the most powerful wizards in the world could perform," the spy stammered, and Harry scanned his mind.

"For the record, he's telling the truth," Raven said, sensing his thoughts herself. "He's just the lookout, and he was told to report back if anyone was sneaking around the village."

Harry raised his hand, and with a quick motion, he put the spy to sleep. He peeked over his shoulder, and realized that there was no one else around. At least there was no one else around that he could see. He used a few scanning spells. Raven and Hermione both helped him verify, while Kara used her X-Ray vision. There was no overtly suspicious behavior.

"Everyone keep on your toes," Harry told them. "There doesn't seem to be anyone nearby, but let's
not take any chances."

Robin, Nightwing, and Batgirl all nodded. The search continued, and Harry checked his watch. It would be an hour before he had to pick up the final part of Patronus Incorporate's Interstellar Portal Device, but for now they could hunt down Astoria.

The problem was she remained one step ahead.

A group of cloaked figures moved around, whispering in hushed voices. There was no question about it, they were up to something, but the real question was what. A figure in the shadows moved to get a better vantage point to enable him to listen in.

"...the girl is most certainly here."

"There is a price on her head."

"Not to mention a personal vendetta for when she stole from us."

"The gold is pure, so it doesn't matter how personal the situation is."

The figure above continued to move in carefully. What girl these cloaked figures had talked about, he had no idea. These were the type of people that always had a contract to kill someone. All he knew was he tracked the Society of Shadows here, and these cloaked figures seemed to be the type to be mixed up in that entire mess.

The young man was dressed in a combination of red and black. He had long red hair, with a black and red mask on. His name was Roy Harper. He was formally a member of the Teen Titans as Speedy and the partner/sidekick of the Green Arrow. These days, he struck it out on his own, solo. He watched from the shadows. The hero now known as Red Arrow prepared to strike.

"Leave that girl to me, she won't be so smug once her face is carved up," said a woman in a hood, with long black hair. She put on a mask, to obscure her face completely. "Our client wants her dead, it's a matter of revenge, so let's send her back to him in small pieces."

Red Arrow dropped down to the ground immediately, and engaged the assassins in battle. They were tough, but a trick arrow caused a cloud of smoke to fill the area. The assassins were temporarily blinded, and the arrow themed hero moved in for the attack. He continued to knock each and every member of this team around.

The lead assassin rushed forward, and tried to swipe Red Arrow with a dagger. Red Arrow dodged.

"You're quick," the woman commented crisply. The two continued to circle each other, in battle. "But I'm a bit quicker."

Red Arrow deflected an attack with the dagger, and shot a second dagger out of her hand with an arrow. She bent down, but threw a flash bang down. She rushed off, not even bothering to spend another moment of time dealing with the young archer.

"I hate to cut out on such short notice, but I have places to be, people to kill," the woman said, and she bowed, before she turned to the rest of the group. "Dispense with him; make sure he isn't able to follow me."

The assassins who still remained awake, all inclined their heads and they charged. Red Arrow shot two more arrows up into the air, and his adversaries out immediately. He was surrounded on all
sides, he couldn't get so many shots at once. Someone would stab him in the neck immediately.

Help was on the way, and another arrow from another source spiraled through the air. A blinding light appeared, and then a second arrow, an explosion blew back the assassins. They scattered immediately. The assassins appeared to have left, off into the night. another figure dressed in green, a blonde man with a goatee stood over him.

"Can't keep out of trouble for more than a few weeks, can you, Roy?" asked the green clad archer.

Red Arrow gritted his teeth and was helped grudgingly to his feet.

"I was doing fine without you, Ollie," Red Arrow said.

Oliver Queen, better known as the Green Arrow, just offered a slight smile. He bent down to face his former charge. "Sure you were, kid."

"Listen, Arrow, don't call me that, I'm not a kid and I'm sure as hell not your sidekick," Red Arrow replied. "I'm twenty two."

"Sorry, k…Roy," Green Arrow said, putting his hands up defensively. "It just so happens that we're apparently tracking the same group."

"Imagine that," Red Arrow said dryly, as if he did not believe that his former mentor's arrival was a coincidence. "I appreciate you pulling my ass out of the fire, really I do. But you were the one who benched me, and caused me to strike out on your own."

The two archers exchanged a long moment of silence before the ice was broken.

"It wasn't anything personal Roy," Green Arrow said, but the young man stared him down. "It was to teach you responsibility, and your actions have consequences."

Red Arrow turned around, not properly facing his former mentor.

"I left, and you couldn't replace me fast enough," Red Arrow said. He offered a dark chuckle. "Guess, your ego couldn't go long enough without having someone to lord over. Tell me, is your new sidekick picking up your dry cleaning yet?"

Green Arrow closed his eyes. He made some mistakes, it was part of growing as a hero, but he figured the harsh feelings between him and Roy would have long since healed over.

"It's nothing like that, with the criminals, you need a hand or two," Green Arrow said.

"Then why don't you join the Justice League, I'm sure they'll be glad to have you," Red Arrow retorted, but his tone was a bit softer at this point.

"It's…I'm not sure about them, they're more of the big picture type, and they miss the little guy a lot of the time," Green Arrow said.

There was a long moment of silence, between the former partners.

"I notice your new little tag along isn't here with you," Red Arrow said, folding his arms.

"Someone needs to mind the fort over in Star City," Green Arrow said.

"And you allowed her to do that without micro-managing it?" Red Arrow asked, but he stopped. "Never mind, you're after the Society of Shadows then."
"Yes, I figured you'd be after them all of the same," Green Arrow responded, and Red Arrow responded with a crisp nod.

"They're after some girl, I don't know who, but someone really important wants to take her out," Red Arrow said gruffly, and he tried to find anything that these assassins dropped. A note, or anything that could clue them in.

There was a long, awkward silence between the two archers.

"So, this is it?" Green Arrow asked him.

Red Arrow nodded towards his former mentor crisply.

"Yeah, go our separate ways, trust me, we'd end up getting in each other's way," Red Arrow said. "Things will never be back to the way they are before. We're just different people now. And thanks for the assist."

"Anytime Roy," Green Arrow said, and he watched his ex-partner leave.

He had his own investigation to undertake, that had brought him halfway across the world. The two parted ways.

Astoria Greengrass looked over her shoulder. Given the fact she considered herself the ultimate Slytherin, she had a sense she was being followed. The hair stood up on the back of her neck. Neville was left back at the hotel on the outskirts of town. He was beginning to ask too many questions, but he still served a use in theory. For now at least.

There were footsteps outside. Astoria leaned back against the wall, and continued to move around. If her research was correct, that book should have been around here somewhere. It was a highly sought after book, as it offered a clue to a treasure beyond all measure.

The girl took a few steps, before she took a few steps forward. The window shattered around her, and Astoria took a step forward, facing her attackers. Her face remained a bit smug, to hide the worry she felt on the inside.

Several cloaked figures moved in and surrounded her. A green cloaked woman, with a mask that resembled a Cheshire cat stepped in, and held a blade towards her.

"Astoria Greengrass," the woman said. "You will not escape us again."

Astoria smirked. A few Muggles would not be a match for her. She held her wand immediately, and a cloud of smoke appeared. She blasted a deadly curse through the air, but they scattered.

"After her, she must not be allowed to escape."

Astoria made her way up a set of stairs. An Anti-Apparation field was placed all over the country of Albania, and travel was strictly regulated due to a turnover of the government. So she needed to be a bit creative on how she was going to deal with this situation.

She escaped narrowly, but these assassins were still on her tail.

'Lucius, you crafty bastard, getting Muggles to do your dirty work," Astoria thought to herself, her breath hitched immediately.
Astoria dodged, and ducked. A normal and ordinary witch would have been taken out handily by now. Yet, she remained one step ahead.

She continued to run. She kept firing spells over her shoulder, and continued to move as fast as she could manage.

A loud crack echoed over her shoulder, and she made her way to the nearest exit, those assassins were one good shot away from her. Even without magic, Astoria admitted that they were dangerous.

The trail seemed to have run cold.

"How does she keep doing this?" Hermione asked through gritted teeth.

"Calm down, Wonder Girl," Harry said in a cautious voice, almost expecting someone, or something to jump out of the shadows, and attack them on her words. "She's…well she's devious, she had everyone fooled to her true nature for years."

They arrived at a tall hotel, a bit rundown, but still habitable.

"Well, there was someone definitely here," Batgirl piped up.

"Yeah, and that someone trashed the place," Kara added, but she scanned it with X-Ray Vision. "It must have been quite the fight."

Raven paused, and closed her eyes.

"The book is close, according to the legends," Raven commented.

"Unless they already beat us to the book," Harry said.

"Something tells me Astoria is just grasping around straws just as much as we are," Raven replied, and she shifted debris out of the way. There was shattered glass on the ground.

The entire group tensed up immediately. They did not need super sense to know that someone was coming, and they all prepared themselves for battle. The figure moved out of the shadows.

"Who are you?" Harry demanded.

"The name's Red Arrow, Arcane isn't it?" Red Arrow asked him.

Harry nodded crisply, but did not relax his posture. His eyes remained on the new hero immediately.

"You've been trained by him, haven't you?" Red Arrow asked. "Yes, obvious hallmarks of Batman are right there, you are automatically suspicious of anything that moves or breathes."

Red Arrow stopped, when he saw Nightwing standing in the shadows. The two former Teen Titans locked eyes with each other. There was a long and extremely tense moment. No one seemed to speak for a while.

"Oh, it's you," Red Arrow said after a short moment.

"Yeah, it's me," Nightwing said carefully. He broke another moment of silence, "So…why are you here?"
"Depends on why you want to know?" Red Arrow asked, and the entire group watched the very tense interplay between the two.

"Could anyone mind filling me in what's going on here?" Robin asked.

"Has to do with the break-up of the Titans, it's a long story, I don't have time to deal with this," Raven said, and she took a step forward, on the chance that she had to referee.

"So, hopefully you do a better job of leading this team, then the other one you led off of a cliff," Red Arrow said to Nightwing crisply.

Nightwing cringed at the implied accusation, but he tried to keep his face blank. His posture remained steady. He could not afford to lose it.

"Technically I'm not leading this mission, he is," Nightwing said, pointing to Arcane, who tried to act like this was not any news to him. "It's been seven years, Arrow, just let it go."

Red Arrow turned his head, to look out the window.

"What is this all about?" Harry asked.

There was a bit of a pause, with Red Arrow taking his time to choose his words carefully.

"Ancient history," Red Arrow replied crisply, and he abruptly changed the subject. "But, I'm guessing we're here for the same reason. The Society of Shadows, a dangerous group of international assassins, and they apparently have their next hit. There is some girl that they're after…"

"Astoria Greengrass," Harry said.

"So you know," Red Arrow said to him. "Dare I ask why?"

"Because, we're after the same person, kind of," Kara said.

"So, she's done something to incur the wrath of the good guys and the bad guys," Red Arrow said, and there was a nod. "What did she do?"

It was at that moment where Hermione spoke up.

"She went on a killing spree over several months in our school. She killed a group of people, in nasty ways, in an attempt to play mind games with a bunch of people. And…she tried to frame me for the murders."

"So one might say you have a personal stake in this," Red Arrow concluded, and Hermione just folded her arms, and nodded stiffly.

Hermione envisioned all of the nasty things she wanted to do to Astoria.

"Remember, there is a far more serious game at hand than your personal vendetta," Raven cautioned. "Astoria is playing a rather serious game, but she still has the mentality of a teenager. Perhaps more mature than most, but she's not thinking her actions through."

"She grew up in a pureblood household, where if you had the money, then your actions seldom had consequences," Harry whispered underneath his breath. "And if she gets her hands on this book… who's telling what she would do."
"The Society of Shadows may take her head off first," Red Arrow said.

"Two birds, with one stone then," Hermione said fiercely, but Kara turned towards her.

"As simple as that might be, something tells me that when they find out what she's after, they might be after it," Kara said darkly. "A book that powerful could fetch a high price with the right person."

Harry checked his watch, and turned to the rest of the group.

"Business calls," Harry said to them, and Kara got his implied meaning. "We're going to pick something up, for Patronus, see what you guys can find in the meantime. Do what you have to about to Astoria, but I'd prefer she would be awake so I can get some answers."

"I can't promise that when I get my hands on her," Hermione said stubbornly.

"Try, Hermione, please try," Harry said with a smile.

"We'll meet you back in ten minutes, after we got the part safe and secure," Kara said.

Harry and Kara moved off carefully. They would be cutting the pick up short, but their powers would cut back on the time.

"So, we're after the same person," Nightwing said to Red Arrow, but he took a step back. "Listen, I…"

"Save it, the days of me working with someone are over," Red Arrow said waving his hand dismissively. "I work alone right now, I told that to Green Arrow, and I'm telling it to you. Speaking of mentors, I'm surprised yours isn't hovering around."

"Yes, that's a good question," Raven offered. "Where is Batman?"

Batgirl, Robin, and Nightwing had no answers. They were sent out to keep an eye on the village, where Batman went off to conduct his own investigations.

"As for you two," Raven said, and she turned to Red Arrow and Nightwing as she said this. "You're giving me a headache, so whatever issues you have, deal with them. If you want to hash them out later, fine, but right now, keep a lid on it."

"Yeah, she's right," Batgirl said to Nightwing. "What happened anyway?"

"The end of the Titans happened, you know how I don't like to talk about that day," Nightwing said, and he turned around.

"Perhaps you should stop running from it as well," Batgirl said.

Nightwing said nothing, and Red Arrow was gone. It seemed like he had picked up a trick or two of sudden disappearances over the years.

"Let's keep moving," Hermione suggested, feeling that someone had to say something.

The group moved forward into the night.

"The book may be in one of these libraries, let's search them," Raven added.

With those words, the entire group was off into the night. There was little time to waste, with any
number of seedy parties off after this dangerous book. With what that spy said, the book was highly sought after, and people would likely go to war over it.

Batman carefully maneuvered through the shadows. He took a few steps forward into the night, and reached the outside of a temple. The temple had been constructed some time ago, but also looked like it had not been visited in quite some time. The markings were quite peculiar, not like anything he had seen before from any civilization.

The Dark Knight took a few more steps forward, and tried to find an opening. He spotted a weaker spot on the temple. There was a mark on it, a black snake with a snake protruding out of its head.

'The mark of Lord Voldemort,' Batman thought, studying it. 'Arcane mentioned that Albania was a hot spot for dark magic activity and sympathizers for that cause.'

He removed explosives from his belt, planted them and threw himself behind a stone wall. With a click, he detonated the explosives. He made his way into the temple, and repelled up to a landing. Several guards moved in to check the source of the disturbance. Batman was able to scale on the catwalk, and move away, one step at a time, before he was spotted.

The main chamber of the temple had a marble statue of a large imposing figure in dark robes. Batman dropped down, carefully translating the inscription on the statue.

It could be loosely translated to, "Someday the Dark Lord will return to lead us all to glory over the Mudbloods, half breeds, and blood traitors."

The World's Greatest Detective read the statue, and saw the images of the same figure super imposed on the temple walls. It was disgusting how a small group of magic users in this country and likely others worshipped someone as twisted as Riddle as some kind of messiah. It was their own and rather demented form of religion.

Footsteps could be heard, and Batman repelled up. The temple was dark, but the night vision on his cowl allowed him to slip into the shadows, and remain at a perch point to see everything from above. A lowly wizard stepped inside, and was speaking in hushed undertones to some figures in dark garb. Batman recognized them as low level grunts from the Society of Shadows. He tried to listen as closely as he could without being seen.

The two groups parted their ways. The wizard stepped over, and Batman noticed a locked chest at the foot of the statue. The look of longing that the young man gave it, Batman deduced that they wanted to get their hands on the treasure that was inside, but for some reason, the lock would not budge, not even an inch.

When Batman was sure no one was around, he dropped down. The wizard drew his wand, but Batman knocked it out of his hand. The Dark Knight repelled up to the ceiling, and flipped the wizard upside down.

"I know you can understand me, so talk," Batman said. His eyes narrowed, and the young man tried to remain bold, although he failed at this effort. "What is in that box?"

"The book, it's the book," the wizard stammered, his heart beating a mile a minute due to the fact this demon had him strung up in mid-air. He was afraid of heights. "The book that can bring the Dark Lord back, to lead us, to cleanse the world of the blood of the unworthy, but no one can open the box."

Batman dropped down, and walked over to the box. He tried to lift it, but could not. An explosive
charge could not even scratch the box. It was made of something that was rather durable.

Several shadowed figures moved in, swords drawn. Batman turned around, and dropped a smoke pellet on the ground.

The assassins coughed in the cloud of heavy black smoke. Several fists and feet knocked them around on the ground. They tried to attack the Dark Knight, but he seemed to be in three or four places at once.

Outside of the train station, two figures watched from the shadows. They hovered about the ground. Flying in, they got a bird's eye view of the situation.

'We should be able to get it in time,' Harry projected to Kara.

'Just in time, with any luck we can get it out of the country,' Kara responded to him mentally.

The two remained rigid immediately, and the train that they were supposed to meet to pick up the parts, under their assumed aliases, did not arrive on time. In fact, one of the guards was face down on the ground, beaten, and Kara and Harry rushed over to untie him immediately.

Using the universal translators on the rings, they managed to speak with him.

"What happened, where's the train?" Kara asked.

"The train…assassins hijacked it," the guard mumbled in a slurred voice.

Harry could have cursed his luck. The one train that someone would have to hijack, and it would have to be the train that had the thing he needed. A really rare and dangerous part was in the hands of who only knew, and Harry lowered his head, to speak to the guard.

"Which way did the train go?" Harry asked.

"That way, it was heading south, when they hijacked it, about three minutes before you arrived," the guard said.

Kara and Harry exchanged a look, making a snap decision about what they needed to do now. She took a deep breath, and sighed.

"Right, the train," the blonde Kryptonian muttered, before she spoke up a little bit, but still in an undertone. That way, only Harry could hear her. "Well, it shouldn't be too hard, if we leave right now."

Harry spotted something, and grabbed Kara's arm. A woman dressed in a green cloak rushed forward into the nights. He caught only the briefest glimpse of her face. Harry put the formally bound guard under a sleeping enchantment before he turned towards his wife.

"Kara, get the train, make sure you get our final part safely," Harry told her.

"What are you going to do?" Kara asked him.

Harry paused, deliberating the situation and he weighed his options. There was only one thing to do now.

"I've found Astoria, I'm going after her," Harry said, and Kara hovered in mid-air. She paused, but nodded. Harry offered her a reassuring smile. "I'll catch up when I find her, or you'll catch up when
you safely liberate our package and any other hostages."

The two exchanged a look, and knew what they were going to do.

"Harry, good luck," Kara breathed, and she wrapped her arms around him tightly. They kissed briefly, and then broke apart to go their separate ways.

Harry managed to tag Astoria with a tracking spell this time, the second he spotted her. The spell would last an hour, but would do the trick. She was moving fast, and Harry had the sense that she was not alone, far from it as it turned out.

'Going to figure out what her game is,' Harry thought to himself, and he followed her movements.

Harry briefly wondered if he was being suckered into a trap, but he would remain on his guard. If she tried anything, he would take her down, just like he would any other crazed criminal who tried to kill him.

Raven took a step forward, Hermione followed her closely behind. Nightwing, Batgirl, and Robin all joined them. They walked down a long hallway, and Raven motioned for them to stand back. She waved her hand to make sure the doors and the walls had not been cursed in any way whatsoever. When she was certain that it was smooth sailing from here, she waved them on.

She opened up the doors, and they flung open. Nightwing followed, Robin behind him, and Batgirl brought up the rear.

"Batman couldn't call us if he wanted to, my commlink is picking up a heavy amount of static," Nightwing whispered.

He tried to do what he could to activate the communication. Nothing worked. Raven shook her head, letting him know that it was a futile endeavor.

"The magic in the air, it interferes with a lot of communications," Raven explained as she pushed open set of stone doors. The doors had markings of all sorts on them.

Hermione's eyes widened. She quickly fixed her face to be indifferent. It had to be a coincidence.

'That's the mark that was on the ship,' Hermione thought to herself, and she eyed the triangle with a circle encased into it, with a line down the side of it. It was a mark that they had been researching over the past few weeks, but so far they could find nothing. Whatever it was, it was not a rune.

"Remain alert everyone, there's just a vibe that I have about this area that I don't like," Batgirl said.

"You shouldn't like it," Raven said, and she closed her eyes to try and get a better feel. "There's something really powerful down these hallways, and rather dangerous. Enchantments of all sorts, I'm nullifying what I can."

The group of heroes moved down the hallway, and at the end of the hallway on a pedestal sat a large black book. It was glowing, and Hermione's eyes widened before she turned to the book.

It rested at the end of the corridor, almost beckoning them forward.

"Is that it?" Hermione asked.

Raven thought it was for a second, until she got a closer look.
"No," Raven stated in a firm voice, and she waved her hand to double check a few things. "That's just merely a copy of the book."

The room went pitch black at that moment. Hermione and Raven lit the room.

"A copy of the book used to lure treasure seekers into a trap apparently," Raven said, and at that moment, the floor collapsed from underneath them, and sent them down into a cavernous pit below.

They all landed with a thud, with the magic users slowing their descent just enough for it not to be a crash.

"Is everyone alright?"

"Yeah, just peachy."

"Ouch, that was my foot."

"Sorry, let me get a light."

The torch had been, lit, and the five managed to see a labyrinth of passageways underneath the library. The ancient ruins appeared to have been abandoned for years and years. And they could not have made a more complex layout if they tried.

"There's got to be a way out," Robin said.

"Oh, I'm sure there is, but good luck finding one," Nightwing said with a grimace.

"Why do you say that?" Robin asked.

Nightwing pointed towards a pile of skeletal remains. "Just call it a crazy hunch."

They tried not to focus on this grisly detail.

"Everyone's after this book, but someone's going to a lot of trouble hiding it," Hermione said, but she paused and saw an inscription on the wall. "All who defy the Dark Lord will pay a price in blood."

"That's foreboding," Raven commented darkly.

"The Dark Lord…well looks like we didn't wipe all of his followers off of the planet after all, they would have to be in other countries," Hermione said.

"If Voldemort had found the book, he would have never been defeated, which means he was still searching for it," Raven said.

"In the meantime, I really think we should search for a way out, before we become like them," Batgirl said.

Raven and Hermione nodded. It would have been nice to have someone with super speed down here to get them out of the fix, but magic did offer a few benefits. Even if many of these tunnels had been a dead end, one had to be the way out.

Given what they found out, once Harry beat him, there was no way for Voldemort to return. Of course, the fact that there were people who wanted to make his return a reality was rather disturbing. And what they could unleash in their attempts should they get their hands on the book
was far worse.

Astoria crept away carefully. She had no idea something like this was going to happen, but if she made it to the border and Apparated away, she should be safe. And she still needed to find the book. She would not leave without it. A minor problem had manifested itself.

There would be no way for these assassins to track her. She cured the name of Malfoy, and not for the first time in her life either. The fifteen, close to sixteen, year old girl moved forward, but a figure stood in her way.

Astoria paused, and saw the young man in front of her.

"Well, look what we have here?" Harry asked, readying himself for an attack.

Astoria paused, but then she put on her innocent little girl mask. "Oh, Harry, thank Merlin you're here."

"Don't thank Merlin or anyone else that I'm here, Astoria," Harry replied in a cool tone. "I know what you did."

"You don't understand, Draco Malfoy blackmailed me into killing all of those people," Astoria said in a tearful voice. "And I had to kill him. I've been running, and Lucius Malfoy hired these assassins to go after me."

Harry took a few seconds to survey her. There were parts of what she was saying that seemed to be the truth. There were other parts of what she was saying that was the most outlandish lie possible.

"You think this is a game, don't you, Astoria?" Harry asked her quietly.

Astoria tried for a different tact.

"I didn't do anything to you, did I once hurt you?" Astoria asked him.

"No, but that's not the point," Harry admitted.

"You had to have killed people a few times, all of those Death Eaters that dropped dead after all," Astoria told him. "I know, they didn't drop dead from natural causes."

Harry waited for her to attack him, but the attack never did come. That meant very little as far as Harry was concerned. She was just luring him into a false sense of security. She had to be. Harry stood, arms folded, and ready for her next word.

"There's a difference between killing people to protect the one's I love, and killing them for greed," Harry fired back.

"I did it because I had to, to protect them," Astoria argued fiercely.

"Did you protect your sister by butchering her?" Harry asked.

Harry caught Astoria off guard for a second. Something resembling guilt crossed her face for a second, but only for a second. The pureblood witch regained her ability to speak.

"Daphne...she didn't deserve what she got, I admit that, but I liberated her," Astoria said, and her eyes widened. "I killed her so she didn't have to live another moment in this harsh world. She would have been some trophy wife for some pureblood noble who couldn't satisfy her needs.
Although, we brought down the world together, Harry, didn't we?"

"We didn't do anything," Harry told her firmly. "The world did it to themselves first of all, and second…"

What was second did not speak. Astoria stood rigid, and a group of shadowed assassins began to surround them. Harry adopted a stance, preparing to attack them should they try anything.

"Stand aside, we have business involving this young woman," said the lead assassin.

"Just who are you?" Harry demanded.

The woman surveyed him behind her mask. "You may call me Cheshire, and I'm the best at what I do."

The assassin, Cheshire, paused for dramatic effect.

"This little thief thinks she can kill noble members of our cartel. The Zabinis were members of the Society of Shadows, and by inheriting their gold, she stole from us. The price is her blood."

"That isn't all; someone paid you off, didn't they?" Harry asked.

"Our business dealings are none of your concern," Cheshire replied to him, and she held a poison tipped claw threateningly. "If you do not stand aside, we'll skewer you just as well."

"Harry Potter, you can't just let them do this to me no matter who I killed!" Astoria shrieked at the top of her lungs.

Astoria knew what she did, and Harry knew what she did. Harry was half tempted to kill her now on sheer principle.

Cheshire paused. "Harry…Potter? Surely not the Harry Potter?"

"Well, a Harry Potter," Harry replied, having a feeling that he did not like where this was going.

Cheshire surveyed him with pure malice, and the stakes had risen significantly.

"There are several outstanding contracts on your head, due to your role with certain matters," Cheshire said. "It's a shame we had to meet at your funeral, but I believe we will be collecting two bounties today."

The Society of Shadows moved in, but Harry ripped the sword from one of the hands of a member, and banished it back, impaling two in one shot.

"You have no choice but to help me now," Astoria said.

"We're working together, until we take care of them," Harry told her through gritted teeth. "And then you're answering for your crimes."

"Yes, mother," Astoria retorted in a sarcastic tone of voice.

An infinite number of assassins moved in, surrounding the two magic users from all sides. Harry mentally calculated what he would have to do.

He only knew one thing.
He really, really, hated ninjas.
Chapter 13: Shadows Part Two.

Harry had no time to be properly exasperated. He was fighting for his life, but fortunately he had few tricks up his sleeve. One of them was a well-placed bone breaking curse aimed to the skull of one of his enemies. A loud crack resounded throughout the building, and Harry moved around with expert precision. Astoria held her wand, slashing it in the air, and she sliced open one of the attackers.

"When this is over, you and I will have words!" Harry yelled, but he had no other time for words, before he had to dodge an attack. Blood splattered upwards, and Astoria continued to press forward. Astoria allowed her movements to remain swift and precise.

"Potter, we're both in this situation, like it or not, so we could try and work together," Astoria replied, but this got her a nasty glare. He went over the merits of just killing her, but the desire for knowledge.

Harry impaled two of the attackers. He could not even formulate a proper retort; due to the fact that he was too busy fighting for his life. He had to admit, these guys were good, but he was just a few steps quicker. Some of them were Muggles, but a few of them seemed to have magical abilities of their own.

He apparated behind one of the attackers and used a summoning spell to pull the sword out of the hands of another one of the attackers. He propelled it back, and the white hot metal seared through the stomach of his enemy. The attack instantly killed him.

"Yeah, only reason…" Harry started, but he dodged another attack. "The only reason why I'm in this mess is because you had to blab my name out loud.

Astoria rolled her eyes, and jabbed her wand at one of her enemies. Her breath hitched in, and she took another deep breath.

"Details, details," Astoria said in a dry voice, and the bones shattered from the impact. "You had to play the hero and come after me."

"Well, if you hadn't sent me that taunting little message, you could have gotten away from the perfect crime," Harry said, and more assassins were knocked down to the ground. "In other words, you brought this down on your head."

Astoria gritted her teeth, and flew forward with a swift assault.

"That taunting little message was just to tell you that I have no quarrel with you, but you decided to come after me," Astoria responded, and she continued to brutalize her enemies. "Do you enjoy playing the self-righteous hero, or does it come naturally?"

Harry had no more words for her. He angrily pulled her out of the way, and a poison dart landed on the ground. Harry engaged the large man who had fired it. He was huge, but the bigger they came, the harder they fell.

Cheshire watched from the background, holding a dagger. She would pick her shot wisely, and the Greengrass girl seemed to be the obvious target. Potter would be a bonus, but that was not what she was strictly hired for. He did move rather swift, not to mention he mixed his attacks. That was
something that served any warrior well.

She flung her dagger, but Astoria deflected it before it could hit Harry. Astoria fired an attack back at her enemy, but Cheshire managed to move out of the way. The two females circled each other, each looking for an opening.

"Your magic tricks amuse me, kid," Cheshire said, dodging a flame spell with swift quickness and skill.

"I wonder if a broken jaw will amuse you too," Astoria fired back. "Or perhaps your spleen exploding out the top of your head."

Cheshire dodged the attempted curse, and looked for an opening to expose to strike her enemy.

"You talk a good game, but without the smoke and mirrors, you're useless," Cheshire said, and she disarmed Astoria of her wand, twisting her arm around with one swift movement. "Without this little stick, you're as helpless as a newborn kitten."

Astoria felt the full force of a knee slammed into her stomach, and she doubled over in pain, wheezing. Cheshire slammed an elbow on the side of her neck, and threw her off to the side. Astoria landed on the ground like yesterday's rubbish with a crack.

Harry did not really hasten to help her, but all of the same; he made his way through the Society of Shadows. Cheshire looked towards the approaching young wizard. She did not plan for him, so a bit of a change of strategy was in order.

"Cover me," she said.

The half of the assassins moved in, and did as they were asked. Harry engaged them one at a time, blowing through them with brutality. Astoria was down on the ground, the victim of a beating, her wand having rolled off to the side.

She was not any help, but Harry did prefer it that way. That way, he would be able to dispense of the Society of Shadows one at a time without any troublesome distractions. Then he would deal with Astoria. He edged closer and closer to Cheshire, who backed off slowly and carefully.

"Another time, perhaps," Cheshire said, and she tried to scale the wall, but an arrow shot through the air. The arrow exploded, and knocked her off of the wall.

Red Arrow popped up to face Cheshire. The female assassin dodged the arrow, with expert precision, and then she threw a pellet into the air. She punctuated the movement with a brutal, but non-lethal kick to the head.

"We really need to stop meeting like this," Cheshire said, and she bowed, before adding as an afterthought, eyes focused on Red Arrow. "People are beginning to talk."

Red Arrow did not respond. Rather, he shot an arrow towards his enemy. The female assassin dodged the arrow, with expert precision, and then she threw a pellet into the air. She punctuated the movement with a brutal, but non-lethal kick to the head.

Green smoke clouded the area, and the remaining assassins, the ones who were still alive disappeared. Harry used a spell to siphon the noxious vapor away, but that gave them the cloud of smoke to escape. He did manage to tag a tracking spell onto one of them, but with how they were moving, it was hard to tell how it would stick.
Astoria picked up her wand, and slipped off, before she was noticed by either party. There was still some unfinished business. She had to find that book, and the secrets that it held.

"Alright there?" Harry asked Red Arrow.

"Yeah, other than the concussion and the near asphyxiation," Red Arrow said, and he looked around. "Cheshire got a way, and it seems like her target took a cue from her as well."

Harry could have kicked something. He had Astoria Greengrass within his fingertips, and was about to bring her down before she could harm anyone else. Yet, she had slipped off into the night, without a trace. That just about summed up his luck.

"Lucky I managed to pin one of them with a tracking charm," Harry said, but he looked thoughtful.

If the Society of Shadows were as good as they were supposed to be, they would find Astoria in due time. Harry just had to track them down, and with any luck, that would lead him to Astoria.

"So, I guess we're on the trail together," Red Arrow said, and Harry nodded.

'Looks like Kara will have to be the one to track me down,' Harry thought, as they took several steps upstairs.

"According to the tracking charm, they're heading North from here," Harry stated in a calm voice, and Red Arrow nodded, before they set off.

Batman stepped back into the shadows. The trick for any fighter would be to allow their enemy to come forward. Never come to an enemy, make them come to you. That is so they could be the ones to dictate the pace of the fight.

With each movement, he took out his enemies one at a time. Smack, smack, and a kick to the head for good measure, before Batman swerved around the statue. One of his enemies sent a spell at him, and Batman dodged it. The explosion of marble and dust caused him to take a couple of steps into the shadows.

Batman repelled to the rafters, and he jumped down to the ground. The enemies moved forward, and attacked him one by one. The Dark Knight fought them off, one at a time, and knocked them around with expert precision.

The robed figures all stepped back, and backed off, before they scrambled towards the nearest exist.

"Curious,' Batman thought to himself, and he took a few more steps forward. The robed figures vanished into the night. The Dark Knight turned around, taking a step forward, but he paused and peered over the stone wall.

A breeze blew from below, and Batman continued to lurk around the outskirts of the village. He followed two shady looking individuals. Understanding who they were might be a benefit to figuring out who was behind this scheme.

Kara extended her arms, and gained flight velocity. She would have to derail the train, without damaging the part in any way. She calculated the situation, all of the things that could happen, and all of the things that could go wrong. Given the speed she could think, it did not take too long. Kara bit her lip, and continued to keep a close watch on her target. She circled around the tracks, and
maneuvered herself in front of the train.

She put her hands on the top of the train, and managed to slow it down to a grinding halt. Sparks flew on the tracks, and bounced off of her. Kara gritted her teeth, and did not blink for one second. This was the right force to stop the train, and not hurt the part they needed.

She bent her knees, and gained the momentum she needed. The angle had to be timed properly.

When she was in position, with the train stopped, she smashed through the front of the train. She blasted forward at super-fast flight. Kara continued to move one step at a time, and the assassins stepped forward. They tried to attack her. She punched them out with her strength. She was not wasting any time.

"You took something that belongs to me and my husband!" Kara yelled, dodging the attackers best shots. With a super-fast movement, she blew them off of their feet with her combination of super breath and banishing charms. "And I want it back!"

A blast of heat vision burned one of the attackers. Kara flew around for a minute before she recognized the crate. The package was transparent, so she noticed it straight away. The blonde Kryptonian snatched it into her arms She held it in her arms, and blew her powerful breath taking them out.

A sheet of ice held them in place, and Kara flew back around, towards the exit, the package in her hands. It would take her only a few minutes to fly to the Patronus Incorporated Headquarters.

From there it would be a simple matter to use her ring, and track Harry to help him. Kara flew into the entrance of the headquarters of Patronus Incorporated, and set the package securely in their lab. She turned around, and held up the ring. The ring blinked, and Kara turned around in flight, with only one objective in mind.

The assembled party had been moving around in the catacombs for what seemed like hours, but what was truthfully less than one hour.

"So, can you teleport us out or something?"

Raven sighed, long and hard.

"If I was able to simply teleport you out, I would have done so by now," Raven said to them.

"There are powerful enchantments, keeping us down here, we're going to have to find another way out," Hermione added, and she took a few more steps forward. She frowned, and took a good look at the wall. "That wall seems structurally unsound, Raven could you…"

Raven nodded, and a few seconds later, she blasted the wall. The wall crumbled into dust, and revealed a curving set of stairs.

Batgirl surveyed it carefully. There appeared to be no imminent danger.

"Looks perfectly safe to me," Robin commented.

Nightwing eyed it suspiciously. Years of being a protégé of Batman had the fact that things were not what they seemed drilled into his head. "I'd wait for a second opinion."

"And you shall have it," Raven said, and she tested the steps. "The steps lead upwards and there's a
pretty good chance they lead out as well.”

Hermione took the plunge, and led the way. There were noises, rats likely, trying to scrounge for anything that was in the chamber. She squinted, looking on the inscription on the walls.

"What does it say?" Nightwing asked.

Raven tried a translator spell, but there was nothing. She tried every trick she could think of, before she managed to get what passed as a reading.

"Our legacy shall be your tomb," Raven commented after a moment. "At least that's the closest translation I can get."

Batgirl grimaced. "That's foreboding."

Hermione continued to move upwards. She found a hatch leading to the top, and then she pushed it open. Carefully, she poked her head out, and sent a spell into the shadows. The chamber lit up, but there was nothing moving.

She brushed her dark hair out of her face, and pulled herself up into the chambers. Allowing herself a moment to look around, Hermione walked down the corridor, to see markings on the wall.

Raven was next to follow, with Batgirl, then Robin, and then Nightwing. The half demon sorceress was on her guard, and her skin prickled from what she felt.

"Touch nothing, there's a high concentration of dark magic in these chambers," Raven said. "The book may be close."

"Or another trick," Nightwing responded.

Raven considered this, but she nodded. The architecture was late Roman magical empire, or perhaps an imitation of it. Regardless of this fact, it was remarkable. Hermione stepped into the light, and the curtain flew back. They reached a temple.

"It looks like some kind of place of worship," Batgirl said.

"Worship of the worst and most demented type," Raven said, but she waved her hand. "There were human sacrifices brought here, offerings."

"So what kind of mess did we stumble into now?" Robin asked.

Hermione paused, and she saw a statue. It stood imposing. Dark robes, with the hint of snake like eyes and face, towering over all of them. The inscription told her all that she needed to know about the type of people who used this temple of worship.

"Cultists, for Riddle," Hermione whispered, disgust dripping from her tone.

"Riddle you mean…"

"Yes, Lord Voldemort."

A hunchback figure stepped out of the shadows. The group was caught off guard by his presence, but remained calm. His skin was a bit greenish, and his hands were clawed. He surveyed the group through narrowed eyes.

"Who are you?" Hermione demanded to their mysterious friend.
The hunchback chuckled.

"I was once the owner of this temple, until Lord Voldemort's cultists turned it into their own personal center of worship," the hunchback said with a bow. "At one time, I thought he would lead us to the promise land, but his followers experimented on the villagers. Some of us were lucky enough to die to not bear the shame of what happened, while others...well we were turned into hideous abominations."

The hunchback hummed underneath his breath. That was a time many people feared to even whisper of.

Raven's patience was not at its highest point. "Yes, but do you have a name?"

"I had a name, but it was stripped with me along with my memories during the process," the hunchback said, and he turned around. "The existence is not too bad once one gets used to it. Food is plentiful; all I have to do is scrounge for rats."

Batgirl felt a bit of pity, but her instincts made her not completely trust this individual. "Why this place?"

The hunchback considered what to tell the group. Once again, he bowed his head.

"Voldemort believes or believed rather, that this temple houses a power that could turn him into a literal god among men," the hunchback stated. "Once his goal of immortality was assured, he wanted to go one step beyond, and that was to obtain godhood."

Hermione just looked a bit amused. "Well immortality didn't turn out all that well for him."

The hunchback nodded; pleased to have official confirmation that Voldemort had met his final demise some time ago. Many believed it, but no one dared utter the theory around this parts. For one would easily incur the wrath of Voldemort's worshippers.

"This used to be sacred land, but now it has been tainted," the hunchback continued. "Now that the book's presence is known, warring factions will tear themselves over it. Greed is a powerful motivator, and ever-lasting life is the highest motivator for greed of them all."

Raven turned around, and walked over to the trunk. She could sense extremely powerful magic coming from it.

"Many have tried to open that trunk, and no one has succeeded," the hunchback said.

Raven studied it. She was sure that it would be a simple matter to open. Well maybe simple for her.

"Maybe it needs the right touch," Raven offered.

She waved her hand, and the trunk sprang open. Batgirl, Robin, Nightwing, Hermione, and Raven all crowded around the trunk, to see its contents.

There was nothing inside.

"So, your mysterious fabled book isn't here," Robin said, breaking the silence.

The hunchback stepped around, to look at the trunk.

"Clever, fiendishly so, the book was never in this temple at the first place," the hunchback said.
Raven shook her head. She was sure that the book was here. She turned around and shifted some stone pillars out of the way. Yet there appeared to be no secret passageways, no hidden rooms, no compartments underneath the floor.

After twenty minutes of searching, the group turned to each other.

"Nothing?" Nightwing asked, after he did some looking around of his own.

"Nothing," Raven confirmed. She shifted everything back to the way it should have been.

None of this made sense. The book should have been here, but it was almost like someone moved it.

"You should leave, before the cultists come back," the hunchback said. "They do not take kindly to your type around here."

Hermione was about ready to ask what their type was, but Raven shook her head. She shut her mouth, realizing now was not the time. The five heroes exited the temple rather quickly.

"We're no closer to getting that book," Batgirl said. "Should we poke around a little bit?"

"I'm beginning to think it's a myth, or someone long since beat us to the punch," Hermione said, but Raven shook her head.

"My locating spells indicate that the book should be here, but where, the enchantments are not picking anything up," Raven said.

Nightwing paused, before he took out the communication device from his belt.

"Yes, there's a temple, we've seen it, and yes, we know about the trunk," Nightwing said. "There's nothing in it…no Arcane's off doing his own thing right now, him and Supergirl. They haven't got back yet. Will keep an eye out for anything, Nightwing out."

Nightwing turned around, and Raven, Hermione, Batgirl, and Robin all looked at him.

"Batman seems to think that there's a subtle clue hidden somewhere in the temple as to the real location of the book," Nightwing said.

"Both the Society of Shadows and Asotria Greengrass are after it," Hermione said, and she thought about Astoria. The danger she could present if she got her hands on the book.

Hermione shook her head. She didn't have the book yet.

"We better keep moving," Batgirl said.

Everyone nodded in agreement, and a couple of them believed they were being watched. Given the hunchback's warning about the cultists returning, perhaps it was best if they had moved to safer ground. At least until they knew what exactly they were dealing with.

Harry peaked over the side of a wall. He saw more than a few shady figures move around. Red Arrow walked behind him. The dark haired wizard studied everything, but his eyes widened when he managed to get a good look at his enemies.

"You've got to be kidding me," Harry whispered, catching a sight of the robes.
"Is there a problem?" Red Arrow asked.

"Problem, yes, a big one," Harry said. "Death Eaters, or at least rather good imitations of them. They are followers of Lord Voldemort, a rather dangerous dark wizard."

'He must have had devoted pockets of followers in other countries,' Harry thought to himself. 'Some people just don't want to ever let it go.'

"So this Voldemort and you are old enemies," Red Arrow said.

Harry offered a slight smile, but he kept his eyes on the prize. "That's putting it rather mildly."

So he had to deal with the Society of Shadows, Astoria, and these wannabe Death Eaters. All of which he suspected was after that book.

In other words, it was just another day in the life of Harry Potter.

Harry managed to track a source of magic, and he was confident that the book was located underneath the statue in the middle of the town square.

The problem was said statue was surrounded by wand wielding psychopaths. He would have liked to avoid as much attention as possible, due to the fact the Albanian Government had a very strict, "crucify Harry Potter" on sight policy. Harry looked up, and saw Kara hover over him. He smiled, pleased to see his wife.

"Got the part," Kara said to him.

"Great, but we've got another problem," Harry said, wishing he could be a bit happier about the fact they got the vital and rare component to their Interstellar Portal Device before it could fall into the wrong hands.

Kara felt a sense of dread coming on.

"What kind of a problem?" Kara asked, but Harry pointed. Kara's eyes narrowed when she saw the robed figures move around the town square. "Oh that kind of problem.

"Good news is, the book is there," Harry whispered to Kara in Kryptonian, and Kara nodded. "Underneath the statue."

"I think we have a good shot at these guys, if we time it right," Red Arrow said, but he calculated the angles. "The problem is that it might be our only shot."

"Better make it count," Harry said, but then inspiration struck him. "Do you have anything in that bag of tricks of yours that can distract them?"

"Yes, a few things," Red Arrow confirmed, but he looked at them. "What exactly do you two have in mind?"

"Just distract them, and we'll do the rest," Kara said, and if Red Arrow had any problems with this arrangement, he did not say anything.

The cultists walked around, talking in hushed undertones. A blinding flash of light distracted them. They all staggered, and were unable to regain their bearings. Some of them sent spells into the air, but they came nowhere near hitting anyone.

Immediately, Harry and Kara darted in at the speed of light. They took out the statue, causing the
debris to shatter. A huge chunk of the statue crushed one of the cultists, and Kara ripped the base out. Harry looked down, and spotted a black bound spell book.

The cultists staggered around, withdrawing their wands. Kara used her heat vision to cause the pavement melt. The melted pavement caught them in the ground, and their feet sunk down. Kara grabbed Harry by the wrists, and flung him forward in a tandem attack. Harry spiraled through the air, and sent any number of lethal curses at the cultists. A few of them slipped through the night.

Harry stepped over to secure the book, but a purple spell was shot at him. He managed to put a shield up in the nick of time. Regardless of his shield, he was sent sliding backwards.

Astoria Greengrass tried to make her way to the book, but Kara grabbed her by the throat and pulled her off of the ground. Her grip tightened around Astoria's throat.

"The game's over, Greengrass," Kara said. Instead of being scared, Astoria just looked smug.

With a flick her wrist, Astoria sent a super-sonic vibration spell at Kara, which caused her super hearing to be hammered by the loud sonic sounds. It was the few seconds that the former snake needed to escape Kara's grasp. Astoria dropped to the ground, and reached for the book, but Red Arrow shot an arrow at her.

It exploded, wrapping a net around her. Astoria was bound, and the red haired archer stepped forward.

"Not so fast, lady," Red Arrow said. Astoria grinned, before she twisted into smoke and escaped from the net, before she knocked Red Arrow to the ground.

Both Potters were momentarily baffled by what just happened.

"Wait, when could she do that?" Kara asked.

"Someone's been screwing around with magical rituals," Harry whispered, and he sent a jet of red light at Astoria. Astoria dodged it, while putting a shield up.

Kara flew over at super speed, and knocked Astoria back. Astoria shrugged off the attack, before Kara spotted a necklace around her neck.

It was the talisman she stole in Brazil. It protected her from physical attacks, even from a super powered Kryptonian. Kara raised her hand, and sent a white light from her hand towards Astoria, but the witch deflected it back. Kara and Harry moved in to try and box her in. She managed to deflect their spells.

Until Harry put her down with a swift spell and Astoria was blown several feet back. She was not harmed. However, she was disoriented.

"Going to kill me, Potter?" Astoria asked him. Before Harry could answer, several assassins showed up immediately in a cloud of smoke.

Harry turned around, and saw them all surrounding them in a circle. He just smirked, that just made them easier targets. He crouched down, and slashed his wrist. A circle shot from his wand, and several birds with razor sharp beaks shot out. Anyone who was not fortunate enough to get out of the way in the circle was sliced to ribbons and essentially pecked to death by the creation.

Astoria rushed for the book. Cheshire beat her to it. Red Arrow shot an arrow, and the explosive charge knocked both girls off their feet. They both spiraled to the grounds, hands wrapped around
each other's throats as they struggled.

Astoria flipped Cheshire over, and wrapped thick cords around her. The assassin tried to cut herself out, and Astoria dropped to one knee, feigning an injury. She used this opportunity to slowly crawl towards the book.

Harry and Kara were temporarily occupied with the Society of Shadows, and Astoria rolled over, flipping open the book to the page she wanted. This was the only thing she wanted. With a tug, she tore the page out, and stashed it into her robes before anyone noticed it.

Cheshire broke free from her bindings and pulled herself to her feet. Through gritted teeth, she charged Astoria, but the girl dodged immediately. Two more attacks had been fired off. Astoria dodged both of them.

"This has been fun and all, but I've got places to go, people to see," Astoria said, and she reached into her robes, before she pulled out a small pin. She had what she wanted.

However, before she could activate the Portkey, a blast of heat vision struck the pin. The attack did not harm Astoria, but it burned the pin in her hand. The melted metal dripped to the ground, and Harry dove at her. He sent an array of spells at her, trying to find a flaw in her protective talisman she wore. It protected her from magical and most physical attacks.

There was one fatal flaw. The talisman protected Astoria, and made her invulnerable. It did not make the ground beneath her immune from attacks that could indirectly hurt her. Harry jabbed his hand towards the ground, and it caused everything to crack. Astoria screamed, and Cheshire rushed in immediately. She flicked a miniature bomb at the ground, and the pavement crumbled beneath Astoria. Astoria fell hard in the sewers below, the debris of the statue, the base, and the street falling on her, burying her alive.

Harry stepped forward, to finish the job, but Cheshire rushed in front of him. She sent a dagger at Harry, but Harry transfigured it into a paper airplane.

"Very clever," Cheshire said, and she rushed forward. Harry dodged the attack. He sent a slicing spell, but she ducked her head and rolled out of the way. "But not clever enough."

She dodged a spell, sensing that it was potentially lethal. While she had no ability to perform magic, Cheshire did have enough knowledge of the arts, and enough of a sense to know when to duck. She also knew when she needed a human shield. The battle continued against Arcane, Supergirl, and Red Arrow, and the assassins circled around. They prepared to protect their leader.

Harry had to defend himself against the assassins at this moment when they turned their attention on him. He fought them hard, taking them down by flicking his wrists at the assassins. The assassins flew down onto the ground with a huge impact, and the landing was lethal for most of them.

"There do seem to be a lot of these guys," Red Arrow commented, and he shot an arrow. "And I'm running on empty."

Harry's eyes closed. He looked focused, and intent. He saw several figures move up from above.

"Well, no need to hold on for too long, help is on the way," Harry said. He assisted Kara in nailing one of the larger assassins, and the assassin crashed to the ground, the breath leaving his body.

Nightwing, Robin, Batgirl, Hermione, and Raven all popped up. Nightwing was first on the scene, and he knocked one of the assassins back. Levitating rocks lifted into the air, and the jagged pieces
slammed into several unfortunate attackers. The assassins staggered back, and started to back off. The fight seemed a bit less certain with the odds being a bit more even. Harry slid over, and picked up the book. He stashed the book into his bag.

The Society of Shadows ran into the smoke that had been created. They had given it up as a failed mission, and Harry and Kara tried to follow them. The few that managed to escape had vanished into the night, without a trace.

"Got away, slipped into the night, into the shadows," Harry said, and he tried to see if he could find them.

They managed to give them the slip. The group ran. It was almost like they knew the alternative was death.

"They always do that," Nightwing offered him in a knowing voice. "That's just what the Society of Shadows does. They're a slippery group."

Harry and Kara exchanged a look and without another word, they slipped off towards where Astoria fell through the street. They had to find her body. She took a couple nasty hits. Both would be happier if they could find her corpse, making sure that she was dead.

"Yeah, but they can't keep running," Red Arrow said, just only slightly acknowledging Nightwing. There was a long pause, before he spoke up "Thanks for the help, you swung the numbers back the other way."

"Happy to help," Nightwing said. He carefully chose his next words. "Look whatever happened in the past…"

Red Arrow put a hand up, to stop Nightwing from saying any more.

"We both know what happened, no need to dig it up," Red Arrow said with a crisp nod. He turned around to address the entire group at large. "Take care of yourself, all of you. I'll see if I can dig up something to lead us to them. I'm sure our paths are going to cross with each other again."

Red Arrow slipped off into the night. Harry and Kara stepped forward, and Hermione noticed her two friends seemed a bit deflated.

"Didn't quite get Astoria I take it," Hermione said, and they shook their heads.

"She fell right through the street, and there should have been no way she should have survived that," Harry said, but he shook his head. "I know better though."

"Both of us do," Kara added. "We can't find her body anyway. There are body parts in the tunnel, and dismembered remains, and it's hard to tell who they belong to. There are members of the Society of Shadows down there. Until we find a body we can identify, we should assume that she could still be out there. And if she is, when we get our hands on her…."

She let her words hang. Kara did not appreciate getting her hearing bombarded with super sonics, so now Astoria made it personal Hermione looked very much disappointed, but she could see how their failure caused them to be a bit agitated.

"Well, I can't say I'm happy not knowing for sure," Hermione said, determined to still make Astoria pay for what happened, if she was still out there. "A part of me wonders if she wanted you to find her here."
Harry was thinking the same thing, he nodded. Like a Slytherin, Astoria was playing mind games. Any thought of Astoria being an innocent victim, small as they were, left Harry's head. She was calculating and brutal every step of the way.

Her reliance on the protective talisman did allow him to defeat her, in a sense. The Society of Shadows had been cut down severely.

"You should have seen the temple we found," Batgirl said breaking the silence.

That got the attention of both Potters.

"That wouldn't have had anything to do with the Death Eater wannabes that we spotted earlier," Kara said, and Batgirl looked surprised. The blonde Kryptonian decided to elaborate. "Yeah, they were surrounding a statue that stood right here, where Harry found the book."

Harry unzipped the bag to show them the book.

"Great, you found it," Raven said shortly.

"And I'm keeping it," Harry said. "After all of the trouble I went through fighting for it."

There was no argument for this. Raven had to agree with this, Harry would likely not misuse the book and might even get something out of it.

Harry and Kara turned around, helping clear up the mess that they made in the battle. There were no more surprises. Astoria had left, the Society of Shadows had left, the Voldemort cultists had also vanished into the night. They were all alone.

"Can I have a look at that temple?" Harry asked out of curiosity.

"Yes, whatever you want to do," Raven said. She was not about to stop Harry.

The group walked a short way. Harry both looked forward to and dreaded what he would find out.

"It's right…over there," Hermione said, and she looked over the fence, unable to believe what she saw.

Or rather what she didn't see, as there was no temple at all. It vanished without a trace. Hermione's mouth remained a gap, and she blinked several times.

"I don't get it," Batgirl said finding her voice. "It was right there."

"Someone must have caused it to move."

The entire group spun around, to see Batman standing there in the shadows.

"There are any number of enchantments that could cause a building to disappear," Kara said, remembering her studies. "They take a bit of power to pull off, but it can be done."

"Although maybe not this quickly," Harry added, racking his brain for an explanation.

They had no idea whether it was hidden, or had simply disappeared.

Kara nodded. "Yeah, most certainly not this quickly."

"Unless the entire temple was sentient," Raven offered. "Which would really explain a lot of what
happened in there."

Harry cringed. A sentient temple that disappeared, and was a worship place for Voldemort cultists was not something that he relished dealing with. The temple was not there, but it had to be somewhere.

Batman stood calm and still in the shadows. He calculated the angles in his mind, but there was another problem. He turned to Harry.

"Greengrass did not get the book," Batman said.

Harry shook his head. "No, she didn't get the book. Although I find it rather curious that you knew that she could be out here, and you didn't mention one word for me. In fact…"

"I wasn't certain," Batman said, cutting off Harry's protests before they could even start.

It was amazing that Batman could come up with a reasonable explanation of why he did something in so few words.

"But you had an idea," Batgirl countered.

"He always has an idea," Nightwing said knowingly.

"She got away, but what about this Society of Shadows?" Kara asked. "They wanted to kill Astoria, but it seemed like they wanted their hands on the book as well."

Batman paused. One could almost get a sense he was trying to calculate what to tell them, and the consequences of it. It was a couple moments before Batman said anything.

"It's nothing good if they wanted their hands on that book," Batman said.

"Good, then we'll make sure no one comes close to grabbing it again," Harry retorted.

There was a small shadow of approval on Batman's face, even though he said nothing for a moment. Finally, he broke the silence.

"Easier said than done," Batman said, but he looked around.

"Yeah, but nothing new on that front," Harry said.

"Well, our work here is done," Kara said.

Today's mission was a mixed bag on how successful it was. After a small problem, they got their hands on the final component to the Interstellar Portal Device. Harry managed to grab the spell book, before it fell into the wrong hands. On the other hand, Astoria's body was not found and there was the mysterious vanishing temple. Not to mention the few Voldemort loyalists that still lurked around long after his death.

There was really no reason for them to stick around there, so they all made their arrangements to get out of Albania.

It was a long night, and they all needed some rest.

An aged figure stood in the back of a chamber, dressed in green and purple. His hair was dark, with the slightest hints of grey. He noticed a number of his assassins had not returned, but that was the
price that they would have to pay for their carelessness. Perhaps their deaths would inspire their remaining members to be a bit more careful, and take their training to the next level.

He managed to piece together enough of the reports to have his interest piqued. When a person was centuries old, a person intended to undertake long term projects in order to pass the time.

The aged man stood in front of a map of the world. His face contorted into a sneer when he realized what time had done to this planet. He had visions of a utopia, but most of humanity was less enlightened about that fact.

His name was Ra's Al Ghul, the demon head, and the leader of the Society of Shadows. A group which he considered having a severe overhaul of, because of their multiple failures on this day. His subordinate, a large bald man named Ubu, took a few steps towards him.

"Master, what seems to trouble you?" Ubu asked.

Ra's considered his loyal servant for a moment. The truth was many things troubled him.

"The company of fools and the further decay of humanity on this day, my friend," Ra's said without blinking. "Humanity has grown complacent, and instead of bettering themselves, they wish to take short cuts."

Ra's kept calm and collected. He continued to speak his mind about what had been bothering him.

"Yet, my empire could be in position to take control of this planet for generations to come. To bring it back to the days where survival of the fittest reigned supreme, and those who were not fit, perished. Instead, those who are not fit, pollute both the minds of humanity and the nature around us."

Ra's put on a pair of glasses, and he scanned the imprint of the page, the one clue he managed to uncover as it pertained to the treasure.

"There it is, right in my midst," Ra's said. A glint of malice appeared in the aged man's eyes. "Three keys, of great power, and all of them unlocking a power beyond the wildest dreams of mankind. For centuries, people have torn themselves apart in pursuit of these items, but they foolishly had delusions of power. I will be able to wipe the slate clean, and start a fresh new world."

The Demon Head looked thoughtful, but then his attention was diverted the images of Arcane and Supergirl on the screen.

"And an amazing duo if I must say so," Ra's said, abruptly changing the subject. "Their powers are magnificent, if a bit misplaced towards heroics. Yet their dedication to a cause they believe in, it is something that should be respected and admired. They would be powerful allies in the coming change, but it is a matter of opening their eyes to the faults of this world."

Ra's paced up and down the room. His gaze snapped to the depiction of the three keys. Three pillars of power, and they were as such.

One key cloaked a person and their intentions from the one.

One key was able to break down the barriers between life and death.

And the third key was an instrument of great power, an unbeatable weapon that could vanquish armies and conquer villages, even entire countries
Alone, each of the three keys was powerful, but together the three of them would be extremely powerful indeed. Ra's gaze remained fixed. It was a treasure that could not be measured.

It was a treasure that was fit for someone of his standing.

The Demon Head continued to watch the two known as Arcane and Supergirl, impressed. Not many would take the necessary actions to vanquish an enemy fully to protect themselves, or those they cared about. Most would let the authorities take care of the rehabilitation of these wicked elements of the world, never shedding one drop of blood even if it would solve their problems.

That virtue made the human race weak, and lead to the decay of the planet. Shouldering the responsibility to the authorities, and allowed countless to perish, all in the name of playing the hero. It was to play the ego, and to ease their conscience. They were blissfully ignorant of the blood placed on their hands caused by their sad inaction.

Ra's plotted. Many plans were in motion, and many chessboards were in play from many parties. Ra's would find a way to triumph over all of them, and the world would be in the palm of his hand.

Then he could mold it into something magnificent.

Back in their main laboratory, Harry and Kara had the spell book they had liberated out on the table. They looked over it with great interest. Some of the spells were a great deal among their abilities, and other spells yet were those that had backfired that would make them think twice about even trying them.

"Look Harry, there's that symbol again, the one that was on the ship," Kara said, pointing it out at them. "And Hermione said she saw it on the temple too. It sure seems to be popping up a lot."

"Almost like it's a sign," Harry said, but he had truthfully had no idea. The symbol was something that he thought should be familiar, but for some reason he was unable to track it down. "So, Astoria…"

"She has a few new tricks," Kara said, and she rubbed her ears. They still stung a little bit from what happened. "I'm mostly back to normal, but that caused my ears to ring a little bit."

"I'm sorry, I should have stopped her," Harry said, but he paused before he added, "I just…I just wanted to understand what her motivation was completely. Gold just seemed too simple."

"Well, sometimes motivations aren't complex, sometimes there's just greed behind everything," Kara offered him, and Harry responded with a slight nod of his head. Kara put her hand on his, and they flipped through the book.

"That symbol again, and…that's interesting," Harry said, and Kara's ears perked up. "The three keys will be tamed by the seven."

" Aren't three and seven the most magically powerful numbers?" Kara asked him.

Harry responded with a swift nod, and continued to decipher the inscription. Kara looked at the writing, and her interest was grabbed.

"The three keys," Kara whispered. "Three keys that have great power, and they will give the power beyond the dreams of mere mortals."

Harry continued to read the passage. "Three pillars of power, the power to cloak ones intentions.
They contain power to transcend the barriers between life and death. And the power of a weapon that could vanquish entire armies."

Kara and Harry exchanged a look. It gave them something to think about.

"Sounds like a myth to me," Harry said dismissively.

At the very least it was a myth. At the very worst, magical artifacts of that magnitude would have to have a backfire against anyone who used them.

"I don't know, all myths have a shred of truth to them," Kara said.

Harry just smiled. "Yeah, I would have to agree, and it doesn't really matter if it's true or not. There are people there who believe it is. They shall all tear each other apart in the pursuit of these keys until the chosen unites them. Sounds like something dangerous, if it exists."

Harry and Kara continued to flip through the book. There were a few things of interest and some intriguing theories about the nature of magic in general. They would be worthy of research in the future, and might broaden their abilities.

Witches and wizards had limited themselves to the theories of what was perceived to be possible. It flew in the face of the very nature of magic, which was all about creativity and thinking outside the box.

"We'll be able to hook up the portal in the morning, and then we'll be able to test it," Kara said.

"And, what would you say, in a couple of weeks, we'll be able to use it," Harry said, and Kara nodded, that sounded about right. "No need to rush. We have the pieces in place; it's just a matter of time. You did good work getting that last part back here."

Kara looked pleased with herself, and Harry bent over, to give her a passionate kiss on the lips. Kara returned it, but a buzzing sound told them that business was afoot. They had to break up their activities. Harry stepped forward, and switched on the intercom.

"Harry, we've got the ship in," Tonks informed him. "We're taking it to the storage area right now."

"Were there any problems?" Harry asked her.

"No, there weren't any problems," Tonks reported back.

"Good, we'll be down there in about a few minutes, to take a closer look at everything, and secure it," Harry said. "See you in a bit."

Harry grabbed the book, and was about to put it away. He stopped immediately, and showed something to Kara.

"There's a page missing," Kara said, and Harry looked at her with a nod. "And, Astoria must have ripped it out before her body vanished."

"I think so, but why?" Harry asked.

For that question, Kara had no answer, and neither did Harry. Harry planned to investigate a bit closer, and he opened a vault door. He gently slid the book in the vault. He made sure it was locked. Anyone who was not authorized to go in the vault would get their hands sliced off.

"Ready to go and look at that ship?" Harry asked her.
"Yeah, let's do it," Kara said in a firm voice.

Harry and Kara made their way to the storage area across Metropolis, to hopefully get a bit more in depth study into the mysterious alien ship. Hopefully they could solve this one a bit easier than the mysterious disappearing temple in Albania.

Rain dropped down, and a scorpion morphed into a fifteen year old girl. She had returned from a mystical pit that healed her injuries from earlier. Her associates had commandeered a couple of these pits for research purposes, unknowing to the man who had previously discovered them. When she took her dip into the pit, she suffered madness, and then clarity. Her near lethal injuries had been healed.

The page of the book she tore out was clutched in her fist. A section of the page talked about the fanciful legend of the three keys, but Astoria was more concerned about the real treasure. A treasure that would allow her to become the richest witch in the world, and that was where the true power lied.

She saw illustrations of four rune stones. One was green with the inscription of a snake on it. A second rune stone was blue with an inscription of an eagle on it. A third rune stone was yellow with a badger on it. The fourth rune stone was orange with an inscription of a lion upon it.

Four powerful items on their own, but together they unlocked a secret that the four Hogwarts founders locked away. It was a treasure of untold riches.

Astoria used a charm to dig through the dirt, and she found the first hint the treasure was real. She pulled out a small green rune stone that flickered in the moonlight. Her blonde hair flicked back out of her face, and Astoria turned around, before she took a few more steps back.

Several uniformed figures stepped forward. She offered them a cordial nod.

"Do you have what you were looking for, Ms. Greengrass?"

Astoria held up the green stone and nodded with a smirk on her face. Her associates stood across from her, and the young witch took a few steps towards them.

"I need to return, before my friend gets suspicious," Astoria said to them. "He's already asking too many questions. If I didn't need him alive, I would have disposed of him. I'll be in touch if I need your assistance."

"Of course, have safe passage, Ms. Greengrass."

Astoria turned around, and walked off into the night.

When Astoria had left, one of the figures unwrapped an item contained in a red cloth. It was a nearly identical green rune stone. The only difference was that it was a bit smaller than the other one that Astoria had uncovered. A click activated the ear piece that one of the men had on.

"Report."

"Do you have the stone?"

"Yes, we found it just before she arrived, and swapped it for a duplicate. She won't suspect a thing, and may just assume it's a counterfeit."
"Let's hope for your sake she doesn't catch onto our duplicity."

"No, Mr. Luthor, sir."

"Bring it to me, immediately, before anyone finds out what you were doing," Lex Luthor said. "Especially Waller. You will receive a bonus if you keep this from her. Give her any hint, and you will be lucky to be cleaning the toilets."

"Of course, sir, expect it within the day."

The men boarded the helicopter, and it lifted off into the ground. A wind blew as it flew off into the night, and back to the Cadmus Base.

Standing in a warehouse, charmed to look run down and condemned from the outside, stood the same imposing vessel that Harry, Kara, and Hermione came across in Brazil. It remained still, and silent. Harry walked around it, and fired every single diagnostic spell he could think of. There were many, but the scans came up as one thing.

Inclusive, the scans were inconclusive all around the board.

Harry and Kara both sighed immediately. Kara tried to use her telescopic vision to find something, anything microscopic that would indicate an opening. Whoever had created this ship, it seemed to make sure it locked up tight.

Kara placed her hand on the ship. The alloy was very fine and cool to the touch. She studied it carefully. "Cool to the touch."

"Yes, but no way inside," Harry said, biting his lip and studying the ship intently.

"And it's lined with lead on the inside," Kara said, trying to use her X-Ray vision to scan the ship. Frustration mounted.

"Without being able to penetrate the ship with magic, I couldn't transfigure the lead into something you can see through," Harry added, and Kara folded her arms, a cross expression on her face.

She slammed her hands on the ship, but there was no way in. Harry circled around the ship, and he noticed something, about the mark. He traced around it.

"I think that's our way in," Harry said to her.

Kara stepped back, and unleashed heat vision onto the mark. The mark absorbed her best attack. Harry tapped on it, but there was no reaction.

"Let me try something," Harry said.

He sorted through his bag, and threw out several items to get to what he needed. One of them was the Invisibility Cloak. Once the cloak hit the ship, it reacted, but only for a second. Harry picked up the cloak, curiously, and he dangled it above the mark. The triangle turned from black to white.

"Interesting," Harry projected to Kara.

"Okay, that's weird," Kara said. "What do you think it means?"

Harry took a moment to think it over.
"I think it means that this symbol is three components, to unlock this ship, and whatever's inside," Harry said. "If there's anything inside."

"So the circle and the line are also part of it," Kara said, but then she stopped. "Three keys…you don't suppose?"

Harry was silent. The situation mulled over his mind.

"If that's the case, then this ship needs to be under the highest security imaginable," Harry said. "Three keys, tamed by the seven, will unlock a great power."

"Who are the seven?" Kara asked.

Harry remained thoughtful. That was a good question. Right now, they made preparations to secure the ship, until they found the other two keys, or found an alternate way in.

Then they would go from there.

The mysterious ship stood, immobile and ominous.
Chapter 14: Portal.

Everything was calm and quiet. Up in the Fortress known as the Watchtower, Harry and Kara walked around to do their monthly assessment of how it was running. They checked everything out inside, not overlooking anything.

The headquarters of the Justice League seemed to be running very smoothly, which made them rather happy. There was a lot of time, and energy put into getting it up and running. The team was a work in progress, but that was another story. They did achieve some triumphs and some of them without Harry and Kara helping them.

That was fine for Harry; he did not have time to bail out the Justice League at every given turn. It would defeat the entire purpose of the team to begin with. They were slowly molding into a group of heroes who worked together out of necessity, to an actual team. Opinions were divided on them, and if they could end up serving their purpose without falling apart.

However, Harry found everything that occurred to be very satisfactory so far. He hoped that the Watchtower running smoothly would be a reflection of the team running smoothly as well. He turned to his beautiful blonde Kryptonian wife, who did her own surveying of the Watchtower.

Superman popped up at that moment and walked over towards Harry and Kara. The Man of Steel looked at the couple, and nodded at them with a smile on his face.

"So what brings you two up here?" Superman asked them

"Just making sure the Watchtower is running up to standards," Harry said, giving a subtle reminder of whom, well partially at least, put them up here in this flying fortress. "So far, so good, the entire team looks to be in good shape."

"Well, we do try," Superman offered with a smile.

"Well, you've turned your share of heads," Kara replied to him, and she looked at the monitors where Batman was sitting. He observed everything before him, like a hawk. "Is he always on monitor duty?"

"No, there are times where he switches out," Superman said, and he looked out the windows into space. He took a moment to appreciate the view. "It took a while to get used to having help, but the threats are more and more dangerous out there."

"There are more dangerous people out there, the world seemed a lot simpler a few years ago," Harry said.

The Flash showed up, at the speed of light at that point. He nodded to acknowledge the presence of Harry and Kara. "I'll give an amen to that."

"Things have been pretty quiet lately," Hawkgirl said, also popping in from the other room. "There was the incident on War World, but really nothing more than that over the past couple of weeks."

"Oh, so that's where you were," Kara said, and Superman nodded.

"Yeah, this dictator, Mogul, drafted me into gladiatorial combat," Superman said. "He seemed to
be rather excited to have a living breathing Kryptonian at his beck and call. Almost too excited, it was kind of scary."

"So, did you do well in your forced gladiatorial combat?" Kara asked her cousin.

"Well, I think I held my own," Superman said calmly.

"You better have kicked ass, or I'm going to kick yours," Kara said, half joking, and Superman just smiled. "That's what I thought."

"I'm apparently not the only Kryptonian who stepped through those doors," Superman said, remembering what he learned. "It seems like General Zod once fought in War World, only voluntarily."

"Given his bloodlust, that's not surprising," Kara replied darkly, thinking of the man who murdered countless, and the massacre he left behind even when he was banished to the Phantom Zone.

"Tales of Zod's brutality did reach through the universe, and he's almost respected, worshipped by some of my people," Hawkgirl said, and Kara looked at her. "A minority of them, but Zod did appeal to the more war like nature of a majority of the Thanagarian race."

"Yeah, I could see that, you guys seem to be very brutal," Flash said, with a shudder. He had fought with Hawkgirl in battle, and found himself glad that they were on the same side.

"Well, we're nothing on Zod," Hawkgirl said shaking her head.

"It'd take a lot of work to reach that standard," Kara said.

"What ever happened to Zod, anyway?" Superman asked.

"He was banished to the Phantom Zone, but not just any place in the Phantom Zone," Kara said seriously, and she took a deep breath. "Zod was banished to a high security cell, in solitary confinement in the Phantom Zone. It was designed in part by your father. It was almost like a Phantom Zone within the Phantom Zone. It was a purple crystal that was created to hold the most dangerous prisoners. It was more than Zod deserved."

Kara turned around, to regain her bearings. Zod was not a fun subject for her, and Superman almost looked like he regretted he brought it up.

"Although he took his share of responsibility for the demise of Krypton," Kara said. "Even after he was banished to Argo, he left his mark. He helped create Brainiac, both him and Jor-El."

"You're kidding me," Superman said, a bit surprised that the machine that killed Krypton had been partially created by his father and a blood thirsty Kryptonian general.

"So, I guess that would make you half-brothers with Brainiac, huh Big Blue?" Flash asked, and Superman turned to him, giving him a look that would have made Batman proud. Flash shuddered.

Flash and Hawkgirl remained silent, and Harry decided to break said silence.

"Whatever happened to Zod's prison crystal anyway?" Harry asked Kara.

Kara wished she could answer that question right away.

"That's a good question," Kara said, and she was in deep thought. "I'm sure it got lost in the destruction of Argo. Unless, you didn't notice anything when you picked me up from my little
"No, but I was distracted by getting you out of there safely," Superman said.

Kara nodded with a slight pained smile. "Right, you couldn't have known about Zod. I'm hoping the crystal is still there, hopefully buried in the snow. That's one thing that we're going to have to find out about when we stop by Argo."

Harry grabbed her hand firmly, and nodded.

"Wait, you're heading to Argo?" Superman asked the pair of them, and Harry and Kara nodded. "The flight there, well it was kind of rough. It tore my ship up a little bit, not that it was worth it of course."

"Yeah, it was," Kara agreed, for if her cousin did not risk the flight, she would not be here to have this conversation. "But we're not going by ship."

Green Lantern stood in the background, having half listened to the conversation. He could not risk putting his two cents in.

"Yeah, that sector's rather hard to travel in," Green Lantern informed them. "Even with the rings, and their targeting capabilities, it's rather hard to not get thrown off course."

Harry and Kara exchanged a knowing smile. The fact the Justice League really had no idea the huge project that had undertaken made them feel rather good.

"We have a plan, it's not the rings, it's not a ship, even if we can use them to travel rather well," Kara said to both of them. "Don't worry; we've got it well under control."

Both had sheer determination on their face. They were confident in their ability to navigate through any place with their Interstellar Portal Device.

"Okay, I'm not about to argue with you," Hawkgirl said.

"Me either," Flash said, and the Martian Manhunter walked by to relive Batman of monitor duty. He offered them a nod, and they all said their hellos.

Harry just hummed and took another brief look.

"Everything on the Watchtower looks to be running smoothly," Harry said.

"What about the team?" Superman asked him.

Harry just smiled, choosing his next words rather carefully.

"Take it one step at a time guys, Rome was not built in a day, and neither are teams that can save the world," Harry said to them, and Kara nodded by his side in support. "You guys could do a bit better, but just give it time. Things could be much worse/"

Green Lantern opened his mouth to protest, but then he stopped. The Justice League was raw still at points, and there are times where certain team members deviated to actions more geared towards a solo hero. The team work was not something that was completely fluid, and there were many times where a mission did not go smoothly. It was a mixed bag.

"Fair enough," Superman said. "And you know..."
"We know, but the answer is still no," Kara said, in a tone that left no room for argument. "Everyone take care guys. Harry and I have a lot on our plate; the school's opening up in a few days."

"Oh, that's right, Tonks said that she's helping with the security detail," Flash said, with a nod.

"Yeah, and it's going to be a tight fit, but everything should be opened in a few days," Harry said. "We'll be in touch, everyone take care."

Harry and Kara stepped forward to the loading bay area. The javelin was dinged from the latest mission, and not quite repaired yet. Harry grimaced, it seemed to take a bit of a beating, but that was nothing new. The pair took several steps forward.

"Watchtower's running smoothly," Kara offered.

"I'm very happy with that," Harry said, and they locked hands, before their rings activated. They used the rings to amplify their powers so they could apparate from the Watchtower back to Earth. That was something that was not possible without the rings. It was just one of the many benefits, to be able to apparate interstellar lengths. "I've kept an eye on some of their missions. And we got sucked into a couple of them as you well know."

Kara laughed. "And I'm sure we'll be sucked into a few more of them."

"Yeah, that's the nature of the beast," Harry said, and they made their way to the main lab. The Interstellar Portal Device sat in the heart of the laboratory. "There it is our greatest creation."

"Providing it works," Kara said, and she looked over at it, a smile on her face. "The simulations worked out well. The two field tests we did worked like a charm, but traveling across the world is way different than traveling interstellar lengths."

"Well, we won't know unless we try," Harry said. "Monday's going to be a fun day, the opening of the school, and the opening of the first three branches of Patronus Incorporated outside of Metropolis. Then after all of that's done, it's off to Argo. And the bank's going well."

"Well, we can't say we're not productive," Kara said. "Anyone who says you're lazy and don't work hard, I'll punch them in the mouth."

Both Potters laughed, and Harry put an arm around her waist.

"And there's the ship, which still is an exercise of frustration," Harry commented once again, and Kara just offered him a slight smile.

"Patience, my husband, patience," Kara said, playfully ruffling his hair. "We don't even know what the other two keys might be, or where they are. No one else knows about the ship, that hasn't been sworn to a confidentiality oath. And breaking it would mean harsh consequences."

Harry had to agree with that. Especially given the fact that it was Hermione who helped come up with the terms of the confidentiality oath, and she could be rather harsh. Especially against those who were less than loyal with Harry. Then how harsh she was got amplified by several times.

"Hermione's now at the island with Diana, isn't she?" Kara asked.

"Yeah, she is," Harry agreed.

"We should stop by," Kara said to Harry. "Queen Hippolyta did essentially give you special
permission to visit the island."

"Yeah, I'd imagine that didn't go over too well," Harry said, remembering the looks of some of the faces of those Amazons at the mere mention of men. Living is such isolation likely was not that healthy to one's sanity.

"Hey, she's the queen, so they're just going to have to deal with it," Kara said, and she locked arms with Harry. "It should be a nice flight to Themyscria."

Harry would have to concur. It was a beautiful day outside, so the duo wasted little time locking hands. They opened the windows, holding hands, and took flight outside.

After all of these months together, it was still the most magical and liberating feeling on Earth. Not to mention it was Harry's favorite method to travel. Then again, the fact his beautiful wife was beside him made flying all that much more enjoyable.

"Race you!" Kara yelled letting go of her husband's hand.

Kara took off at faster than a speeding bullet. Harry chased after his wife. The breeze blew through the air, with the couple chasing each other in mid-air.

"Catch me if you can!" Kara called.

"Oh, I'll catch you," Harry said to her, but there was a smile on his face. He managed to gain a lot of speed, and willed himself through the air towards her.

Kara continued to fly forward, but Harry used his momentum to propel himself in front of her. He caught her in his arms in mid-air.

"Hey, that's cheating!" Kara said, but Harry held her into place, and trailed a series of kisses down the side of her neck. She moaned, as Harry continued to trail kisses down her neck, and stroked the exposed flesh on her back. Kara tilted her head, allowing her husband better access to her neck.

"Although, even if I lost the race, still feel like a winner."

"You're always a winner in my book, Kara," Harry said, pulling away and he looked into her lovely blue eyes. "Ready for your prize?"

Kara nodded her head, and Harry tilted her back in the air. He planted a huge kiss on her moist lips, which Kara returned heatedly.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

The two lovers continued to deepen their kiss, in mid-air. Harry pulled away, and flipped up Kara's skirt. Underneath it was a pair of lacy blue and red panties. She was already a bit wet, and Harry got her even wetter by rubbing her pussy through the fabric. Kara clamped her mouth onto Harry's and began to kiss him heatedly.

Her skirt was off and Harry placed his hands around her. He cupped her lovely ass, and Kara responded by wrapping her strong legs around Harry's waist. The kiss deepened, and their tongues danced with a mad passion and fury. Harry pulled her half shirt over her head, before he let it drop into the sea. From the waist up, Kara wore nothing, but a red bra that barely contained her luscious breasts. She was practically spilling out of her top, and Harry reached around.

With a snap, Harry unfastened her bra. He was barely aware that it had just dropped into the water below as it slid between them. He tilted her back in mid-air, and slowly kissed down her face.
"Oh, Harry," Kara breathed hotly, and Harry continued to kiss down the side of her neck. He reached her collarbone, and kissed it heatedly. Kara placed her hands around Harry, to encourage him to do more.

Harry did so, kissing down her body. He stopped at her breasts. Harry cupped them in his hands, feeling her supple, young flesh in his hands. He gave his wife's breasts a few teasing licks. Kara moaned in appreciation, and wrapped her arms around the back of Harry. She continued to get pleased, and Harry continued to worship her breasts, sucking and licking at them.

"That's it Harry!" Kara encouraged him, moaning a little bit more. "Suck my firm super powered tits!"

"You like that?" Harry asked her, and he buried his face in her breasts, sucking her tits hungrily.

"Love it, love it, oh yeah baby!" Kara screamed, rubbing her pussy through her panties, grinding herself against Harry's body.

Harry spent a few more moments as he continued to lick, nibble, and suck on her tits. He rubbed her nipples, tweaking them, and Kara threw her head back, to scream towards the heavens. The little jolts of magic he sent made her feel that much more wonderful. He rubbed his palms around them, and Kara continued to vocalize her appreciation.

Harry then proceeded to kiss down her tan body. Her skin was positively flawless, and he could not get enough of the wonderful taste. His cock throbbed in anticipation, when his nose was up against her pussy. He could smell her, and Harry grabbed her panties. Kara pushed herself back, and Harry pulled her panties off of her body.

Kara's eyes glazed over in absolute pleasure, and Harry kissed around the inside of her thighs. He teased her for a little bit, just narrowly missing her pussy. Kara grabbed her hands around the back of Harry's head.

"Don't tease me, please don't tease me," Kara breathed heatedly, and Harry rubbed her lips.

"I'm making you so wet," Harry whispered to her. "You're such a horny girl, I love it."

He rubbed her clit, and Kara screamed out loud. Her hands were placed on the top of Harry's head, and her legs wrapped around Harry's head. Her lovely and strong legs, wrapped around his head, along with her wet pink pussy, with a little blonde strip of hair covering it pressed against his face. This equaled a combination that made Harry go wild.

He licked and nibbled at her perfect pussy. Kara continued to encourage him, getting more and more heated. Harry's tongue inside her teased her a little bit, but he picked up his face. He vibrated his tongue inside her pussy like a snake, while simultaneously sending a small jolt of magic into her. Kara screamed at the top of her lungs, and her muscles contracted.

No matter how many times Harry did this to her, she was in heaven when he did it to her. She soaked his face with a powerful orgasm. Harry backed off, her juices dripping from his face. Kara flew over, and wrapped her arms around Harry.

She slowly trailed her tongue around Harry's cheeks, and licked her own juices off of him. Harry felt about ready to tear out of his pants, and Kara noticed that. She promptly pulled down his pants, and let them fall freely from the sky. His boxers strained against his large, throbbing cock. Kara grabbed Harry's boxers, and pulled them down. His cock sprang out, and Kara grabbed it firmly.

"Need it now," Kara breathed, and she pumped his cock a little bit to get it to full mast. She licked
her tongue around his cock, and got it all nice and lubricated. She gave it a few deep and passionate sucks, pushing it into the back of her throat.

Kara used her heat vision to cut Harry's shirt off. She watched the ashen remains to fall off, and gazed upon Harry's muscular chest. He was drool worthy, but his loving personality made him ten times more attractive. Kara rubbed her hands over Harry's muscles appreciatively.

Kara flew backwards immediately, playfully looking at Harry. She spread her legs in mid-air and tilted back slightly, her pussy presented and ready.

"Come and get it, Harry," Kara purred to him playfully, teasingly rubbing her lips.

Harry flew towards her, and grabbed her by the shoulders. Their lips met with a kiss, their naked bodies grinding against each other in mid-air. Kara felt inflamed as she tasted herself on Harry's mouth.

He looked at her perfect Kryptonian pussy, and he grabbed her hips firmly. Harry aimed his cock, and pushed it into her. Kara let out the breath she was holding, as Harry pushed into her. He slid in and out of her, giving her pleasure with his strokes. Kara matched his thrusts. Their powerful hips both met with each other with sonic vibrations.

Kara leaned back, and allowed Harry to pleasure her. His cock pushed into her tight crevice. Kara wrapped her arms around his back, and dug her fingernails into his strong back. Harry pushed into her, speeding up the process. The two created an intense breeze as they fucked each other in mid-air.

"Fuck me, fuck me hard!" Kara encouraged.

Harry continued to slam his cock into her pussy. Her pussy rubbed his cock, and Harry never could get enough of her velvety, wet walls rubbing against his throbbing member.

"Such a tight Kryptonian cunt," Harry breathed in her ears. "No pussy in the universe is better, I'm going to hammer you until you can barely fly. Do you like that, baby?"

"Please do," Kara whimpered, and wrapped her arms around him.

Harry sped up his thrusts, getting a bit rougher. Kara got wetter, the harder he hammered her. Her husband knew what she liked, and he knew where she liked to be touched with his cock. He hit all of her pleasure centers, and she reacted accordingly.

Kara dug her nails deeper into his shoulder blades. A normal man would have had his arm ripped off, but then again a normal woman would have been split in half by now or at least had passed out because of the sheer pleasure Harry gave her.

They sped up, hammering at supersonic speed in mid-air. Their hips clashed together, causing vibrations. Harry felt his balls tighten, after a long bout of aerial super powered sex.

"Cum for me, shoot your spunk into my pussy!" Kara screamed. "Fill me up!"

Harry pumped into her a few more times, and his balls tightened, before they simultaneously climaxed. Kara screamed in pure pleasure, and Harry found himself equally satisfied. He saw stars for a moment, as he unleashed a huge steady stream of cum into her. They flew backwards, in mid-air, with Kara milking his balls completely dry. Her tight cunt squeezed him, and his balls drained its contents into her.
Both mutually climaxed, and as Harry pulled out, Kara collapsed into his arms, head rested against his shoulder.

**Smut/Lemon Concluded.**

Harry cradled his wife in his arms, with a grin on her face as they both basked in the afterglow. She took a couple of minutes to get her bearings. Harry not holding back was a wonderful thing, and she always felt content when they were done. Her stamina was tested to the limits.

"Never gets old," Kara whispered to him, looking at Harry with loving eyes. "I think I'll be ready to do that on our way back."

"Of course," Harry said with a smile.

They managed to find the clothes that they had dropped, before putting on a fresh change, and continued off to the island.

Hermione gritted her teeth in frustration as she tried to charge Diana yet again. Diana had hurled her to the ground, to counter her attack. Nothing was injured, unless one counted her pride. Hermione rolled over, rubbing her back and wincing.

"Remember what you learned in training?" Diana asked, and Hermione nodded.

"I know, I know, don't let your emotions control you," Hermione said to her sister. "Control them, and use them as a blunt weapon to take down your opponent. And if you can control your opponent's emotions, it is even better."

Hermione gave her sister a determined look, and tried to charge her with the sword again. Diana blocked it with a shield, and pushed Hermione back. Hermione tried again, but Diana blocked. Again, and again they circled each other.

"You aren't getting enough momentum, Donna," Diana said. "You're allowing yourself to be distracted in battle, and not focusing on everything."

"Yeah, I know, block the distractions, I got it," Hermione said, and never one to admit defeat, she charged toward Diana once again.

She was determined; she was not going to be taken out easily. Hermione tried to slam the sword into Diana's shield, but her sister blocked it. The Princess of the Amazons pushed Hermione back. Hermione tried a different tactic, but Diana blocked it once again.

"The problem is I think that you taught me everything I know know," Hermione said, and Diana shoved her back immediately. "But not everything you know."

"Which is why you need to think outside the box," Diana told her, and Hermione was taken down with a legsweep. Hermione popped up once again and Diana blocked her attack again. The two Amazons continued to circle each other. "Conventional tactics are good, but if it's something your opponent can study, they can create a counter. The best warriors think on their feet. You'll never know everything a truly wicked opponent can do."

Hermione was knocked down again. Harry and Kara showed up at this point, hovering in mid-air. They watched Hermione, an amused expression on their faces. Diana and Hermione continue to spar for a moment.
"Your strength levels are not quite up to full Amazon levels, given that you're half human," Diana said. "But that's not a weakness. Some of the best fighters in the world are human. Look at Batman for instance."

"I'm sure you do," Hermione said casually, and Diana just paused, allowing Hermione to get a couple of shots in.

"What are you trying to imply?" Diana asked, with a raised eyebrow.

"Imply, me, surely not," Hermione asked with a smirk. "Got a guilty conscience, my sister?"

The sparring session continued for another moment, with Harry and Kara both watching up in the air. Hermione continued to keep an even pace with her older sister, but was knocked around just a little bit.

"And that's it for today," Diana said, and she took a sigh. "Got to meet with some diplomats in about an hour, let's just hope they are a bit more respectful than the one's last time."

"Well remember, punching them in the face will set back relations by a few years," Hermione said.

"I didn't say I punched them in the face, I just said I thought about doing so," Diana said, but she doubted few would blame her. Some of those politicians did tend to drip utter sleaze the way they acted. There were some good people out there in the political spectrum, but there were also a more than a few bad people. She brought herself out of those thoughts to notice the newest arrivals.

"Harry, Kara, it's good to see you."

"Good to see you too, Diana," Kara said. "We wanted to be here a little bit earlier."

"Yeah, but we got sidetracked on our way here," Harry added with a smile.

Hermione said nothing, but she knew how these two got sidetracked.

"You didn't have any problems with the royal guards, did you?" Diana asked.

"Me, no, I think they're mostly at ease with me now," Harry said. "At least at ease enough not to nearly run a spear through my head, like they did the first couple of times."

"Mother had a stern word with them about their heavy handed actions," Diana replied, but she paused. "I really hate to run, just when you got here, but duties call."

"Alright, knock them dead," Harry said.

"But, not literally," Kara said.

"Yeah, they wouldn't stand a chance," Hermione said, and Diana bid hergoodbyes, before she made her way off of the island.

Harry, Kara, and Hermione walked off to the side, and sat down off to benches off of the side. Behind them, sat a handsome library, a place Harry made a mental note to check out when he had the opportunity.

"So, what have you two been up to?" Hermione asked them. "Find out anything about our little adventure in Albania a couple of weeks ago?"

"No, nothing," Harry said.
"Yes, and we have no idea about the disappearing temple either, or anything else," Kara said.

"And Astoria's still out there," Hermione said darkly. She scowled briefly at this thought. "Did you find anything more about the symbol or the…"

"No, we haven't, but I swear it's something that we should be able to find," Harry said. "All of those advanced magical text books I have, and there's been nothing, not even a hint about that accursed symbol."

"Well if it's ancient Kryptonian, then we might not find out anything in any Earthly textbooks," Hermione said, and Harry and Kara nodded. "I've done some digging around here, but so far I've found nothing myself. We're kind of grasping around at straws."

"I'm not too concerned, the ship's secure, and we got plenty of time," Kara said. "The real question is how did a Kryptonian ship end up in Brazil in the first place? And did anyone else even get a hint about it before we did?"

"We might never know," Harry mused.

The three friends sat, making some small talk as they enjoyed the beauty of the island. It was nice for the three of them to get away from the hustle and bustle of the city.

"It seems weird, but this would be the time of year where we'd be going back to Hogwarts normally," Hermione said, but she looked at them both. "And Hogwarts is no more."

"Well the Shining Light School of Magic should hopefully be the next level in magical education," Harry said. "Do you miss Hogwarts?"

"With the near death experiences, biased teachers, and petty infighting because of the house system you mean?" Hermione asked.

"I take that as a no," Kara said.

"You took it right," Hermione said with a weak smile. "I've learned more about magic helping you shift through those books that we uncovered in the Department of Mysteries in a few weeks then I did during the first five years of Hogwarts. I guess that just goes to show you that anyone of any talent really did learn their magic through independent studies."

Harry would have to concur. He thought he made a lot of headway just by learning about magic, and what it offered, by forgetting every little thing he learned at Hogwarts.

"I'm going to get my teachers to encourage the students that the books are only a guide, but they are not the be all and end all of magical education," Harry said.

Hermione looked on with an approving smile. That was a lesson that the Hermione part of her wished she would have learned. Then again, the echoes of Donna Troy in her mind would not have been unlocked if she had not been so stupid in the Department of Mysteries. Dealing with what was essentially a duel personality was challenging, but there was a benefit to the Wonder Girl formula. She got to learn from the blunders that she made in the past of two people, instead of one.

"Ever think about teaching?" Kara asked her.

"No," Hermione said dismissively. "I know a lot, but conveying it to others is a different matter. I'd just get impatient when people don't get what I'm trying to tell them. I think that's part of Snape's
problem, he knew his potions. It was just hard for him to fathom that people would not get the subtle science just like he did."

"That's the problem in any society," Kara said. "The smartest of us might not be the best teachers, or leaders. The Krypton Science Council is proof of it. They knew everything, by the book. But when their conventional wisdom failed them, it was all over. Sometimes a creatively smart mind is better than a book smart mind."

Hermione nodded. That's why she thought that Kara and Harry were far smarter than she was, in a sense. They were not stupid by any means, but they were more able to think outside the box. Hermione could memorize an entire book, and spit it back to someone within a day. However, that was only a small part of the battle.

Creativity sadly was not a skill that could be taught.

"Open the school, announce the branches of Patronus opening," Harry said.

Kara picked off where he left off. "And then head into the portal, and off to Argo we go, or whatever's left of it."

"You two seem to always have a full schedule, and remain utterly calm about it," Hermione said. The few months she was put in charge of Patronus, it was an exercise of frustration to keep her patience.

Harry and Kara just smiled. That was part of running a large corporation. It was all about patience, and how to exhibit it properly. They continued to hang out on the island for most of the rest of the day, enjoying the beauty of nature, and the company.

In the press room at Patronus Incorporated, several news reporters from newspapers and television moved around. Lois Lane and Clark Kent got to their VIP seats. Knowing the owners did have certain perks in getting access to press conferences. The two reporters were among the three dozen that had been privileged enough to get invited to this press conference. It was a mad scramble to get in.

"And just when I didn't think the press could act any more like vultures," Lois said, and she peered at them. "Those two must have been working hard at what they're doing."

"They are, believe me," Clark said.

"So, yesterday the Justice League stopped a group of super powered smugglers from liberating an explosive device that could blow up half of the Eastern Sea Board," Lois said to Clark. "It seems as if Superman just narrowly got in in the nick of time."

"You would know, you were there," Clark said.

"Hey, no one said a reporter's job is safe," Lois said, and she took out her notepad. "Sometimes you got to get a little blood on your hands to get a story up close and personal."

"Just as long as that blood isn't your own," Clark said.

Lois just offered a smile, and held up her hands that were slightly taped up. "I think we should continue this conversation after this press conference, over lunch. Perhaps we can compare notes."

Clark smiled his Kansas Farm Boy smile. Lois just looked at him, a small smile of her own
"Endearing and utterly cheesy at the same time," Lois said, shaking her head. "That's what I like about you, Smallville. You're the best of both worlds."

The members of the press chattered, but the two leaders behind the rise of Patronus Incorporated stepped forward on a stage behind a podium. While the success could not be completely attributed to them, Harry and Kara Potter were the driving force behind the company's rise up the business world.

"Hello, everyone, and I'd like to thank you all for coming out today," Harry said. "Lois Lane's in the audience today, so let's hope she doesn't attract any utterly dangerous people to this event."

There were more than a few laughs. Lois was infamous for attracting more than her fair share of trouble. Although to be fair, most of the time she went looking for it.

"Oh, you're a real laugh riot, you know that, Potter," Lois said, but she was unable to hide the slight grin on her face.

"He does have you pegged," Clark said in undertone.

"All kidding aside, Patronus Incorporated has nearly been in business for the past year," Harry said. "Despite all the previous owner of the company did, the past is in fact the past. Lex Luthor ran LexCorp into the ground, but thanks to the hard working and dedicated team here at Patronus, we have raised our company's profile. Dozens of new jobs have been created, with more to come."

"And our expansion nationally, and eventually worldwide will benefit Metropolis even more," Kara said. "This might seem like cliched talk around the business community, but we can assure you that we have the needs of our customers and the people of this city in mind. The expansion outwards will benefit both Metropolis and the satellite locations. As you know from previous press conferences, we always have new projects on the table."

"Worlds are revolutionized beginning with a single step," Harry said, picking off where Kara left off. "Patronus Incorporated is brand new, and fresh. We are taking that single step to help revolutionize the world. We hope to bring everyone closer, and the world will be made a better place through our work."

"I'm sure those are words you have heard often," Kara added. "But for us, they are words that we plan on following through over the next several years."

The press conference continued, and Harry and Kara announced the locations that would be opening in the next week, along with the locations that would be hopefully opening within the next six months. They had their share of critics, but critics asked the tough questions and kept them on their toes. In many ways, those people who were hard to please gave them something to fight for.

Harry walked through the hallways of the Shining Light School of Magic. It was a former American high school that had undergone some renovations over the past several months. The Patronus Inc. magic team worked under the wire, but they managed to get everything ready to go before the start date of the first semester. Harry walked through the hallways, and took a look at everything. The school was three stories high.

Unlike Hogwarts, Harry would not be implementing a house system. The Hogwarts founders were geniuses in their time, but the house system tended to typecast people into a certain mode. McGonagall once said the houses were a family, but the house system led to family feuds. The
dark haired wizard wondered what would have happened if there had not been any houses in Hogwarts. It was some interesting food for thought.

Harry stepped forward. There were different teachers for different subjects, depending on the grade level. The building down the street had the students being orientated by the staff as he walked. He spotted Kara down at the other end of the hallway. She held a clipboard in her hand, and she took a few steps forward to meet Harry.

"So, what do you think?" Harry asked her.

Kara double checked her clipboard. "Everything we need, books, staff, a building, it's here. And it's ready to go by the time classes officially start tomorrow."

"Good, I'm glad, setting up a school is easier said than done," Harry said.

"It's not like we're strapped for funding," Kara replied with a shrug, and she stepped forward with Harry. "Patronus is up for its third profitable quarter this year."

Harry smiled at Kara. "I never get tired of hearing that for some reason."

"Me either," Kara said returning his smile, and they held hands. All decisions made by the administrative staff that they had set up would have to be okayed between the two of them.

They spotted Remus standing at the end of the hall.

"Hey, Remus, is orientation over?" Harry asked him.

"Wrapping up right now," Remus said. "You've got your share of skeptics out there, that this school will actually work. It's going to be hard sell with the Hogwarts alumni."

"Time to prove them wrong," Harry said.

"Time to knock them dead," Kara said. "Things change. Hogwarts is done, the Ministry is…"

Sirius popped up to join Remus at this point. "Yeah, about the Ministry, the International Confederation of Wizards are going to try and reestablish it."

"As bad as that country was, it did have untapped resources," Harry said. Granted, he cleared out most of those resources from the Department of Mysteries. There were still some resources that he had been unable to discover. Whether they were lost or not, that remained to be seen. "Are they going to elect a new Minister?"

"Scrimgeour won't be up for it, I'll tell you that much," Sirius said grimly. "He's being lambasted by the International Press for causing the ruin of a country. And then there are those less than family friendly rumors about Rufus and Dolores Umbridge, if you get what I'm saying."

Harry and Kara looked each other with abject horror at the thought that Sirius put in their heads.

"Yeah, thanks for that Sirius," Kara said dryly with a shudder.

"Padfoot, what's the matter with you?" Harry asked. "There are some things that I won't be able to unsee."

Sirius just offered a grin, and Remus shook his head.

"The point is there will be a new Minister, by next spring once they get the interim government
established," Sirius said. "And you'll never guess who is going to run for Minister."

Harry and Kara both had an idea that they were not going to like this.

"Here's a hint, he uses way too much hair gel, and carries a pimp cane," Sirius said.

"Lucius Malfoy, that's not a surprise," Harry said dryly.

"I'm not sure if the International Confederation of Wizards would stand for that given Malfoy's past," Remus said. "They're going to have their own candidate, and they're going to do their best to make sure they win. The Ministry is going to be a puppet government for other countries."

Harry had another feeling of dread. "There's just something about the International Confederation of Wizards that I can't completely trust. They waited until the Ministry was down and vulnerable before they stepped in and took any control. Years and years of injustice, and the Ministry didn't even get a slap on the wrist."

"I know, tell me about it," Sirius said. "They got me my freedom, but that wasn't out of some measure of justice."

"Politicians the universe over seldom do anything out of the goodness of their heart," Kara said cryptically. "Hey, Sirius, maybe you can run for Minister, make your little delusion a reality."

Sirius was absolutely gobsmacked, and Remus looked a bit mortified at that.

"Me, run for Minister?" Sirius asked, sounding confused.

"Sirius, run for Minister?" Remus asked at about the same time, sounding horrified.

"I don't know," Sirius said, even though the possibility did tempt him. "I don't know anything about politics."

"Neither did Fudge," Harry told him.

"Point well taken," Sirius said, but he just sat down. He looked at Harry. "Maybe you should…"

"NO!" Harry and Kara shouted in unison, knowing what Sirius was about to suggest.

"So you want me to run for Minister, but you don't want the job yourself," Sirius said, but he pondered everything. He could prevent the government from falling into the hands of less than desirable parties. "Well that's interesting; let me think about that one."

"It's just a thought, take it as seriously as you want to," Kara replied to Sirius, but Sirius had his hand on his chin.

"So if orientation went smoothly, then I think we're done here," Harry replied.

"No, no big problems," Remus said.

"I'd offer you your old job back, if you weren't so adamant about giving someone else a chance," Harry said. "Can I at least count on you to give a guest lecture or two about magical creatures?"

"No problem Harry," Remus replied, feeling that he owed Harry that much. Harry and Kara were tirelessly working on a cure for his affliction, but the problem was that this was a riddle that many had been trying to crack for years.
Their latest theory was that if they could find the origins of the first werewolf and how he or she got infected, then they could reverse engineer a cure from there. The problem was that particular quest was easier said than done. The records had long since been lost in time. The disease had been mutated, and almost evolved for lack of a better term, with magic shoving it on.

"I know what we're thinking Remus, and we're working on it," Harry said. "It's slow, but…"

"I've grown used to my little monthly problem," Remus said. "Plus, you have the Wolfsbane brewed for me every month, so the transformations are less scarring."

"It's amazing how easy it is to find a capable potions brewer once you venture outside of the UK," Harry offered, but Sirius snorted.

"Knowing Snape, he sabotaged his competition with his teaching methods," Sirius said bitterly. The man might be dead, but the animosity would always be there. Especially because of the way that Snape treated Harry, Sirius would never forgive that. Everything Snape did at Hogwarts, when they were students, he long since let it go. He was sure that Snape didn't, and that bitterness led down a dangerous road.

Sirius remained silent, before he spoke to Remus.

"But hey, you're getting the potions from someone who you know won't poison you once his leash gets loosened."

Remus just nodded. Snape could have done something nasty to him, but he didn't do anything. Of course, that was likely because of Dumbledore's invention. A puppet is no good if he's dead.

Harry checked his watch. It was almost lunch time.

"If you don't have anything else for me, we'll be going," Harry said, and Kara nodded, noticing the time as well.

"No, nothing else," Remus said. "Here are the notes from the orientation, if you want to take a look at them."

"We will, thanks," Kara said.

They said their goodbyes, and Harry and Kara walked off. After a quick lunch, it would be time to launch the Interstellar Portal Device for its maiden voyage.

Inside the main lab at the Patronus Inc, the Interstellar Portal Device stood before them. Harry and Kara stood in front of the device. They made a few more calibrations, a few more calculations, double checking everything.

"A tiny calibration here, and a tweak here," Kara said, and she checked the portal device.

"Okay, that's in working order, that's in working order, and that's in working order," Harry said, and he clicked through every bit of the maintenance list.

The Interstellar Portal Device was a handsome bit of architecture. It was a modified version of one of the inventions in the database of the Fortress of Solitude. A fair bit of Earth technology had to be modified, or tweaked, but thanks to the Fortress, the Potters managed to get everything working. Pretty much all they had to do right now was to punch in the coordinates, and head through the portal to Argo.
"It's been a long time since I actually saw it," Kara said to Harry, with a far off look in her eyes. "It was beautiful in its prime, before Zod rolled through."

"I know, it was your home for years," Harry said.

Kara smiled about the memories. There were many good ones, but the past was the past. She had plenty of new memories that were being created, with her husband. Those were going to be just as wonderful, if not more so. Still the beauty of her old world could not be denied, and there were many great memories.

"Both that and Krypton, two worlds that were beautiful, not that Earth doesn't have its own beauty," Kara said. "I've been privileged to live on three rather beautiful planets. Let's just hope this one sticks."

Harry nodded. He hoped so too. He hoped to live with Kara for years, decades, centuries to come, and just enjoy spending every single moment of his life. He pulled out the console of the portal, and began to type in the coordinates as he had written them down.

"Those are right Harry," Kara said, checking her husband's calculations with a smile and a nod. "Don't forget we need to look for the purple crystal."

"Of course, I haven't forgotten," Harry said.

While he had never had the pleasure of encountering General Zod, Kara's stories about the man painted a rather grim picture. He deserved far worse than the Phantom Zone.

"Would you like to do the honors, my love?" Harry asked.

"I'll be delighted," Kara said with a grin.

She pulled the switch of the portal. Both Potters were dressed in winter clothing, with a couple of extra changes of clothing, food, and supplies in their bag. A swirling vortex of energy erupted around in the portal screen.

"Ready?" Harry asked.

"Let's do this," Kara said firmly.

Harry made sure the recall device on his wrist was fastened. Harry and Kara stepped through the portal. The vortex engulfed them as they were transported through time and space. They had no idea what treasure they would find when they stepped through that portal. It was a mysterious journey from here on out.

They both looked forward to what they would find.

Little did they know what they were about to encounter.

There were many worlds through a vast multiverse. Some worlds were similar to the one that was familiar. Other worlds had a few differences, and many other worlds had rather drastic differences.

A lab not too un-similar to the one at Patronus Incorporated sat an Interstellar Portal Device, once again very similar to the one that was currently operational on Earth-1. This one was located in what might be referred to as Earth-2.

A young woman pushed open the doors, and entered the lab. She was twenty four years old.
Blonde hair reached down to her shoulders. Her blue eyes simmered with determination, behind a pair of glasses that rested on her cute little nose. Her high cheek bones accentuated her beautiful face, with luscious rosy lips. She currently wore a white lab coat, with a tight button up red blouse, and a short red skirt that reached down to shortly above her knees.

The young woman slipped off her lab coat, due to the heat of the summer day in this lab. Her curvy body was on display. Her blouse strained against her sizeable bust. Her breasts were huge and firm, and very real. Had it not been for her heritage, the sheer weight of them would have permanently damaged her back. There was no bra that was made on Earth that could hold their sheer size.

Her body curved down like an hour glass, with a slender waist, toned tummy and nice wide hips, with firm and toned buttocks. Her long beautiful legs were something that many men would drool over; providing they could tear their eyes away from her top half long enough. Her legs were strong enough to crush a car.

She was born Kara Zor-L of Krypton of this alternate reality. She had adopted the alias of Karen Starr when she was sent to Earth, but she was known to many as the heroine called Power Girl.

Seven years she had been on Earth. The siege of Zod on Krypton had affected everyone, both on Krypton and its satellite planet, Argo. Zod had killed many good people in his reign of terror, when he tried to take hold of Krypton through a violent coup. The death toll included her father, uncle, and aunt. Her aunt and uncle had been trying to have a child, and Karen felt a pang in her heart about the cousin that she never knew.

Zod had been killed in his attempts to take complete control by a ragtag group of rebels, but the damage was already done. The civil war tore apart the already unstable planet known as Krypton. And what was worse, a disease infected Argo, killing many of the inhabitants until a cure was found.

It left many dead, and she fashioned together what she could to start a new life on Earth. Although she did create this Interstellar Portal Device to go and visit the remaining inhabitants of Argo, but many had gone on to other worlds much like she had. Her mother had passed away just a few months ago.

Karen was lost in thought, and looked out the window. Earth seemed to be going through a rough patch, thanks in part to Lex Luthor and his obsessive plans to destroy her. They fought on two levels. One in the world of business, with Karen using her own company, Starrwave, to try and make sure LexCorp did not monopolize too much of Metropolis. On the other level it was as Power Girl, with Lex coming up with new and psychotic ways to try and kill her every other week.

She personally thought that Lex needed to get laid, or at least get a hobby that did not involve trying to kill her. She half thought this was because of the fact she turned him down in the most brutal way. The fact he made this indecent proposition after trying to kill her did not win him any brownie points.

Another seismic tremor caused Karen to jump up. The blonde Kryptonian woman looked out the window. The earthquakes and natural disasters picked up in the past year. It was almost like the Earth was sick. It was another one of Lex's sick plans to defeat her, and it ended up killing most of the heroes in the Justice League. It was a sad day, with many lives lost.

Not that Karen was on particularly good terms with the League when that happened. She was a part of them for a couple of years, but they had suspended her for her brutal actions against a criminal. Toyman had kidnapped an entire bus full of school children to be his "playmates", and three of them died. She felt perfectly justified in the fact that she pummeled the sick little shit until
his skull was crushed.

The founding members of the League disagreed, and decided to bench her indefinitely. It was almost like she was expected to apologize and fall into line, but she refused to back down from her principles.

'Apparently, I'm supposed to tuck the psycho killers into bed, read them a bedtime story, and leave them to some cardboard prison that they're going to escape to kill more people,' she thought bitterly.

The young woman turned around, and looked at the Interstellar Portal Device before her. She managed to get everything working, thankfully.

"Just about got that fixed, at least I didn't get degraded to ordering my spare parts off of EBay," Karen commented to herself with mirth. It struck her now that she was the only person in this lab "Then again, Kara, talking yourself is the first sign of madness. It's not like there is anyone out there that's listening to you."

She peaked around her lab, almost mockingly checking for any listening devices.

"As far as I can tell anyway," Karen said, shifting her eyes and she tried to check the calibrations and make sure the parts were up to specifications.

Although the getting laid part was something that many people felt was something that she should do, now that she thought about it. Her sex life had been pretty nonexistent. The problem was that most men on Earth, they would break like a twig before she could even finish. And the men that wouldn't, well they weren't the type she had any bit of interest in.

So, in an attempt to keep herself sane, she threw herself into both her work and her heroics. It was a pretty lonesome existence, but punching bad guys did tend to have her work out a lot of her many issues.

'Try not think about that, Power Girl,' Karen though to herself. 'It's not like the right guy is going to be flying through some window or something.'

With the final calibration made, Karen punched in the coordinates to Argo. She was only going back there mostly out of habit every few months, but there were still technology there that she might be able to use.

She turned herself towards the window, and pulled the switch. A swirling vortex of energy popped up.

There was one fundamental flaw with all Interstellar Portal Devices that was about to be discovered.

The fact was that if two portals in two adjacent worlds were activated simultaneously to the same location, there was a chance that they would be knocked offline, and cause a disturbance. The chance was less than one percent, but it was known to happen.

Karen was about to step through the portal, but she heard a loud crack from the other side.

"That's not good," Karen said to herself, and she stepped back. She saw two objects hurling at her.

Immediately, she stepped back, ready to heat vision whatever came through in case it attacked her.
Two figures flew out of the portal. One was a young man with dark hair and green eyes. The other resembled a younger version of her with longer hair and blue eyes. Karen was taken off guard by these two new arrivals.

She had barely any time to formulate a thought or response, before both new arrivals smacked into her. They knocked her off balance, and knocked the wind completely out of her. Karen fell down onto the ground, and the two new arrivals landed face first on her large chest.

To Be Continued in the Next Arc "Power Girl."
Chapter 15: Power Girl Part One.

The backlash of the collision through the portal had knocked all three parties for a loop. All three were in various states of disarray. Karen was on the floor flat on her back. Harry and Kara were dazed, with the wind mostly knocked out of them for several seconds. It took a few moments before any of them really regained their bearings.

Both Harry and Kara were quite frankly at a loss about what got wrong. After all of the double checking they did, and all of the preparation, something had thrown them off course. They ensured that the Interstellar Portal Generator was configured properly. They set the coordinates. Even several test simulations were run.

In theory it should have worked. The field tests worked out like a charm.

However, there was a difference between how things worked in theory, and how things worked in practice.

"Kara, are you okay?" Harry weakly projected to his wife, when he finally managed to regain his bearings.

Kara groaned, and shook the cobwebs from her head. "In a matter of speaking, um…we landed on something didn't we?"

It was now that Harry registered the fact that he had landed on someone. Or to be more accurate, face first onto the chest of someone. That someone was beginning to stir underneath both he and Kara. The situation would have been amusing had it not been so perilous.

"It's kind of hard to not notice," Harry thought back to Kara, feeling the person beneath him begin to catch her breath.

"Yeah, I can tell," Kara said, now realizing her predicament. "And this is going to be a fun one to explain. And she's waking up, so we better…"

Kara did not have a chance to finish her thought. The woman beneath them was stirring, and Harry and Kara both scrambled to their feet. The couple stood, alert, and ready to go. The woman on the floor now pulled herself up to a standing position. She was not injured, but she did look a bit annoyed. She slowly turned around. Her eyes had been fixed on both Harry, and Kara, narrowed, and dangerous.

Harry and Kara sensed trouble. This woman looked ready to rip their heads off, if she did not get any answers quickly. They both backed up immediately. Harry took a deep breath, and stated in a pacifying voice, "Look, we don't want any trouble."

That was the wrong thing to say. The lab was likely nice at one point, but considering they had been blown through the portal it was in a less than ideal state. Papers and broken furniture had been scattered around every single direction.

Karen looked at these two. She took a good long look at them, to try and figure out her next move. They did not seem dangerous, but she was on her guard. "Yeah, no trouble, that's funny. You just randomly pop in my lab, and try and take me out. That's a funny way of really showing that you don't want any trouble."
Kara and Harry gave the other woman an apologetic expression. The blonde was not done. "Just who in the name of Rao are you anyway? Why are you here?"

Kara took a deep breath, in an attempt to pacify the situation the best she could.

"We had no intention of coming here," Kara said, and there was a look of distrust on the other girl's face. "Really, we didn't."

There was a distinct, "yeah right" expression on her face, which Karen accompanied by a roll of her eyes.

"I don't even know where here is," Kara continued in an almost pleading voice, but she stopped. She stood up straight, and looked the other blonde right in the eye. She spoke with more confidence, refusing to back down. "We set our portal device, and we must have been knocked off course."

"Really, imagine that, mine too," Karen said.

"Where were you going?" Harry asked.

"To my home planet, Argo, I wanted to head home one last…"

Kara interrupted her immediately. "Wait, you were going to Argo?"

"Yeah what's it to you?" Karen asked.

"We were heading there ourselves," Harry replied, and Karen looked surprised. She hid her look of surprise after a moment.

Now her suspicions had become even more full blown than they had been previously.

"Again, funny how something like that works out, isn't it?" Karen asked. "I don't know how you two know about Argo, but no one knows about it on Earth. Except for me that is."

"Really, well you're wrong about that one!" Kara yelled. Now, she was on full defensive mode, and locked eyes with the other blonde. "I know all about that planet. It was my home for the first fifteen years of my life."

Kara gave her a look that dared her to contradict her at all. It was at this point that Karen just stared a hole through both of them. She was completely bemused by this. Something was just not adding up in her head.

"You don't look any more than eighteen, nineteen years old," Karen told Kara, and her arms were folded. She looked at her, with the most dangerous expression she could manage. "Just who are you?"

Kara took a deep breath, as did Harry. Both of them surveyed this young woman. She was completely gorgeous, with mouth-watering assets that made it hard not to stare at her. Through their self-control, both Harry and Kara remained stoic, before Kara answered.

"My name is Kara Potter, and this is my husband, Harry. I was born Kara Zor-El of Krypton. I moved to Argo at the age of three, with my parents, Zor-El and Alura."

Karen blinked immediately. She was rendered completely speechless, and she stared at Kara for a moment. She took a step back, and surveyed the couple with disbelief in her eyes.
Finally, she regained her ability to speak.

"You can't be…it's impossible!"

Kara offered a bit of a smile. "I assure you it's very possible. I don't lie about something like my own backstory. And who in the universe are you anyway?"

Karen surveyed the two of them. She took in their features, both of them. They were a rather attractive couple, and she found her gaze lingering a few seconds longer than it would normally. She shook her head, and got back to the matter of hand. As she thought about it, none of this made any sense whatsoever.

She threw all caution to the wind, and began to explain.

"I'm Kara Zor-L," Karen said. "I was born on Krypton too, and moved to Argo at the age of 3 with my parents Zor-L, and Alura. When I was fifteen years old…"

Kara knew the story by heart, so she chimed in. "General Zod destroyed Argo. I know it, I lived it."

Kara processed what she heard so far never the less. There was only one conclusion she could draw. This girl was a version of her for an alternate dimension. Only she was much older, and far more mature.

Karen shook her head. "Not exactly, General Zod took over Krypton in a violent coup. Many people were lost, even before Zod was put down like the mad dog he is. My uncle, aunt, and father all died. I'm the final survivor of the planet Krypton, the last Kryptonian in the universe."

Karen choked out these next words, and Kara looked gob smacked.

Harry chimed in at this point. "So you're telling me that we're in some kind of alternate universe where there's no Superman."

Karen looked confused.

"Who in the name of Rao is Superman?" Karen wondered.

This particular statement just hammered home everything that was different about this universe home. Both Harry and Kara briefly wondered if that was the only thing different about this world. They gazed at the blonde Kryptonian before them.

"Superman, he's one of the top heroes in our universe," Kara explained, and Karen nodded. "He's faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, able to leap tall buildings in a single bound. He's my cousin, my baby cousin, Kal-El, he's the son of…"

Karen cut in, knowing it. "Jor-L, and Lara, they wanted to have a son. They wanted to name him Kal-L, but they never did. When Zod…when Zod…"

Karen could barely get out the next statement.

"When Zod killed them both."

She shook her head, and took a deep breath. There was a few seconds before one blonde Kryptonian looked over to the other.

"If he's your young younger cousin, then how come you're still this young?" Karen asked, and Kara looked a bit confused. "No offense, but you don't look like a fully mature Kryptonian who has
powers under the yellow sun."

There was a pause, before Karen added.

"You do have powers under the yellow sun, don't you?"

"Yeah, I do," Kara confirmed, and Harry smiled.

"Oh, that's good, so what's the story?" Karen asked.

"I was frozen in stasis for almost twenty three years before Kal rescued me, when he was all grown up," Kara said. "I was fifteen, and brought to Earth. I began to fight crime under the name of Supergirl."

"Supergirl?" Karen asked, and Kara responded with a nod of confirmation. "Wow, there's a blast from the past. I started out under that name."

"Really?" Kara asked.

"Yeah, I outgrew it several cup sizes ago," Karen said with a grin, and Harry and Kara laughed, as she spread her arms, showcasing her large chest for emphasis.

"So, you were Supergirl, just like me?" Kara asked. "Well, you technically are me, but…"

"I know, it's confusing," Karen said with a smirk. "I was under that moniker until about three years ago before I became Power Girl. I have no idea why the Supergirl name appealed to me so much, so I just went with it."

"Well, you're super, and you're a girl," Kara said. "Well, you technically are me, but…"

She took a few moments to compose herself. "That's about a good reason as any."

Karen took a few seconds and looked towards Harry. "So, this is your husband?"

Kara nodded, and Harry turned towards Karen with a smile on his face.

"Yeah, I'm Harry Potter, pleased to meet you."

'It really does feel weird getting introduced to someone who married your younger counterpart," Karen thought, but she reached forward to greet him.

"Please to meet you, Harry," Karen said, before she continued in a joking manner. "You're the first guy in a long time who managed to look at just my face for more than five seconds. You know without traveling below the neck. So good for you."

Harry smiled, it had been tempting. Oh boy had it been tempted. Although, Kara seemed to be equally tempted to sneak a few peaks herself. Sneak a few peaks using her X-Ray vision to come and think of it.

"Well, I figured I'd take a good look at your face," Harry told her. "We got well acquainted with other parts of your body when we flew through the portal."

Karen cracked a smile. That was all too true. She remained in good spirits. They didn't intentionally fly out of the portal, and land face first onto her chest.

As far as she knew anyway.
"At least the landing wasn't too bad," Kara offered.

"Yeah, that landing was something that most men, and some women would give up a part or two of their body for," Karen said, with a smile. She moved around her lab. A portion of her lab had been blown up. Nothing seemed too damaged, at least most of nothing. The portal was scratched. "That had to be a rough trip."

Harry and Kara both nodded.

Karen looked thoughtful. She proceeded to give them what she thought was the best explanation for what happened. "Best I can tell, your portal and my portal were launched at the same exact time, around the same exact place. And they knocked each other off balance."

The blonde Kryptonian walked from Harry and Kara, and got a better look at the portal. She floated several inches off of the ground. Karen whistled when she saw how banged up the portal was. That was not going to be something that was going to be fixed in an afternoon.

"That was a one in a million fluke when something like this happens," Karen remarked.

Grins appeared on both Harry and Kara's faces at this point. When Karen gave them a strange look, Kara decided that it was best for her to explain.

"You'd be surprised how much that happens around us," Kara said, and she nudged Harry.

A look of amusement crossed Harry's face. "Especially with me. I seem to have doing the absolute impossible, and improbable down to an art form."

Karen walked forward, and tapped on the console. Her eyes were narrowed in determination. The damage seemed great, but perhaps all was not lost.

"Let's see, if I can get this thing back online or if it's messed up beyond all repair," Karen said. She bit her lip, deep in thought, as she looked at the portal.

"We'll help," Harry offered. "It's the least we can do. Then maybe we can figure out how to correct the problem in the future."

"I'd appreciate it," Karen said giving them a bright smile, and Harry and Kara walked over to help her get to work.

Karen, Harry, and Kara began to work on the portal, getting tools together.

"So, how exactly did you two meet, anyway?" Karen asked them.

Both Potters exchanged a grin. It was a story that they had never tired of telling.

"It all started when two troubled teens decided to take a trip to Las Vegas," Kara said with a smile.

'I can already tell this is going to be a fun story,' Karen thought to herself with mirth.

The Potters prepared to tell the story of their nuptials. With those words, the trio went to work. The portal looked damaged, but perhaps it was not completely destroyed beyond all repair.

Several hours later, they were still working on the Interstellar Portal Generator. Karen listened to the many stories Harry and Kara had told her about their trials and tribulations. Karen had a smile on her face, listening about their lives, and the trials that they went through together. They seemed
to be better off together than they would be alone.

"The two of you have lived interesting lives," Karen told them. She laughed, thinking that might be a bit of an understatement. "I'll say that much. A lot of people would crack after what you've been through. Yet, you two are still moving forward, and still going strong after a year of marriage."

Kara offered a smile. "It's hard to imagine any part of my life without Harry."

"Likewise for me," Harry said. "Kara really has given me new life, and a fresh chance. I'm really glad I've found someone like her. She's really been a gift, and a treasure."

"We found each other, and saved each other at the best possible time," Kara said, and she smiled at all of the great times she had had with Harry. "Who knows what our lives would have been like?"

Karen offered a nod, and smiled at them. She was happy for them, but at the same time a bit distressed that she had not found someone to share her life with. At the age of twenty four, that did kind of weigh on her, and bug her to an extent.

Even if she tried to play the role as an independent driven woman, there was a hole that she longed to have someone to share her burdens with. A guy like her younger counterpart had found.

Then again, people like Harry seemed to be one and a million. She shook those thoughts out of her mind. Then she tried to focus on the matter at hand.

Just in time, Karen bit her lip, and took a look at the crystal.

"And the transport crystal is fried beyond repair," Karen said, and she held it in her hand. "That's just great."

"It can be fixed, can't it?" Harry asked.

"Anything can be fixed," Karen offered grudgingly. "It's going to take six months to repair itself. Unless, of course, I find a brand new crystal, which is going to be kind of difficult to do. And without the crystal, the portal is just a really expensive and fancy mirror."

Karen tapped on the side of the portal for emphasis. Kara and Harry both nodded. They understood where she was coming from. Their portal was the same exact way. Had they not found the transport crystal when they did, they would have been stuck. The portal would have been impossible.

Harry remembered something that might help them. "I've got a recall switch, so perhaps that still works."

Karen offered a weak grim. "Yeah, for you guys it might work well. You might as well try it. There's a chance it could have gotten fried just like the transporter crystal. But hey, go for it if you think it's going to work."

Harry thought it was worth a shot. Harry tapped on the band on his arm. He did it twice, three times. He found that there was nothing. He was stuck in this world. He and Kara had been marooned. Both blonde Kryptonians looked at him. The recall switch band began to smoke on Harry's arm, and it hissed angrily.

"I'm guessing that's not supposed to happen," Karen said, observing it, and Harry shook his head.

"No, it's really not."
"And you're stuck as I am, aren't you?" Karen added.

Kara was surprised by that statement. She decided to get some clarification. "Well, you're not really stuck here. I mean, this is your home world now. You have friends here, don't you?"

"Yeah, I had a few, but…that's a long story," Karen said, and Harry and Kara gave her reassuring smiles. She felt that she could tell them here. "Do the Justice League operate in your world?"

Harry and Kara both nodded, feeling a bit of happiness with some level of familiarity.

"Yeah, do they in yours?"

Karen paused, and she thought carefully of how to respond to this question. The relationship between her and the Justice League had been tense at the end, due to the conflict of opinion between both sides.

"There were, but it was a long time ago," Karen said, and then she was silent for a few seconds. She then added. "You do have a version of Lex Luthor in your world, don't you?"

"Trust me, we've met," Harry said darkly.

"Unfortunately," Kara said, scowling at the thought.

Karen could tell right off of the bat that the relationship was not a friendly one.

"The Justice League and I…well we had a tense relationship. They wanted to do things by the book, and not take the necessary actions against criminals. Some of these people, you can throw them in prison a million times, and they'd still not get it. They'd still be the same sociopaths returning to kill again and again. I'd like to think there's hope for some people. But there's a difference between being hopeful and being stupid."

Harry and Kara both nodded. They had been down that road many times.

"And I'm not saying knocking off every petty criminal, like some people might," Karen added. "But the one's that commit mass murder, and intend to again, they don't deserve much sympathy. It's hard to be the better person when they keep trying to kill you. What are you supposed to do? Slap them on the wrist, and throw them in some cardboard prison that they can easily escape from?"

Harry and Kara gave her sympathetic nods. They had been through this situation before.

"Our League has the same hang ups, some of them do," Harry said.

Kara offered what she thought was a fair assessment. "If people want to do things their way, and they can sleep at night, fine. All we ask is they don't give us the moral lecture when we take care of matters our way."

"We're on the same wavelength then," Karen said, her respect for both Harry and Kara escalating at that moment. "I tried to toe the line, but it's hard. When someone murders children, it's hard to feel any sympathy for them. Isn't the blood on the hands as much of the heroes, as the villains when they just let these people go?"

These were hard questions that many people avoided. No one seemed to want to admit that sometimes lethal force was required. The war against criminals was often just that, a war. There was a grisly reality, and the best hero was tested against them.
There came a time where morality often had to be thrown out the window, and people had to get their hands dirty, to save innocent lives.

Karen continued to tell her story. "Toymen put those children in danger. He killed three of them."

Karen shook her head, and remained determined to press through, and not break down. The fact she could not reach these children in time really ate away at her.

"I got a little rough with him. I didn't quite kill him, unfortunately, half of the League pulled me off before I could before I could pummel that sick little shit to death. But he suffered brain damage, and cannot use his vital bodily functions again. I'm not happy with what I had to do, but sometimes it has to happen. The League suspended me for this, but I won't back down from my principles. He would have done the same thing again and again."

Harry offered her an encouraging smile, as did Kara.

"That's very valiant of you to make a hard decision like that," Harry said. "It's not easy, it never gets any easier. But we've had to deal with them."

Karen gave them the opening to continue. Kara decided to explain.

"Lex Luthor, when Harry and I first got married, tried to launch a deadly Kryptonite weapon. It would have infected both me and Kal, and killed us. Then, he tried to use Kryptonite on me, and tried to shoot Harry. Harry was not happy, and came close to killing him."

Kara stopped for a moment, but she picked back up again. "My cousin pulled him off before he finished the job, but Luthor deserved everything. In fact ,he was lucky that he did not suffer more than he did."

"I attacked Lex for a good reason," Harry said with conviction. "He tried to kill Kara twice. There are people who might think I'm a monster, even though I'm doing what's necessary to protect those that I love."

Karen looked Harry, firmly, right in the eyes. "Those people are complete idiots."

Harry and Kara nodded, and Karen had a serious expression on her face. She took a deep breath, and looked at both of them, before she began to spoke.

"You were being noble. It takes a lot of heart and courage to stand up for the people you love. No matter what other people might think. There are some people who spend too much time playing the hero, and not enough time doing what they need to do to save people. There are lines, but if we don't cross them for the wrong reasons, everything should be fine."

Harry and Kara both nodded. They had both carefully toed a certain line, so they did not go too far down the point of no return. However, there was just as much danger as not going far enough, especially when they dealt with the dangerous people that they had to deal with on a day to day basis.

"I don't fault you all for what you did," Karen continued, and her eyes focused on both of them. "Especially when it's something like Luthor. It seems like he's sick and twisted in any dimension. He should be put down. He's a mad dog."

There was a nod of agreement. Before they could go any further on this line of thought, there was a moderate tremor that shook them off guard. This caused the trio to stagger, and they could barely regain their bearings.
Karen breathed in and out, they were getting worse.

"Case in point, things like that," Karen said to them. She decided to explain. "These tremors are a souvenir of one of Lex Luthor's demented schemes to kill me. He screwed up everything in this world, with his obsession for power and control. And he'll do the same thing on yours, if he gets the chance."

Harry and Kara both nodded. The biggest problem was that Lex Luthor could buy some very powerful friends to keep him hidden for the time being. One day, justice would be served, and Harry hoped that it would be by his hands.

If someone else wanted to kill Luthor, Harry sure as hell was not going to complain.

Kara's curiosity was piqued.

"What happened?" Kara asked.

Karen surveyed them, and took a deep breath. Then she began to speak. "It's really a long story, but I'll try to shorten it up the best I can."

Harry and Kara motioned for her to continue. Their encouraging smiles gave Karen the hope she needed, and the courage to continue.

"He tried to use some device to kill me that would wipe out anything in its path, no matter how strong it is," Karen explained. She took a deep breath, and continued. "Most of the League got caught in the crossfire. They died, and I couldn't save them in time."

Karen looked shaken up, but she regained her bearings enough to continue.

"If I had been just a little bit quicker, I could have saved them," Karen said. "The League, and not to mention all of the innocent people. I stopped Luthor's machine before it could destroy everything, but the damage was already done."

Karen signed, and a despondent look crossed her face.

"These tremors have been happening over the past three months, and Luthor's still out there, somewhere," Karen said. "And I can't even save the people I care about."

Harry and Kara both looked at each other. Harry took a few steps forward towards the other blonde Kryptonian at Kara's encouragement, and placed a hand on hers gently. Karen relaxed because of his touch.

"It's not your fault," Harry told her gently. "Did you put the plans of the device in Luthor's head, or arm it?"

"No," Karen admitted, and she took a deep breath. "Everyone expects me to save the day, to the point where I'm disappointed in myself when I don't. The times I could have stopped Luthor in the past, but held myself back, I remembered them all. I won't make that mistake again. If I had just got my hands around his neck, just once, I could have put him down easily."

"You don't know what would have happened for sure," Harry said. "I understand what you're feeling."

"We both do," Kara told her, and she placed her hand on the other hand. The two offered her a pair of reassuring smiles.
Karen sighed. To say the last couple of months were tough on her would be an understatement. The last year or so in fact, if she would have to admit it to herself, she spent a lot of time dealing with various issues, and a slight crisis of faith regarding her place in this world. She threw herself into her work harder than ever to forget. Her social life was pretty much nonexistent.

Talking to two other people who knew where she was coming from and understood was therapeutic to her.

"Luthor's a monster, and he'll come back, he can't hide forever," Harry said. "And when he does, you'll get him next time."

Karen shook her head. "I'm not sure if there's going to be a next time. I don't know if you've noticed, but the world doesn't look too healthy. There are natural disasters far more often that are increasing every month. The Earth's core is acting in an erratic manner. It's the same core instabilities that were on Krypton all over again. I have the technology to measure what's happening, and I've been working on a way to stop it."

"We'll help if we can," Kara told her.

"Both of us," Harry said.

Karen smiled a warm smile at them. She felt a bit of a weight lifted off of her shoulders. "Thanks, I appreciate it. It means a lot to me. This has been a one person operation, for the most part."

"Don't put the entire weight of the world on your shoulders single handily," Harry said knowingly. "Or you might find yourself crushed underneath it. Trust me, I've been there. These things are a lot better to get through together."

"Yeah, that makes sense," Karen said to him, after a moment of thought. She shook her thoughts away, and took a deep breath. "We still got to find a way to send you two home. My crystal's zapped beyond all repairs. It's going to take you six months, unless we can find another one, or you somehow get that relay switch of yours running properly."

Harry tapped on the relay switch, but there was nothing. It did not even react to him right now, not even with a spark or a puff of smoke.

"And I'm guessing because of that look of frustration on your face, that means a no go," Karen replied, and Harry nodded towards her.

"No, I guess you're stuck with us for the time being," Harry said.

For some reason, Karen did not think of that as a bad thing.

"Guess, I'm going to have to learn how to put up with the two of you," Karen said in a teasing manner with a grin on her face.

"You'll manage, and learn to," Kara retorted. "We'll all work together, and figure this out. And hopefully save this world."

Karen felt a stir of hope, even if there had not been any. "I sure hope so. I'm growing kind of attached to it."

Yet her thought process was something different from the words she spoke out loud.

'Of course, with all of the deaths, I'm not sure how much I am attached this world. But they have
their own lives. I shouldn't complain about my lot in life. Just got to look on the positive side of life, even if it is something that is temporary. You have two people here with you now that you can bounce ideas off of. Even if one is a younger version of you.

The blonde Kryptonian shook the thoughts off, and turned to Harry and Kara.

"So what do you two do back home?" Karen asked. "Are you doing the super hero thing full time, or do you have a job of your own?"

Harry answered immediately. "We run a company called Patronus Incorporated. We do all sorts of things to try and make the world a better place, all while making a healthy profit."

Kara jumped in. "We've been at it for almost a year, and there's have been some growing pains, but it's all been good. We're doing well enough; the last four quarters have been up. We both have our share of critics. People still haven't gotten over the fact that Lex lost his company due to his own ineptitude."

"Wait, so you took LexCorp form old, bald, and psychotic?" Karen interjected. A smile cracked on her face, and she began to laugh. "Oh that's genius! You're going to have to tell me the story about that sometime."

Harry and Kara both exchanged a grin.

"I'm really not sure if that was the work of a mastermind," Harry said, before he added. "It happened during the same trip to Vegas where we met."

"Running a business can be a hassle, but we manage well enough," Kara added. "It helps that we have people helping out."

Karen nodded in agreement, knowing all too well the challenges that went along with running a company.

"Believe me, I know. I do the business thing of myself. Of course, most of my profits, I funnel into ways where I try to save the Earth, well this Earth. It's a company called Starrwave. I pose as the CEO, Karen Starr, when I'm not being Power Girl."

Karen looked at Harry and Kara with a thoughtful smile on her face.

"Maybe we can compare notes, and work on something great together," she suggested.

'I'm sure we can do something great together, alright,' Kara thought.

'And that calculating smile indicates on your face indicates your devious mind is up to something,' Harry thought to Kara.

'You know me all too well,' Kara said.

There was not another thought directed towards the matter, at least for now.

Karen's head tilted up to look at the clock. "It's been a long day, it's getting late, let me just clear up, and…"

Harry waved his hand, and all of the equipment and tools were cleared up for her in the blink of an eye.

Karen raised an eyebrow, impressed. "O-kay, that's one of the perks of having a wizard on call."
You know, I might have to find an excuse to keep you two around...because I think the two of you might come as a package deal."

Kara smirked, a devious look in her eyes. Her older counterpart turned around, to get her bag. Karen sighed, and turned back to the face them.

"I'd take you somewhere nice to eat, but my budget's a bit strapped this month," Karen admitted. "It's a shame, there's a nice place in downtown Metropolis."

"We could go there, the three of us," Harry offered to her. "I'll buy, don't worry about it."

"You happen to have money on you?" Karen asked, surprised.

Harry and Kara nodded.

"You never know what to expect," Kara said. "You have to be prepared for anything."

Karen stood up straight, and raised an eyebrow, before looking at them. Something clicked with her mentally.

"You wouldn't have happened to be trained by Batman, would you?" she asked, and Harry and Kara both laughed at how spot on this assessment was.

"What gave it away?" Kara asked.

"Just a hunch I had," Karen said with a shrug. "I've heard a few horror stories about the training, and how hard it is."

"I can assure you that they're likely true," Harry told her, and Karen laughed. The busty blonde flew around the lab, to make sure everything was cleared up, and secure.

"And that's everything," Karen concluded. "I don't know about you two, but I'm starving."

"Yeah," Kara agreed. "For some reason, Inter-Dimensional travel does work up an appetite."

Kara and Karen both nodded, and Harry shook his head.

"Why do I have a feeling that buying dinner for two women with super metabolisms was not the best idea?"

Two identical grins appeared at this revelation from Harry. It amazed him how these two were similar, but at the same time rather different.

"You offered, Harry," Karen said, and she mockingly poked him on the chest. "Now, don't back out. I'm sure you could handle it."

Harry replied with a slight smirk. "You'd be surprised with what I could handle."

"Maybe you're going to have to tell me more about that later," Karen said, but she turned around. Kara hid the grin on her face. It was calculating, and quite devious.

"So, are we ready to go?" Harry asked to the two beautiful blonde Kryptonians.

"I sure am!" Kara exclaimed.
"Yeah, let's do this!" Karen said in an equally excited voice. "It's a date."

Harry, Kara, and Karen left the lab, with Karen leaving last to properly lock up. She had to admit, every time Harry and Kara looked at her, she felt a warm feeling that she had not felt before or at least in a very long time. They were both nice people, and she'd be lying if she could not see that they were both physically attractive.

'Yeah, wishful thinking, isn't it?' Karen thought to herself, barely keeping the grin off of her face. "You've been working in the lab too long, Power Girl; it's starting to play tricks on your mind.'

"Um, I'll swing back my place to get a change of clothes, and then I'll meet you two in about five minutes,' Karen said.

Harry and Kara nodded, and they made plans to meet back. Karen would return in a short time.

Thanks to Harry working a little magic, Harry, Kara, and Karen managed to easily get through the doors of an exclusive restaurant that many of the rich and famous had trouble getting a reservation for. Harry and Kara quickly changed to nicer and more comfortable clothes. The winter clothes they had worn for a trip to the frozen wastelands of Argo were not going to cut it.

Harry wore a black suit jacket, a nice dress shirt, and dress pants, with dress shoes. Kara walked next to him, wearing a beautiful form fitting red dress with her hair tied back, and she wore red high heel shoes. The two turned to the third member of their little group, Karen.

She was an absolute vision of beauty and sophistication as well. She wore a low cut, short white dress, and black high heels. The material hugged her curved body rather nicely. Harry led both girls into the restaurant, and got more than a few of looks from the attendees.

Harry tried to remain innocent. "I honestly have no idea what any of them are looking at."

"Oh come on, isn't it obvious?" Karen asked Harry, shaking her head. She and Kara walked on either side of Harry.

"It is pretty obvious," Kara agreed. "There's a guy with two beautiful women, walking in with confidence and poise. That's going to turn a lot of heads. Plus, you got into the door pretty quickly."

Harry responded with a nod, and without another word, he pulled out the chair for both of them to sit down. Both girls smiled at the gesture. They were situated to be on either side of Harry at the table. They prepared to order dinner.

"We've got a long day of work ahead of us," Kara said.

Harry smirked. "I'm half expecting some kind of search party to be sent for us when they notice we're gone."

"Don't you have a company to run?" Karen asked them.

Harry and Kara exchanged knowing smirks, and decided to enlighten her.

"Give us some credit, we have contingency plans in place, and all that," Kara admitted. "The company could run for the next year without us, and I'm not saying it will do the best, but it will remain on track."

"And it will make a nice, healthy profit," Harry said.
"Most people would freak out if their entire livelihood would be left to chance," Karen said, but they did not seem to be too bothered. Maybe a little bit, but they seemed to have some confidence in their company.

Harry just responded with a smirk. "We don't leave anything to chance."

Karen began to snicker at the table. Honestly, the young woman could not help herself. She got a pair of confused looks. She decided to elaborate why she thought it was funny.

"Sorry, but you've got to admit that's kind of hilarious," Karen said, and she elaborated a little bit more. "Given the fact your entire marriage started in Vegas, a place that's built on nothing but chance."

Harry and Kara thought about it for a moment, before they began to laugh about the utter irony of the situation.

"Yeah, it kind of is isn't it?" Harry said, regaining his bearings. "Wouldn't you agree, Kara?"

Kara nodded at the side. "Given how prepared we are these days, I would have to agree."

Dinner arrived at that moment. The three ate with each other. As they ate, they made some light conversation, sharing some stories about their adventures, and in many cases, a few misadventures.

Harry had just got done telling a story, and Karen looked rather amused.

"What on Earth, or any other planet for that matter, possessed you to stick your wand up a troll's nose?" Karen asked.

Harry smiled, and shrugged.

"That's the same exact reaction I had when he told me that story the first time," Kara said.

"I was eleven, and scared," Harry said, but he could smile about it now. "I suppose most people would run. My friend, well she wasn't my friend then, but Hermione was about to get her head knocked off by that troll."

Karen looked at Harry, an expression of fondness appearing in her eyes that she tried to hide. "Most people would run from a giant smelly beast with a club. Especially at the age of eleven, but you were already into heroics.

Harry chuckled at this.

"Technically, I did kind of beat the Dark Lord, well my Mum's charm work did, but still it's quite interesting," Harry said. "And I say technically because I was at the age of one and really, I had no idea what was going on."

"It wasn't all of your mother's charm work, there must have been something special within you," Kara said encouragingly. "He's so cute when he's modest."

'Yeah he is,' Karen thought to herself, before she coughed and she got herself back on track.

"Still that's quite the feather in your cap, defeating a really powerful dark wizard when you're not even potty trained," Karen said with a grin.

Harry and Kara both laughed at this. When the laughter died down, Harry started to speak again.
"Yeah, I suppose so," Harry admitted. "That's really most of the reason why I jumped on the chance to go to Vegas. Not that my arm had to be twisted too much. And the benefits of the trip are right beside me."

Kara scooted closer to Harry. She leaned forward, and was rewarded as a kiss.

"And now, you're a version of Kara from an alternate timeline?" Harry asked her.

"Yeah, I think we've established that a bit ago," Karen said with a teasing smile. "You know, when we delved into the paradoxes of interdimensional travel."

Harry looked thoughtful at this point. He looked towards the other blonde Kryptonian, his eyes locked onto hers. He voiced something he had been thinking about.

"So if there's an alternate Kara, there might be an alternate version of me in this dimension?" Harry asked.

"I don't really know," Karen said with a shrug. "You might not even have been born yet in this world, or you might not ever be born. Hell, come to think of it, I'm not even sure if there's a hidden magical community or not over in Europe. Of course, I suppose there could be, otherwise it wouldn't be doing a very good job of being hidden. But as far as I know, you don't exist."

Karen took a moment and added as an afterthought.

"At least I never met someone like you."

'And I would have noticed someone like him,' Karen thought to herself, but shook her head once again to clear it.

"So that's one thing to check out while I'm here," Harry said. "You know just for the sake of curiosity."

"Yeah, for the sake of curiosity," Karen agreed, and Kara nodded. "I've met some of them, magic users. They are here. And I've even tried to dabble in the magic arts myself."

"How did you do?" Kara asked her curiously.

Karen whistled, and now looked amused. "Um, not too well actually. Despite my best efforts, I'm not a natural."

"Well, you should really have some inherent magical talents if you're me," Kara said, and Karen looked at her, an eyebrow raised curiously. "It was a surprise when my magic manifested with me. It was uncontrolled at first, but Harry taught me and I do well enough, I suppose."

"Now, you're amazing, my beautiful Kryptonian sorceress," Harry told her, wrapping his arms around her, and leaning forward.

Harry kissed Kara heatedly, not really paying any mind to the third party at the table. Karen played with her fork, but she found her eyes lingering on Harry. Watching his lips, his technique, how he moved his hands. She briefly imagined herself in the other blonde Kryptonian's place, but did not imagine that for too long as a man walked by to drop a piece of paper on the table.

"And here's the worst part of any mean," Karen said, as Harry and Kara broke off their efforts.

"The bill?" Kara asked, cocking an eyebrow.
Karen smirked. "Great minds think alike, don't they?"

"It's the worst part for me you mean, because I'm paying," Harry said. Both blonde Kryptonians laughed at this.

"And we appreciate it, Harry," Karen said. "At least I do."

"I do as well," Kara added with a warm smile.

Harry proceeded to pay the bill in full. The food was good, even if the servers tended to be a bit snooty. He supposed that was what went with the establishment. He could really hardly complain at all.

"Ready to go, ladies?" Harry asked, but then he paused. There seemed to be one fundamental flaw in everything. "Um, where do you think we should go while we're here?"

Karen jumped in immediately. "You two can crash in my place. It's a bit small, but room and board is the least I can offer you. It was my portal malfunctioning that marooned you two here in the first place."

"And here I thought both of our portals did the damage," Kara said.

Karen shook her head. A wide grin was on her face.

"Well it was one or the other. Maybe both, but hey it's no problem for either of you two. It's been too long since I've had any company over. Well any company that I've welcomed at any rate."

Harry and Kara both nodded. All three left the restaurant, and headed off to Karen's apartment.

They decided to take a nice walk, and made it there thirty minutes later. The two blonde Kryptonians, and one dark haired wizard made their way down the hallway outside of Karen's apartment. The Kryptonian in question turned towards both of them.

"I'm really sorry in advance for the mess," Karen said to them in an apologetic voice. "I really haven't had much of a chance to clean up."

She laughed, a bit nervously.

"It's a bit lazy of me considering I have super powers, and could clean up in ten minutes, maybe even less."

Kara offered her a sympathetic smile. "Don't worry; we tend to let these things get away from us too."

"Thankfully we have a house elf," Harry added.

"Really, I bet that comes in handy," Karen said with interest.

"Even though he insists to do the work, we only want to use him when things get away from us too much," Harry said. He chuckled fondly. "He always jumps at the opportunity when he asks us, a bit too quickly."

"So he's a bit of an excitable little guy, then?" Karen asked.

Kara looked amused, as Karen unlocked he apartment. "You really have no idea."
Kara and Harry entered the apartment. They got a good look around. It looked rather practical with a kitchen, a sitting room area, a bathroom, and a bedroom. It was small, but not too bad. Sure it could be cleaned up, but both Harry and Kara had seen worse. It was not as bad as Karen was making it out to be.

"So, what do you think?" Karen asked, wanting to get their honest opinion on the situation.

Harry and Kara took a moment to look around, before Harry spoke.

"Nice and cozy looking," Harry said with an approving nod, and Kara nodded as well in agreement.

"As long as it's home, it doesn't matter," Kara replied.

Karen stroked her chin thoughtfully, and she would have to agree.

"You're right actually," Karen said. She shrugged her shoulders, and a smile crossed her face. "Like I said, I'm strapped for cash. But if I can save this Earth, everything that I do will somehow matter. But, I sometimes wonder if too much damage has already been done."

"Again, if we can do anything for you, anything at all, just ask," Harry said, looking at her, seriously.

Karen had a couple of daring, dare she say, naughty suggestions on how to answer that question. She squashed these ideas. Some of them were rather outlandish. She wondered if the portal backwash had knocked her loopy. She would have not dared think some of things she did normally.

"I might have to take both of you up on that offer," Karen told them. "If we don't find a replacement crystal, it's going to be a long six months."

Karen dropped down on the couch. Harry sat himself down beside her, and Kara sat down on the other side of Harry.

"We'll be fine, really," Kara said. "We need to just map out a strategy. I think we're just a bit frazzled about the inter-dimensional travel."

"After a fresh night sleep, we'll all be ready to go," Harry offered them both.

Karen nodded, she really did hope so. A problem of a different sort came to mind at this point. She once again found her eyes fixated on both Harry and Kara.

"So...anyway...I really don't have that many places where people can sleep in my apartment," Karen said. A look of amusement crossed her face. "I guess I should have thought this out a bit better."

Harry and Kara kept their faces neutral. Karen thought about it, before she came up with what she thought was the best solution.

"Let's see, you two can take the couch, and you can take the master bedroom," Karen said.

Kara shook her head.

"No, this is your apartment, you really don't have to do that," Kara said. "The couch is more than fine with us."

Harry nodded in agreement. Kara then added, in a very casual voice.
"Or we can all share the bed."

Karen’s eyebrows raised and her face flushed slightly at that thought. Had she been in a sounder mind, she would have noticed a slight calculating grin appearing on Kara's face.

"I'm…I'm really not sure about that one," Karen said, trying to look proud, and not look like she was actually considering this arrangement a bit more than she would normally.

"Why not?" Kara asked her, a part of her knowing that the other blonde Kryptonian's curiosity had been piqued. "We're all consenting adults. I'm sure nothing's going to happen…that we don't want to happen at least."

Karen swallowed, nervously. She was sitting a bit closer to Harry, not that she minded or he said anything.

"You two are the married couple," Karen argued. "You two really deserve your privacy."

"How about we alternate?" Harry suggested, sensing she was a bit uncomfortable. He did not want to scare her off. "One night we take the bed, and then one night you take the bed. We swap."

Kara and Karen both looked at each other over Harry. Both girls nodded.

"Sounds fair to me," Karen said, pleased that Harry came up with that situation.

"Once again, Harry saves the day," Kara said, shooting a look of admiration towards her husband. She shook her head, a fond smile crossing her face. "He tends to do that a lot."

Karen nodded, but then had to voice something else.

"So, I think there's nothing left for us to do, but take a shower and head off to bed," Karen said to them. She turned towards both Harry and Kara, and rose to her feet. "Do you two want to use it first, or should I?"

"You better do it first," Harry said.

"Yep, there are times where we shower together, and…get preoccupied shall we say," Kara said with a wink.

Karen nodded, trying not to think about how Harry and Kara would have gotten preoccupied. The visuals might be too much for her to look at them with a straight face.

"I'll try not to take too long," Karen said to them in a firm voice. "I'm not one of those girls who spends forever in the bathroom, don't worry."

"Don't worry, I'm the same way, I know," Kara said.

Karen replied with a smirk. "I guess we have a lot of things in common, more so than DNA."

Karen walked over to the bathroom, grabbing a towel and her nightclothes on the way in. She shut the door behind her, leaving both Harry and Kara to their devices with each other. The Potters sat alone on the couch, silent for a few minutes. That was at least until Kara broke the silence.

"So, Harry, what do you think of her?" Kara asked her husband, putting some privacy spells up so they could talk.

Harry knew where this was going. "I like her."
"Do you really?" Kara asked, and Harry nodded. She looked highly amused. "I'm sure you've come to the same conclusion that I did. She's blonde, she's Kryptonian, and she's unattached."

"Believe me, I've noticed that," Harry said.

"Along with a couple of other things, I'm sure," Kara said.

Harry returned fire with a smirk of his own. "It's kind of hard not to miss those things."

The Boy-Who-Lived closed his eyes, deep in thought.

"Wow, another blonde Kryptonian, and an older version of you as well," Harry said. "Who would have thought that would have happened?"

"Good thing she never went to Vegas," Kara said with a grin plastered on her face.

"There's one difference in this time line that prevented that," Harry said. "Clark was never born."

"Yeah, that's true," Kara agreed with him. "No Clark, which means no him acting overprotective, and driving alternate me to rebel. Actually, there are other differences. She wasn't in stasis for one thing like I was."

Kara paused, wrapping her arms around Harry. She rested her head on his broad chest.

"Other me said it best," Kara said thoughtfully. "There's no guarantee that your world ever existed."

To be honest, Kara was not sure that she liked this world that much. It seemed to have some similarities to the world that she left, but there were a lot of things she knew and loved that were not here. When the most familiar thing was Lex Luthor being a murderous, obsessive bastard, that thought did not stir warm and fuzzy feelings within her.

"So, we have an alternate version of me from another timeline," Kara said. "She's blonde, and Kryptonian, and not in a relationship with anyone."

"I think we established that," Harry said.

Kara just grinned back at him. She decided to give Harry the next benefit of her observations. "And she's obviously attracted to both you. Attraction is a foundation we can build on."

"Are you sure that's not wishful thinking on your part?" Harry asked her.

"You can't tell me you're not attracted to her," Kara said.

"Of course not, she's beautiful," Harry whispered to her.

"And that's a little sneak peak about what I might look like in a few years," Kara said.

Harry paused, and his mind went into overdrive.

"Damn," Harry whispered to her.

Kara giggled. "Damn is right. And if we have many girls like that...well we're going to have a fun life."

"You're still gorgeous right now," Harry said.
"True, but I'd like to think there's always room for improvement," Kara said. "But we're getting off the topic. You want to know how I noticed she was attracted to you?"

Harry nodded; he would have liked to know this. Kara proceeded to enlighten him.

"I notice these things," Kara said. "A woman tends to has a sixth sense when another woman is attracted to her husband. Well, maybe not most women, but I do. And you got to admit, it's only logical. The same things that drew me to you, is causing new feelings to rise in her. She's falling for you, even if she doesn't want to admit it."

Harry decided to agree. "We talked about it a few times, with the other blonde Kryptonians."

"I know," Kara said. "There's a part of me that wondered if it would ever happen."

"So, what do we do about it?" Harry asked her.

Kara pondered for a moment.

"Don't worry, love," Kara replied. "I've got a plan."

At this point, Harry was unclear of whether he would be excited, or scared. The devious and calculating expression on Kara's face made him intrigued about what his wife was stirring up. Harry did share her excitement about adding a new dynamic to their relationship. The two cuddled on the couch, plans forming as they waited for the shower to be cleared up.

Harry caught his wife staring intently towards the bathroom door.

'Kara,' Harry thought. 'Are you using your X-Ray vision to spy on your counterpart in the shower.?'

'Maybe,' Kara thought with mischief. 'So, looks like I've got quite the growth spurt coming up in a few years.'

Harry was about to say something. Kara used the mental link to project an image of Karen in the shower into his mind. Harry saw her in all of her glory. Blood flow seemed to be a problem at this point, and he then imagined both blonde Kryptonians together in the shower. Helping each other wash certain bits until they were clean. Then they washed him. It was good, clean fun.

'So, I'm guessing we're going to be needing a colder shower?' Kara thought to her husband with mirth.

A number of moments later, Karen passed the shower onto Harry and Kara. They disappeared into the bathroom as she walked towards the couch. In her arms were a pillow, and a couple of extra blankets. The blanket wasn't really needed, but she grabbed it out of habit.

With the air conditioner in her apartment busted, the heat could get unbearable at the hottest point of the day, or even at night.

Karen was dressed in a white nightshirt that extended down past her knees. It was tight, a size small if she had to admit. It scarcely covered what needed to be covered. She wore a lacy pair of white panties underneath, and no bra. The material hugged around her massive breasts. She had to remind herself that she had guests in the house.

So her normal habit of sleeping in the nude was not going to be appropriate.

She mused she had fallen into a rut. Every day she woke up early. Then she worked all day, until
the evening. She had whatever takeout food that she could have, and returned to take a shower and head off to bed. The only other variation was that she patrolled the city as Power Girl, stopped crimes, and returned home when she was done. For the past year, it was a routine she had fallen into.

'What has my life turned into?' Karen thought. 'Guess it's been a hard last couple of years for me.'

Karen's thoughts drifted to her two house guests. It was a scenario that would have caused most people to freak out just on principle. To meet another version of yourself, who had lived a different life, from an alternate timeline, was not something that happened every day. Given everything she experienced in her life in recent past, she really took it in stride.

The other Kara seemed to have a great life.

As for Harry, well he was an interesting one to think about. He was a fun guy, with a witty sense of humor. He was a gentleman, but he had an edge to him. An edge she found herself slowly being endeared to.

'Yeah, they're really great people,' Karen thought to herself. 'And happy together by the looks of things. The little things he does for her, they don't seem like much, but they matter. And the things that she does for him, most people would not notice. They are two people that truly are in love, and have a great relationship together.'

She half paid attention to what was going on around her in her home, lost in her thoughts. Her career as Power Girl had given her some fun memories, but there were so oh so bittersweet memories to go along with them.

She did get a fair amount of attention during her career. With the costume she chose to wear, she was more than used to the stares she received towards certain parts of her anatomy. In fact, she found a great deal of humor out of it. And that outfit did offer certain tactical advantages.

With that in mind, if she heard one more "Power Girl is the breast super heroine" crack, she was going to have to smack someone upside the head.

Harry was the first guy that did not immediately try to hit on her shamelessly in a very long time. Sure, there were times where it did seem like he flirted with her just a little bit, and she flirted back. That could have very well been her overactive imagination at work.

She happened to notice that Harry and Kara seemed to be taking a very long shower. A blush appeared on her cheeks when she thought about what they implied about them being sidetracked. This was rather uncharacteristic of her.

Karen tried to drift off to sleep, keeping certain thoughts at bay. It was a nice day, and hopefully she could pick up where she left off the next day.

Her dreams normally were troubled, but were very different tonight.

In a dark room underneath LexCorp, a shadowed figure sat in a chair, peering over a set of equipment. The equipment would document any energy disturbances, or sudden travel. He turned around, and studied the strange influx of energy.

He was Lex Luthor of Earth Two and at this point, he spotted an interesting energy spike.

"Very intriguing, someone seems to open some kind of portal device to another dimension," Lex
whispered to himself. "And something or someone got pulled through."

He tried to find out more about the disturbance. He needed to find out, but he had all of the time in the world. He spent most of his time obsessing with ways to deal with this Kryptonian nuisance. No one refused Lex Luthor, and got away with it.

These two new arrivals might present an opportunity.

**To Be Continued in Power Girl Part Two.**
Chapter 16: Power Girl Part Two.

The sun shined outside of Metropolis, even if it was an eerie kind of sunlight. The birds chirped outdoors as well, and Karen Starr rested on her couch. She had long since crashed in her apartment. The previous day she had encountered a younger version of herself from an alternate timeline, and her husband.

She had to admit, that was not something she would have imagined happening in a million years.

It was something that she suspected she could have dreamed up, but she knew it was very real. She stirred in her sleep. A very delicious smell filled her nostrils, and it caused her stomach to growl with hunger. The aromas smelled very nice, and caused her to be jolted out of her deep sleep.

She opened her eyes, and looked into the kitchen. She saw, as clear as day, Harry Potter standing in her kitchen. He was cooking breakfast, bacon and eggs, and sausages, and waffles. It all smelt so good. Her eyes lingered on Harry for a moment, before she pulled herself away.

"I almost forgot what that thing in the kitchen was used for," Karen murmured. With a swift movement, she sat up on the couch. She stretched her arms up in the air. This motion had the effect of her shirt stretching up across her nightshirt. It caused her taut stomach to be shown, along with her white panties, and her perfect legs to be on display. "Morning, Harry."

"Good morning, Karen, I was just fixing breakfast," Harry told the blonde Kryptonian from across the room with a smile. "I hope you don't mind."

"Mind, are you kidding me?" Karen asked Harry. She got up from the couch, and walked over. "Of course, I don't mind you fixing me breakfast. In fact, I encourage it. It's been a while since I've fixed breakfast. Or tried to rather, cooking is not one of my super powers. I should really stick to fighting, that I can do."

A knowing smile crossed Harry's face.

"Don't worry, Kara can't cook either," Harry said. "And I really don't mind cooking; it's something I had to do with my relatives when I was younger."

Karen frowned at this all too casual statement form Harry. Her instincts were telling her for some reason that was not a good thing. Still she walked over to the table, and sat down at the chair. She vowed not to press the issue. She thought it would be improper to dig too deep into his past. Technically speaking, she had just met Harry. Even though she had felt like she had known him for years, and years for some reason. He was her kind of guy.

Well technically he was in another dimension, with another version of her, but Karen did not want to think about the headaches of interdimensional travel before she had a nice breakfast. Which Harry presented to her immediately at the table.

She sighed, as the smell of the food filled her nostrils up close.

"You're a prince," Karen said, and she began to eat the food. Her taste buds were given a great treat. "And I wonder what other talents you have beyond serving a kick ass meal."
Karen licked the maple syrup off of her fingers, slowly. She was just doing this instinctively. Harry's eyes lingered on her, and she did it a bit more intentionally.

"Well, if I stick around long enough, maybe you'll find out," Harry told her with a smirk.

Karen laughed at this, and continued to eat. She looked at him, getting a good look at him. He wore a tank top, and tight pants. It was tempting to sneak a deeper peak at him with her X-Ray vision. The bedroom door opened, and Kara walked out. She was still dressed in a sheer red nightie and red stockings from the night before.

She walked up to the table, getting a good look at both Karen and Harry. A grin spread on her face, as she watched the two of them hang out at the breakfast table.

"Oh, you two started without me," Kara said mischievously, before she added with a cough. "Fixed this good breakfast, and didn't even wait for me to get up. I'm hurt."

Kara offered a cute mock pout, and Harry just smiled back at her.

"You looked so peaceful, and beautiful, I didn't want to wake you up," Harry said with a smile.

Kara just greeted him with a kiss on the lips. "I know. Honestly, I was tired, you really put me through the paces last night. You always do."

"You matched me," Harry said, but then he busied himself with his own food.

Karen took a moment to look at the pair of them. She ate what she had to say was the best breakfast that she had in ages. Harry really could cook, and she caught a glimpse of both Harry and Kara several times.

Kara was slowly feeding Harry strawberries, and feeding herself them. The blonde Kryptonian popped them in her mouth, and slowly ate them, eyes closed in ecstasy as she savored the taste.

Karen ignored the warm feeling between her legs, and cleared her throat, wanting to get down to business.

"So what do you two think about taking another crack at working on the portal today?" Karen asked, and Kara and Harry just smiled back. "I know, it's a long shot. With the crystal as fried as it is, we might not be able to make a return trip any time soon."

"Maybe we can get everything else fixed, and go for there," Kara said. "A rare crystal wouldn't be a rare crystal if it was easy to find. But, hey, there might be another one out there. So we can start looking it up later."

"It wouldn't hurt," Harry agreed, but he wondered if it would be that easy.

It was never that easy.

Karen nodded. Once she had the crystal, she could send them back home. As she reminded herself, they had their own lives to live. She could not selflessly keep them around. No matter how much she enjoyed their company.

The blonde gulped down some orange juice, and polished off her plate before she cleared off from the table.

"I normally get out of here at about an hour, but really I can leave at any time," Karen said. "That's
one of the perks of running a business, make your own hours and no one really complains."

Harry and Kara smiled. That was a definite truth.

"If only it was that easy," Kara said knowingly.

"Yeah, we can make all of the hours that we want, but the company is on our mind fairly often," Harry said.

"Oh, you mean like even when your body leaves work, your mind is still there?" Karen asked them, knowing the feeling all too well.

"Exactly," Harry said. He added thoughtfully, "I guess the most passionate of us do tend to take things a bit too seriously."

"Especially Harry," Kara added with a grin.

"Especially me," Harry agreed.

Karen turned around, and moved towards her bedroom. It was actually cleaner that it was, or at least the bed was made. That was something that she could work on a little bit. She removed her work clothes from the dresser, and changed into them at the speed of light.

The door was open a crack, not that she noticed or cared. Karen turned around, and walked out. A blue button up blouse, red jacket, and black skirt was her attire, with black high heel boots. She slipped a pair of glasses over her eyes to complete the disguise.

"What do you think?" Karen asked. "Some might say the skirt's a bit too short."

Harry got a good look at her, and liked what he saw. Kara did as well.

"No, the skirt's perfect," Harry said.

"Yeah, don't let those people tell you how to dress, as long as you get the job done," Kara said, and she leaned over, before she unbuttoned a couple of buttons on Karen's blouse, to show a bit more cleavage. She got a strange look from the other blonde Kryptonian. "What, they looked tight. I don't want you to suffocate. What kind of younger counterpart would I be?"

"How very thoughtful of you?" Karen said, as she caught Kara peaking at her cleavage under the pretext of making sure her blouse was on right. She cleared her throat, and Kara's eyes slowly met hers, as did Harry's. "It's a long walk, but we should be there within forty five minutes. We could fly, but I'm trying to keep the entire secret identity thing...well a secret."

"There's a faster way," Kara said, and she nudged Harry. "Harry will you do the honors?"

"Take my hand," Harry said, offering it to Karen. "Don't worry, I won't bite."

"Unless you want him to," Kara whispered in Karen's ear.

"I'll keep that in mind," Karen retorted, mentally vowing not to be psyched out by someone younger than her, but she grabbed Harry's hand never the less.

Harry grabbed Kara's hand with his other hands, but he changed his mind. He linked arms with both of them. For some reason, having a beautiful blonde Kryptonian on each arm just seemed right.
"Now this might be disorientating," Harry warned them. "The first time that is."

"But, you'll get used to it," Kara added.

"Just hang on, and everything will be fine," Harry said.

Karen nodded, and tightened her grip on Harry's arm. Harry closed his eyes, and he apparated the three of them away. Their footing was slightly disrupted, and Harry lost his balance. Karen landed on top of Harry, with Kara doing so as well.

"Well, at least I'm on top this time," Karen said, trying to lighten the mood of a potential embarrassing situation.

She slowly slid off of Harry, and Kara did as well.

"Are you okay?" Karen asked him.

"Two beautiful women land on a guy, and you're asking about his well-being?" Kara asked her.

Karen frowned, and looked at Kara. "It was a legit question. He could have been knocked out."

"Trust me when I say I'm very durable," Harry said, and Karen unlocked the lab. "I can take a lot. I've had worse falls, and worse things land on me."

"If you're sure, then I won't complain. The landing is kind of nice and sure beats hitting the floor."

Harry caught Kara's eye, and the expression on her face was that of pure delight. Karen did not seem to notice, as they walked into the lab. Three chairs were pulled out. The dark haired wizard and the two blonde Kryptonians sat down, to ponder and plot their latest course of action.

The damaged portal was a reminder of how they got here, and what they had to fix to get back. In the back of Harry and Kara's mind, they expected certain parties to freak out. They suspected their portal might have been equally damaged from the backwash on their end. The shielding should have kept in their lab, so no one on the outside could have gotten hurt.

At least that was the hope they had. These things worked out better in theory then they did in practice. Looks of determination were on their faces as they left to head off to the Starrwave main headquarters.

Harry, Kara, and Karen sat around Karen's office, drinking coffee and eating donuts. Sprawled out on the table were the plans for the Interstellar Portal device. As far as all three of them could tell, everything was done right on both ends. At least, everything was done right as intended.

There was nothing that could have gone wrong, except for the circumstances that occurred when they both activated their portals simultaneously.

"I suppose we can't really expect them to plan for the unexpected," Harry said, and he looked over towards the portal. "We studied these plans, they're pretty much the same."

"I did too," Karen said, and she moved over quickly, to check her e-mail.

"Expect the unexpected, but I guess you can't expect everything that is unexpected," Kara said. "So really, I shouldn't expect us to compensate for something like that."

Harry nodded, and he took another look at the plans, this time memorizing the details. Karen really
used the same set of plans that they did. With the same flaw, with the portal being knocked off kilter when they both tried to activate it at once, in fact, the portals looked to be exactly identical. It was almost as if looking at a mirror. Harry alternated between eating a donut, and looking at the paper.

Karen returned to them.

"By the way, if anyone asks, you're my younger sister who came in from out of time," Karen said, before she paused and then added, "From way out of town."

Kara offered a bit of a smile. That was all too true.

"I always thought it would be cool to have an older sister," Kara replied to herself, more as an afterthought that anything else. "Someone to do everything with."

Karen looked at Kara, and a bit of a sad smile crossed her face at this moment.

"Well, we both know that there have been some changes between our timelines, so I don't know how true it is in your timeline," Karen said. "But, I found out just before my mother died. I had an older sister. Her name was Lila, and she died before I was born apparently, or that I was very young. Mother didn't really tell me all that much about her to be honest with you. Guess that's a tough subject."

Kara nodded. That would be a tough subject. If she had an older sister, she really did not have any idea about it. Both of her parents never gave her a hint about it. Perhaps she did not exist in her world.

"Mother died a few months ago, just before I could find a cure for the disease that infected all of Argo," Karen added, a bit of frustration dripping in her voice.

"My mother died, when her stasis pod failed just a few weeks before Kal found me," Kara added. "So, I guess we were a bit too late, in both dimensions."

"I suppose that's just my luck," Karen said, but she shook her head. "I'm really sorry to bring the mood down, it's just that I had the cure in my grasp, but she couldn't hold on long enough to give it to her."

"Well my mother died because of me," Harry said, and he closed his eyes, thinking about it. "Her sacrifice allowed me to live, to be strong, and I'm glad. If it wasn't for her, I doubt I would be here."

"Sorry to hear about that," Karen said.

"Don't be," Harry said.

"It's a shame they had to die," Karen said.

"At least we got to know her, Harry never really did," Kara said, but she cleared her throat. "So, about the crystal, is there any luck in fixing it any time soon?"

"Unless we come across another one, I don't think so," Karen said to both of them, with a nod. "It's going to be a difficult one to find. I wish I would have grabbed another crystal when I was on Argo. At the very least, I would have had a spare. Maybe someone could fix something on your end."

Harry and Kara very much doubted that would happen, but perhaps that would be a small amount
of hope that something would work out. Harry had tried one more time to repair the recall switch, but that was a no go. He had given up the ghost on trying to fix it.

"It's a bit too late for could haves," Kara told her. "We're just going to learn from our past mistakes, and don't make them in the future."

"That's really the truth," Karen said, before she decided to bring up another subject. "So, what do you two know about Kryptonite? I know you know about it, you brought it up. But how many types do you know about?"

Kara and Harry exchanged a look before Kara proceeded to answer.

"Well, there's the green Kryptonite, the type that kills us," Kara said. "Did you find a way to negate it?"

"Huge clunky suits are the best way, but I found out that's only a temporary measure," Karen said.
"Normal radiation shielding on Earth is something that only temporarily blocks it. There are Kryptonian radiation shields, but if you drop them, or lose them somehow, you're back to square one."

"We figured out a way to cure Kryptonians of the vulnerability," Harry said.

"It's nano technology, injecting a cure into the blood stream, causing an invisible shield to be formed around the presence of Kryptonite," Kara explained. "It's not obstructive to the person, but it's very obstructive to the Kryptonite. It blocks it out one hundred percent."

"We can shut it off, if the Kryptonian in question becomes possessed or turns evil," Harry added.

"Very useful," Karen said, but she asked the question that was on the tip of her tongue. "You wouldn't happen to have any of that on you now, would you?"

"The necessary is back at our lab on our world," Harry told her.

"So, if I want the curse, I might have to return with you," Karen said.

Karen actually was considering it more than she normally would. She had no idea how much longer this world would last. Yet, a part of her was held back, when she thought that no matter what she could not abandon her adopted world.

"We'll cross that bridge when the time comes," Harry said.

Karen nodded. "Fair enough. So do you know about any other kinds of Kryptonite?"

"There's gold Kryptonite, which removes the powers of Kryptonians permanently," Kara explained.

"We have the only piece of it that's on Earth that we know of, in a secured vault, at a secret location," Harry said. "And I hope I never have a reason to use it."

"Okay, I know about that one," Karen said. "Are there any others?"

"Those are the only two we've come across so far," Harry said.

"I'm guessing by the look on your face that there are other types of Kryptonite," Kara said.

Karen nodded, remembering the extensive research she did on them. She tried to find out as much as she could, so no one used the Kryptonite as tools against her.
"You better believe that there are others, and I'd imagine there might have been a few that I haven't found in my research," Karen said, and she punched up a file on her computer. "Alright, here are the types of Kryptonite I've found. We know about the green and the gold, so there's no need to go over that. First we've got red Kryptonite."

"It says the effects vary," Harry said.

Karen nodded. "It's a rather weird piece of Kryptonite. It's caused me to become sick, caused my powers to fail, caused my powers to be super charged to the point where it hurt. It's caused me to get really bad acne, and the Red Kryptonite caused my breasts to grow even bigger."

Kara and Harry did a double take at this last effect. They tried to imagine Karen with even bigger breasts then she had now. Not that she needed much help in that department.

"Yeah, I know," Karen replied, seeing the humor in the situation. "Those are some of the many effects of the Red Kryptonite. There have to be more; in fact I'm pretty sure that there are more. I just hope to never encounter it again."

"And then there's the blue Kryptonite," Harry said, reading down the list.

"That actually doesn't seem to be so bad," Kara said. "It says it heals fatal injuries, and can bring a Kryptonian back from death as long as the body's still warm."

"According to my simulations at least," Karen said. She sighed, and looked thoughtful. "It's not completely harmless. Kryptonians can become dependent on it. It's like a drug. Use it often enough, and eventually your natural defenses will be whittled down. It's really a last resort thing. But that's not all it can do."

Karen scrolled down, allowing them to read more details about the Blue Kryptonite.

"It hurts imperfect clones of Kryptonians," Kara said.

"While the green kryptonite empowers imperfect clones," Karen added.

"And it also says it gives humans Kryptonian like powers and invulnerability," Harry added. "That effect has a drawback and it creates a dependency too."

Karen confirmed this with a nod. "Yep, you got that one right. The powers only last for a period of seventy two hours, and after they leave, it's much like having a really bad hangover. And they can become dependent on the blue Kryptonite if they use it too much. A group of criminals got their hands on a stash of blue Kryptonite, and used it to go on a super powered crime spree. It's fortunate that they inherited the vulnerability to the green Kryptonite too."

She remembered it well. They became rather addicted, and were currently in Arkham Asylum, shivering and screaming that they needed their powers back. It was really bad withdrawal that never would leave them.

Harry had a thought that he wanted to share with both blondes.

"If you dialed down the time and the power, could the addictive aspects be removed?" Harry asked her.

Karen thought about it, and nodded slowly.

"In theory, I suppose it should," Karen agreed with him. "But it's not something that you can
honestly experiment on past simulations. It could have a nasty backfire."

"Good point, going to have to look out from the blue Kryptonite," Kara said, and she was excited to
have more information, as was Harry. "What else do you have?"

"There's the white Kryptonite," Karen continued.

"It kills all plant life," Harry said, and a grin cracked on Karen's face. She looked highly amused
about something that she was remembering. "What is it?"

"Oh, I'm just thinking about the one time Luthor used that to kill some plant life," Karen said. "And
he nearly got turned into mulch by Poison Ivy."

Harry and Kara laughed at that visual.

"Too bad it was only nearly," Karen said, but she shook her head. That was one of the times where
the League could have waited a few minutes before stepping in, and saving him. Of course, that
was long since beside the point.

She shook her head, and continued to shift through the files.

"I've found two more so far," Karen said. "One of them is Silver Kryptonite. It causes us to
hallucinate, really badly. Our worst and our most paranoid fears come to life. And not to mention
our heart rate speeds up too."

"That could kill you just as bad of the green Kryptonite," Kara observed.

"Yeah, thankfully I've only been exposed to it once, and I was saved just in time," Karen said, and
she sighed deeply at the memories. That was not her finest hour. She thought everyone turned
against her. "It'd be much worse than the green I think. You'd die, seeing your life fall apart right
around you."

"And what's the last type of Kryptonite?" Harry asked her.

"Well this is the last one I found," Karen said to them, and she picked it up.

"Pink Kryptonite?" Kara asked with a raised eyebrow. She read the observations Karen made in her
file, and began to snicker. "Well those are some um interesting effects."

"They cause Kryptonian males to become overly flamboyant," Harry read. "Well that is very
interesting. Does it have any effect on females?"

"Well, I'm sure it might, but I haven't observed any yet," Karen said to both of them.

'Then again, if the blonde Kryptonian in question only liked guys, and wasn't bisexual, she might
have been affected by it,' Karen thought to herself, barely hiding the knowing smirk she had on her
face.

"So that's it for the Kryptonite then," Karen said to herself, and she closed the file away. "I'll make
a copy for you, all my detailed notes, and the experiments I've ran with the different types of
Kryptonite. And hopefully you can add these Kryptonite versions to what you negate."

"We'll keep that in mind," Harry said. "Thanks."

"Not a problem, really it isn't," Karen said, and she copied the file from her computer. There was a
small tremor outside. Both Kara and Harry were startled, but Karen just shrugged. "You'll get used
"to it after a while."

"The next one could be the end," Kara said grimly.

"I try not to think about that too much," Karen remarked to herself, and she copied the file, before she put the disc in a bag. "Here you go."

"Thanks," Harry said. "If there's anything I can do to repay you, don't hesitate to ask."

A grin appeared on Karen's face. She had a few ideas, but she proceeded to clear her throat, shaking her head of the naughty scenarios that danced in her head. She actually wanted to learn something, and felt this was the perfect opportunity to ask.

"Well, you taught your lovely wife how to do magic," Karen said. "I never quite got the hang of it myself. Would you teach me?"

She looked at him with a cute little smile, and a fluttering of her eyelashes. Harry just looked at her, as she leaned forward to gaze into his eyes. He offered her a smile, and nodded.

"Of course I will, it'd be an honor," Harry said, and Karen got up, to hug Harry in appreciation. She wrapped her arms around him tightly, pressing her sizeable breasts against his broad chest.

The hug lingered for a moment.

"Thank you very much," Karen said, but she stepped back letting go of Harry. "Sorry, I got excited."

"Hey, it's okay, it happens to the best of us," Kara replied with a sympathetic look, towards her, but on the inside she thought her dream and Harry's dream was going to be fulfilled sooner rather than later.

"I wouldn't want you to think I was moving in on your husband, and plotting to knock you off," Karen told her jokingly.

Kara replied with a grin on her face. "Hey, there's really no need to knock me off, I'm always open for compromise."

Before Karen could react to that statement in any way whatsoever, an alarm went off. She bolted to her feet, to get the details of the reading. This tremor was a bit different, and it did not seem to be a backfire. Whether it was something that was happening right now, and she tried to access a police scanner.

Harry and Kara stepped over to listen in.

"Metropolis Police Department, we need back up," the woman over the scanner said. "Three giant robots have touched down, and have released several miniature attack drones. We need back up; I repeat we need back up."

"Back up is on the way, ETA five minutes."

"I'm not sure if we have five minutes!" the police offer yelled.

"And that's where I come in," Karen said, and she stepped over to the closet, before she pulled out her costume.

"We'll come along, you could use the back up," Harry said.
"And it'd give us some time to stretch our legs," Kara added, grabbing her husband's hand. Kara and Harry stepped away to change into their Supergirl and Arcane costumes respectively.

Karen was glad for the privacy they gave her, not that she would have minded the company too much when she changed. She shrugged these thoughts off, as she changed into her outfit. Karen Starr adopted the guise of Power Girl.

Supergirl and Arcane returned to join her. Karen got a look at both of her companions. Kara wore a blue half shirt stretched across her torso. There was a bright yellow and red "S" on it. Her stomach was taut, and was rather drool worthy. The red skirt showcased her legs nicely, and wrapped snugly around her hips. It barely covered the bits that needed to be covered. Her long beautiful legs were topped up by a red pair of boots.

Then she got a look at Harry. His costume was practical, but she had to admit that he filled it out nicely. The black top with the letter "A" on it wrapped around his broad chest. He wore red and gold pants, with black boots.

'It looks good,' Karen thought to herself. 'Both of them...keep it together Power Girl, no need to ruin your costume thinking these dirty thoughts.'

'So what do you think?' Karen asked to them immediately, and she waited for her assessment.

Harry and Kara got a look at the older blonde Kryptonian in her costume. The top half was a white one piece outfit that hugged her supple curves. A large cleavage window caused them to see a great deal of her breasts. Somehow, they did not spill out of her top. The bottom half of the one piece was curved around her shapely hips and ass. Her long, slightly muscular legs stretched down to her blue boot covered feet. She wore blue gloves, and a red cape.

"Some might say the outfit's a bit much," Karen said with a frown.

Kara and Harry both took a look at her. They got a good, long look at her, and liked what they saw.

"Very nice," Kara said.

"Yeah, the outfit suits you," Harry said, taking a good look at her. "It emphasizes everything that makes you, you."

Perhaps it was Karen's imagination, but she almost thought Harry was undressing her with his eyes, and Kara was as well. She cleared her throat; she had to get down to business. No matter how hot under the collar she was feeling, there was a time for fun and games, and that time was not now.

Now, it was a time to go out to Metropolis, and see what this robot situation was about. Power Girl, Supergirl, and Arcane all took flight, ready for action, and ready to go.

The Metropolis Police Department were all well trained professionals. They needed to be, to fight the type of chaotic insanity that they did in a regular basis. It took some nerve to go out to a big city, even with assist of the city's protector, Power Girl.

They tried not to be too dependent on her, and managed to fight on their own two feet more often than not.

However, at this point, their blasts were not penetrating the force fields around these giant robots. Their best attacks bounced off of them. They were silver and gold, and they had little shoots at the bottom. These shoots released several miniature robotic drones that caused the populace to be
panicked, and to run in every single direction imaginable.

"Everyone fall back, at least keep these robots away from the people! We don't need any civilians getting caught in the crossfire!"

They all paused, and looked up after a moment. For the first time today, help was on the way. They had not been surprised to see Power Girl show up. Power Girl blasted the mini-robots with a furious blast of her heat vision. The attack sliced through them with fury.

The two other arrivals who had joined her caught them off guard. They had never seen these two particular heroes before. Not that they minded the help, but it was a surprise. The first hero was a blonde that resembled Power Girl, except she was younger, had longer hair, and was less gifted in certain areas. Her costume was different. She had the same powers, and froze the robots with her ice breath.

The second arrival was a young man, who caused the robots to blow apart with a mere movement. The three main robots in the middle continued to charge in.

"I'll take the one on the left, Supergirl, you take the one on the right, and Power Girl, go for the center."

The two girls nodded, it seemed like a sound plan. Two blasts of heat vision, and one super power blasting charm shot out at the same time. The citizens cheered, when the three master drones blew up immediately from the simultaneous attacks. They went sky high, and the three heroes pushed back into the air, to engage the remaining miniature robots that had been spilled on the street.

"Make sure to get one of these drones so we can track it back to the source," Supergirl called.

"Got it," Power Girl said, grabbing the lone miniature drone that they had not blown up. She scanned it with her X-Ray vision. "There should be a tracking module here, ah there we go."

Karen tore up the top of the drone, and saw a blinking module in her head. It hissed in her hand, and then melted with a charge.

"Or at least there was a tracking module," Karen said in a despondent voice, but she shook this disappointment off. "That wasn't going to be easy, I should have known that."

"Well, the tech says it's LexCorp," Harry said.

"What would possess Luthor to stamp his own name all over the machines that he released into the city?" Kara asked.

"He has an ego problem, and a low sense of self-esteem," Karen suggested. She shook her head at the thought of that particular man. "I don't have any idea where he could be. If I did, well he wouldn't be out there doing this."

Karen paused, before she added.

"He's toying with me."

Harry looked over, and there seemed to be a fourth robot they had missed, perched up. It aimed at both of the blonde Kryptonians, but Harry was quicker. A slash of his wrist caused the robot to blow to pieces. He utilized a switch vanishing spell on the debris before it could crush any civilians. The debris disappeared into nothingness, and Harry took a step forward.
"That's got to be everything," Harry said, and he looked up. "It looks like we made the papers."

"Let's give them something for the front page then," Kara said with a calculating grin, and she pulled Karen in. Both girls threw their arms around Harry. The three exchanged a three way hug, with Harry in the middle.

In his opinion, he was in the best possible position of the three. There was a picture snapped.

"No, we've just popped in for a visit," Kara said at the questions of who they are. "Of course, things in this town are just insane as where we come from. I'm Power Girl's...young sister, Supergirl, and this is my husband, Arcane."

"Thank you!" yelled the gracious crowd below.

"You're welcome, really you are," Harry said to them all, and the dark haired wizard joined the two blonde Kryptonians in the air. Their embrace only slightly broke so they could wave to the crowd below. There were thank yous, cat calls, and a few marriage proposals, but all three just took it in stride.

The three flew off, secure that whatever this Luthor's plan was, it did not work out completely. The debris had been vanished in an instant by Harry, and the three made their way off into the night.

"It never gets old, does it?" Kara asked.

"The rush of the crowd?" Karen asked her back.

Kara nodded, that was a good point. Even though that was not quite the point she was going for.

"Well that, and the fact we know people are safe," Kara said. "Plus tweaking Luthor's bald head that never gets old either, he must be steaming."

"Something tells me he's not going to just let it go that easy," Harry said.

Kara caught her older counterpart's eye, and they just smirked. They both had a similar thought that Harry was a pessimist, but he did have his share of good points.

Once they were sure that no other robots were around, the three flew back to Starrwave, to continue their work, and search for a locator crystal for the Interstellar Portal Device.

Back at his lab, Lex Luthor gritted his teeth, and curled his fists. His drones were supposed to be the perfect weapon. While Power Girl took out one of the master bots, the other two were going to explode, and infect her with a lethal dosage of Kryptonite. Yet, someone stopped that from happening. All three drones were destroyed simultaneously, even the fourth back up was as well. He did not count on her two companions helping her out.

"Supergirl and Arcane," Luthor grumbled to himself, and he slammed his fist down. "I now have a name for my pain. They won't stop me. I'm going to save the world from this menace."

The years and constant failures had not been kind to Lex Luthor. There were some that blamed him for the state that Earth was in. The constant tremors were his fault, according to some people. Lex thought that was utter lunacy.

It was the alien's fault, if she had not come here in the first place, then he would not have taken the steps he had. He could have made the world a better place, but it would have to be a place where
human beings thrived.

He tried to be the better person, to offer the Kryptonian an alliance with him, or perhaps more. Most women would give up a part of their body to be on the arm of Lex Luthor, or at least have the pleasure of being in his company.

Power Girl refused him. She turned him down cold, acting like she was disgusted with his offer. No one denied Lex Luthor. On that day, he swore a vendetta, and he would make sure she suffered for her arrogance.

His plans had been dashed today. The two newest heroes Supergirl and Arcane stepped in, and helped destroy the drones. He saw the newspaper, who proclaimed them as heroes. He shook his head, humanity did not need heroes. They would make them weak, and inefficient.

They would embrace Lex Luthor as their savior, and they would thank him. The ends would justify the means.

"There's no one who does this much good without an ulterior motive," Lex said to himself, but he would have to plot a little more. His first plan went off rather poorly, but his next one should work better.

A mastermind such as Lex Luthor had many plans, and many ideas. One failed plan was only going to set him back slightly. He returned to the drawing board, and soon he would have an idea that would spell the doom for all three of those so called heroes.

"I can't believe it, Luthor can't keep hiding in a hole forever," Karen said in a frustrated voice.

Harry and Kara both shot her sympathetic looks. They were back at Karen's apartment. The better part of the day was spent trying to track down Lex Luthor, but he remained under ground.

"He does a remarkable job in doing that in our world, too," Kara commented darkly.

"Fits, given that he's nothing, but a rat and a weasel," Harry said with venom dripping from his voice, clutching his fists. "Therefore he would be able to hide under ground. But his own ego will flush him out, you'll see."

"I hope so," Karen said. She directed the subject away from Lex Luthor. "So about that magic training, how about we start some of it now. It'll get our minds off us failing to find Luthor, won't it?"

"Hard work normally does," Harry agreed with a smile. "I think it's best to start from the beginning. We can do most rudimentary bits of magic, and then begin to work you up from there."

Karen nodded, and she got to her feet. Harry joined her, and Kara remained on the couch, just watching both of them.

"Levitation is the first type of magic that most people are taught," Harry said. "It's one of the easiest things to do, and takes the least amount of power."

Karen indicated she understood, and motioned for Harry to continue his lesson.

"Magic in general has three basic components," Harry continued. "Visualization, movement, and confidence, in yourself and your ability to perform the spells. If you don't believe you can perform magic or you don't believe in your ability to perform certain spells, then it's going to be hard to do
"So, if you believe in yourself, it should flow more naturally," Karen replied.

Harry verified with a crisp nod. She was getting it.

"That brings us to the process of learning how to levitate objects," Harry said. "I want you to look at this chair right here."

Karen looked at the chair immediately.

"Okay, take the chair, and visualize you lifting it into the air," Harry said. "Try not to overthink the process too much. Bad things happen when you overthink. Just lift the chair into the air, and concentrate hard. Imagine yourself doing it, and it will come."

Karen screwed her eyes shut. She tried to levitate the chair. The chair did not budge an inch. It remained on the ground.

She tried to move it once more, but still nothing.

"Just take a deep breath, and try again," Harry offered her, and he placed one arm on her right arm and the other arm around her waist.

Karen tried to keep the sigh from escaping her mouth as Harry held her.

"I want you to adjust yourself half of an inch to the right, and that's it," Harry said, guiding her slowly. "Now try and levitate it again."

Karen took a deep breath. She had to levitate her chair. She was determined not to fail. Her hand was extended forward, and the chair levitated off of the ground.

"Very good, it took me longer to do that the first time," Kara commented, and the chair dropped to the ground shattering into toothpicks. "Granted, you could work on your concentration a little bit more, but not bad."

"No, that was very good," Harry offered her with a smile, and he repaired the chair with a simple movement. "It's going to take a few more times. Ready to try again?"

A look of determination crossed Karen's face. She was ready. She did exactly as Harry did, and tried to block everything out from her mind. She levitated the chair. It took a few more tries before she managed to keep it in the air for more than a half of a minute.

"Now the next part is not dropping the chair, but lowering it slowly," Harry told her. "Descend the chair nicely, visualizing it with your mind. Once you master this, you can either levitate an object, and drop it gently. Or you can slam the levitated object down on your enemy's head for that added much."

"The second one must be useful in battle," Karen said.

"It is," Harry agreed. "Any spell when used by a creative enough mind, can be used as a weapon. When you're ready, I'll teach you some of the more dangerous spells, and some powerful spells that can really tap into your own natural Kryptonian powers, making you stronger."

Karen nodded, excitedly. She could hardly wait to experience the full benefits of something like that. It would take time, but she would work for it. She practiced the levitation charm, with Harry
instructing her on how to slow down the descent when she lowered objects down.

"It's harder to control when the objects get heavier," Harry said. "A chair, or a piece of furniture that's no problem. If you try to levitate a building, a car, or even a person, that's harder to control. Only the most powerful witches and wizards can levitate something like that."

"Well, maybe one day I'll hit that amount of power," Karen said, her voice completely brimming with an insane amount of confidence.

"We both know you will," Kara told her. "I did, it took me a while, but Harry walked me through it."

"So you both can levitate buildings?" Karen asked.

They just both smiled at her.

Harry proceeded to work Karen through some of the rudimentary transfigurations. For most people, transfiguration was a passive form of magic, because it was hard to achieve the desired concentration during battle. Harry and Kara managed some headway, but there was room for improvement.

To her credit, Karen managed to get through the first three years of standard Transfiguration without too much problem. Both Harry and Kara looked back at her approvingly, smiles on their faces.

"I don't know why you hadn't picked this up by now," Harry said in an approving voice. "You're really a natural, and I mean that."

Karen looked please in spite herself.

"Don't let it go to your head now," Kara teased her.

"Well, that would kind of my head more proportionate to other parts of my body," Karen fired back with a grin.

Harry and Kara both laughed at this.

"Well, maybe the reason that I didn't get it before, is because I didn't have a teacher worth paying attention to," Karen said, and she looked at Harry. Her gaze lingered on his face. "No, really you get how to do magic, and you can explain it. I feel at ease learning from you."

"I'm glad you feel comfortable," Harry said. "We better take a short break that much magic can be draining when you're just starting out. Even if you're a super powered Kryptonian, there's always too much of a good thing."

Karen parked herself on the couch, and Harry placed himself behind the two of them.

"You did good for a first day, but given that I'm stuck here, I have loads of time to teach you," Harry said to her, and he shifted at her.

"Oh, I'm sure you can perform some real magic," Karen said with a smirk.

"Don't I know it," Kara chimed in, with a grin, and the three relaxed on the couch, and unwound a little bit, before they plotted their next move.

Karen found herself sneaking glances at Harry, just watching him move. She shook her head. She
was supposed to be an independent heroine who took no crap from anyone, and not act like some schoolgirl with a crush.

She wondered what was happening to her, but another look at Harry's eyes caused her heart to flutter. There was a part of her that made her want to reach over, and kiss Harry.

However, her inhibitions had not completely left her right now. She didn't want to get too close to anyone, because there was a part of her that realized someday the portal would be fixed, and they would both be gone. They would be out of her life forever and that was hard to swallow.

She dreaded when that day would come.

She tried not to think about that too much, and just enjoyed the company she had with Harry and Kara. They really were easy on the eyes, both of them.

"Am I more perverted for having such thoughts about a younger counterpart of me, or her husband?" Karen asked. Her eyes lingered on Harry, and one particular thought hit her. There's definitely not another guy like that."

Karen relaxed on the couch, and saw Harry place his arm around Kara's waist as she rested her head down on his shoulder.

Harry lightly brushed his leg against hers as he shifted his weight. He instinctively wrapped an arm around Karen's waist. She looked up in surprised, not knowing what to do. Kara's blue eyes, identical to hers, locked onto hers.

"It's okay, you need to relax too, it's been a long day," Kara said with a smile.

"If you're sure?" Karen asked her, with a tentative look.

"She's sure, I can tell by the look in her eyes," Harry told the other blonde Kryptonian.

Karen relaxed immediately. Harry's strong arm around her felt right somehow. Plus it was just an innocent and friendly gesture. She shouldn't read too much into it.

After the tough last couple of months, she could deal with some actual contact that did not involve being punched in the face.

Sometimes she did the punching, and sometimes she was punched. There was a variety.

Karen copied Kara's motions, resting her head on Harry's shoulder. A beautiful blonde rested on either side of Harry, and the feeling of their bodies pressed against him made it an exercise in concentration and discipline to keep the blood flowing to his head. As opposed to certain other parts of his anatomy.

The thoughts Kara projected into his mind did not help him with this endeavor at all.

'Imagine both of us, pleasing you at once,' Kara thought to him. 'Image it, as you fuck both of us, causing us to scream to the heavens. Imagine her large tits wrapped around...'

'Kara, believe me, I'm imagining it,' Harry thought to her.

"She's slowly getting more comfortable with you, with both of us," Kara thought. 'It's going to happen soon, don't worry. Have faith my husband.'

'The second beautiful blonde in our group,' Harry mused to himself, as he felt Karen shift against
him. Her breasts brushed against him, causing him to stir just a little bit.

'The second, of hopefully many,' Kara thought to him.

'It was really a stroke of luck that we found her,' Harry thought back.

The three relaxed on the couch, content, until they drifted off to sleep. Two sets of arms were wrapped around Harry.

Harry did know if he died now, he'd die very happy.

The next couple of weeks seemed to fly by rather quickly. Despite the fact that they were marooned in an alternate universe, Harry and Kara adapted to their new lives. Harry came up with a theory that Karen and Kara both agreed with. There was no way to tell how long both Harry and Kara had been really gone. Given how time and space tended to flow, Harry and Kara could have been both been gone for longer, or shorter than they had been here in this universe.

They spend some time dealing with the various criminal activities that took place. Criminals got the hint that they were not a trio to be trifled with. For the most part at least, there were a few criminals who seemed to want to press forward regardless, and keep committing their crimes. They learned a very hard and painful lesson about why that was a stupid idea.

Karen exited the bathroom. Harry and Kara already retired to the bedroom for the evening. She mused how she got closer to the both of them within the last couple of weeks. The walls she had put up to prevent herself from getting hurt had faded, well for the most part at least.

She planted herself on the couch. She was dressed in a white tank top that clung to her curves and a tight pair of white shorts. Her legs were fully on display, and she wore no shoes on her feet. She fanned herself with her hand. The hot weather was not getting any cooler. The humidity was through the roof. While extreme temperatures either hot or cold did not bother her normally, she felt the heat.

Karen's eyes perked up at a low moan. The bedroom door was opened a crack. She heard sounds coming from the bedroom.

Since they had come here, whatever activities Harry and Kara had done as a couple had been shielded from her. Out of sight, out of mind, and Karen did not ask any questions. There were any number of silencing and anti-eavesdropping spells that could have been used, as Harry was teaching her.

Tonight was different. The door was open a crack. Karen's eyes remained fixed on the door, and she heard sounds coming from the door.

It was hard not to hear them. She wondered if she should let them know that they forgot the privacy spells.

Something stopped her in her tracks. From her vantage point, she could see into the bedroom. Especially when she used her X-Ray vision, and added in with her super hearing, she could get a sense of everything that was going on.

Karen felt herself get hot under the collar, and it appeared that the fun just begun.

'If they didn't want me to listen, they shouldn't have forgotten the charms,' Karen thought to herself.
Karen edged herself as far as she could allow herself on the edge of the couch, and instinctively, her hand slipped down the front of her shorts.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Harry and Kara kissed on the bed passionately. Their hands ran over each other's bodies, as their activities kicked up a few notches.

Kara's shirt was pulled over her head. From the waist up, she wore nothing but a skimpy blue bra. Harry played with her bra covered breasts, and deepened the kiss. He unhooked the bra, and with another movement, pushed Kara down onto the bed. Kara laid back, and Harry pulled her shorts down off her legs. He looked down appreciatively at a soaked pair of blue panties that covered her pussy.

"You're a bit overdressed, Harry," Kara said to him. Her hair was draped over her face in the most seductive and beautiful matter Harry could imagine.

"We should fix that, shouldn't we?" Harry asked her playfully.

Kara waved her hand, and Harry's clothes vanished from his body. Harry leaned down, to continue to kiss her. His mouth kissed her neck, as Kara reached around. Her hand firmly clasped around his cock, and she began to slowly stroke it. The strokes got faster with each passing instant, and Harry felt himself grow harder in Kara's hand. Her soft hand worked his cock up to full mast.

She let go of him, just so he could shift his weight over. He pressed his lips all over her body, peppering it with kisses. Kara rested on her back, and allowed Harry to pleasure every inch of her.

Suddenly, without another word, she could not move. She had been strapped down to the bed. Her pussy moistened with excitement.

Kara loved to be dominated by Harry.

Harry peeled her panties from her center. He slowly stuck one finger, then two, and then three inside her. Kara moaned in pleasure, as Harry pumped his fingers into her as she was tied to the bed.

She thrashed in absolute pleasure, and was brought nearly to an orgasm, but Harry stopped suddenly. He removed his fingers from her pussy, just before she finished.

"Harry," Kara whimpered, but he leaned down. He slowly licked his tongue off of her clit. Kara felt a burst of pleasure within her. Harry rubbed, and licked her between her legs, before he buried his face in her cunt and began to eat her pussy.

Harry used his tongue to stimulate the inside of his wife. He licked around her walls, skillfully manipulating her. Kara bucked her hips upwards into his face with a force that would shatter every bone in his body if he was a normal man. Harry could take it.

"Harry, oh, Harry, I'm going to cum!" Kara moaned, and her pussy clenched, as Harry continued to eat her out like her cunt was the last mean on Earth.

He vibrated his tongue inside her, and Kara at this point lost it. She sprayed Harry's face with her juices. She shuddered, being brought to a spectacular orgasm. Harry pulled back slowly, his face dripping with her juices. He slowly kissed the inside of her thighs, and moved down her legs.
Harry untied Kara at this point, but to only flip her over onto her front. He positioned her on the bed, so her shapely rear was presented in the air. Her head pointed towards the door, so her screams could be heard by anyone listening in. Harry positioned himself on the pillow, and grabbed her hips.

"Do you want my cock up your arse?" Harry asked her.

"Yes, Harry, please, fuck me up the ass!" Kara begged, soaking the sheets with her fluids as she was on her front.

Harry spread her cheeks, and aimed his cock towards her. Kara moaned in pleasure as Harry slammed his cock into her tight ass. He slowly pushed his cock in and out of her tight hole. Kara moaned in delight, but was unable to pleasure herself because of her hands being secured.

"Like that, baby?" Harry grunted, tugging and pulling on Kara's hair as he continued to fuck her on the ass.

"You know, I like that," Kara breathed. "Oh, keep fucking me, up the ass. Keep slamming your rock hard cock into me...yeah, oh yeah baby, fuck me up my tight Kryptonian ass!"

Kara continued to moan and thrash. Harry kept one hand on her hair, and the other massaging her breasts. Her nipples pointed out, hard and erect. He slowed down his efforts for a moment, and then sped them up. He continued to slam his cock into her ass again, and again.

Harry slowly pulled out.

"I want your cum, damn it!" Kara yelled, but Harry flipped her over once again.

"And you'll get it," Harry said, slowly rubbing her pussy. Kara found herself itching to have her husband's cock inside of her. "But good things come to those who wait."

She closed her eyes, and moaned, pleading with Harry as he rubbed the tip of his cock against her lips. He teased her for another moment.

"Fuck me!" Kara yelled, and Harry obliged her. He slid inside of her with practiced ease. He found his cock lovingly caressed with her tight, warm, pussy. He slowly pushed in and out of her, gaining speed with each thrust. Her lovely cunt squeezed him in the most pleasurable manner, as he slammed in and out of her with a force beyond what most women could take.

Kara moaned and cooed underneath Harry's actions. She found herself getting hot. Her moans got more and more sensual with each passing motion.

"Fuck me, you really know how to manipulate my Kryptonian pussy!" Kara whined. "You're all man, Harry, fuck me. Cum in me, baby!"

Harry rammed into her pussy, hard and fast. She squeezed him, and his eyes glazed over with the pleasure. Several more deep thrusts later, and Harry's balls tightened. He spurted several white hot jets of cum deep into her womb. Kara used her pussy muscles to milk, and squeeze Harry. She would fuck all of his cum out of him.

She shuddered, and Harry leaned down, sucking on her breasts. Kara moaned appreciatively, and Harry sucked, and licked on her hardened nipples, before he buried his face into her cleavage. Kara's bindings came loose, and she reached around. She played with his balls, and stroked him. It only took a moment before she had Harry back to full-mast.
"Harry, your sex drive is amazing!" Kara cried happily and quite loudly, and she broke her bindings completely. She flipped him over onto the bed. "Now, it's my turn!"

Harry grew harder, and Kara leaned down, to kiss him on the lips. She slowly licked the excess juices off of Harry's face, lapping them up with her tongue. Her kisses moved down his chest, and torso. She kissed his stomach, and stroked his skin. She hovered above him, and brushed the tip of his cock against her entrance.

"Fuck me, Kara," Harry said, watching her tease him. "Slam yourself down onto my cock with your full force!"

Kara grinned, and cupped Harry's balls with her hand, rubbing herself against his throbbing cock. She teased him for a little bit, before she proceeded to impale herself down onto Harry's cock. She raised herself up and down, their hips clashing together with small vibrations. Harry matched her stroke for stroke. Kara bounced up and down onto him.

She moaned, and played with her nipples as she bounced up and down onto Harry. Harry was strapped to the bed, so he just enjoyed the show. Kara slid in and out of her. He watched her swaying breasts, and her well lubricated walls rubbed against his throbbing penis. He watched every inch of his cock disappear into her.

Kara's eyes glazed over, and she threw her head back. She gave another loud moan, and found herself being driven to a mind numbing orgasm. There was nothing in the world, but riding Harry. His dick hit her pleasure sensors, and drove her wild.

Harry felt her cunt squeeze him in a pleasurable manner, and he had no choice but to lose it. He held back for a second more, before he lost himself and his load into his wife. He erupted with so much cum that it slowly leaked out of Kara's pussy and onto the bed. She scooped it up into her hand, and slowly began to eat it. A look of pleasure glazed in her eyes.

Harry felt him hardened inside her again, and was ready for another round. Kara seemed game, and continued to manipulate her husband's cock with her pussy muscles, and their fun continued over and over again.

Karen sat on the couch, having ripped all of her clothes off. She had been driven mad by the passion that was radiating from the bedroom next to her. She sat on the couch, her massive breasts presented for all to see. Her erect nipples stuck out, and her body curved down to her shapely hips and rear. Her long, slightly muscular, legs were spread. Her pussy was pink, and wet. Her fingers slowly pumped in and out of her, as the moans continued to intensify. She rubbed herself furiously.

'Great Rao, how long can they go?' Karen asked, and she heard them scream in passion from the bedroom. She continued to rub her nether regions, and felt her fingers get soaked. She fondled her massive breasts.

In her mind, she was imagining herself with Harry and Kara. She had caught a few glimpses of them through the door. They held nothing back. They went at each other with full force for at least an hour now, and they were still going.

She imagined both of them sucking on her tits, and eating her pussy. Before Harry slammed his large cock deep into her, and fucked her silly. Right as Kara placed her perfect little pussy on Karen's face, and rode her tongue. She thrust deep inside her, musing that her fingers would not even come close to bringing her as much pleasure as Harry's cock.
"Harry, I need you," Karen whispered, letting a slight moan escape her lips, imagining Harry pound into her as she played with herself.

The activities in the bedroom appeared to have ceased for a moment. Karen stopped, like a deer in the headlights.

They started back up again, and Karen sighed in relief. Hopefully they did not hear her.

Things might be awkward in the morning.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

Karen looked down at her, and the mess she made, pleasuring herself to Harry and Kara's love making. She took a step towards the bedroom, and was half tempted to join them, but what few inhibitions that remained in place stopped her. Just barely, but still it counted.

She really had to restrain herself.

Just barely, she had her hand on the door to throw it open.

She turned around, and moved to the bathroom. She needed a shower badly.

It went without saying that it would be awkward looking either Harry or Kara in the eye.
Chapter 17: Exploration Part One.

The previous night's sleep had been eventful for one Karen Starr. She had some rather vivid dreams, involving her and two other people. In fact, there was a part of her who wondered if they were really dreams. They felt so real, and when she woke up, she found her undergarments soaked. In the past, she had a few sex dreams, but none of them had felt this vivid or left her wanting them to be real.

The sun flowed inside the living room area, as she lazed on the couch. She had to thank Harry for teaching her those scouring charms, because otherwise it would have been an unpleasant evening to sleep in her own wetness. She pulled herself up out of bed. Looking around, Karen saw that it was rather early in the morning. She took a few steps forward, and stretched, yawning.

She thought about what she wanted to do, but a voice had broken her out of her thoughts.

"So, did you sleep well last night?"

Karen spun around, and saw Kara floating a few inches off of the ground. There was a knowing look on her face, and a look of mischief dancing in her eyes. There was something about that look and her expression that caused Karen's heart to beat faster, but she shook her head to try and remain focused.

"Yeah, I slept well, really well," Karen said, trying to keep her voice strong and confident.

"Good," Kara said. She added in a breathy tone, stepping closer to Karen in the process. "I know I did last night."

It was at this point where Karen got a good look at Kara. She had a small white towel wrapped around her. It pressed her breasts together, and extended down to her hips. It barely covered what needed to be covered. Her long legs were fully on display, and the force of gravity was the only thing that held it up.

Her mouth was dry, but she tried to keep her mind off of the miniature and quite attractive, version of her.

"So, where's Harry?" Karen asked to her.

"Harry had to step out for a little bit, to follow the lead on the crystal that we're looking for," Kara said to her. "If he finds it, we could get out of your hair."

"Oh," Karen said, sounding a bit disappointed. She had far more reasons to smile than she had in the past with Harry and Kara being here with her. She felt a stirring of disappointment about the fact that they could be potentially leaving.

Kara's blue eyes met her identical ones.

"You never know, it might be a dud, or a false alarm," Kara said, and she moved closer to Karen. Karen instinctively stepped back, but Kara kept moving forward. "I know how much you enjoy having us around here. I can see it."

"Well, it's good to have company," Karen said quickly.
Kara smirked back at her, and flipped her hair. Her hands were now on their hips, and they swayed from side to side. Karen smiled at her.

"So, you just got out of the shower?" Karen asked her.

"Yeah, too bad there was no one in there to help me this time," Kara said. She offered Karen a look of mock sorrow. "With my husband having to leave so soon and I had to soap myself up all by myself. It's so lonely in the shower without anyone to share it with."

Kara's voice dropped a bit lower, and she continued to speak to the other girl in a seductive whisper.

"It's a shame that you weren't awake. We could have showered together. I mean, it's not like I don't have anything that you haven't already seen."

Karen tried to return her smile.

"So, did you enjoy the show last night?" Kara asked in a breathy voice.

"The show?" Karen asked, a bit alarmed at this casual change of conversation.

"I'm thinking you did," Kara said. "Now, granted, that could be because you tend to talk in your sleep, Power Girl."

"I don't talk in my sleep," Karen said, but she realized that Kara had backed her into a wall at this point.

"Oh, really," Kara said with a grin. Both hands were placed on either side of her, and Kara's hot breath was in her face. Karen tried to think of anything else right now, besides one half of the object of her attraction being so close to her. They were nearly touching each other. "That's not what I heard last night, and Harry heard it too."

Karen felt like she wanted to crawl into a hole, and her younger counterpart was enjoying this. Kara was not done. In fact, she was just getting started.

"How about, oh Harry, fuck me, your cock feels so good? Or how about, Kara, keep sucking my tits?"

"It was nothing, just a dream," Karen said, but she was red in the face at this point.

Kara put a hand on Karen's hair, and slowly ran her fingers through it, their faces only a few inches apart. Kara pressed herself against Karen's body. Their covered centers rubbed against each other, and their breasts pressed together, with Karen trapped against the wall.

She could have pushed away with her super strength, but she found her desire to do so fleeting her.

"It's okay," Kara told her, as she continued to stroke her counterpart's hair. "It's okay to feel these things."

"You two are married though," Karen said. "I couldn't come between that…"

"That's where you're wrong," Kara interrupted, and a playful grin appeared on her face. "I want to have you between me and Harry. Kissing your beautiful lips while Harry rides you from behind, until you can hardly stand it."

Kara sighed in bliss.
"Why are you doing this?" Karen asked.

"Do you think we're attractive?" Kara asked her.

Karen paused, and nodded.

"Yes, both of you," Karen said to her, and Kara looked into her eyes, passion dancing into them. Kara placed both of her hands on Karen's shoulders. She remained pinned against the wall. "I liked everything that I saw, I admit it."

"I sure you did," Kara agreed with her. "Don't worry, I think you're hot too. Harry's a very powerful young man, someone like him; he needs multiple women by his side. But his tastes are very specific. I kind of blame myself for ruining his tastes towards other, non-Kryptonian girls. My man likes what he likes. But the benefits are great."

Kara turned, and whispered in her ear.

"He's likes them beautiful, blonde, and Kryptonian," Kara said, her hot breath hitting Karen's ear. "And I must say, I'm on board with that little plan. Especially if it's an alternate version of me, because if you can't love yourself, then there must me something wrong with you. Wouldn't you agree, Karen?"

Karen felt it unbearable to be this close to her. She wanted her younger counterpart so badly. Kara leaned forward, and closed the gap.

Their lips met with a passionate kiss. Karen's eyes widened, but she found herself slowly returning the kiss. Kara slowly, passionately, sucked on her older counterpart's lips. She savored the taste. Their lips melted together, and their tongues danced in their mouths.

Kara had Karen pressed against the wall, and continued to kiss her madly. Karen found her arms free, so she can wrap them around Kara's waist and pull her in as close as she could. Their hands traveled on their bodies, fondling and massaging each other. They caressed and teased their curves, as the kiss continued.

The kiss broke, a bit too soon for Karen's liking, and Kara pulled back, with a sigh. She enjoyed the taste of her older counterpart's lips. She licked her lips, and retained eye contact, not even blinking.

"Just think about it," Kara said, watching Karen slump against the wall, letting out a sigh "Take your time, but you know what you really want."

Kara slowly backed away, but not before she bent over to give Karen a show. Her eyes lingered on the beautiful, uncovered, ass of her counterpart. She felt her inhibitions being slowly lowered, just one bit at a time. A sigh escaped her mouth, and she turned around, returning to her bedroom to get a fresh change of clothes.

The scent of Harry and Kara from the night before lingered, which made her light headed. She thought more seriously about the proposal that Kara had made.

On Krypton, a man being in a relationship with multiple women was rare, but at the same time not uncommon. And not really frowned upon like it had been in many cultures in Earth. Karen also remembered what she saw. Kara did not have to hold anything back, and she had a sense that Harry did not either.

Karen tended to avoid serious relationships, because she was afraid that she would seriously hurt her partner. Really seriously hurt them, as in she would break them in half. She supposed she could
have used red-solar lamps to tamper off her strength. However, that just seemed like a half-hearted relationship, a cheat to her.

With Harry, he could handle it. He could handle every bit of love she could give him, and then some. And it seemed almost like Kara and Harry was planning something like this for ages.

Karen seriously thought about it.

What could be the harm of it?

Sometime later, Kara looked up to see the door open. She now wore a tight red tank top. It wrapped tightly around her breasts, and showcased her cleavage. She wore a pair of button up jean shorts that curved around her hips nicely, and showcased her elegant legs. Her feet were completely bare. Her eyes watched Harry enter the room.

Harry entered, and saw his wife on the couch. Kara was the first to greet him, bouncing up to her feet. She flew at him, and wrapped her arms around him, kissing him firmly on the lips. Their kiss lingered, and Harry paused. There was a different taste on Kara's lips today. It was strange, but he liked the taste, whatever it was.

"So did you find the crystal?" Kara asked Harry.

"No, it was a false alarm," Harry said. He sighed, but honestly he was not in too much of a hurry. "We've got plenty of time. If we have to wait out the six months, then so be it."

"Well there are benefits here," Kara said, and Harry looked at her immediately as something clicked in his mind.

He knew his wife, and he knew when she was up to something. Try as she might, Kara could not hide the devious glint in her eye from Harry.

"What did you do?" Harry asked her.

Kara put her hands on her hips. A look of pure innocence crossed her face. She looked at Harry, grinning.

"What do you ever mean?" Kara asked. She fluttered her eyelashes at him. "You're really accusing me of doing something nefarious when you were gone. I can't believe it, my own husband thinks that I'm an evil, calculating mastermind."

A cute little mock pout appeared on Kara's face. She was unable to keep a straight face, and she began to laugh. Her hands were thrown up into the air, and she shook her head. Harry looked at her, the nefarious expression on her face. Harry took a long look at his wife, and her arms were folded across her chest.

"Okay, seriously Kara, what did you do?" Harry asked, but he looked around. He noticed one of their number was missing. "Have you seen Karen lately?"

"I've seen her alright, I've heard her, and I know you did too," Kara said.

"Of course, I did," Harry said, before it really struck him. It should have been obvious, with the expression on her face. He grabbed Kara's shoulders, and looked in her eyes. His mouth was next to her ear, and he whispered into it. "You couldn't wait, could you? You just had to get a taste of her before I was here."
Kara laughed at the expression on Harry's face, and Harry shook her head.

"You've been a naughty girl, Kara," Harry told her, and Kara nodded in agreement, shamelessly. "I think you need a spanking."

"And you know I would happily receive one," Kara retorted back. "But no need to get too upset Harry. You didn't miss too much. It was a nice discussion between two…sisters I guess for lack of a better term. And I made her realize that she'll be welcomed to join in with us any time she feels the urge. She doesn't need to watch from the sidelines."

"A bit forward, aren't we?" Harry asked.

"Not all of us have the benefit of a drunken night in Vegas to make us realize what's staring us in the face," Kara retorted, and Harry just shrugged. He really had no reason to argue about this fact. "Karen wants you, you heard her, and she wants me too. And I know you want the both of us, together."

Kara paused, and she looked at Harry.

"And I know you can handle both of us, or more," Kara said. "You're getting stronger, and while I've been able to hold my own, how much stamina will you have in a year or two?"

"You'll always be first in my heart," Harry said, and he placed his hands on her shoulders.

"I don't doubt that, but you have a big heart," Kara said. She leaned forward, and gave Harry a loving, but lingering, kiss on his lips. "You have plenty of room for many girls in it, and maybe there are an infinite number of dimensions out there that we can visit."

Harry would be lying if he did not consider the benefits of this possibility.

"The fact we came across this one was a one in a million fluke," Harry offered her.

There was a nod of agreement, and a shifty grin appeared on Kara's face. She bit her lip, and began to snicker at something.

"You did do something, didn't you?" Harry asked.

"It was nothing, but an innocent little kiss," Kara said.

'An innocent little kiss that lasted five minutes,' Kara added to herself mentally, but Harry's eyes narrowed, and he looked at her.

"You kissed her?" Harry asked slowly.

"Hey, you can't blame me for sampling some of the wealth for myself," Kara said with a shrug, and Harry pushed her against the wall.

Harry's eyes stared at her for a minute, and Kara wondered if she overstepped some line in this agreement between her and Harry. She opened her mouth to defend herself, but Harry placed a finger over her lip.

"You kissed her, and you didn't wait for me to see it," Harry said in mock outrage, and he laughed. Kara actually thought that he was mad at her.

"For a second I thought…"
Harry cut her off with another kiss. Their kiss got deep and passionate, with Kara being leaned against the wall. Harry reached his hands underneath her top, and teased her slightly. Kara sighed deeply. Her legs wrapped tightly around Harry, and he carried her over to the couch. Harry placed her onto the couch, and set her down.

They were face to face. Harry hovered over the top of her, and his mouth shifted, so he could whisper in her ear.

"No, Kara, I told you before, I can never get mad at you," Harry said. "You are the greatest, most wonderful girl ever, and I love you."

"You know I love you, Harry," Kara said.

"You show it every single day, in the best ways possible," Harry said, and he stroked her hair, before he bent his mouth down, and kissed her on the neck. She sighed deeply.

"I'm going to have to give you an encore performance of what we did," Kara said, and she shivered underneath Harry's kisses. His mouth was among the most magical parts of his body, although it was a close race between other bits as well.

Harry's eyebrow rose, and he peered into Kara's eyes. They met, and it felt like they were peering into each other's souls.

"Just an encore?" Harry asked her, and a grin appeared on his face. He planted several kisses on her neck, and face. She sighed as he sucked on her neck briefly, before he continued to talk. "Surely you can do better than that?"

Kara grinned back at him. Devious ideas danced in her head about the things that she wanted to do with her double, and with her husband.

"I'm sure I can," Kara replied, and Harry once again kissed her heatedly.

Okay, just play it cool, if he doesn't say anything, you don't say anything,’ Karen thought to herself. She was dressed in jean shorts, and a white top, with sandals. She took a few steps forward, to continue her training with Harry.

Personally she thought the training was going very well. She just hoped that things would not take a turn for the awkward.

Harry stood before her. There was a smile on his face that made her feel weak in the knees. Yet, despite that fact, she stood up straight and proud. She walked towards Harry, with an honest attempt to treat this like all of her previous sessions with him had been.

"Hi, Karen," Harry said to her, and Karen nodded. "Ready for your training?"

"Yeah," Karen said. "Hit me with anything that you have, I can take it!"

Karen paused, before what she said truly sunk in what she was implying to him. If Harry noticed that she had said a bit too much, he did not say anything. Harry gave her a few moments to stretch. He had told her that it would keep her limber, and able to move quickly when practicing spells. She was just going to take Harry's word for it for the time being.

Her breath quickened, and her heart beat against her chest. Harry stepped towards her. He was getting a closer look, and he pulled out a cinder block.
"Just remember the blasting curse that I taught you, and hit it with your best shot," Harry said to her, and Karen nodded. "Remember, to pretend it is someone's head that you don't like."

Karen closed her eyes, and aimed carefully. She tried to keep her mind off of Harry, and intently focused on the spell she had to perform. She blasted the cinderblock with a full force. It exploded into dust, and Harry gave her an approving smile.

"Very good, you got that one down," Harry said. "Combine that with your natural Kryptonian abilities underneath the yellow sun and you can do some real damage."

Karen responded with a swift nod. Harry proceeded to work her through some of the more advanced transfiguration spells. There were a few snags in the road, but for the most part, Karen managed to keep her mind on her magic, and not on other matters.

"You're really picking this up, you'll figure out how to do everything in no time," Harry said.

Karen nodded. "Yeah, I'm glad that I get to do you…do everything that you teach me about well."

Harry acted as if he did not notice a word she said. He hid a bit of a grin, before he cleared his face of all emotion. Karen tried to act like she did not say those words, or have the thoughts that popped in her mind after saying said words.

'Smooth, Karen, really smooth,' she thought to herself, but Harry seemed to not bring it up. So she was going to let it go.

He really was a gentleman. Karen continued to press forward, but her concentration was thrown off completely. Harry grabbed her gently by the waist. He held his hands on it. His very touch sent electricity down her spine.

"Remember, concentration is one of the most important aspects of learning magic," Harry whispered in her ear. She pressed back against him, allowing Harry to situation her into a more firm pose. "If your mind is anywhere else, anywhere at all, you won't have the proper concentration to do what you need to accomplish. Your performance won't be all that it could be."

Harry allowed this all to sink in, before he added, in an all too knowing tone.

"Of course, if you have too much tension, it's going to be harder to perform those spells as well. Without being completely relaxed, magic doesn't come as freely. You need to relax, even in battle."

"So it all flows naturally," Karen said with a nod.

"Right, you've been paying attention to every single word that I've said," Harry said. He held her, and his mouth was very nearly close to her neck. He continued to whisper in her ear. "And you've been watching every movement that I make."

Harry situated his hands on her torso, before he slowly moved up. They came close, but did not quite brush the underside of her breasts.

Karen really wished he would shift his hand about three inches up. This teasing was too much for her to handle.

"Yeah, I pay attention to everything that you do, Harry," Karen said, closing her eyes, and a soft moan passed her lips. She enjoyed his hands, but she wanted them without any boundaries.

"I'm not hurting you, am I?" Harry asked.
"Are you kidding?" Karen retorted, managing to gain a moment of clarity. "You can never hurt me. I'm strong and at the peak of my physical conditioning."

Harry leaned forward closer to her ear. His hot breath touched the tip of her ear.

"I know."

Harry whispering in her ear caused Karen to unintentionally spread her legs. He held her, his hands around her waist, just underneath her breasts. She inhaled, and exhaled, as she leaned back into Harry. She tensed up a bit, but Harry continued to whisper in her ear.

"Are you tense? Maybe if you need some help working those tensions out, maybe you should ask me. I'll be happy to help."

She was nearly at the edge of caving in. Nearly all of the emotional walls she put up were down, her inhibitions had been nearly destroyed. Yet, she was not destroyed yet.

Through the sheer force of will, or perhaps stubbornness, Karen would not completely cave in.

"Just anything that you want from me, don't be afraid to ask," Harry told her. "It's okay with me, and its okay with Kara as well."

Karen sighed at the loss she felt when Harry's arms unwrapped from around her body. The blonde Kryptonian understood why her younger counterpart fell for him so fast. He had a way of making a girl feel like she was the most special thing in the universe. While she did not lack confidence, there were far fewer reasons to be confident in the last several months.

"I'll keep that in mind," Karen said, and she rushed over, throwing her arms around Harry. Her blue eyes peered into his green eyes. The embrace was gentle, but firm. "Thank you for everything."

"It's not a problem at all," Harry said, and Karen pulled slowly away from him. "So if you need anything, I'll be in the shower. We worked up a bit of a sweat in our training."

'Might be able to work up more, later,' Harry though, seeing the look of longing in her eyes.

Karen watched Harry retreat into the bathroom. She sank down onto the couch, and found herself knowing what she wanted to do. The thing was crossing that final frontier.

"Harry is right, you are tense."

Karen gave a startled leap, but Kara shushed her. The younger blonde began to massage the shoulders of the older blonde. Her hands rubbed her shoulders, and Karen relaxed. She sank down onto the couch, a sigh of pleasure escaping her lips. Kara worked circles around her shoulders.

She wondered what else her talented hands could do. Karen discovered her counterpart knew what she liked, which was apparent given that they were one and the same, at least in a sense. Kara never really said a word, as she continued to rub Karen's neck and shoulders. She was a bit sore from losing her balance, and she relaxed, in a daze.

She sighed, and allowed Kara to continue to work her shoulder muscles.

"So, do you doubt that Harry and I want to include you? Kara said, breaking the silence, and she continued to massage the other blonde Kryptonian's shoulders.

Karen's mouth curled into a smile, and she sighed.
"No, I really don't doubt it," Karen said. "I half expect to wake up from some dream, where I'm hallucinating all of this. I…"

"You never thought you could find anyone that you could share your life with, right?" Kara asked, and Karen nodded. She continued to have her neck and shoulders rubbed, and a wave of pleasure coursed through her spine. "I've been down that road. That trip to Vegas was the absolute best thing that could have happened to me. I found Harry, and I have a new lease on life."

Kara paused, and she added.

"You do have some good qualities, many of them," Kara summarized. "But I get the sense that you feel something is missing. There is some hole in your heart that you want to fill. And it's now time to just let it go. Be happy, and love again, and my husband is right there. I mean what I said. Harry's attracted to you, and you are to him, and I am too."

"What if this ends badly?" Karen asked.

Kara paused, and moved around to face her.

"Don't think, just do, just feel and love," Kara told the older blonde. "It's not going to end badly. Trust me, Harry will love you and cherish you, just like he has me. And it's time you started to live life just a little bit more. Beyond the costumes, and the capes, and trying to save the world, there is so much more out there."

Karen opened her mouth for another protest, but Kara cut her off with another deep kiss. Their lips molded together naturally. Kara sucked up Karen's lips for a brief instance before she pulled back. A look of amusement crossed her face, and Karen looked confused.

"What's so funny?"

Kara shook her head, trying to regain her bearings. She grinned back at her double. She tried to regain her bearings, and then began to enlighten the older blonde.

"Harry was upset that he didn't see this earlier," Kara said, after she broke off the kiss a bit prematurely. "He shouldn't be, there are going to be plenty more opportunities for him to witness it. And it's going to get better for all three of us."

Karen looked at her double.

"So, I guess I've been sucked into this," Karen said.

"No, we wouldn't invite you into this relationship, unless it was something that we were sure you were one hundred percent committed to," Kara said, correcting that assessment immediately. "I see it, and you know it in your mind and your heart. Harry's someone that you can connect with, just like he's connected with me. Harry and I are just the beginning, and you'll join us, and who knows, there might be others."

This statement floored Karen, but she wondered why she would ever argue something like this.

"It's something you two discussed then," Karen said, and Kara replied with a nod of affirmation.

"It was almost joking at first, I'll admit that. And the odds of us actually coming across another one were rather long. But now that you're here, we're going to jump on the opportunity. Pardon the vivid imagery mind you, but that's what's going to happen."
Kara pulled her older counterpart to her feet, and gazed in her eyes seriously. She could sense that Karen was not completely onboard, and gave up fighting her base instincts.

"Here's what you should do," Kara said. "Go to the bedroom, Harry's shower's going to be done in a few minutes, and I'll send him to you. Go ahead, and knock his socks off. Show him a good time, and he'll show you a good time."

"Something tells me, I won't regret this," Karen said with a smile, and Kara smiled back.

"Your heart does, and you know it," Kara said. "Some people might think of something like this as weird, but they have no sense of adventure. Plus with our people, it's natural. If it's a relationship between many people who care for each other, and it feels right, why should anyone have a problem?"

Kara placed her hands on Karen's shoulders. The two blonde Kryptonians locked eyes, and they also briefly locked lips. It was for a few seconds, but their passion was shared with each other could be felt. It was something that they would have to indulge in more often, with even more.

The man of their dreams would be standing by, and watching closely.

"Go embrace what's right, what's true in your heart," Kara said. "Just go with your instincts, they don't steer you wrong."

"Are you going to join us?" Karen asked her.

Kara shook her head. "Maybe later, but I think you and Harry should get to know each other first. So you could cement your relationship, and your bond with each other one on one. The three of us will have more than enough time to experiment those benefits later."

Karen turned around, and walked towards the bedroom. Kara smacked her on the ass for encouragement, which got her going. There was a certain swagger to her step. Ideas danced in her mind about how she was going to make Harry feel good. And she knew she would get the pleasure in return.

A grin crossed Kara's face. She mentally projected a thought to Harry, who was in the process of wrapping up his shower.

'HARRY, THERE'S A PRESENT FOR YOU IN THE BEDROOM WHEN YOU'RE DONE. SHE'S READY.'

The bedroom door swung open. Harry entered the bedroom, and walked in. He saw Karen sprawled on the bed. She wore a sheer white nightdress that hugged her magnificent curves, and only scarcely covered what need to be covered.

A bright grin was on her face. She spread her legs, and looked up, gazing into his eyes with a hungry expression in them. Reaching to the side of the bed, she removed a banana from the fruit bowl and started to slowly peel it.

"Hi, Harry," Karen said. Her luscious red lips curled into a flirty smile. "Did you have a nice shower?"

"I did," Harry said, and he watched the blonde Kryptonian slowly peel the banana.

"I wish I was there with you," Karen said, and she held the banana in her hands. She rubbed her fingers up and down it. "I've been thinking about what you've been saying."
Harry sat down next to Karen on the bed. She ran her tongue on the underside of the banana. She took a small bite, rolling her tongue around on the inside of her cheek. She placed a hand down on Harry's thigh.

"I've been very tense over the last year, and I need someone strong and powerful to help me work off those tensions," Karen said, and she paused, to place her full lips on the banana. She locked eyes with Harry. "And you're just the right person to help me. I know you can handle it, and you've done so well with Kara. But, how well can you do with someone who is older, much more mature than your wife."

Karen finished off the banana. Her tongue trailed across her lips, and licked them dry. Her eyes locked onto Harry's, and she placed her hands on his legs. The busty woman draped herself over him, so she straddled his lap, facing him. Harry got a good view at her cleavage. His mouth watered with desire.

"I can handle anything you can give me," Harry said, pulling his gaze away from her generous cleavage to look in her eyes. "The question is, can Power Girl handle everything I give her? My wife has experience, but I'm not sure how much you have."

Karen replied with a grin, and mischief danced in her eyes.

"I'm a quick learner as you know, Harry," Karen said, leaning forward, and whispering in his ear. "Teach me, do anything you want to me. I'm a big girl, I can handle it."

Karen pulled herself back, and Harry pulled her forward. His lips pressed onto hers and they exchanged a passionate kiss. Their tongues fought for dominance, rubbing against the inside of each other's cheeks, and their hands roamed around each other's bodies.

Her mind went into overdrive. The moment Harry kissed her; Karen's mind went positively wild. She felt pure electricity course through her being. It was not just any kiss; it was a kiss from the one for her. The right one for her, the one who could please her the most, fulfill her desires, and she pressed herself into it. Her mind went light, and the kiss continued. The moment was enjoyed, and the two soon to be lovers enjoyed the feeling of each other's bodies pressed against them.

Harry cupped his hands underneath her magnificent ass, as the kiss deepened. Her lips were tasty, and full. He could not get enough of the taste of her mouth. Karen was like his wife in many ways, but different in others. Both tastes were good, so he could not really complain. The dark haired wizard found himself pushed back onto the bed.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Karen's lips remained firmly pressed upon his. Their searing kiss continued. A pair of hands worked Harry's shirt off, practically ripping it off. Karen stroked his chest, and stomach muscles, reaching down to his boxers.

"Let's see the merchandise up close," she whispered to herself, and she pulled down Harry's boxers. A large cock sprung out of it, and she placed a hand on it. "Great Rao, it's not even fully erect. No wonder Kara was screaming at the top of her lungs."

"I can cause her to scream loud," Harry said. "And she's used to it. How loud will you scream when I fuck you in every which way?"

Karen slowly stroked his penis. She felt every inch, every vein, every single bit of the throbbing member in her hand. She felt it grow slowly, inch by inch. Her lips curled into a hungry expression.
She could not think of anything better. She held it in her hands, and studied it as she stroked it. Her tongue licked around it, tentatively.

'It must be ten inches, eleven inches,' Karen sighed to herself, and she positively drooled. 'And I bet he not only has the size, but he knows what to do with it.'

Karen bent down, and kissed the tip of Harry's cock lovingly. She wrapped her lips around it, and gave it a suck. Her luscious lips were enveloped around Harry's cock, sealing it in tight.

"Keep doing it, baby, you're doing a good job," Harry groaned. "Use your tongue a little bit, love, that's it, suck my big cock!"

Karen did as she was asked, teasing Harry with her tongue a little bit. Harry reached around, and placed his hands around the back of her head. He forced her down, his penis hitting the back of her throat. He slammed into the back of her throat, and proceeded to fuck her mouth. Karen managed to get her wits about herself, to proceed to bob up and down on his throbbing penis herself. She kept her lips around his member, making sure it was sealed up tight. Her tongue licked on the underside of his penis.

"Such a magnificent mouth," Harry whispered. "Suck my cock, suck it like it's the only thing worthy of sucking!"

Karen continued to suck for several minutes. She bobbed her head up and down, blowing Harry like she was born to do this. She reached around, and fondled his balls. It took her a minute to get the technique right, but she got it quickly. She squeezed, and fondled Harry, stroking his sac, as she continued to suck his large throbbing penis in her mouth.

"Keep sucking, that's it," Harry encouraged her. "Use your tongue, take me deep into your throat."

It was several minutes later where Karen felt Harry's muscles tighten. His balls clenched, and he exploded. Given she was not used to Harry, she was not quite prepared for the heavy stream of seed that was shot into her mouth. She could not swallow it all in time, some of it dribbled out of her mouth.

Karen backed up, her lips covered in the seed. It dripped from her chin as well. Lightly, she scrapped her finger across her chin, and placed one finger into her mouth. She sucked it, and saw within a matter of seconds Harry's penis return to its full length. He had amazing, super-human stamina.

Now she felt herself become damp, and Harry reached forward. He grabbed her nightdress and pulled it off. He was blown away by what he saw.

"You're so fucking hot,' Harry whispered to her.

Her body was perfectly curved. He traveled down past her slender shoulders, to her large breasts. Her breasts were round, large, and very firm, with rosy erect nipples. The size was massive. They were beyond anything that was possible for any human girl. His eyes continued to travel down to her taut stomach. He saw a small blonde strip of pubic hair, covering her perfect and very wet pussy. His eyes continued to travel down her, and saw her legs. They were long, and powerful. Karen spun around briefly, so he could see her magnificent ass.

The entire sight of her made his mouth water. She had the perfect hour glass figure. He reached forward, and cupped her breasts into his hands. He felt them, drooling as he did.
"Yes, Harry, they're very real," Karen said, closing her eyes, feeling Harry's hands on her tits. "Grab them, squeeze them."

Harry squeezed her large breasts, and Karen's head leaned back. Harry played with her breasts, worshiping them like many other men wished they could. A soft moan escaped her lips, and Harry reached down. He ran his hands over her body, and sent pleasurable touches down every single inch of her body.

Karen moaned, and Harry pushed her down on the bed. He kissed her on the lips, and his mouth trailed down. Kisses planted down every inch of her body. He gazed past her pussy, but he returned. His tongue flickered, and Harry spread her lips.

"You want me to eat your pussy, babe?" Harry asked her.

"Yes, quit teasing me," Karen said hotly.

Harry grinned, before he flickered his tongue against her. He gave several slow licks to really get Karen going.

"Fuck," Karen whimpered, and Harry scraped his tongue against her. He licked and sucked on her clit. She pushed her hips up towards his face. Harry fingered her, and Karen moaned beneath him.

Without warning, Harry shoved his tongue deep into her cunt. At this point, Karen lost her mind with passion. She screamed out in pure ecstasy, and her hips lifted up, so he could get further access to her pussy. Her muscles clenched, and the moment Harry started hissing in her pussy, she lost it.

"Oh, Harry, that's it, lick my pussy!" Karen screamed, and she played with her large breasts as she felt her orgasm reach a fever pitch. She clenched, and then soaked Harry's face with her juices.

Harry pulled back, and Karen spread her legs as much as she could. She sat up slightly, to look in Harry's eyes.

"I need you now," she pleaded. "Fuck me."

Harry obliged her, and slid his penis into her tight pussy. He groaned, as he felt her warm tightness envelope him.

"So fucking tight!" Harry groaned. "Is this your first time?"

"Yes, but don't worry, my hymen broke…in a battle, long story," Karen breathed, feeling his penis push deep inside her.

Harry pumped his cock in and out of her. Her warm walls hugged him in the most amazing manner.

"Much better than your fingers?" Harry asked her, and he teased her with slow strokes.

"Yes," Karen breathed.

He knew Kryptonian pussies were already tight, and powerful, but much like fine wine, they got even better with age. He slowly slid in and out of her wet pussy. He felt the warmth squeeze, and work at his cock.

"Do you like that, do you like me fucking your pussy?" Harry asked to her. "Your pussy belongs to me now, doesn't it?"
"Yes, your cock is the only thing that can ever please it," Karen whined. She grabbed her hands around Harry's back, digging her fingernails in it. "Less talk, more fuck!"

Harry continued to hammer into her with great power, and swift skill. Karen matched his movements, and he sped up slightly. She did not get this kind of pleasure with her fingers. He was thrusting his cock in and out of her, with several slow strokes, and then a few fast strokes. He continued to speed up. She moaned, and then Harry leaned down slightly. He squeezed, and sucked on her breasts.

He never broke his momentum, not even once. He continued to drill her cunt with his cock. Karen saw stars as she was driven to a rather powerful orgasm. Her cunt convulsed around his cock, but Harry was far from finished.

The fact her pussy, who could crush almost anything, was being pounded so expertly by this throbbing hard cock drove her crazy. Karen moaned, and continued to push herself forward. Harry's entire length was shoved into, and she felt his penis nailing her. Her nerve endings felt like fire, and she continued to moan and thrash.

"I'm making you so wet, but I bet I can make you wetter," Harry whispered to her.

"That's it Harry, fuck me, fuck me," Karen said. Her hips met his, and the vibrations nearly caused the paint to peel off of the wall. "So good, I'm an idiot for thinking I could resist this."

"No, you're just a tough one to please," Harry said, and he continued to push deeper and deeper inside her cunt.

Harry sped up as he felt his release coming closer. He felt his balls fill up, and her walls rubbed him. Her pussy clenched around him tightly like a vice, but he managed to hold off his release. Not until he had given this beauty below him a few more orgasms. She screamed with increasing intensity, and Harry finally let go, shooting a huge jet of cum deep inside her.

Karen orgasmed with him, and the cum painted her walls white. Harry ejaculated a heavy stream of seed into her womb, and her hips continued to push upwards. She felt more pleasure with every passing second.

Harry pulled out of her, dropping down, and Karen looked at him, a grin on her face.

"I know something you'll like," Karen said, and she grabbed Harry, before pushing him onto the bed. She held her large tits. Slowly, the blonde Kryptonian ran her hands down them teasingly. "How would you like to fuck these huge tits?"

Harry looked at her, and nodded. His mouth watered, and his cock throbbed immediately just at the thought of his cock being between the immense mountains that her breasts. Karen grabbed his cock, stroking it several more times.

She teased Harry, and rubbed the cock head against her nipples. Harry laid back, and Karen grabbed his cock. Letting out a hiss, Harry felt his cock slip between her massive breasts. It disappeared into the valley of her impressive cleavage. Karen proceeded to push her breasts together, and rub them up and down Harry's shaft. Harry's eyes glazed back, feeling a pleasure that he never thought he could before.

Her tits worked over his cock, and Harry fucked them, treating them like the treasures they were. They pressed together, and rubbed against his cock. Once Harry's member poked out a little bit, Karen slid her wet tongue across it, and Harry proceeded to slam into her cleavage. Karen slid up
and down, gaining her moment.

"Do you like that?" Karen asked him.

Harry's sounds of pleasure were the only answer. He could barely hold himself back. He continued to fuck the huge breasts that continued to pleasure him. His balls filled with a load, but he never wanted this to end. Karen sensed his end was near, and she proceeded to rub his dick furiously with her tits.

"Fuck, that's so good, keep doing that," Harry grunted. "Your tits, they're the best, so large, so firm, keep rubbing them on my cock!"

Karen continued to work his penis. This force would have ripped off the penis of a man that was not as durable as Harry. Harry felt pleasure beyond belief. He continued to fuck her huge breasts, until his balls tightened, and his orgasm came.

Cum spurted from Harry's penis, and shot onto her massive tits and face. Karen continued to pump Harry's cock up and down with her tits. She wanted every last drop in his balls, and pleasured Harry until he was completely drained dry.

She pulled back. Her tits were completely splattered with cum, as was her face. Harry looked up, and noticed how hot she looked. She spread her legs, and pushed one large breast up. She leaned her mouth down, and began to lick and suck the cum off of her own tits.

Harry's cock twitched, and he got hard again, as Karen devoured his cum. She had a look of lust in her eyes.

"You want more, do you?" Karen asked him.

Harry nodded, and he grabbed her waist, before he flipped her over. He planted a series of kisses down her back, and neck. He leaned forward, and whispered in her ear.

"I'm going to fuck you from behind," Harry whispered hotly in her ear, which caused her to become wet.

"Don't just say, do," Karen encouraged him.

"As you wish," Harry said.

Harry spread her legs, and then her lips. He aimed his cock, and slammed it into her pussy from behind. He pushed in and out of her, and rode her. Karen pushed back against him, feeling Harry pound her pussy.

"That's it, do it…" Karen started, but Harry wrapped his hands around her waist and willed them up.

"That's so good, huh, fucking you, it's making you float on air," Harry said, punctuating every one of his words with a hard thrust into her core.

Sure enough, Karen floated off of the bed, and Harry proceeded to have the elevation to drive his cock into her several more times. The harder he hammered more, the more Karen moaned and screamed out in pleasure. Harry reached for her breasts, and fondled them. He tweaked her nipples.

Karen was rapidly losing count to the amount of times that Harry brought her to orgasm. He just kept going. She really almost lost it when he started to channel his power through his penis, and
cause jolts to course through her body. He was going to fuck her until she went cross-eyed, and she
loved it.

Harry pounded into this new, but also lovely, cunt in the air. It tightened around him, and Harry
managed to keep a steady pace going for quite some time. His penis slid in and out of her over and
over again. Karen shrieked at the top of her lungs, with the full force of Harry's penis ramming her
in her pussy. His balls slapped roughly against her thighs, but she did not mind.

The passionate dance continued in midair for what seemed like a very long time. Harry's fucking
nearly reduced Karen into a screaming, drooling mess.

"Are you close?" Karen managed, in between her screaming and drooling.

"Very," Harry said, and he sped up his pace to bring him closer to release. "I'm going to fill you up
with a massive load, are you ready?"

"I'm nearly there, let's come together," Karen suggested.

Harry thought that was a great idea. He felt Karen's pussy clench around his cock, and he let go of
the restraints he had placed on himself. His balls tightened, and Karen screamed, nearly unleashing
her heat vision because of her most powerful orgasm yet.

Harry finished thrusting into her, and they dropped back down on the bed.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Karen's eyes were glazed over. Harry wrapped his arms around her, pulling her nude form into his.
Her breasts pressed against his shoulder, as they basked in the afterglow of their love making.
Karen sighed, and Harry planted several light kisses on the back of her neck. She shuddered with
the pleasure.

"How was it?" Harry asked her.

Karen looked at him, eyes narrowed. "My shrieks of passion weren't a good enough assessment of
how much pleasure you gave me."

Harry flashed her an apologetic look, and a smile. She was held tightly into him, and Harry leaned
around, giving her a kiss. Their lips met in tender love. She rested in his arms, feeling content and
secure.

"It was the best fucking thing I've ever experienced in my life," Karen said. "Not that I have a
standard to live up to, but you really know how to give a woman pleasure, Kara's a rather lucky
woman to feel that pleasure every day for over a year."

"Sometimes multiple times a day," Harry said.

Karen's eyes just glazed over with a new degree of pleasure. She had to get herself some more of
that. For now, she was content to rest her head on Harry's broad chest, and just cuddle against him.
He really made her feel special. Harry wrapped his arms around her tightly, and she shifted around
him.

"So, which one of us is better?" Karen asked, not being able to help herself from asking that
question of Harry.

Harry raised an eyebrow, and she just flashed him an apologetic smile.
"You're both magnificent," Harry said to her. "I couldn't really choose, even if my life depended on it."

Karen smiled. To her that was the right answer, but she could not resist winding up Harry.

"Well, that's really no fun. I guess we're going to have to do some more experimentation to see who really is better in bed."

"Oh, you mean I have to have loads more sex with two beautiful woman," Harry said, and he put his hand on his forehead in mock sorrow. "Oh, how will I ever survive?"

"Poor thing, I'm sure you'll manage," Karen said, and she continued to press herself against Harry, and gave him a series of light kisses on his forehead.

If lightning struck her down, and she died, she would die a happy woman.

"You know, I can still go in a little bit, just give me a short amount of time to recharge," Karen said. "I'll be yours forever Harry, do anything you want to me, as often as you want to."

With these words, a bright light appeared in the middle of the room. An object rotated in the light, and Harry turned around, looking up with a start. Inside the light, was a glowing blue ring, which was similar to both his and Kara's wedding ring. He reached forward, and grabbed the ring.

"Do you really mean that?" Harry asked her. "Do you really want to be mine forever."

Karen snickered. "No, Harry, I just let you fuck me for hours straight, and not want to be with you forever."

She spun around, breaking from Harry's grasp. She shoved him down on the bed, and pressed her lips onto his with a searing kiss.

"I'll be yours forever," Karen said. "I'll follow you to the ends of the universe."

Harry reached forward, and held her hand.

"Do you, Kara Zor-L, agree to our vows, to protect each other, to cherish each other, to treat each other like equals, and to tie the best elements of both of our lives together?"

Karen blinked, hearing the sacred vows of the Kryptonian marriage ceremony uttered.

"Yes, I do," Karen said without hesitation, feeling that she had nothing to lose, and Harry slipped the blue ring onto her fingers.

It glowed, and accepted her. Harry felt her join him and Kara in mind, body, and soul.

Kara appeared at this point, having been camouflaged in the corner. She watched the entire time. She was dressed only in a thin robe. She stepped forward, and had an expression of triumph on her face. She grabbed Karen's face lightly, and looked directly into the other blonde Kryptonian's eyes.

"Welcome to the family," Kara told her. "We're now all married to each other."

The brightness of Karen's smile could light up an entire village at this point. It was at this point; a white blinding light engulfed all three of them, and the three super powered spouses blacked out, but only for a few seconds.

Their bodies assimilated with a new power, and they were boosted to a higher level.
"What just happened?" Karen asked, dazed when she woke up.

"I think we got stronger," Kara said.

Harry looked at both of them, and they positively glowed with power. This was an interesting development.

To Be Continued in Exploration Part Two.
Chapter 18: Exploration Part Two.

Karen blinked a few times. It took a few seconds for this statement to settle in, as she, Kara, and Harry sat on the bed. After everything that she had been through, she took a lot in stride. Still, this was something that had caused her to be thrown off guard. She opened her mouth to ask the rather obvious question.

"What do you mean our powers have increased?"

Kara decided to elaborate. "I mean exactly what I said, our power levels have increased. When Harry and I got married, we had slow, but steady boosts in our powers. What we could do, and how long we could do it. Harry was more obvious, but honestly the marriage just unlocked the powers that he already had inside him."

Kara took a deep breath, and smiled with the fond memories of what happened. She then continued to speak.

"And now you're joining us, our powers are going to increase even more," Kara explained.

"When I put that ring on you, you agreed to enter our relationship," Harry said. He turned to his second wife with a smile. "So, we're married, all three of us."

Karen looked at both of them. She had so many questions, and really not enough time to ask them. So she just jumped to the most obvious one that she could think of at this point.

"So, when you put the ring on my finger, and I said I'd be yours forever, that's all it took?" Karen asked. Harry slowly nodded in confirmation. Karen blinked, before she managed to regain her bearings. "Not that I'm complaining or anything, but that's just...well that's just amazing."

"Being married to Harry does have many benefits, as I'm sure you've figured out," Kara added with a grin on her face.

'Yeah, something like this,' Harry projected to Karen.

This took her aback.

"Wow, you just talked to me in my head," Karen answered.

'And you can do it too,' Kara projected to her.

Karen closed her eyes, and gave it a good go.

'This is interesting,' Karen thought to both Kara and Harry. 'You both heard that, didn't you?'

'Yes we did,' Harry thought to her.

Karen just smiled. She had only met these two a week ago, but now she was married to them. She was married to two of the most attractive and amazing people she had ever met. That gave her many reasons to smile, and she turned to both of them. She looked at them, really looked at them.

She felt the love they had for each other, and now the love that they had for her.
"Well, it's just amazing that I got married just like that," Karen said, and she snapped her fingers for emphasis. "I never thought it would be that easy."

"If you want, we can have an actual ceremony, and everything,' Harry said. "When we return back to my dimension…if you want to come that is."

Karen paused, that was something that none of them had thought about just yet. Kara sensed the potentially awkward direction that this conversation was heading, so she decided to cut it off.

"We'll cross that bridge later,' Kara said to both of them. A grin crossed her face that moment, and she eyed her double. "I've been sitting here the whole time, watching you, and now it's my turn. And I believe that I promised that Harry would get to see something."

Kara continued to eye her double. Karen smiled back at her, and they both eyed Harry. Harry sat back, and watched them. Kara edged towards the other, quite naked, blonde Kryptonian. Her partially clothed form wrapped her arms around Karen, and pulled her into a tight embrace. Their bodies melded together like it was the most natural thing on earth. Kara ran her fingers through Karen's shorter hair, and Kara did likewise.

Then Kara grabbed either side of Karen's jaw with her hands, and pulled her into a deep kiss. Karen returned the kiss with equal passion. Their arms were wrapped around each other, and Harry watched them. He saw their tongues rub against each other, and Karen began to suck on Kara's tongue. They ran their hands over each other's body, and Karen found herself pushed back on the bed. Harry thought that this was the absolute hottest thing ever. The two beauties moaned into each other's kiss, and continued to run their hands over each other's bodies. The temperature in the room, already sweltering hot, seemed to heat up with each passing movement the two gorgeous women made. Harry watched their heated make out session, but things were just about to pick up.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Karen pealed the robe Kara was wearing off of her. She looked at her nearly identical naked body. There were a few differences. The breasts were smaller, and Kara was a few inches shorter, but Karen gazed at her appreciatively never the less.

The kiss continued, with both blondes rubbing each other's bodies, as Harry watched them. His mouth watered at their actions. They rose up slightly, and Kara wrapped her legs around Karen's body. Karen reached around, groping Kara's ass in her hands. She massaged the younger girl's ass, stroking the flesh. Kara leaned forward, and kissed and sucked on her older counterpart's breasts. Karen gave several light moans, as the two grinded each other's pussies against each other.

Kara buried her face into her older counterpart's breasts, and sucked on her nipples heatedly. She slowly raised her head out of Karen's breasts, and turned towards Harry. The two girls embraced, eyes hungrily fixed on Harry.

Without another word, two super powered Kryptonians pushed Harry down onto the bed. Both Kara and Karen took turns kissing Harry. Their kisses got more heated, and more passionate with each passing moment. Whatever girl was not kissing Harry, she ran her hands up and down his
body, teasing his chest, stomach, and legs. They switched off periodically.

"I think someone's ready for action," Karen teased after a few more moments of this.

Kara and Karen both had their eyes locked onto Harry's cock. They moved down. Karen wrapped her hot mouth around Harry's throbbing cock. Kara got down beneath his legs, and began to slowly sucking on his balls, fondling his sac.

"Oh God, so hot," Harry breathed. "Keep sucking my cock."

Spurred by his actions, the two girls sped up their motions, and their movements. They both hummed merrily. Karen used her throat muscles to work over Harry's cock, and Kara played with his balls. The two of them managed to drive Harry to the point of his climax much quicker than one of them would have.

"I'm going to cum, keep sucking!" Harry yelled in encouragement.

Harry felt his balls tighten, and he sprayed his cum down Karen's throat. Kara worked his balls, to make sure her double got every single drop Harry had in her.

Kara let go, and then tackled Karen onto the bed. She stuck her tongue into Karen's mouth. Slowly, and sexily, she sucked the cum directly out Karen's mouth. She left enough for Karen to swallow, and her eyes to glaze forward. Harry watched their actions with interest.

Kara grabbed Karen's huge breasts, and squeezed them. The bustier blonde moaned, and Kara kept eye contact with her husband. She sucked Karen's large breasts, giving Harry a show. Karen placed her hands on the back of Kara's head, and pushed the smaller blonde deep into her chest. Kara sucked, and licked at her breasts. She was buried face first into her heaving chest.

Without warning, Kara broke off her efforts. She grabbed Harry, and pulled him over. With a grin, she pushed Harry's face into Karen's large breasts. Harry got to suck Karen's large tits.

"Oh, Harry, suck my tits," she moaned, and Kara moved around to the other side She pressed her own tits onto Karen's back, and planted her lips on the back of the older girl's neck, sucking on it.

Karen moaned, rocking back and forth. Her cunt dripped with fluids. Harry could bring her to an orgasm with the slightest movements. He reached between them, and played with her cunt. His fingers rubbed against her entrance, and stuck it.

Karen hitched a breath, and went to scream, but Kara cut her off with a huge kiss on the lips. Her shrieks entered Kara's mouth, and Kara stroked her hair. With another motion, Harry and Kara pushed Karen down onto the bed.

Kara broke the kiss, and turn to Harry, mischief dancing in her eyes.

"You know Harry, it's time for us to initiate her properly into the family," Kara told Harry.

Kara winked at Harry, and Karen wondered what this entailed. Harry grabbed her by the waist, and flipped her over onto her front. He situated Karen so she was draped partially over his lap. Kara slid forward on the bed.

"Move her a little bit, there you go," Kara encouraged Harry. "You, my new lover, are going to eat out my cunt, while Harry spanks your tight little ass. See how fast you can make me cum."

Karen got wet with excitement, and Kara locked her legs around Karen's head, forcing it onto her
pussy. Karen began to slowly lick Kara out, but Harry raised a hand. He slapped her tight, and toned ass with a solid spank.

Karen's moans caused vibrations into Kara's pussy. She began to eat out Kara faster and faster. Harry spanked her several times.

"So tight, so firm, you like that baby?" Harry asked her, and he smacked her ass a couple more times. Karen moaned deeply into Kara's pussy.

"I think she likes it," Kara moaned, feeling the pleasure of Karen munching on her cunt, and licking her insides. "She's almost as good as you, Harry. You better be careful."

Harry just grinned, and took a moment to watch one of his wives eat out another. Harry spanked her, and Kara moaned. Kara's fluids sprayed Karen's face, and Karen had a mind numbing orgasm at that moment from Harry spanking her.

She nearly passed out onto Kara's pussy, but she rolled over. Harry and Kara had her pinned down to the bed. Both feasted off of the juices on her face. Karen's cunt quivered.

"Please, you two, I need you!" Karen breathed, and Harry and Kara kissed down either side of the beautiful blonde's body. Her massive tits were sucked on next, Harry taking the right one in his mouth and Kara taking the left one.

Karen found herself being driven to new levels of pleasure that she hardly could have imagined before. Harry and Kara sucked, and licked her breasts. She moaned, and thrashed.

"Look at her, she's so wet," Kara commented towards Karen, and she got between Karen's legs and began to eat her out. Karen bucked her hips upwards, and vibrations echoed, as she nailed Kara in the face with her pussy.

Kara teased her older counterpart for a few more minutes. Then Kara looked at Harry's throbbing cock. She grabbed Harry by the shoulders, and pushed him down onto the bed. She straddled him, and reached for his cock. As she was doing this, Karen hovered over Harry's face.

Harry slid his penis into Kara's pussy, just as Karen sat on his face. Kara bounced up and down on Harry's cock, enjoying riding her husband. She watched with glee as Harry managed to thrust his cock up into her pussy, while he ate Karen out. Kara reached forward, continuing her movements against Harry. Kara and Karen fondled each other's breasts.

The two girls made out over Harry, gropping each other and smacking their lips together. Harry felt them bounce up and down on both his face and his pelvis at super speed. He managed to bring them both to the edge of ecstasy.

"Oh suck my tits, Kara!" Karen moaned, and Kara obliged her. Harry heard that, and he vibrated his tongue inside Karen's moist, Kryptonian pussy. "Fuck my cunt with your tongue Harry!"

The three had a grand old time. Karen's fluids sprayed onto Harry's face, and Kara continued to suck on her large breasts. She felt Harry twitch inside her, and Kara reared her head back, to scream in pleasure. This allowed Karen the chance to attack her younger counterpart's slightly smaller, but still rather sizeable, breasts.

With a few more strokes, Harry exploded into Kara. She squeezed him tightly with her pussy. Karen slid over, and caught the cum leaking from Kara's pussy with her tongue, locking eyes with Harry as she did so.
Kara and Karen switched positions, and the dance continued back and forth for some time until all three lovers were spent over an hour later.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

After that mind blowing session of sex, the three lovers were spent, at least for now. Karen and Kara rested next to Harry, grins on their faces. Their man had more than risen to the occasion and given them pleasure beyond their wildest dreams. Judging by the expression on Harry's face, he had felt similar pleasure, and all three were in heaven.

Both girls were draped over Harry on either side. They looked up at him, warm expressions of love in their bright blue eyes. They were his, and they gave him nothing, but unconditional love.

"Amazing," Harry told them, breaking the silence. He shifted, allowing him to enjoy the scent of both of his lives. "I love both of you, so very much."

"I love you both too," Karen said, and she leaned forward, and placed her lips onto Harry's mouth. "And we'll be able to do this forever."

"Yeah, we will, and I love both of you too," Kara said, and she waited her turn, before she placed a kiss on Harry's lips.

Both beauties cuddled against Harry, and he had often dreamed about a moment like this. From the first minute Kara brought it up, almost in an off handed manner. He remembered what they did to him, and then did with each other. And this was only going to be the beginning, he suspected.

Life was good, and Harry drifted off to sleep. Both of his girls were on either side of him. Maybe they were the first two of many, but Harry knew that he would cherish every single moment that he had with them.

After a good night sleep, it was time for a nice breakfast. Kara and Karen sat at the table. Kara was dressed in a blue bathrobe while Karen had a white robe on. They flapped in the breeze, to show their lovely legs and toned stomachs, among other things. Harry just concluded fixing them a huge breakfast. After their bout of love making last night, they would need their strength.

"That was the best night sleep I've had in a long time," Karen commented casually, and Kara and Harry smirked at her. She added in a playful manner. "I don't think I've been that tired out in a very long time."

"I aim to please," Harry said, and he piled the food on plates, putting them on the table.

"I don't speak for Harry, but I'm happy to have you as part of our family," Kara said.

"I am too, believe me," Harry said, as Karen grabbed the pancakes, and began to ate them with absolute fury. "I'm just glad that I make enough money to cover two blonde Kryptonians with super metabolisms. Otherwise, I'd be eaten out of house and home."

"Well, a girl's got to eat," Karen replied to him. "Although, I swallowed something that was much more wonderful than any food I ever had or ever will have in my life."

A grin appeared on Harry's face.

"Tasting you was magnificent as well," Harry replied back.

The three sat around the table, and began to eat for a few more minutes. They spent some time just
enjoying each other's company. They had plenty of time for conversation later.

The silence was broken a moment later.

"So what exactly is the deal with these rings?" Karen asked.

"The Green Lantern Corps exist in this world, don't they?" Kara asked, and Karen nodded. She had her share of dealings with the Green Lanterns in recent past. "These rings were originally made in Oa, for an experiment. There was a belief that willpower wasn't enough. There needed to be more in life. But the rings were thrown out, until they were found years later, and modified into wedding rings."

"The wedding rings don't just accept anyone into the Potter family," Harry said to Karen. "There are certain traits that are needed, and both of you have them."

"And apparently, it doesn't care how many wives there are either," Karen said, and Harry nodded.

Harry and Kara both exchanged a thoughtful expression. The only law that mattered was the magic that had been infused in the rings.

"And one manifested once you had accepted me," Harry said. "It's almost as if it knew, that this was meant to be.

"Are you complaining?" Karen asked.

"No," Harry said.

"I'm not either," Kara answered both of them. After last night, why should she complain? She had a smoking hot, older counterpart of herself, and her wonderful husband pleasure her in so many wonderful ways. It satisfied both sides of her. "After last night, who could?"

Karen laughed. She was certainly not complaining. The fact she was tied with Harry for all eternity made her excited.

"The rings have many useful features," Kara added, and Karen's ears perked up. She waved her hand, to invite Kara to list some of them. "For instance, there is a useful little charm on them that blocks any unwanted pregnancies. Once we're ready, we may someday have children, but with all that's going on neither of us feel comfortable with bringing an innocent child into the world."

"At least not yet," Harry added. "Plus, we're only seventeen and eighteen, we're barely just past being young ourselves, and we got plenty of time."

Karen nodded. Many people did jump into the having children thing a bit too prematurely, although she was confident that Harry and Kara would be great parents when the time was right. "That's very responsible of you."

A small part of her hoped to have Harry's child one of these days, but she did wonder if Kryptonian and human DNA would be compatible. Then she reminded herself that Harry was not what one would consider a typical human.

She found that out first hand last night, but she shook her head. There would be plenty of time to talk about it later.

"They work in tandem well with a Green Lantern power ring, but our own powers fuel the ring well enough," Kara explained. "The stronger our powers get, the stronger our bond gets, the
stronger the bond we have with the ring gets. It just pays to keep studying.

"And we know a lot more than many people have," Harry said. "Not that I mean to brag, but we've studied a great amount of magic. And honestly, I don't think we've scratched the surface."

"Our library is growing, and we haven't got through a fourth of the books," Kara said. "Of course, books and knowledge are only half of the battle."

"I agree, the other half is thinking on your feet, and improvising," Karen said. She heard learned those lessons herself first hand. "The best ideas are not written down in any book."

Harry nodded. He remembered how little he learned at Hogwarts, but the past was the past. He could press on, and continue to extend his knowledge. With these two women by his side, he had a feeling the sky was the limit. He could accomplish anything.

"So, I was thinking about whether or not I would come with you," Karen said. "I mean there isn't a choice, we're now married…"

"There's always a choice," Harry said, and he placed a hand on hers. Karen sighed. She shook her head. She tried to reconcile how to best explain what she was feeling.

"That's not really what I meant about not having a choice," Karen said. "The more I study about the instabilities about this world, the more I wonder if this version of Earth is doomed to die. It's been a fun seven years, but Lex's little plan doomed us all. I'm sure he'll blame me, and others would as well."

'And I did as well,' Karen thought to herself.

'Not your fault, babe,' Harry thought to her.

'I really do have to get used to this telepathic link thing,' Karen thought.

'We'll teach you how to open and close it at will, if you want to keep your thoughts private,' Kara told her.

'Yeah, there are some things that best remain private,' Harry thought. 'We'll teach you how to close the door. If you want some alone time, with your thoughts, we should grant it.'

Karen took a deep breath. She wanted to share her latest findings, grisly as they were.

"This world, my adopted planet, has six months, maybe a year left, before something bad happens,' Karen added, and then her body went tense. She closed her eyes.

She offered herself a tense moment to reflect.

"We're married, we're in this together," Kara said.

"Whatever you say, no matter how dire, you can tell us," Harry added, and both sets of eyes were on her.

"Well, I better spit this out, because there is no really delicate way to say this," Karen said, and she took a breath. "I've been cross referencing data, a lot of it. The natural disasters have increased by two hundred percent. You don't have to be a math major to see that those numbers are very alarming, do you?"
Harry and Kara both shook their heads. They could tell why their wife would be alarmed about something like this.

"I ran a simulation, the other day, when you two were preoccupied," Karen said, and she took another deep breath. She inhaled, and exhaled. "The crust of the Earth might be crumbling apart. But that's not the worst part, that's really not the worst part."

Karen put her hands on her head. Now it was time for her to drop the biggest bombshell of them all.

"Lex Luthor's last attempt to kill me accelerated something that scientists have theorized would happen eventually anyway," Karen said. "There are people who think that the sun will eventually go supernova."

Harry and Kara nodded. They had both heard of that. That was a prominent scientific belief with many people.

"But they don't think that's going to happen for thousands and thousands of years," Harry said, but Kara caught on immediately.

"How much did he speed it up?" Kara asked. "How much time left…"

"Maybe about fifty years if we're lucky, but the sun will go super nova," Karen said. "First it will go red. The solar flares are getting worse, but it will turn red. My Kryptonian physiology can handle a red sun. My powers might go bye-bye, but I can handle it. There's no telling what might happen, if humans or Earth vegetation can sustain life underneath a red sun."

Karen took a deep breath.

"If it can, they won't survive the sun going super nova," Karen said, and she leaned forward into Harry's embrace. This simple action gave her strength. "If my simulation is right, this Earth will burn to a crisp. It will fry like an egg, with everyone on it. And there's nothing that I can do to stop it, with all of the super powers in the world. Providing the core doesn't become unstable first. The situation there is escalating."

Karen deflated in Harry's arms. Kara wrapped her arms around her from the other side.

"This is what you were so distressed about," Kara whispered to her.

"Yes, well distressed doesn't begin to begin to describe what I would use to cover what I feel," Karen said. "The situation…I don't like to use the word hopeless, but seriously how else would you describe something like this?"

There was no answer. Both Harry and Kara understood what she was feeling.

"There's got to be a way, there's got to be some way to stop this," Harry told her. "It's not too late."

"I appreciate your desire to help, but I don't know what you or anyone else can do," Karen said, and Harry gave her a light, tender kiss on the lips. She returned it heatedly. Kara rubbed her neck from the other side.

Harry pulled back, and cupped his second wife's face in his hands. He looked in her eyes with the type of fierce determination that made Karen hopeful something was going to break.

"All of these people, they don't have to die," Harry said. "It's not over yet. We'll find a way."
"Do you think that we can really stop the inevitable from happening?" Karen asked. "The only thing that's keeping me here is my guilt, and really, that's no other reason for me to stay here. If that portal was working, and everything was all fine, I'd jump at the chance to be with both of you in a heartbeat."

"I know you would," Kara said, continuing to rub the back of Karen's neck, as Harry stroked her face and her hair. "I can see it in your eyes, and your heart. And the fact you want to help people, that makes you a great person. I would have wanted the same thing, if I was in your place."

"And we will be doing that," Harry said firmly. His mind was already working on situations as they spoke. "I don't know if we can stop what is already done. But maybe we can slow it down, somehow. You know, buy these people enough time so they can find out a way. There's doing the right thing, but we can't solve each and every single one of their problems. There will come a day where they have to learn to fend for themselves."

Karen nodded. She did know that deep down humanity was capable of some great things, even if there were many of them who used their talents for ill-will. They had potential, but their technology was behind the curve. And any advanced technology, she was not sure if they would properly understand it enough to make a difference.

Lex utilizing that piece of technology to take her down proved that much.

Still, they had to start somewhere. Especially when their lives were all on the line, and it was do or die for them all.

"We'll find a way to slow things down just enough for them to make a difference," Harry said. "When you leave, I want a smile on your beautiful face, and no tears in those bright blue eyes."

A smile crossed her face. Harry was the first guy who noticed her eyes, and called them beautiful. She didn't really mind if Harry paid attention to certain body parts, but at the same time it showed that he loved her, every single bit of her.

"We'll work together, put our heads together," Karen said.

Kara and Harry both smiled. The confidence spreading on her face was not a front this time. Kara suspected her new spouse was feeling like her old self again.

"But right now, there's something that I'm curious about, if you don't mind…" Karen said. "I know this is overstepping my bounds a little bit…"

Harry silenced her by putting his lips on hers. They kissed briefly, and then Harry pulled back.

"You deserve to know everything," Harry said. "Nothing you can ask can overstep any bounds. You deserve to know everything. Just ask away, my wife."

"Call it the science geek in me, but I'm more than curious about your genetic makeup," Karen said. "You're not completely human, and I'm wondering if there were Kryptonians or any other aliens in your bloodline. I have a theory, but I want to verify it."

Harry and Kara exchanged a look. Their curiosity was piqued as well.

"Let's finish breakfast first," Kara said.

"Right," Karen said with a nod. "And then we'll do what we need to do."
The three continued breakfast. It was their first of many in their expanded union.

After a breakfast, and then a shared shower, Kara, Karen, and Harry made their way to Karen's main lab at Starrwave. Karen took a few moments to take a look at the latest readings from the weather satellites. They were as dire as she believed. Whatever plan she, Harry, and Kara could have cooked up, she really did hope that it was not too little, too late.

It was days like this that caused her to become despondent, but she tried to pull herself out of it. She had to remain hopeful. If not for herself, then for the people who she would be leaving behind when she returned back with Harry and Kara.

"Any good news for a change?" Kara asked.

"My marriage is all the good news I've had recently," Karen said. A smile spread across her face. "I suppose when that comes out, there's going to be mass rioting in the streets. Everyone wanted a piece of Power Girl, and half of the people wanted a piece of Karen Starr to begin with. I was both number one and number two on the most eligible bachelorette list."

"That's quite the accomplishment," Harry said.

"It wasn't all roses," Karen said seriously. "It got me my fair share of creepy stalkers, and that was not fun."

Harry and Kara both nodded. They understood where she was coming from. There were a lot of disturbed people out there. Harry was glad that Kara rescued him. There were many witches who would not be able to take "no" for an answer. Even if they could not handle being with him, and everything that went along with being in a relationship with him.

"Luthor was the worst," Karen said, and she shook her head. "It's funny, with his resources and intelligence; he could do some good for the world. The diseases he could cure, the people he could help, it is really is amazing. Instead, he's focused, and dare I say fixated on his vendetta."

"He's the same way with my cousin," Kara said.

She often did think that if Lex Luthor put half of the effort that he did coming up with these sadistic schemes, into doing something that would help people, he would be a decorated hero. Yet, petty ego and greed blinded him.

"Never mind all of that, I'm with two wonderful people, who can handle everything that I can give them," Karen said.

She appreciated Harry especially. She half forgot he was only seventeen years old. He was far more mature than most people twice or even three times his age were. She had a sense he was hardened by a tough life.

He was a survivor, and that was something that anyone could appreciate.

"But, I'll take a look at the blood sample you gave me, and run some tests," Karen said, and she looked at Harry. "Don't worry, when I'm done, I'll destroy any DNA samples. With all of the mad scientists running around, the last thing we need is someone to make a twisted clone of you."

"Yeah, one of me is enough," Harry said, and Kara and Karen both laughed at this.

Harry sat with his shirt off, and Karen hooked him to a machine, to help monitor his vital signs. She tried to compare his genetic makeup and standard vital signs to both humans and Kryptonians.
"Just relax and act natural," Karen said. "I'll be back in a second when I run some tests on this blood."

Harry and Kara both nodded, and Karen disappeared to run said tests.

"I do wonder what I truly am," Harry said.

"Whatever you are Harry, it doesn't matter to me," Kara said, squeezing his hand. Harry nodded. He had no reason to think otherwise. "You're always going to be the man that I fell in love with, and the same with Karen."

"I share her curiosity, though," Harry replied.

"I do too," Kara agreed.

She sat next to Harry, and monitored the vital signs. Karen returned a few moments later, and a look of intrigue was on her face.

"What's the damage?" Harry asked her.

"No, not really that much damage," Karen said. "Whatever charm work your mother did, it was amazing. It strengthened your body, and your stamina beyond any normal human, and even Kryptonians. With the two of us being bonded to you, our strength and durability are going to be strengthened as well."

Harry nodded, letting this all sink in.

"You do have some latent Kryptonian heritage deep within your bloodline," Karen said. "I do sometimes wonder if Kryptonians did discover Earth thousands and thousands of years ago, and potentially colonized parts of it. Our races do look enough alike, that it kind of makes you wonder."

Kara and Harry both nodded. That was something to think about.

"Normally it would be less than one percent, but with your mother's charm work, you have been amplified to at least half Kryptonian. A few more girls and you might hit full Kryptonian."

"So, you're okay with the more than the three of us?" Harry asked.

"The more the merrier," Karen said. "I don't have any problem with the extended relationship, I doubt Kara does either, and all of the girls will jump at the chance of being pleased by someone like you. We do tend to be get competitive, but that's just in our nature."

"I don't think Harry will mind that," Kara said. "In the end, he wins either way."

"I know Kara will always be first in your heart, and I accept that, but I hope that I can be high up there as well," Karen said. She was going to be mature about it. Whether or not others would agree with that, that was a bridge they would cross when they would come to it. "Your DNA is very compatible with ours, so if you want to have children someday, it's possible."

Kara and Harry exchanged thoughtful expression.

"We'll revisit that down the line much later," Karen added to them, sensing that was not a step that they wanted to take for a time yet. To be honest, she was not in a hurry. Harry would be able to give them the children that would prevent their race from dying out. "As much as I'd like a child
someday, I'll settle for the mind blowing sex and all of the benefits that comes along with being bonded to you."

"Someday," Harry said.

"Although your first child should be with your first wife," Karen said, and she looked at the two of them. "It's only fair, but...let's talk about something else other than the preservation of the Kryptonian race."

Karen continued to look over the notes.

"You're pretty much immune to most major diseases, but there are certain things that would hurt you," Karen said. "Any magic user more powerful than you would be a problem, and any magically engineered virus could pose a threat under some circumstances. And your skin might be durable, but it's not completely one hundred percent invulnerable."

Harry and Kara nodded, letting it all sit in.

"I really can't tell what your life span will be exactly, but it's far beyond anyone could hope for," Karen said. "When the three of us reach a certain age, we'll remain young like that forever. I'd say about mid-twenties, which I'm closer to than you two are."

Kara and Harry nodded. There were drawbacks to that, like seeing everyone else grow old and died. But they were secure with the fact that they could stick around, and help keep the world safe for years and years to come.

There were a few more tests. The most interesting thing was that certain elements in Harry's blood had increased his power and his potential.

"I think that's the Basilisk venom and the phoenix tears that got in my bloodstream during my second year at Hogwarts," Harry said, and Karen waited for him to elaborate. "My old friend's baby sister wrote in an enchanted diary, even though she should have known better. I had to go and save her. It caused problems later on, but that's in the past. A giant fifty foot snake, a Basilisk bit me, and I was saved by a phoenix."

"We later found out the phoenix was descended from an animal on Krypton," Kara added.

Karen was visited by a though.

"Could the Basilisk also have been descended from an animal on Krypton?" Karen asked.

Harry thought about it for a moment.

"You know, I wouldn't be surprised if that was the case."

"That's just another thing to look at when we go home," Karen said.

She decided that returning back with them was for the best. Harry and Kara would help her stabilize as much of this world as they could. Then she would step into the portal, and join them in their new lives. She hoped before she left, she could give the people of this Earth a fighting chance.

"Yeah it is," Kara agreed.

Karen took a few minutes to clear up the lab. She made sure to copy Harry's test results, and then secure them on a disc. Then she deleted them from the computer system without another word. The
next step she took was to destroy every single drop of blood Harry had given her for her little tests.

"I think that's everything," Karen said.

Harry put his shirt back on, and the two blonde Kryptonians playfully booed at this action, but he just smiled. He used a basic scanning spells to make sure none of his blood had been spilled. It took a magically enforced needle to pierce his skin in the first place. Said needle withdrew his blood, and it lead to the interesting results Karen had found out during her experiments.

Karen kept the records, so Harry and Kara could study it. Perhaps within Harry's blood, they might be able to find a cure for diseases that eluded humanity for years. It would take a couple of years of study to make sure, but it was a potentially worthy and profitable endeavor.

The three continued to put their heads together. The crystal was a dead end, but now they had another issue to deal with.

They needed to see what they could do to save this world, before it fell into further despair. Harry caught glimpse of Karen's latest readings. Several earthquakes occurred in a short amount of time, and the weather was erratic. The temperatures should not have been this hot, even during the dog days of summer.

Techno music could be heard in a dance club in one of the seedier parts of this version of Metropolis. A number of patrons walked around, half of them looking like they had lost a fight with either a spray paint can, or a nail gun. They had piercings, and dyed hair. They were dressed in low riding jeans, ripped. Their shirts had the logos of various metal bands.

"Hey, man, I can hook you up with the good stuff. Just slip me a twenty."

Before this business transaction could go any further, the doors of the club had been busted down. A dozen thugs, dressed in ski masks, and body armor held guns, as they marched towards the patrons.

"What's your deal, man?"

A loud gunshot had dropped the young man who said this. The thugs meant business, and were not in the mood to play games.

"Alright, listen up!" the leader of the gang yelled. "We're going to ask you nicely, so nicely that even you can understand it. Hand over your money, and any jewelry you might have. I don't care where it is, we want all of it."

The nightclub goers shook, and their music was killed. A rather rough security guard stepped in, to try and restore order. However, a loud gunshot echoed, and the man dropped to his knees. Blood spilled from the back of his head.

"On the ground, now!"

Despite not being the brightest bulbs in the box, the club goers did as they were told. Two of the goons walked around, and money was deposited in a paper bag.

"Cough it all up, no funny business!"

Their hands trembled, and the goons continued to move around. The doors of the club burst open, and a burst of super breath blew the thugs off of their feet. Two blonde Kryptonians and one dark haired wizard showed up.
"Arcane, what crime are we stopping?"

"Power Girl has a point. I'm pretty sure that there was some kind of heist going on here. But there seems to be an equally gross crime against fashion that demands our attention."

Arcane looked towards both of his girls.

"Let's deal with the people performing the heist first," Arcane said.

The thugs looked up, their eyes snapped towards the newest arrivals. They were not happy about being interrupted, and acted in the most irrational manner possible.

"Deal with this!"

A shower of bullets sprayed both Power Girl and Supergirl. Given their powers, they barely felt anything, other than annoyance at the poor efforts these thugs made in attacking them.

"Those are the poorest made bullets that I've ever seen," Power Girl commented.

"Yeah, I can't say I've seen any worse either," Supergirl agreed.

The gang leaders realized that they had committed the very bad mistake of trying to shoot a Kryptonian. The attack did not hurt them, and it only served to annoy them.

Another burst of super breath was directed at the thugs. They were blown off guard right into the wall. Several bones cracked and snapped. Arcane flicked his wrist, and the explosives on them activated. The thugs remained frozen with fear, but could not dislodge the explosives in time.

The ending was grisly. Arcane managed to shield everyone in the club from the attack, but the thugs were not so lucky. Power Girl, Supergirl, and Arcane walked over, to help pass out the stolen loot to those it belonged to.

The two blonde Kryptonians ignored the very obvious and quite sad attempts from the stoned nightclub goers to hit on them.

"And that's just sad," Power Girl whispered.

"That isn't even worth getting mad at them about," Supergirl added.

"Agreed," Arcane said. He would have to agree that it was not even worth getting upset.

The three left, as the police moved in. As far as the night club goers knew, the goons had tried to blow them up in their crazed heist, but their explosives failed. Arcane used his powers to shield them from the attack.

"You know something; if we time it right, it just might work."

Harry, Kara, and Karen sat around a table, with several notes around them. Harry and Kara had been in this dimension for over a month. The crystal was only twenty percent of the way towards being fixed. Unless they found a replacement, it was going to be a long time before they could use it to activate the portal.

They alternated between spending time with each other, fighting crime underneath their super hero identities, and working on a way to help save this particular version of Earth before it was too late.

Karen also continued her magical training. Harry and Kara taught her several ways to utilize her
powers, to deal with her enemies in a way that they would never bother her again. All while making it look like an accident, to give her some plausible deniability against some of the morally minded people out there.

Harry and Kara spent a lot of time thinking about this, she figured. Still they had creative minds and devious minds as well. That was something that was both brilliant and scary at the same time. Still she had to admire them for their creativity.

"We should run a simulation," Kara said. "But, there's no way that something like this shouldn't work."

"It won't stop it from happening, it will happen years down the line," Harry said to them. "Luthor did the damage already. There's no turning back. But we can stop more damage from being done, and stop the decay from happening any further."

"So we create this probe, and bury it in the center of the Earth," Karen said, and Harry and Kara both nodded.

"It's going to relieve the pleasure, and shield the destruction of this Earth," Harry continued. "I think we can stall it by as much as seventy or eighty years, maybe even a century. There are two problems."

"One," Kara said, holding up a finger for emphasis. "The probe has to be put into the Earth at the right spot. Even with magic, there's going to be a margin of error that's going to be hard to navigate around."

Karen nodded. She suspected that would be the case.

"The second problem is our lack of information about what Lex Luthor did in the first place," Harry added. "The probe would work without it, but there's more of a chance of it failing. If we can get into LexCorp, and get our hands on whatever plans he used for that device, it would be a lot easier."

"Easier said than done," Karen said, shaking her head. "I don't know what it's like in your world, but LexCorp is fortified with just as much security as the Pentagon. Even with magic, we're going to be pushing things, and the slightest slip up, every single weapon Lex has is going to be in our faces. And he could unleash something worse that could lead to the destruction of this world faster."

Harry nodded. That was a cause for concern, and one that they would have to figure out how to get around. One step at a time, and they would tackle every single problem.

"Let's just get started on the probe the best we can," Harry told them both.

Both girls nodded. That would take a few weeks to get started, although it would be a several year project if they did not have their powers.

The fate of this world hinged on their success, or failure.

Time passed over the next few weeks, but Kara burst into the lab suddenly. Karen and Harry spent some time working on the probe, as Kara went on a hunt for a lead about a potential replacement crystal.

"Hey, you guys, I've got good news and bad news," Kara said, looking at them.
Karen looked at Kara. She decided to voice what she thought was the very obvious question.

"Does good news ever come without bad news?" Karen asked her.

"Well sometimes it does, but that's beside the point," Kara said. She shook her head. "The good news is, I've found another crystal."

"Are you sure?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, I'm sure," Kara told both of them. "As sure as I can ever be without getting my hands on the thing at least."

"That's great then, we'll finish this probe, finish fixing the portal, and solve both problems," Karen said, and another miniature tremor echoed from outside. "And it won't be a moment too soon either."

"That's the good news though," Harry said, and he looked at his first wife. "You're holding out on the bad news."

Kara paused, building up a bit of suspense. She decided to let them in on the bad news, slowly and gently.

"The bad news is, the worst possible person we can think of has his mitts on the crystal," Kara said.

It was at this point where all three of them changed an exasperated look.

"That's about right," Karen said, shaking her head. "Figures it would have to be Luthor who would be the one to have the thing we need to return home."

"Well, that's not too much of a problem," Harry said to both of them, and he waved them over. "All we need to do is come up with a plan."

All three Potters huddled. The crystal was in Lex Luthor's hands, or at least at one of his labs. With any luck, they would be able to track at least this version of Lex Luthor down, and finish him off.

"You think he might be purposely luring us with the crystal as bait?" Harry asked.

Both blonde Kryptonians thought about that for a moment, and nodded.

"I thought so," Harry concluded darkly.

They needed to come up with a plan. The element of surprise would not work, given Luthor now had an idea what they were after.

Still there were more than a few tricks up their sleeve.

Even though they were sure that Luthor did as well.
Chapter 19: Red Part One.

No matter how many powers a person had, no matter how many gadgets or resources they had at their disposal, there was one simple element that was essential for any attack. That was the people needed to have a proper plan. It was one of the fundamental rules of business. If a person failed to plan, then they would most certainly plan to fail. There was no question about it.

In some ways, they wondered if a plan was going to be enough to allow them to accomplish their goals.

The crystal was taunting them from afar. Kara, Karen, and Harry all knew this, and knew that Lex may have stumbled upon what they were searching for. They had no idea if it was the genuine article, or just bait. They were leaning towards the genuine article, but were prepared just in case it was actually some kind of bait.

Lex Luthor was a crafty individual. That made him far more dangerous, as he had security that made most governments in the world look poor and inferior. Several encounters with the various super heroes had caused him to adapt new technologies. Harry had to give Lex some respect, albeit the grudging sort, as he calculated everything to an almost obsessive level.

Karen dropped a folder of several building plans out on the table. "This is, as of right now, everything that I can dig up on the LexCorp facility that they are storing the crystal. What we know presents a challenge. What we don't know, could present a problem."

Harry and Kara both divided the papers between them, and looked at them. Every single dastardly detail stared back at them. Through their shared mental link, they were able to process the information put in front of them. Karen sat back, and waited to see if they would come to the same conclusion that she did about this matter.

"Difficult," Harry commented casually.

"But doable," Kara inputted.

"That's what I thought," Karen said. She snuck another quick glance at the plans herself. Her posture became firm, and she really was determined not to let anything rattle her. "These are the official floor plans, so it's hard to tell what demented little surprises Lex has cooked up for us this time. He's got his hands on a fair bit of advanced technology over the years. And he's got friends in high places."

"It wouldn't be simple enough to apparate in," Harry said. "He has a security system that automatically alerts him of anyone in the building that should not be. State of the art, so much so that I might have to steal it when I get back home."

Karen and Kara both cracked smiles. Harry folded his arms, and took a deep breath, looking at everything he had before him.

"We're going to have to disable the security system, and the two internal backups that he has," Kara added. "And we're going to have to do it long range. He doesn't make it easy."

"And he flaunts the crystal underneath our nose," Harry said.
The three exchanged focused looks, and they were determined to not have this end badly for any of them. There was a plan of an attack, a strategy. Normally, they might have jumped at their chance to get their hands on the crystal.

However, the fact they just happened to come across it raised a rather prominent red flag in Harry's mind. It was something that he could not shake, and he took a deep breath. It was situations like this where it was do or die.

Harry, Kara, and Karen continued to map out the plans. Karen took a deep breath, and both Harry and Kara turned to her.

"It's the first time I could come face to face with Luthor since that day," Karen said. She tried to remain cool under the face of fire, but her expression faltered. "I had to stop him or the machine. I shut the machine down, but he slipped away. And he slipped away to do more damage, with those robots that we fought a few weeks back. Did I do the right thing, by not putting him down?"

"Karen, you did the right thing," Harry said. He gave his second wife a smile and a reassuring hug. "As much as I'd like to rip Lex Luthor apart in principle, he left you with a no win situation. Sometimes, much as I hate to admit it, the bad guy will find a way to get away. Between saving people, and letting the evil villain get away, the people come first. Sometimes they make it so you lose either way."

Granted, the fact he was sometimes in a no-win situation happened to agitate Harry. He was busy coming up with ways to limit that from happening, but that was an uphill battle. He cleared his throat, and shook his head.

"So are we in this?" Kara asked.

"We're in this," Karen agreed.

"For sure," Harry said.

Their looks were focused, and they were determined. This was the moment of truth. All three spouses exchanged glances. They were ready.

They had every bit of information that they could get their hands on. It was pretty much do or die for them all. There was no use waiting. They went over the plan one more time.

"First we pop outside the LexCorp from gates," Harry told them.

"We need to pop at these exact coordinates," Kara said. "That is the closest point where the first wave of security will not get us on sight."

"Then we will blow out the primary security network," Karen concluded. "But there's only a fifteen second lag time before the backups kick in."

"We have to work that quickly," Harry continued, with a nod and a smile. "Get them both, while I'll get the doors open. The moment we get inside, we're going to have to worry about any surprises. Even if we disable the known security we have, there are still surprises. Anyone who moves, take them out, no questions out, but if they are guards, just stun them. Luthor, if he shows his face, we'll take more drastic measures."

Harry turned to both of his girls. They nodded. In theory, this would be a piece of cake.

They all knew that things tended to work out a lot better in theory, then they did in practice.
"The vault containing the crystal is on level three, which may have a further level of security," Harry continued.

"Right, just watch out for that," Karen said.

"And on that same level, is Lex's little doomsday weapon plans," Harry said. "If it all possible, we need to get in there, and grab ahold of those as well."

Both blonde Kryptonians nodded. If they were to complete the probe to ease the pressure on the Earth's core, they would need to find any information that would help them. The only real problem was to prevent the sun going super-nova, but Harry, Kara, and Karen calculated that the Earth's core was more likely to explode first.

Science did make Harry's head spin sometimes. There were times where everything could not be explained, or when it was, it just raised more questions than it did answers.

The three took deep breaths. They arrived immediately outside of the front of LexCorp. Harry looked at Kara. Kara looked at Karen. Karen looked at Harry. All three of them nodded, and raised their hands. A blast of energy shot from them immediately.

The first level of security was done.

Fifteen…fourteen…thirteen….twelve…eleven…second and third layers of security were knocked down. Supergirl and Power Girl waited, and the door vanished. Arcane found vanishing it much easier than actually blasting it open, and took a few seconds less.

The three moved indoors. They spotted each and every one of the security cameras. Some were well hidden, but found with a little effort. The security cameras were busted up with a great deal of static.

'Let's move,' Harry projected mentally to his girls.

Lex Luthor sat in a heavily guarded room. Despite the security that he had set up in LexCorp, everything paled in comparison to what he had set up in his inner sanctum. It was state of the art. He sat in a chair, and sipped on a glass of wine, casually waiting for all of the pieces to come together.

He looked at one of his view screens. The main entrance of the lower levels had gone all fuzzy. This was normally not a cause for alarm, but after what he experienced in the past, Lex was not taking many chances. He would be prepared for the worst, and remained vigilante.

Sure enough, he managed to catch a brief image of them on the security cameras. They went by fast, before the static hit the security system. He got enough of a view of them, and moved over to his intercom system.

"We have guests on the lower level," Lex said, and he remained in the shadows. A grin spread across his face. "It's the Kryptonian, and her two new playmates. Make sure you boys give them a suitable reception."

Lex crossed his hands with a smirk on his face. Then something hit him immediately. There was no answer back on the Intercom system. It had been cut off, and Lex tried to access the back off.

"If anyone can hear me, respond," Lex stated roughly. He impatiently waited for an answer, but got absolutely no one once again. He tapped his fingers again and again. He rocked back and forth,
and now he was beginning to get nervous.

Somehow, they had disabled his main security system, his back up, and now his communication system. He still had physical security guards, but they were running around much like chickens with their heads cut off.

Lex allowed himself a moment to appreciate the resourcefulness of his enemies. It was a moment that disgusted him, and one that they would pay for. All of them would not make a mockery out of him again. He had been holding onto that crystal for such an emergency, hoping to entice the Kryptonian, and had set up a plan.

If the other two got in his way, well they were going down along with her. It was just as simple as that. Lex twisted a knob, and tried to access the backups of the security system.

These three had done their homework. Once again, Lex had nothing, but respect for people who prepared. As long as the preparation was not done against him that was.

On his computer, he pulled up another file. He had not intended to use this contingency plan, unless it was a last ditch result. However, this would seal their fate.

The world was at stake after all. Lex had save it from the alien menace. He took a deep breath, and continued to plot. He would not go to Supergirl, Power Girl, and Arcane, rather they would come to him.

All he had to do is wait, and watch.

The first level of security was immediately disabled without too many problems. It caused their movement to become less than impeded. Arcane lead the charge down the hallway. Supergirl followed, and Power Girl brought up the rear. Several voices could be heard, and security rushed in.

Harry waved his hand, and the curtains came to life. They wrapped around the security guards, binding them. They dropped down, by three super quick movements.

"That's just the first wave," Harry whispered. "I'd imagine Luthor has something far more dangerous waiting for us further on."

Both girls nodded. That fact did go without saying. It was time to keep moving. Harry, Kara, and Karen made their way into position. There was no turning back now. Either they were in, or they were out. All three of them walked up, and heard a loud sound from above.

The security kicked in, shooting lasers at them. Power Girl and Supergirl took out the lasers on either side of the hallway. Harry took out the master array, and made his way to the elevator shaft. He continued to walk forward, and pushed open the side of the elevator. It cracked open, but it was completely empty.

No elevator was honestly no problem for all three of these heroes. After Harry checked the walls for any nasty surprises, the three took flight. Power Girl, Supergirl, and Arcane propelled themselves upwards, high into the air. Supergirl reached the top first, so she grabbed the doors.

"Coast is clear, it looks like," Kara whispered.

Power Girl blinked, and looked from side to side.
"This is the second floor," Karen said, but there was nothing further up, except for ceiling. "There must be a set of stairs, or a second elevator leading up to the next level."

That made everything a bit more difficult, but it was not completely lost. They made their way down the hallway. With their swift movements, they kept moving. Fortunately, they did not encounter any security.

'I bet you anything they're waiting on the third floor,' Kara thought to both of them.

'That's a sucker's bet,' Harry thought back.

'I agree,' Karen thought to them.

Two blonde Kryprtonians and one dark haired wizard walked down the hallway. Instinctively, Kara knocked out something that was coming down the hallway. Sure enough, her instincts were right, as attack robots came down the hallway. They began to fire lasers at the three of them. The three heroes moved into position for the kill.

'They really don't think they can hold us off with those,' Kara asked.

'No, I don't think they do,' Karen stated mentally.

'I think it's a stall tactic more than anything,' Harry thought to them.

'That just makes it worse,' Kara projected to them.

They did not have much more time to think past those basic thoughts. The droids continued to move in. As usual, dividing the work evenly did wonders. Kara and Karen flew over to either side. They used creatively maneuvering to dodge, and weave around the lasers. They pushed forward in the air, and the drones blew up in a shower of metal. Harry whipped his wrist, and the drones blew up hard.

'There's more to your right, Harry!' Kara thought to him.

Harry nodded, crossing his hands over each other. He was back on the attack. He dodged the attacks, and managed to find a way through the shielding into the energy cores. He caused them to fail. He had to time this attack carefully. If he put in too much power into his attacks, he could nuke half of the city, and that was the last thing that he wanted to do.

Kara and Karen scanned the walls with their X-Ray vision. Sure enough, Luthor had lined the walls with lead, to prevent any Kryptonians from peering through them. Harry walked over, and removed that drawback. The lead transfigured into plastic, which they could see through. The trio stepped forward, and smiles crossed their faces. They were closer.

There was a stairway off towards the end of the hallway. It was disguised as a broom closet, as to guide its intentions. The door flew open. Without another movement, they all shot up the wall.

'Stop,' Harry thought.

They stopped, and were prevented from flying head first into an energy field. While that could not hurt them all that much, it still was embarrassing to go face first into an energy wall. Kara scanned, and saw an energy panel deep within the wall. She punched through the wall, and Karen aimed her eyes. Heat vision shot through the wall, and burned through the device controlling the force field.

The force field shut down.
Harry, Kara, and Karen made their way upstairs. The large metal doors lead to the mysterious lab up in level three. Kara and Karen did the honors, forcing the door open by just barely nudging it with their shoulders. Harry followed them inside, and sure enough, a couple of dozen security guards stood on them.

"All three of us know that you're just doing your job," Harry told the security guards. His expression remained firm, and his jaw was set. "But if you hurt me, or either of these girls, I'll treat you like an enemy. You have one chance to stand down, but ask yourself a question. Is what Luthor paying you really worth rolling dice with your lives."

The intimidating looks of Supergirl, Power Girl, and Arcane made the security guards back up slowly. One step at a time, and they shuddered, thinking about how badly it would end. They had seen the destroyed robots. These three were intimidating to say the very least.

There was always one that did not think straight. One guard tried to get a shot at them, but Power Girl super sped in and ripped the gun out of his hand. She slammed him down with a tremendous force.

"Anyone else want to angle for your holiday bonus?" Power Girl asked, putting her hands on her hips.

The security guards gulped, and rushed towards the stairs away from them. Supergirl, Arcane, and Power Girl all watched them leave.

"At least there are some people who have sense in the world," Harry remarked, but he had little time to make further observations.

Harry, Kara, and Karen made their way into the main lab. There were a few experiments that went on, and some of them seemed to be in-depth study over several diseases. Lex was both working on cures for some of the deadliest diseases in the world, and also was trying to turn the diseases into weapons. He had a very profitable business venture on both ends. He could both cure and kill, and line his pockets both ways.

Pulling out a flash drive, Harry downloaded the information he had found onto it. It could be potentially useful, but he reminded himself that he would have to exercise caution. Curing one disease might benefit a lot of people. However, it could leave the door open to a more potentially deadly, and problematic disease. So that was something wise to keep in mind, for the potential Pandora's Box that could be opened.

Still the information would be useful for a number of reasons. One of them was that Luthor put a great deal of research in how to use the various diseases as weapons. However, if this Luthor made these conclusions, Harry would only have to guess that his universe's Luthor would have made that distinction. He took a deep breath, and his girls followed him.

'I got everything,' Harry projected to them, seeing two identical looks on the pair of them.

Power Girl and Supergirl both nodded, and followed Arcane up towards the back area in the lab.

The crystal had to be around here somewhere. Between the three of them, they were able to search the entire lab.

'I don't think it's in here,' Kara thought to both of her spouses in a despondent manner.

'Luthor tricked us, we should have known,' Karen thought to herself.
All three were frustrated, but this was not over. They kept searching.

Harry gave one more quick check around the lab. He had to be completely sure before he was able to write off this entire excursion as a bust. He took a deep breath, and continued to press forward. A huge level of static kicked in, and a super-sonic pulse erupted. A voice proceeded to taunt them on a frequency that only could be heard by Kryptonians.

"You three really went to a lot of trouble to get here," Lex commented in his cold and sadistic tone of voice. "You cost me thousands of dollars by damaging my security, and made a fool out of me."

"You do a pretty good job at doing that yourself, Luthor," Power Girl taunted him. "You don't need our help to make you look like a fool."

Supergirl and Arcane snickered.

"I'll almost admit you're amusing wit when you're dead, Power Girl," Luthor said in a dry voice.

"Well, the feeling isn't mutual, sorry to say," Power Girl fired back.

"Just give it up Luthor, we know you're here," Arcane told him. "You saw what we did to your security. What do you think we're going to do to you?"

"You really think you can touch me, boy," Luthor said. He chuckled at the very thought that some upstart could take down the great Lex Luthor.

Arcane tried to pinpoint the source of the frequency. Supergirl and Power Girl took that as their cue to keep Lex Luthor talking. That was something that he had really no problem with doing at all.

"Arcane really is a true man, while you're nothing, but a spoiled little rich brat underneath all of your bold speeches," Power Girl taunted.

"One constant exists throughout the entire multiverse, and that is Lex Luthor is arrogant, and that will be his downfall," Supergirl replied.

Luthor paused in confusion.

"What are you two blathering about?"

"It must suck not to be the genius that you think yourself to be," Power Girl continued. She gave a mocking, nearly amused, expression of pity. "You really don't know. Poor Lex, you think you're in control, but you're losing control."

"I'll show you how much in control I am," Luthor said.

Power Girl, Supergirl, and Arcane braced themselves. No doubt in his desperation, Lex would do something desperate, and potentially stupid. They did not have to wait too long, as miniature attack drones shot out.

"Cool, target practice!" Supergirl shouted, and she began to blast the miniature drones out of the air one by one. "I'm going to get more than you can."

"You so are not," Power Girl said with a grin, before she focused herself and blasted the miniature orbs one by one with her heat vision.

'I've got Luthor, he's in a hidden office behind the bathroom on this floor,' Arcane projected to both girls.
'Fitting,' Kara and Karen thought at the same time.

Arcane helped Power Girl and Supergirl finish off the final drones. At that moment, the air vents opened up. They braced themselves for the attack that was to come.

Red dust blew out towards the three heroes.

'Red Kryptonite dust,' Karen thought, but she shook her head, as Harry quickly got rid of it.

'Are you okay?' Harry thought to her.

'Yeah, I don't think I inhaled it,' Karen thought. She coughed, and felt a bit light headed. She shook most of it off. 'At least too much of it. I can't wait until you give me that cure, then this won't be a problem.'

By some miracle, there appeared to be no ill-effects.

'I think the Kryptonite cure worked for the red stuff as well,' Kara added, but she shook her head. 'Made my eyes water a little bit, but that could be the dust in general and not the Kryptonite aspect of it.'

Harry, Kara, and Karen did not see any ill effects, so once Harry was sure the dust was cleared, he continued to press on. The trio rushed up, and made their way through the bathrooms.

'Stay here, we don't have the Kryptonite cure for you yet,' Harry projected. 'I know this is personal, but we don't know whether or not Lex Luthor has any of the Green Kryptonite on him in that office.'

'Yeah, if we need help, we'll yell for you,' Kara said.

They both gave Karen a brief kiss and hug goodbye for luck. Then they blew through the wall of the bathroom, where a surprised Lex Luthor stood there, eyes widened.

"I don't know how you got through my security," Lex said, and he reached for his Kryptonite underneath his desk.

He never had a chance to reach for it. While the Earth-1 version of Lex Luthor was saved by the divine intervention of Superman, this version of Lex Luthor was not so lucky at being saved. Harry moved in, with cat like reflexes and expert precision. Lex was blown off course, and knocked into the wall.

When he flew into the wall, razor sharp spikes had materialized in the wall. It was a spell Harry learned in the past year, and it worked to grisly detail. The spikes impaled into Lex, and he gave a grimace, before he bled to death from the impact. Blood splattered everywhere.

Harry made sure there were no new surprises in the office. The Kryptonite under the desk was something that they expected, and Harry dealt with it immediately.

Power Girl peeked through the wreckage, and saw Lex Luthor pinned to the wall by the razor sharp spikes.

"You don't fuck around, do you?" Power Girl asked, breaking the silence.

"Most of the time I don't, but I knew exactly what Lex was going to do so it helped," Arcane said.

He had lived this event once before. Where Lex Luthor tried to take a shot at him and Kara, but
last time Harry admitted he was a bit blinded by rage. Now that he had a chance to visualize what he wanted to do, he was able to get in and get out as the situation mandated. This time he threw Lex into the wall, and made sure he died.

He checked to make sure this Luthor was not any android duplicate or hard light hologram. While the blood had been rather real, Harry was not going to take any chances that Lex had pulled some kind of switching act.

Fortunately for Harry, Lex Luthor was very much the real deal.

He moved over behind Lex's desk, and cleared up the blood that had spilled. He took a few steps to tap into the computer system, and managed to get inside.

"I've got it," Harry told both of them, and his wives crowded around. He turned to Karen especially, and motioned for her to come over. "Is this the device that Luthor used to cause all of this?"

"Yes," Karen said, and she wondered if she normally felt this winded after a battle. She pushed herself forward, and tried to use the trick to block her thoughts so she would not give either Harry or Kara any worries.

Harry tapped in. The device was a nasty piece of work. He would be able to develop a counter measure if his universe's version of Lex Luthor was visited by a similar demented inspiration. The data would also be what was necessary to get the probe done.

Kara reached over, and lightly pulled the vault open. On the shelf was an extremely familiar crystal. She double checked to make sure it was not rigged. With a swift motion, she pulled it into her hands. Turning it over, she examined it.

"It seems like the real deal to me," Kara said with a smile on her face.

Karen took a moment to look over the crystal. "It's the real deal. It has a certain shimmer that nothing on Earth could even come close to duplicating. That was a stroke of luck, at least we have a way to get home when we finish the probe."

"The probe should be finished soon with this data," Harry said, but he took a minute to look at both of them. "Are you sure both of you girls are okay?"

Karen and Kara nodded their heads. They felt a bit tired from the battle, but otherwise they were rather fine.

"I don't know what the red Kryptonite dust might have done, but we should get that checked out," Harry said, and he looked at them. Concern was in his eyes, as he looked at his two beautiful Kryptonian angels. They smiled back at him. "When we get cleared up, I'll have you scanned for any side effects."

There was a sound in his voice that showed that he was not going to have any argument about what was going to happen. Neither girl really minded, they liked when their man was attentive to them, and made sure he took care of them. Some girls would have been offended that he was so protective, but they would be childish and petty. It wasn't like he sheltered them, but he was concerned for them and would want them to be the best they could be.

The first thing they had to do was cover their tracks. A few compulsion charms were utilized rather well. Harry thought that the Ministry really did overuse memory spells, when lighter and less mind altering spells could be used to achieve the desired effect ten times easier.
Harry smiled at them, to let them know that they were ready. Kara made sure the crystal was secured in their bag. Then, Karen, Kara, and Harry all made their way off. There were a few tests that needed to be performed before they could move onto other projects.

Back in Karen's lab, Karen and Kara sat down, and relaxed. It had been less than an hour since both of the girls had been exposed to the red Kryptonite dust. Harry joined them a few moments later, and they took a few minutes to study the test results.

It only took a couple of moments before Harry was able to notice something out of the ordinary in the data.

"Kara's is fine," Harry said, and he looked over the data. "Her vital signs check out to be completely healthy. I could not have thought there to be a better set of test results. However, there is a bit of a problem with you, Karen."

Karen let out a deep sigh. For some reason, she knew when that red Kryptonite dust was unleashed; there was a chance for some kind of problem to develop. She turned to Harry slowly, and looked at him with a completely serious look.

"Don't just sit there, spit it out," Karen told him. "What's the damage?"

Harry took a moment to look at her, and he grabbed her hands.

"First of all there is nothing completely fatal, well not for you," Harry said. "The fact that you're completely able to stave off the effects of it long enough speaks well of your will power, and your stamina. And you didn't inhale too much of it, but there are some trace elements. Luthor modified this, to use as a weapon to try and bring you down."

Harry found himself glad that he killed this version of Luthor at least. He took a deep breath, and received the strength to continue at the looks of encouragement from both Kara and Karen.

"The Red Kryptonite dust was going to raise your sex drive past a level that most could not sustain," Harry said, and he looked at Karen. "You were essentially going to be turned into a Nymphomaniac that could not be satisfied no matter what anyone did for you. Every single person you would have encountered...well I don't need to draw you a diagram. Luthor was hoping that your heart would either give out, or someone would take you down, when you got out of control. You would be ruined for life, and he would be proven to be right."

Simmering hatred flicked through Karen's mind. She was glad that Lex Luthor was dead. The only regret she had was that she was not able to snap his neck herself, or have it done sooner.

"We're going to have to keep you in this lab right now, until the spores get worked out of your system," Harry said, and Karen looked at him in confusion. "There were plant spores mixed in with the red Kryptonite. A modified version of something that Poison Ivy may have used, but...Luthor wanted to drive you into a mindless, sex frenzied rage."

Karen looked at Harry, and she felt the need to jump her husband immediately.

"You're feeling these thoughts, these carnal desires already, aren't you?" Harry asked her.

Karen shook her head, but Harry reached forward. He wrapped his arms around her tightly, and pulled her into a long kiss.

'No matter how long, or how hard you need to go, I can take it,' Harry projected to her in her mind.
'We can take it,' Kara amended.

Harry continued to deepen the kiss on Karen, and run his fingers through her hair. Kara cleared off the lab table, and managed to put a cushioning charm on it. Then Karen was pushed back onto the table as both Kara and Harry hovered over her.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Kara took over Harry's role in kissing Karen's mouth. The two girls moaned deeply into each other's mouths, and Harry moved down. He slide over the bottom part of her costume, and was greeted by her very wet pussy. The juices clung to her lips.

"Kara, sit on her face and let her eat your pussy why I eat hers," Harry told Kara.

Kara smiled, offering one last kiss, before she removed her panties. She was completely nude underneath her skirt. Karen grabbed Kara's hips, and forced her down hard onto her tongue.

"Just couldn't wait, could you?" Kara whimpered, and she was rewarded by Karen licking the inside of her pussy. Karen rubbed her nose against Kara's clit, and stroked her insides with her tongue. "Yeah, that's the stuff, keep licking it, tongue my cunt!"

Harry was momentarily distracted by how hot the scene was above him on the table. He snapped himself out of it due time, and began to rub Karen's pussy lips. She moaned into Kara's cunt, and Harry inserted one finger into her. He fingered her cunt, before he inserted a second finger, and then a third finger. He pumped slowly, and caused Karen to continue to grow more frantic. Kara moaned, as Karen continued to pleasure her.

"You're so wet," Harry said. "You're a horny girl, aren't you? I'm going to fuck you until you can't stand it."

Harry stuck his tongue into his second wife's pussy, and began to pleasure her. His tongue rattled in the inside of her.

"Enjoy that?" Kara whispered, and she continued to bounce up and down onto Karen's face, feeling her pussy being eaten.

Karen whimpered from beneath Kara's cunt, and continued her oral efforts on the other girl. Kara alternated between playing with her own breasts, and Karen's, as she watched Harry go to town on the other girl's pussy.

Karen and Kara came pretty much simultaneously. Kara nearly fell back form the orgasm she had. Harry slid back, and his face was covered with Karen's juices after he soaked his face. Kara grinned, and beckoned for Harry to come over. Harry joined the two of them.

Karen was propped up to one side of Kara, and Harry was placed on her other side. Kara proceeded to alternate licking the juices off of both of her lover's faces. Harry and Karen locked eyes, and agreed that it was the hottest thing that they ever seen.

"Still wet, baby," Harry breathed, and he shoved Karen down onto the desk. "You want me to stick that big cock into your pussy, while Kara watches?"

"Yes, do it!" Karen screamed, and Harry pushed her down. He spread her legs. Karen's strong legs locked around him, and Harry aimed his cock. He jammed it into her cunt.

Harry began to push in and out of Karen, and she began to moan, and claw his back beneath him.
Kara watched from the side. She rubbed her pussy furiously, and Harry motioned her to come closer.

He reached over to the side and began to finger Kara's pussy, while he plunged his cock in and out Karen on the desk. Karen whimpered, and Harry used his right hand to play with her breasts, while using his right hand to finger Kara.

Both girls were moaning, and screaming in pleasure at Harry's actions.

"Like that my beautiful angels?" Harry asked them. "I'm going to pound both of your pussies until they are raw!"

There were whimpers of "yes, please!" and Harry was visited with a burst of inspiration. Harry pulled out of Karen, which caused her to moan at the loss of Harry's cock. Harry moved over, and jammed his cock into Kara's wet and ready cunt.

"Oh, Harry, fuck me!" Kara moaned at the top of her lungs and she tilted her head over to the side, so she could kiss Karen as Harry hammered into her.

"So tight, squeeze my cock, drain all of the cum out of it, that's it, Kara baby!" Harry grunted, and he pulled out of Kara, and switched to Karen for a little bit. He made sure to use his fingers to pump into Kara's pussy as he hammered Karen's on the other side.

Both girls moaned into each other's mouths, continuing their deep and passionate kisses. Harry alternated between fucking both girls. It turned into a competition of who could make Harry burst first. They used their powerful pussy muscles to squeeze, as Harry fucked them each for thirty seconds at a time. As time went on, he extended it to forty five seconds.

"I'm about to cum!" Harry told them, his cock pushing in and out of Kara's cunt. She clenched hard as she could. "Looks like Kara's going to get it!"

"Like hell she is," Karen grunted, breaking the kiss, causing Kara to gasp in surprise from this action. She grabbed Harry, and pulled him out of Kara's cunt. Kara gave her a dirty look at the loss, and Karen rolled Harry over, before she pushed herself hard onto his dick, and began to bounce up and down. "Watch my tits Harry. Don't they make you want to cum?"

"Yes, yes," Harry whispered, watching her fleshy globes bounce up and down, and he reached to play with them, but Kara blocked his hands.

"Only because I softened him up," Kara said, but she was determined to finish. She sat herself down onto Harry's face, and began to grind on his tongue.

Karen could not formulate a retort, but she flexed her muscles, working over Harry's throbbing cock with them. Harry's powerful cock twitched against her, and she knew his orgasm was here. She grabbed Kara's face, and pulled her into a deep kiss.

The girls tongues both clashed together for dominance, and their pussies ground on Harry's face and cock respectively. They kissed, and fondled each other's breasts, rolling their thumbs over their hard nipples, and moaned into each other's mouths.

Harry managed to hold on for another moment, but these activities caused his balls to tighten. His load exploded into Karen's cunt, and painted her walls white with his seed. Kara immediately darted forward, and pushed Karen off when Harry was finished. With another swift motion, Kara dove at Karen's pussy, and began to furiously lick at it. The younger blonde began to eat the cum from the older blonde's cunt.
"Hey no fair," Karen moaned, but she was too distracted by Kara's talented tongue savoring both her and Harry's juices.

Harry watched the hot and erotic scene before him. Kara's face rose up from Karen's pussy. Both girls flew, sitting on either side of Harry. The dark haired wizard proceeded to play with their lovely breasts, but their eyes turned towards Harry's cock.

"Does it ever go down?" Karen breathed hotly.

"Well, why don't you try?" Harry asked both of them, a knowing smile.

Kara and Karen exchanged identical grins, and pushed Harry down onto the table. They secured him to the table, to the point where he was unable to move. The two girls proceeded to kiss over Harry in the air. Kara grabbed Karen's larger breasts, rubbing and squeezing them. Karen moaned into Kara's mouth in appreciation, and played with the younger girl's ass. The two girls locked legs, and rubbed their pussies together for a minute, grinding against each other as they played.

They broke their efforts, and saw Harry's cock standing up and proud. The two lowered down. Their tongues bathed Harry's cock with saliva, and they took turns licking it. Each girl licked it three times, and then cupped each other's pussies in mid-air, playing with them.

"Damn, so hot," Harry breathed.

They just grinned and continued this fun and games for a minute. Then both girls sat down on either side. They grabbed Harry's cock in their hands, and proceeded to sandwich in between both sets of breasts.

"Tit fuck me," Harry told them. "That's it, do it!"

Harry thought that there was no better feeling than having his cock being pleasured by two lovely breasts. He was in fact wrong, there was one thing that was better. Kara and Karen rubbed Harry's cock between their breasts. The two girls played with each other's asses and pussies in between this. They exchanged a sloppy kiss, and Harry groaned.

"Fuck, rub my shaft with your beautiful tits!" Harry groaned, and they continued to rub up and down. "Going to cum if you keep this up."

Moaning into each other's mouths, Kara and Karen sped things up. They broke the kiss, and began to take turns licking the head of Harry's penis as it popped out from their cleavage.

"Cum for us, Harry!" they cheered in unison, and Harry groaned as they continued to furiously rub his dick between their tits. His balls tightened, and the two girls sped up their actions.

Harry was in heaven with their beautiful tits working him over.

"I want to shoot my load all over your delicious tits, and beautiful faces!" Harry yelled, and both girls continued to work him over with their wonderful globes. His balls were completely filled up.

A moment later, his dick began to ejaculate a heavy stream of cum. It splattered onto the faces and chests of both girls. They caught as much they could on their tongues, and they slipped back. Harry watched as they once again made out, licking his cum from their faces. Kara then buried her face into Karen's tits, and began to eagerly suck on them. Harry felt himself come back to life at this act.

The two girls sliced Harry's restraints free with heat vision, which made the entire experience that much more erotic. Harry pulled himself up, and eyed both girls. They both looked at him, giving
him very distinct "fuck me" eyes.

"So hard to choose," Harry said.

Karen and Kara exchanged a look with each other. They decided to have a race, whoever got to Harry's cock first would be the next one to have sex with him, while the other one watched. Kara managed to beat her older counterpart by just a little bit.

Karen crossed her arms, but found herself too preoccupied to care. Harry grabbed her hips, and pulled her cunt onto his mouth. He stuck his tongue into her, and Karen moaned as he began to eat her pussy. His tongue licked her insides. Kara took Harry's cock, teasing herself a bit by rubbing his cock against her entrance. Then, Harry was slipped into her entrance. Kara sped up her actions, as Karen continued to moan.

"Lick me, lick me," Karen moaned, and Harry continued to service her cunt.

"Keep fucking me while you eat her pussy until she passes out from the pleasure!" Kara yelled, and Karen moaned. Harry's tongue hissed into her.

Harry was having the time of his life. It took a bit to figure out how to evenly divide the focus between both girls. After a short amount of time, he had it a down to a science. One beautiful blonde on his cock and one beautiful blonde on his face, and their moans got more passionate with each passing moment.

Karen was driven to another mind numbing orgasm, and she nearly lost her balance. Kara caught Karen and held her up. Karen moved over to the other side. Harry could now see Kara playing with Karen's tits and pussy, as he thrust deep into her cunt. The sight was making him hot.

"Kara suck her tits, I want to see that before I shoot my load into your pussy!" Harry encouraged her, and their hips continued to hit together.

Kara obliged, and her supple tits were feasted open. Karen moaned, wrapping her arms around Kara's back, digging her nails in deeply. Harry watched it, eyes glazed over. He continued to pump into Kara's pussy, as it worked his dick over. Karen was furiously rubbing her clit, and Harry could not hold it anymore.

Kara sensed that he was cumming, and made sure to increase her efforts on Karen's tits to make the explosion that more memorable. She began to lip, and slurp. The lewd sounds made Harry's balls tighten, and his load spurted deep into Kara. She moaned happily into the powerful breasts she currently had her face buried in.

Kara's face rose from Karen's tits, and the older girl pushed her down. The younger blonde gave a yelp. Karen ate his cum out of Kara's cunt, returning the favor from earlier. Karen's eyes shifted, staring at Harry's cock as she did this. Kara moaned, and bucked her hips into Karen's mouth. The two girls had their fun until Harry had risen back to the occasion.

Harry placed his hands on Karen's hips, and whispered into her ear.

"Eat her pussy out, while I fuck you from behind," Harry whispered.

The commanding tone made Karen's pussy clench. Harry spread her legs apart and positioned himself run to thrust into her. Karen moaned, and Harry proceeded to slam his cock into her from behind. The harder Harry fucked her, the more she began to eat Kara's pussy. Kara moaned, and her eyes glazed over in pleasure.
Kara could see her husband fucking her fellow wife from behind. Said wife was eating her pussy like it was a gourmet meal. This was an image she wanted burned into mind. Karen was intent of making her pass out.

Harry's hands reached around, and he squeezed Karen's massive breasts. His balls slammed against her thighs. The smack of flesh against flesh caused both of them to speed up their movements. Karen climaxed several times, but Harry was determined to ride this one out until she could take no more.

Karen's stamina was heightened thanks to the Red Kryptonite, but Harry was properly warmed up. He got stronger, and continued to give her everything that she wanted. She felt Kara's pussy convulse against her. She tasted so good, and she was intent on making the girl passed out. All of their minds were going wild at the pleasures. Karen moaned deeply, in between licking Kara's pussy.

Kara finally passed out. She was completely spent, at least for a couple of hours. Karen did not cease her activities right away. The little jolts of magic had caused quite the wind storm to be kicked up around the lab. Karen pulled her soaked face away from the unconscious girl's snatch. She whimpered, and moaned when Harry tugged on her hair. Fluids dripped from her legs, rolling down her thighs.

The dance continued for a short amount of time later.

"Harry, I need your cum in me please, just give it to me!" Karen yelled.

Harry twisted and tweaked her nipples, causing her to moan.

"Your pussy feels so good, I'm going to cum," Harry said.

Harry sped up is thrusts, at super speed. The vibrations rocked the foundations of Karen's lab floor. Karen braced herself for the explosion. She tightened, and moaned.

Both lovers climaxed simultaneously. They saw stars when they had reached their climax. Harry unloaded rope after rope of cum into his second wife, until he collapsed.

All parties were satisfied, for now. Every single drop of fluid Harry had was pumped into his wife's Kryptonian pussy.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

The ending came with a huge bang. Harry was glad he had the foresight to put up spells to shield the expensive equipment in the lab from the majority of the damage done from their love making, and also the silencing spells that would hopefully stop him from disturbing the piece. He was sure Karen shared those sentiments, or at least she would when they came down from their high. Kara curled up on one side of him, completely out like a light for a while.

Karen was still slightly awake, but she just rested with her head on Harry's chest. The Red Kryptonite dust high she was experiencing caused her to go down. She was sure that everything had been sweated out of her system. That was for the tests in the morning to determine as well.

"Good night, Harry, I love you," Karen said, and she turned to give him a light kiss.

"Love you too as well, you too Kara if you can hear this," Harry said. "Think I got it all out of your system?"
"We might have to go for a few more rounds in the morning, just to double check," Karen told him, with a teasing smile.

Harry laughed, and they drifted off to sleep. With both of his girls up against him, life was good. He went to bed with a smile on his face, curled up next to his two beautiful blonde Kryptonians.
Chapter 20: Red Part Two.

The previous evening had been an eventful one for the three Potters. They had all slept through the night, content and safe in each other's arms. The sleep lasted a long time thanks to their activities of that evening. The sunlight reached the lab. This particular lab had been sealed off thanks to Harry's enchantments, so not even a janitor could enter without Harry dropping the charms.

If anyone would have been able to enter, they would have noticed quite the sight. Harry, Karen, and Kara were all resting on a lab table that they had used for their activities last night. Either girl was draped on top of Harry. The first hints of sunlight peaked through the lab, and hit their faces. Both girls woke up simultaneously, and Harry did so a moment later.

"Good morning Harry," Kara said, and she reached forward, kissing Harry on the lips.

"Morning," Karen said, and she kissed Harry as well when her double was finished. "We hope we didn't wear you out too much last night."

"No, I'm fine, although you did do a good job in trying," Harry replied with a grin.

The two girls snickered at this, before they became serious.

"I guess we're going to have to try harder next time," Karen said, and she turned to Kara. "You kind of left us at the end."

"Well I wasn't expecting such a passionate assault," Kara admitted with a little grin. "You really must have been jacked up on that red dust last night. Guess you inhaled a bit more than you thought, didn't you?"

Kara sat Karen up, and wrapped her arms around her. They exchanged a good morning kiss. Kara pushed her tongue deep into Karen's mouth, and Kara began to suck on it. Their eyes were closed, and they ran their hands through their hair, and then over their bodies.

Karen broke the kiss. "That's enough for now."

"Yeah, save some of that for later or at least until we get a nice good breakfast in us," Kara said. Harry placed an arm around each girl, and pulled them in close to them. They relaxed in silence for a few moments, before Kara remembered what happened the previous evening. "Lost in all of that excitement was the fact we got our hands on the crystal."

"Not only did we get our hands on the crystal, but we took care of a certain problem," Karen added, and a smile appeared on her face. She focused her look on Harry. "So how did it feel to spike Lex Luthor in the back?"

"Well I can't say I was laughing about it, because that would make me psychotic," Harry admitted, and the two girls grinned, as they pressed their bodies against Harry. "But it did feel oddly satisfying. Lex's ego does tend to trip him up. He thought he had all of the angles covered. He didn't expect me, and well he's regretting it now in the afterlife."

Karen and Kara nodded. It was a weight off of their shoulders for sure.

"Just think about it, that's all it's going to take," Kara said to Harry, and Harry nodded. "One time,
he'll just slip up one time, and then we'll have him. He can't keep running forever in our world."

Harry nodded. He remembered back with the Injustice League how Lex kept his distance away from him, and everything else. Perhaps he had learned his lesson, but he was not going to stay that course for long. Many more failed attacks on Harry, Kara, and the Justice League would bring him back out into the light, and then there would finally be a day of reckoning.

He did wish that he managed to finish Lex off the first time. Clark swooped in and saved the day. His hero complex was endearing at times, but there were times where the boy scout act could impede actually saving people. Harry thought that they came to an understanding about that, but there were times where it was hard to fight one's nature.

There were many criminals out there that some people would argue were victims themselves. Perhaps Harry could see where they were coming from, at least in a sense. However, only a fraction of the victims of the world delved into psychotic actions. It was really something that should be decided on a case by case basis. There were some criminals that it was hard to argue that the world would not be a better place without them.

He did know for sure that this world or any other would likely be a lot better place without Lex Luthor. He did not have that much time to think, for four hands began to rub and massage every inch of his body. He shifted a bit at the surprise touch, but he did not mind it.

"You seem to be the one that's tense now, Harry," Karen teased lightly, and she hugged Harry from behind.

"Just thinking about everything that's going to happen, and just everything that's going to come…oh that feels good," Harry groaned, as Karen alternated between rubbing his shoulders and kissing his shoulder blades. Kara worked his stomach muscles and abdominal region with her hands.

"You seem to be in perfectly good shape, Harry," Kara said. "We might have to give you a better check-up later, when we get home. I think I have a nurse's uniform back home somewhere, and I'm sure I can find one for Karen as well."

Harry's mind went haywire at the possibilities of that scenario, and he could hardly wait for that. Right now, he settled for these two beauties stroking, and kissing his skin. It was a heavenly feeling, and it promised a tease for something else to come. He breathed in and out, as they continued their magnificent work on him.

"We should take a shower," Karen commented, after a time. "After the work out we had last night."

Kara and Harry exchanged a knowing expression, and both nodded. That seemed like a rather good idea. After the night they had, they reeked of their love making. Scouring charms would help some of the way. However, the amount of deep cleaning needed would help them.

Harry, Karen, and Kara all locked arms. Karen was just barely getting the hang of the entire apparation thing. Normally they would fly, but flying across the streets of Metropolis in the nude would attract a great deal of unwanted attention.

The two reached Karen's apartment at the speed of light. They got towels, and a change of clothes. The three floated forward, and shut the bathroom door behind them to enjoy their shower together.

After a shower, and a nice breakfast later, Harry, Kara, and Karen returned to the lab. The crystal was placed in a secure vault until the time where they could finish the portal. It was tempting to use the crystal to return home immediately, but right now, they had work to do and something
important to do before they left. The three of them made a promise to do what they could do to save this Earth, before they returned to Harry and Kara's native universe.

If one good thing came from this near demise of this world, it was that there was a great deal of data collected that they could have used to help protect their world in the future. Every cloud had a silver lining. They poured over the data, with the probe in front of them. On the surface, they may have assumed it to be a less than sophisticated piece of technology. Beneath the surface, it was a combination of technology, with a little magic.

It was something that was difficult to do right, but desperate times called for desperate actions. Harry feared that the probe might fail within a few years, due to the clash between magic and technology. The two elements often tended to lead to an unstable mix. He relayed these suspicions to both of his wives sometime back, and they agreed to do what they could to shield the probe from the worst of the backlash.

The radio was going on in the background. They half paid attention to the music, as the three continued the work on their project carefully, and delicately.. This probe was a delicate process, and they could not afford to damage it in anyway. After nearly an hour of steady and careful work, the music was interrupted by some news that was interesting to all three parties. They focused their attention away from the probe and towards the radio for the moment.

"In shocking news today, LexCorp CEO Lex Luthor was found in his office, severely bludgeoned to death. His shady business dealings have been well documented in the news, and he has stepped on many powerful toes throughout recent memory. Despite that fact, the police are investigating the murder of the LexCorp head, one of the more baffling cases to hit the Metropolis Police Department in recent memory."

Harry just offered a smile. Everything worked out well, and thankfully no one was the wiser.

'Looks like your little assassination plot went off without a hitch,' Karen thought to him.

He sat up straight, and continued to listen to the news report.

"At this time, it is uncertain whether or not the attack came from someone inside the company, or outside. LexCorp employees that were interviewed do not have any idea regarding anything involving their employer's demise. The security staff seems equally unable to determine what had occurred. The alarm systems and security cameras have been disabled from the outside. Experts who are familiar with the security company LexCorp used have determined that to be impossible, and quite baffling. The police are not discounting the theory that there was sabotage from the inside, but they have no concrete suspects. There were no fingerprints, no hairs, nothing, and no signs of forced entry inside of Lex's office."

Harry shook his head, and could barely keep his face straight.

"That's because you magically cleared it up,' Kara said with a grin.

"I'm getting better at cleaning up my messes," Harry said, with a knowing smile.

"There are many who might not like Lex Luthor, but the drive and the dedication of this businessman helped build Metropolis for many years. He has tirelessly worked hard to establish countless charities…"

It was at that point where Harry turned his attention away to the radio announcer just verbally listing all of Lex's good qualities. He was sure that every single noble action that Luthor did
benefitted the man himself in some way.

"So, back to the probe then," Kara said.

"We shouldn't have too much more work to do, just got to tweak the shielding a little bit," Karen told them, and she began to work on it. "Running this through the simulation, this should ease the pressure. The problem is, all we're doing is buying this planet time."

"Hopefully, people are working on a way to mitigate the risks, and save their planet," Harry said. "I mean, they have to notice, wouldn't they?"

"I would say that I can't believe that people would be that blind, but judging by certain people, I'm not surprised by what people would be blind by," Kara said, and thankfully the praise of Lex Luthor was over.

Karen personally was glad that ceased just in time. The heavy handed hammering of praise of Lex Luthor had been a bit much. It turned her stomach. She understood respecting the dead, but a brief moment of tribute was all that was needed. Thankfully, she was able to focus her attention back on the device in front of her. It was a marvel, and if it worked without a hitch, perhaps the first of a similar hybrid of magic and technology that they could use back when they returned to Patronus Inc.

"This is amazing," Kara said. She looked at the work fondly. "We can pull this off, and we could have done something that no one has ever dreamed about."

"We've double checked all of our variables, even if there is the random factor of magic," Karen added. "So, I guess all that's left is to cross our fingers, and hope for the best."

"That's all we can do," Harry agreed. "Magic really is a marvel, but there is an unpredictable aspect of it. It never quite works how you want it to in the end. But, we've got our pulse on it more so than anything else."

Harry looked over the probe, carefully analyzing it. He was impressed by the work that was done, but he would be even more impressed if it worked out well. He took the probe, and Karen and Kara helped him hook it up to the master computer. It had all of the data that Karen collected on the environmental problems and all of her failed experiments to try and get it working.

There was more data than they could have hoped to use. It was a delicate process, but their studies allowed them to get everything into place.

They ran through one last simulation. The process came to life before them on the screen. They all waited to see what was going to happen. A wave of magical energy engulfed the Earth. The energy pulse kept the deterioration at bay. They flashed forward the simulation a few months. Things appeared to hold steady. They advanced it a few years on the simulation.

"There, at about year fifty, that's where it starts to break," Karen said, pointing it out for them to see.

"That's a bit more time than we could have hoped for without the probe," Kara said.

"Didn't you say that the core would go within the next six months to a year?" Harry asked. "You know, without any intervention."

"I did say that," Karen confirmed. "And if that didn't happen, the sun going supernova shortly thereafter would, but with the probe, the influx of magic will cause the worst of that to be stopped."
At least for another fifty or sixty years."

"Will that be enough to keep everything at bay?" Kara asked.

"It better be," Karen said, and Harry nodded to their side.

"It should be, we're going to leave all of the research behind, put it in the hands of the leaders of the world," Harry said.

It was Harry's hope that the nations of this Earth could put aside their differences long enough for a common goal. Many people would call Harry an optimist at best, and a fool at worst for trying to do something like this. However, Harry was not about to give up on this. This world would die, and the backlash might affect other planets.

"So fifty or sixty years extra at the minimum, a century at the very high maximum," Kara concluded.

"We should go for the lower end of the minimums when we document this for the notes we'll leave," Karen concluded, and a frown curled onto her lips.

The Earth exploded in the simulation. Kara and Karen both watched it with wide eyes. Instinctively, Harry threw an arm around them in a comforting manner. They took a moment for the numb shock of their surroundings to properly set in.

It was a few minutes before they could regain their bearings.

"That's what it was like," Kara said, letting out a slight breath.

"Yeah, perhaps much worse," Karen said. She was more shaken then she had ever been before. "And a fate we're going to do everything in our power to prevent when we get back to your world. Luthor would pull something like that in any world, if he's desperate enough."

Harry and Kara nodded. Watching the end had been nerve racking. Harry's stomach turned, when the full consequences had set in. There was the potential for mass murder. He wondered if Luthor had thought about the consequences long term. If he was still alive, he would shift the blame to someone else.

As for right now, they had run all of the tests. They had run all of the simulations. Over, and over again, multiple times, tweaking the variables as much they could for the unexpected. They had double checked every single bit of their work. They had done everything that they could. There was nothing else they could do. With the exception of launching the probe at the most strategic location, and hoping that they did not do anything that would cause everything to come apart.

The last thing they wanted to do was cause the Earth to deteriorate even quicker. He took a deep breath, and there was nothing else to do except for one little push of a button.

Which is what Harry did, at the blessing of his two wives, and then it became a waiting game.

Several hours later, the probe was placed into the Earth, and was working its magic. They waited for everything to settle. Harry, Karen, and Kara calculated that there was a period of about six hours that they would have to wait before they knew if it was going to be a successful launch or not. Right now, the three of them were going through Karen's equipment, and notes. They were trying to figure out what would be of use for when they left.
"You managed to salvage a lot of Kryptonian technology yourself," Kara told Karen, and a smile appeared on her face. "We can use some of this, really we can."

"Yeah, but there are a few problems I noticed," Karen said. "It's hard to force that kind of compatibility with regular Earth technology. It will be a couple hundred years before everything works up to the level of the lowest level technology from Krypton."

Harry and Kara exchanged a smile. They remembered the problems they had. It was a lot of trial and error.

"Relax, we have plenty of time," Harry said with an easy going smile that caused her to smile back.

"For sure, we've been working on ways to slowly integrate higher end technological ideas," Kara said. "We don't want to overwhelm people. Change can be good, but there are many times where people fear change."

"True, if it isn't broke, don't fix it," Karen said.

"Ah, but just because it isn't broke today, doesn't mean that it won't be someday," Harry said. He had a knowing expression on his face. "Until it is broken, we should keep focusing on ways to make everything better in the meantime."

"Sound advice, I wish more people would take that," Karen said. "That's the downfall of many races."

"We go too long with the same old traditions, the same old ideas, unwilling to think outside of the box," Harry said, thinking of the world he came from. The Ministry of Magic was the most obvious example of something that could have been salvaged if the right people were able to listen. Right now, they only existed in name only.

Kara thought the same thing. She was sure that was a story as old as life itself. A world who was too stubborn in their ways. To the point where they refused to even consider the possibility that they had to change. The only time the possibility of change entered their minds was when it was too late.

"Let's do it one step at a time," Harry said. "We've just begun as a company. There are plenty of new ideas, and I'm sure you'll bring something fresh to the table."

"I think I might have a couple of ideas that you could use," Karen said with a grin. She shook her head, and smiled at both of her spouses. "So, once the crystal is assimilated with the portal, we're going home."

'To my new home,' Karen thought to herself. That was a great thought. All it took was one portal mishap to find true love.

It all worked out after all, in the end.

The three continued to sit around the table, waiting and preparing. They divided the notes and the equipment. Some of the equipment was either not in working order, or at the end. More than a few pieces would have to be taken into parts.

Even with the extension capabilities of magic to carry many items in a short amount of space, there were limits to everything. With their power, those limits could be expanded, but they could only go so far. Even if Harry was able to push those limits past what was considered to be possible, and probable.
At least for now, and they spent the next hour working through every single item in the lab. They divided them into three even piles. One pile had working equipment, one pile had non-working equipment, and the other had equipment that worked, but needed to be broken apart for easier transport.

"I should leave some of this behind," Karen said. She frowned, and made the decision carefully. "Not something that would beyond their capabilities to use, but still I should leave some of it behind. Perhaps a creative mind can work through some solution."

"We have some of these parts back home," Kara said. "We could use the spares, but if those people need them more…"

"We'll figure that out right before we leave," Harry concluded, and Karen had an inventory list. It was massive. "Did you pick off every bit of technology from Argo?"

Karen fired a grin back at him. Harry was not too far off from that assessment. "Pretty much, yeah, but there aren't that many people left there. So it's the spoils of war, I guess you could say. Being the daughter of a very powerful government official opens a lot of doors, and I could call in a lot of favors that I inherited from my father."

The three super powered spouses sorted through all of the items.

"So, some of this is not working, we can pitch everything in this pile," Kara said. "Keep this, perhaps box up these since we have exact duplicates at home."

Harry watched to where Kara was pointing. He waved his hand immediately, and the equipment found its way into boxes. The entire lab was cleared up.

"I have people beneath me who can run the company in my absence," Karen said. She was thinking carefully about what she had to do. The truth was she had sold the vast majority of her stock, and some company resources. The patents for her inventions she could reapply for on the New Earth. "I'll leave them a message, and information about the chain of succession. My final executive decree will be to help assist the governments of the world to try to stop this."

'Am I selfish for leaving?' Karen thought to herself. This was a question that had been bugging her endlessly. 'Perhaps one might consider me to be, but I can't just stick around out of obligation. The commitment of marriage outweighs everything, after all.'

Harry remained in thought, and there was a lot going in his mind.

"Penny for your thoughts?" Karen asked.

"We've been gone for six weeks," Harry said, and he grinned, even if it was a strained grin. "We've got some uncomfortable explaining to do when we get back. On many accounts."

Karen just kissed him lightly in reassurance, as Kara did a final check of the inventory.

"Yeah, six weeks, providing that was how long you were gone," Karen said. She offered her husband a fond smile. "Hopefully the time was a lot less, and you know, not a lot more."

Harry cringed just a little bit. His fear that he was gone for about six years stuck out in the back of his mind. He hoped the time gone did not multiply by that much.

Surely his luck could not be that bad.
Before he could think any more about this, a ringing echoed throughout the lab. Harry, Kara, and Karen scrambled over. This was it. It was the news that they had been waiting for. The probe had finished doing its work. Now it was time for them to check the success, or the failure of what it did.


"No strange energy spikes," Kara added to both of them.

Harry offered his own assessment. The numbers looked promising. "And everything is dropping back to normal. We did it, ladies! We bought them the time that these people need to save the world."

Karen and Kara jumped up and down in excitement. It was quite a sight to see them bounce up and down. They threw their arms around Harry. The three hugged, and Harry found himself sandwiched in the middle once again. Kara lightly kissed him on the mouth, and she pulled herself back. This action allowed Karen to kiss Harry on the lips once again. Then, they leaned over Harry's chest, and met with another kiss.

They finally got it out of their systems, and smiled at each other.

"We did all that we could do," Karen concluded.

"I don't know about you two, but that's a huge weight off of my shoulders," Kara said.

Karen and Harry nodded in agreement. It was a relief to get that all out of the way. The three Potters were on the same wavelength. It took a long time to work out the finer details of the probe. It was a calculated risk to shove it into the Earth's core. It would either cause everything to work out, at least for the time being. Or it would cause everything to accelerate towards destruction to a greater degree.

They were happy that the problem was fixed, at least for the most part. They had a few more things to take care of, and then it would be mostly smooth sailing from here.

Karen would be able to conclude her message, and leave the data behind. From there, the scientists of this Earth would hopefully figure out a countermeasure to what is going on.

And after that point, they would be heading home. After six weeks here, Harry and Kara were almost dreading the trip due to the potential fallout of their unexpected sabbatical, but at the same time they were looking forward to the return trip.

Past experience told all three parties that the return trip should be done with care. It was a stroke of luck they were able to find a backup crystal. The backup crystal was able to repair Harry's recall switch as he figured it might have. They all prepared for the return trip home a few days after they launched the probe.

Karen ensured that everything was in order for her departure, but now it was time to return home. It was a new world she headed to. Even if some of the faces were familiar, others were less than familiar.

"So, we should be able to use the computer's data to make a hop over to your universe," Karen said, and Harry and Kara nodded. All three stood around, dressed in warmer attire, for their trip to the frozen wastelands of Argo. "We can follow your original trajectory point to your universe's version of Argo. All of the equipment that I salvaged is packed up."
Karen smirked, as she held the one small duffel bag over her shoulder.

"On a related note, magic is simply amazing," she stated with a fond expression on her face.

All three laughed at this casual statement. Despite their extensive research, Harry found that they barely scratched the surface of what the capabilities of magic offered. There was a lot of trial and error, and magical artifacts sometimes did not work the way you might have intended them to. If they were not well made, the charm work lead to some interesting things.

Karen checked the computer, and offered them one more observation; even if it was one she was dreading to have to give. "Now, you two, we've done a lot of work to try and make this work. There is a less than one percent chance that crossing dimensions could cause the portal to transport us into some kind of void between worlds, where we'll be trapped forever."

Harry and Kara exchanged a pained expression. Something like that would have to potentially go wrong.

"Less than one percent, Kara commented with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes, less than one percent, hopefully the odds are in our favor today," Harry said, and he just thought about that. "Throw the switch, its do or die time now."

The probe worked out better than they expected. It was their hope that the repairs they made on this portal would hold up. Once again, everything was accomplished. Every single test was done, every single simulation was performed. There was nothing left to do, and hope for the best.

Karen paused, offering a bare hint of hesitation, but then threw the switch. The swirling vortex of light appeared. The fact the portal turned on properly was always a good sign. It was something they could build on. She programmed the Interstellar Portal Device to be brought back to Harry and Kara's native dimension after Harry hit the recall switch. The last thing she wanted was someone to co-opt this particular piece of technology for nefarious purposes.

The portal could be useful in the right hands, but in the wrong hands it could cause untold amounts of damage and chaos.

It was not even worth the risk to even entertain the thought of leaving it behind.

All three dropped down. They met biting winds, and cold temperatures. Kara walked by the toppled statue of Zod. It was shattered and half buried in the snow. She knew immediately they had not messed up the coordinates.

"So this is the right place?" Karen asked.

"Yeah," Kara agreed.

Karen looked around with a sigh. Argo used to be so beautiful, so lush, and so full of life. It was hard to reconcile what happened. Even her version had not deteriorated this bad.

"What happened?" Karen asked.

"Krypton's explosion caused everything to ice over," Kara said with a sigh. "Father managed to save us, for the time being. Even though in the end, I was the only one to survive. Both my parents were gone."

Kara was long since over this, or so she thought. Harry wrapped his arms around her, and she felt a
bit more at ease. Without words, Harry comforted her.

"The planetary shields fell," Karen said, and she added. "They managed to block the backwash in my universe, but if they weren't up, I can see how this happened."

"Yeah, Zod destroyed everything on the planet that could be used against him," Kara said. "Let's see if we have any luck with finding Zod's containment crystal. Father put in in the laboratory somewhere, it's got to be there."

The trio searched.

"It's a purple crystal, right?" Harry asked.

"Yes," Kara confirmed.

He used a useful charm to shift everything out of the way that he could search for it. All three looked around the interior of the lab. All of the equipment was damaged beyond repair. Anything that worked once had long since deteriorated.

"He's not here," Harry said after they had spent about an hour searching.

"That's impossible; the crystal has to be here!" Kara yelled, upset, and extremely discouraged at this news.

This could not be happening, this really could not be happening. Kara refused to believe that this was happening. The crystal of Zod was not in the lab where it should have been. She realized a very grim possibility that either someone took it, or worse he had been freed from the Phantom Zone.

Kara shuddered, that could not be happening. Harry wrapped his arms around her.

"Maybe the crystal got buried somewhere in the snow," Harry said.

"I don't know…but this is bad if we don't find it for sure," Kara said. She broke off of Harry's grip to continue her search. While her ability to retain her Kryptonian gifts had been increased thanks to her magical prowess, there was only so far that those enhanced powers could go.

The three kept up their search for several more minutes. There was a great deal of snow and ice that they had to navigate through. The trio pushed along. They proceeded to navigate the area outside of the lab, in case it had been blown outdoors when Kara had been rescued a couple of years back.

They returned, and exchanged a look. They shook their heads. They had no luck. Kara kicked the broke off head of the statue of Zod in frustration.

"It's underneath a lot of snow and ice," Karen said, trying to appease the situation the best she could, before she offered a suggestion. "Maybe just maybe it sank so low that no one ever could find it again."

Kara relaxed a little bit. She took a moment to look out. She got a good look at her home planet, what happened to it. The snow and the ice was something that was different from the lush green forests.

"Are you alright, honey?" Harry asked her, putting a hand on her shoulder. "We should have…"
"No Harry, I feel at ease, really I do," Kara said, and she shook her head. She relaxed against Harry, a smile crossing her face. "If nothing else, it finally gave me a chance to do something that I wanted to do for a very long time. I finally found a way to say goodbye."

Kara continued to smile, even if there was a tad bit of bitter sweetness to it. She found the final bit of closure had been handed to her. While she had mostly gotten over the demise of the planet she lived on, she just had to see what became of it.

Harry had done a good job of recreating the planet when he had created that room back in their world. The planet the way she wanted to remember it anyway. That made Kara smile, and a grin spread on her face.

"So, there's nothing else here," Karen said.

Kara shook her head, and looked at her older counterpart. She felt at peace, and at ease.

"No, nothing here, but memories that remain buried deep in the snow and ice," Kara said, and she looked across what was once a beautiful meadow. She had played in it as a child, before Zod started his siege. She suspected they were the only three living things on the planet. "But the memories remain alive in our hearts, and we can create fresh memories that will last much longer."

Kara placed a hand on either side of her face. She sighed.

"Ready to go home?" Harry asked.

Both girls nodded. They were both ready. Harry grabbed both of their hands. This was the moment of truth for them. He tapped the recall switch.

A swirling vortex engulfed them, and managed to safely guide them back to the point where Harry had left previously all that time ago.

Hermione was frantic as she paced back and forth outside of the room where Harry and Kara kept the portal. She heard a miniature explosion and she had been trying to force her way through ever since it echoed. She was about ready to call for help. The only good thing was that no one seemed to be hurt. At least Harry and Kara managed to shield the outside chamber so anyone would not get hurt.

Of course, that did not prevent them from getting hurt on their end. Hermione took a deep breath, and prepared to call for the lab technicians. While Harry and Kara had worked on this portal mostly on their own, she was hoping that someone had some foresight to shed some light on what went wrong. She took a deep breath.

Before she opened her mouth, the portal came to light. Hermione jumped into the air with a start, and turned around. She saw a vortex open, and it spat three figures out. She immediately recognized two of the three figures right off the bat. Harry and Kara dropped down first. They looked in slight disarray, but were mostly in one piece.

The third party was someone that was unrecognized. Hermione barely paid attention to the third figure, distracted by her relief that her friends were okay. The doors opened and Hermione was allowed inside. She got a good look at Harry and Kara, and allowed herself a sigh of relief. They were back in one piece.

"There you two are, what happened?" Hermione asked, crowding next to them.
"Easy Hermione, give us room to breathe," Harry said, and he looked at his surrogate older sister with a grin. "We've been gone for almost six weeks, sorry about that."

"Six weeks?" Hermione asked. "You were…"

"Well it was six weeks our time, how much time did pass on this end? Kara asked.

Hermione checked the time, before she gave an answer.

"An hour maybe, I was trying to break through the lab to see what went wrong," Hermione said. "I just managed to get down your defenses five minutes ago. I thought you said you had all of the tests right."

"Hermione, you thought right," Harry said, shaking his head. He offered Hermione a grin, which she did not return. She seemed a bit annoyed that Harry was treating this situation so flippantly. "It just goes to show you that there's no such thing as being too careful."

Hermione just nodded. She would have to agree with this. Something else struck her right at that moment, and she spoke slowly.

"So, you were gone for the past six weeks, but on this end, you had been gone for only an hour?" Hermione asked, and Harry and Kara both nodded. Karen hovered in the background, waiting for the inevitable moment of introduction. "You really were on Argo for that long?"

Kara and Harry exchanged knowing smirks. They could not wait to break this to Hermione.

They just hoped they did not break her from the revelation.

"We weren't really on Argo, not until the last forty minutes or so, maybe," Harry said. "There was nothing that we could salvage there."

"It was just like we figured," Kara said. "Everything was iced over, frozen, and damaged."

"It's tough, going back to a world you remembered after the end," Hermione said, her tone becoming soft.

"At first maybe, but it offered me some closure," Kara admitted, and she just shrugged slightly. "Plus, it's not like we came back empty handed."

Karen walked forward, and placed the bag with the shrunken technology in it. It was at this moment where Hermione got a good look at her for the first time.

"I'm sorry, but we haven't had…"

"You must be Hermione, Harry and Kara told me so much about you," Karen said, and Hermione just blinked. It was almost like she was talking to an older version of Kara. "And my story's interesting. I'm Kara Zor-L of an alternate universe, but I adopted the name Karen Starr on that Earth. And now, I'm Karen Potter."

Hermione allowed this to sink in, and Harry and Kara began to laugh at the expression.

It took her a few seconds to completely recover.

"I think we broke Wonder Girl," Harry commented, and Hermione shook her head.

"I thought you two were…you did it, Hera help me, you actually did it," Hermione said in an
exasperated tone of voice, when she got over the numb shock that she had. "I thought that was never going to happen, but you found an older version of Kara, from an alternate timeline. And in the six weeks, you fell in love with her, and married her."

"Well the story's a bit more complex than that, but we'll spare you the details," Harry said. "In general, you're right."

Hermione saw the ring on Karen's finger, and more questions visited her.

"I wasn't aware you had another ring," Hermione continued, and she eyed it. "Where did it come from?"

"It just popped out of mid-air," Harry said, and Hermione looked at them with a dubious expression. "I'm serious, it did, Kara and Karen were both there. They could tell you that I'm telling the truth."

Kara and Karen nodded. In both her lives, Hermione had been put through a lot, and there was not much that was going to faze her. This little revelation on the other hand caused her to reassess how much her weirdness threshold was.

Harry, Kara, and Karen began to laugh at the expression on Hermione's face. They stopped when they had their fun.

"You actually did it, you talked about it, I heard you," Hermione said to herself. "With another blonde Kryptonian, you talked about it more than once. I just never thought it would happen."

"If it makes you feel better, we didn't really honestly think so either," Harry said.

"Alternate universes did not even cross our minds," Kara added.

"But I'm glad they came across me," Karen said, and all three Potters had their arms against each other.

"You're all consenting adults, so that's your business," Hermione said, shaking her head. No law in the land could override the will of magic. And given what Raven said, the rings were the ultimate authority. They would not have accepted Karen if she had not been fully onboard with the idea.

"So, Harry, I guess you finally get to build the harem that the Quibbler kept claiming you had."

"Hermione, it's not a harem," Harry said.

"And what prey tell is it?" Hermione asked.

"It's a mutually beneficial romantic collective union," Kara said with a completely straight face.

"And that really does roll off the tongue," Hermione said sarcastically, shaking her head. "Well whatever you want to call it, congratulations. Have fun explaining this to certain parties, but that's your own deal, and not mine."

Kara just shifted with a smirk. She knew by certain parties, Hermione met her cousin and his Kansas farm boy, family values mentality. Kara was just going to have to gently explain to Clark that this sort of thing was commonplace on Krypton, where there were multiple partners in a relationship.

"I've got some work to do, and I'm sure you three need to get settled in," Hermione said. "It was a pleasure meeting you, Karen, and we'll be seeing each other again at the future. Welcome to the
family, both with the Potters and at Patronus Incorporated, if you choose to be a part of that."

"I will," Karen said. "And thank you, Hermione; it was a pleasure meeting you."

"You too," Hermione said.

"Ready to get the grand tour?" Kara asked to Karen.

"Lead the way," Karen said.

They were back, and while there was much to do, they would be able to tackle it together. All three spouses were confident that they could handle the world if they stood together.

The adventure in many ways had only just begun.
Explanations

Chapter 21: Explanations.

Ocean waves slapped across the rocks out by the shore next to the Potter house on the beach of the East Coast in the United States. Birds could be heard in the distance. The sun shone brightly high above in the air. There were sounds of laughter in the distance, far in the distance on the beach. There were fewer beach goers around this time, due to the fact that most of the children had gone back to school. Still, a few lingered around, so they could enjoy the remaining days of summer while they still could.

Three figures dropped down from the sky. Kara landed first to lead the charge. She was dressed in a red tank top stretched around her chest. Her cleavage and toned stomach was exposed. She wore buttoned up jean shorts that exposed her legs. Sandals were on her perfect feet, and she had her long hair tied back, wearing a pair of sunglasses perched on top of her perfect little nose. She looked like the vision of loveliness, and perfection.

Karen followed next. She was dressed in a white tank top that might have been a size or two too small. Not that anyone was complaining. It showcased her massive bust that threatened to spill out of her top. She stood a few inches over Kara, and her equally shapely legs and rear were emphasized by the tight jean skirt she was wearing. She wore a pair of sandals, and sunglasses as well.

Harry was next, and he brought up the rear. And quite a rear it was too. He could hardly take his eyes off of either of them. He wore a black t-shirt and a pair of tight shorts that were rapidly becoming uncomfortable due to the thoughts that were in his head. He wore a normal pair of tennis shoes, and sunglasses as well.

The dark haired wizard walked to the door, a smile on his face. He took a deep breath, and turned to Karen. "There it is. That's our home, in all its glory."

There was a moment of silence, before Kara chimed in.

"Now, it's not too extravagant, we didn't want to go too over the top," Kara said. She smiled at her older counterpart, who smiled back.

Karen took a good look at the house. From the outside, it looked like the right combination. It emphasized the feeling of home, while also emphasizing the feeling of importance. Some people tended to overcompensate with their housing, mostly because they needed to compensate for something else. Harry and Kara had picked out a beautiful home, and she turned to them with a fond smile on her face.

"It looks beautiful," Karen commented. She saw the architecture, and she was impressed. "It's a step up from that apartment that I left behind, that's for sure."

The three laughed, in a good natured way. Harry took a step forward, past his two wives, and turned the key into the lock. The door unlocked, and swung open to allow them entrance to their home. Kara turned to Karen at this point.

"That was just the outside of our home," Kara told her. She invited Karen inside. "Just wait until you see the inside, and how wonderful it looks."
Karen walked inside the house. Her mouth hung open in sheer awe, as she walked through the living room. She was rendered completely speechless. She got a good look around at everything that was present. There was just something about it that made her smile. It gave her a feeling of home, and belonging.

Harry and Kara gave her the grand tour of the house. They walked through the sitting room area, the kitchen, the study, the gym, and the library, all of the areas throughout the house.

"Your home is amazing,' Karen commented after they had gotten through with most of the grand tour.

"It's your home as well, you know," Kara told her older counterpart, and a smile crossed Karen's face. She honestly was looking forward to a place to call home. And not have to deal with a pesky, overbearing landlord that seemed to jump down her neck the moment that the rent was about five seconds past due.

She had left the apartment in pretty good shape when she left through. Not that her landlord would have noticed or been impressed. That guy had never been pleased at anything, hardly. The three continued to walk inside, and moved up the stairs next. It was at this point, Harry turned to Karen with a grin on his face.

"Just wait, you haven't seen the best part of our home yet," Harry told her, and Karen just waited. Harry was good at building up the suspense, and making her want everything. Harry and Kara exchanged a knowing expression, before Harry turned to Karen. "You haven't seen the bedroom yet."

A wide grin spread across Karen's face, and she stepped a bit closer to Harry. All three Potters were perched on the top landing of the stairs. Karen grabbed Harry by the shoulders, and stared into his eyes.

"And that's where the magic happens, isn't it?" Karen breathed into his ear. Harry gave her a knowing smile, and continued to hold her tightly.

"Of course it does," Harry said, and he grabbed her hand in one of his. He grabbed Kara's hand in the other hand. He led his two girls across the hallway towards the bedroom. It had been a journey that Kara had made many times, but yet it never seemed to get old.

Harry stopped in front of a large set of doors. It was locked only to Harry, Kara, and now Karen was keyed into the bedroom. It was both for security reasons, and to have no guests who happened to be staying at their house barging in during a private moment. Harry turned to Karen, and invited her into their bed chambers.

"Nice," Karen said in a breathless voice, as she took a look around their bed chambers. Her eyes widened with sheer joy. She pieced together every single sight of the bedroom, and loved it. Karen had kicked her sandals off, and felt how soft the carpet was underneath her bare feet. She saw the curtains, and the architecture on the wall. Her eyes traveled to the bed. She walked over to the bed.

Karen threw herself down onto the bed. She took a look at it, and felt the covers in her hands.

"How do you get a bed so soft?" she moaned, feeling it, and Harry sat down next to her. He placed his arm around his second wife. Kara sat down on the other side of Harry. "No, seriously, I don't normally gush over something like this, but this is really soft. And I mean that one hundred percent. This is amazing."
"It's a lot of luck really," Harry said. His shoulders shrugged at this point. He turned to Karen. "So, I believe that I got knocked around, so I was promised a checkup from two beautiful girls. I'm sure I'm in perfect health, but why don't you two ladies make sure?"

Kara and Karen made eye contact at this moment. Both girls got the sense of what the other was thinking, and Harry sat with a smile on his face. Kara leaned forward, to whisper into Harry's ear.

"Yeah, you really fought hard, and took some nasty shots out there. We better check to make sure everything is okay. We wouldn't want anything bad to happen to you."

"Just sit tight, our husband, and your two favorite nurses will make sure you get all of the medicine that you need," Karen added, and she offered him a flirty wink and smile.

Karen and Kara rushed off, and left Harry alone on the bed. Thanks to their super speed, and fast ability to change clothes, Harry was not alone long. Exactly two minutes later, both blonde Kryptonians returned. Harry's eyes fixed on the beautiful sight next to him. They made his mouth water. He could hardly keep his eyes off of the vision before him.

Both girls were dressed in a sexy nurse uniform. The uniform tops were opened to expose their cleavage, which practically spilled out of their tops. The skirts were amazingly short, and Harry could not take his eyes off of all of the skin that they had to show him. It was obvious that they were not wearing any underwear. For some reason, Karen's nurse uniform was a bit smaller than Kara's, despite having larger assets.

Harry found himself perfectly okay with this, and both uniforms were extremely tight around their bodies. All of their curves were displayed in perfect detail, and they both looked absolutely gorgeous. Both girls grinned at how their husband was eying them, and they could not resist leaving him in suspense. Both Karen and Kara floated over to the bed, and sat themselves down on either side of Harry.

"Time for your checkup, Harry," Karen cooed in his ear.

"First, we need to check if all of the circulation is going well in your lower body," Kara said, giving Harry a sexy wink and a smile as she said this. At these words, both girls grabbed Harry's shorts, and began to work them off of his body.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Kara and Karen tugged Harry's shorts down his legs. His boxers were fully displayed for them. Kara squeezed the bulge in his boxers, and Karen enclosed her arms around him. She pressed her breasts against his chest. She pulled the t-shirt over Harry's head and took a good look at his muscular chest. She slowly ran her hands over him, feeling his muscles underneath them.

"He's in good shape physically," Karen commented.

"On the surface, maybe," Kara added, and she bent down on her knees. "His reaction time seems to be good. Let's check the circulation in his legs just to make sure."

Kara and Karen began to trail light kisses down each leg. Kara took the right leg, and Karen took the left leg. Harry felt absolutely thrilled with their actions, and he stroked their hair as they continued to press their mouths against his legs. He felt himself stiffen inside his boxers, as he looked down their shirts. Despite the fact that he had seen his wives naked numerous times, they still turned him on.

"The circulation is good," Kara said, and Karen nodded to her.
"It's very good," Karen agreed, and she looked at her. She used her Kryptonian super hearing to take a good listen to Harry's heart. "His heart rate seems good, but we need to be sure. Let's put it to the test."

Both girls exchanged devious grins. Kara turned to Harry, a smile of pure mischief on her face.

"Just sit there, and don't move until we give you the okay,' Kara said, and she began to sway her hips back and forth.

Kara and Karen swayed, and danced in mid-air. The nurse uniforms clung enticingly to their curves. Harry watched their motions as they continued to sway before him. The amount of flesh that jiggled caused the blood to flow from his head to his groin. There were glimpses of their shapely rears, cunts, and breasts, as they sway backed and forth. Kara and Karen reached forward, and began to undress each other.

They pulled the uniforms down, inch by inch. More skin was revealed. Harry watched them, as they embraced. They soon wore nothing, but white stockings. The two girls continued to float, and wrapped their arms around each other. Their embrace tightened with each other, and their breasts pressed together. Karen tilted her head back, and Kara attacked her with a furious kiss. Kara began to make out with her double high above the air, groping Karen's chest as she did so. Harry watched this scene before him.

Kara continued to kiss Karen, and Karen reached around. Her hands cupped and squeezed Kara's ass, inviting her to continue the kiss. Their pussies were wet with desire, and Kara continued her kisses, until she placed her mouth on Karen's left nipple. She sucked, and licked it. Harry felt himself grow with desire. Karen tilted her head back, and offered a low moan. Kara pawed Karen's right breast, as she continued to suck on her left. Then she switched her mouth to a different breast immediately.

The two girls floated in the air, and make sure they were above Harry. Karen was floating on her back, and Kara sat down on her face. The two girls did a sixty nine in midair. Harry watched as both girls had gone down on each other. They licked their pussies, eating them like they were the best tasting thing on earth. Harry sensed that it was a competition to see who would get the other to break first, and to come. It was a competition that neither girl intended to lose.

Kara felt herself be brought to the brink. They had agreed mentally that whoever had made the other come first, would get Harry's cock first. Karen had tried to use every trick in the book to make Kara lose it. Kara was stubborn, and she pinched and spanked Karen's ass while vibrating her tongue in her twin's pussy.

Karen returned the favor. There were swats of skin against skin. They could tell that the other was near their climax. It depended on who was going to go first. As it turned out, Kara was just a bit more determined. Karen's muscles clenched, and her fluids splattered Kara's face. Kara pulled out, and smirked.

"Next time," Karen whispered.

"Bring it on," Kara said boldly, and she gave her fellow wife a goodbye kiss. Kara floated down, and saw that Harry was standing at attention. "I better take care of that for you."

"You better," Harry said, and he cupped Kara's face for emphasis. She sliced Harry's boxers off with her heat vision. The tattered remains flew to the ground. Kara got on her knees, and gave Harry's cock a few teasing strokes. Harry groaned, as he felt his throbbing member grow in his wife's hands.
Kara pucked her lips, and sunk down. Karen watched and sat down next to Harry.

"Suck my dick, oh that's it, you know how to hit the right spots," Harry breathed, and he stroked Kara's hair. Kara bobbed up and down. Her beautiful blue eyes looked up at Harry, with a sexy gaze. Karen sat down next to Harry, and Harry made sure she was not left out of the fun. He squeezed her breasts. "Your tits are so huge, so massive, and they're mine."

"Yes, they're yours, and only yours," Karen moaned, and she tilted her head back. "That's it, squeeze my tits, baby."

Kara pulled off, and she wanted Harry's cock in her now. She pushed him back on the bed, and rubbed his warmed up cock against her pussy lips. She sank down on him. Harry felt her pussy squeeze him in a pleasurable way.

"Fuck me with that pussy!" Harry groaned. She grinded herself on Harry, and began to bounce up and down on Harry's rock hard cock. "So tight, these are the two best pussies in the entire universe."

"Which one is better?" Kara asked him.

"Don't know, both good," Harry managed, and Kara bounced up and down on Harry like a blur. She was riding his cock for all of its worth. Karen sat by the side of Harry. Harry reached over, and plunged his fingers into her cunt. He pumped them in and out, pleasuring her while she watched Kara fuck Harry.

"Fuck Harry!" Karen moaned. She had no idea how Harry did it, but he sent little jolts of magic into her and drove her wild.

Kara rode Harry for a bit more. Karen was brought to another orgasm, and she grabbed Harry's fingers once he was done. She slowly trailed her tongue over them. Slowly, and surely, Karen sucked his fingers. Harry groaned, and he reached around with his free hand. He squeezed Kara's right breast, and then her left breast. He alternated between them, and played with her nipples. This drove Kara absolutely wild with passion.

"So hot, both of you, I think I'm going to cum!" Harry groaned.

"Cum for me Harry, fucking blow your load into my wet pussy!" Kara screamed.

Kara bounced, and squeezed on Harry's cock. She worked it for all it was worth, and she was rewarded. Harry sprayed his hot wet fluids deep into her core. Kara screamed in sheer bliss, and continued to milk him until he was done.

Karen wanted her ride as well, and she pushed Kara off. She exchanged a deep kiss with Kara, which brought Harry's cock back to life.

"That part checks out," Karen commented. She cupped Harry's balls in her hand briefly, and squeezed them a few times. "But let's take another sperm sample."

Kara nodded, and she grabbed Harry's cock, guiding it into Karen's pussy. Karen lowered herself up and down. She began to bounce up and down, and Harry met her motions stroke by stroke. Their powerful hips clashed together, and Harry pumped his cock deep into her tight pussy.

"So tight," Harry said. Karen bounced up and down on Harry. He watched her huge breasts sway before him. "Keep fucking me, don't stop."
"Don't worry, just getting started," Karen said, and Kara watched for a minute. This was getting her all hot. Especially when Harry reached up and he began to fondle Karen's large breasts. Karen moaned, but Kara cut off the moan by clamping her mouth onto Karen's. Karen moaned into Kara's mouth, and Kara sucked on her lips. Their tongues clashed together for dominance.

The two girls continued to kiss for a moment, and Harry thrust up into Karen's cunt. His dick stretched her pussy and he was rubbed in the most pleasurable manner. The tight walls squeezed him, as he pushed in and out of her.

Kara broke apart from the kiss, to allow Karen a bit more room to continue to ride Harry. She opted just to watch the show at least for now. She played with her breasts, and her pussy, before reaching around and rubbing her clit furiously. The more passionate the actions her husband and wife got, the more it drove Kara wild, and caused her to pleasure herself.

"Squeeze me with your cunt muscles, fucking work my dick over!" Harry yelled. "Your pussy belongs to me, doesn't it?"

"It does, I'm your woman, and you're the only man who can satisfy me," Karen moaned. She grinded her hips, and squeezed Harry with her pussy muscles. Orgasm after orgasm racked through her body. She practically lost it every time Harry pushed his thumbs against her nipples, and brushed against them. His cock was huge, and powerful. It slammed into her.

A short time later, Harry seemed to be about done with this round. Karen was about ready to tag out, so she used every trick she could to get Harry to cum. After she was nearly spent, and Kara was ready for Harry, the dark haired wizard sent thick ropes of cum deep into her womb. Harry painted her walls wet.

Cum dribbled out of her pussy, a combination of both her juices and Harry's. Kara helpfully lapped up the mess, and Harry watched her. The cum was on her tongue and lips. She slowly licked her own lips.

Kara took her two, and they kept switching off until they were completely spent, and out of gas, a few hours later. Harry held nothing back, but neither did they. It was a pleasurable experience for all three.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

After the "checkup" all three Potters rested on the bed. They were covered in sweat, and each other's fluids. Kara and Karen snuggled against Harry, and Harry stroked their hair, along with other parts of their body as the situation warranted it. He turned to them with a smile on his face, and they replied in kind.

"So how did I check out?" Harry asked both of them. Karen and Kara both replied with a grin.

"Well, all of your vital signs seemed to check out just fine," Kara commented to Harry. "Everything worked the way it should have. All of your body parts were in working order."

Karen could not resist chiming in at this point. "You have a proper amount of fluids running through your body. Your reflexes are amazing. You seem to react quickly, and can make your partners feel amazing with a mere touch."

Kara and Karen both had smiles on their face. Harry could tell just by the looks on their faces that both blonde Kryptonians had something devious cooked up. They leaned forward, and planted kisses on Harry's face. Harry wrapped his arms around them tighter, and both heads rested on either
side of his chest.

"But perhaps a few more tests are in order after a break," Karen said. She turned to Kara, who nodded in agreement, and Harry was perfectly fine with that. In fact, both girls giggled at his excitement. Now, cuddling with each other in bed was perfectly fine for all three of them.

After a few days to settle in, the three Potters walked around the interior of the Patronus Incorporated main headquarters in Metropolis. Karen only got a few glimpses of it when she had been brought into this new world. However, now was the time that Harry and Kara would give her the grand tour of their main office complex. The three of them would be equal partners in everything, including running the business. And Harry hoped that it would ease some of the workload that he had been feeling.

"And here is the main lab area, any number of projects go on here at any time," Harry explained to his second wife. Karen nodded, and took a good look at anything. The technicians were working on a project. They were deep into their work, and did not see anyone who was there. "Hopefully this particular project will be something that will revolutionize the world."

"It's going to help cut down on the crime rate at any rate," Kara said. A hopeful smile spread across her face. She took a deep breath, and continued to speak. "I hope so at least, and Harry does as well. Nothing we put out there is going to be foolproof. We just hope that it is going to be accurate enough for everything to work out well."

Karen allowed that all to sink in, and she turned around to soak in everything she saw. She saw the blueprints on the walls, and just by the first glimpses at it, she really was impressed by every single detail of the project. Actually how well said project would work, that remained to be seen. Karen resolved to keep an open mind, and hope that everyone would benefit from the project. Security was becoming rapidly important, and it was always a concern. As the criminals got craftier, they had to be a bit more careful and just as cunning themselves.

The hallway had many doors that lead to many rooms throughout the entire complex. There were a number of doors that lead various areas of different research projects.

"We kept most of the floor plan for the original LexCorp building," Kara explained at Karen's unanswered question. "But we made some changes with what was done there. We like to wipe the slate clean, and erase the mistakes from the past."

Harry picked up where Kara left off. He turned to his second wife. "About the only thing that we kept intact from the original building plans was the janitor closets."

It was at this point a dubious look crossed Karen's face. She blinked a few times, and Kara just cracked a smile.

"What, they were nice janitor closets," Kara said with a grin. The three laughed at the thought of this.

They scrambled towards the elevator. All they needed to do was step inside, press the floor number, and they would be there. Granted, all three had the ability to get there on their own, but others would find a great use for that particular elevator. Harry walked out, and Karen followed him. Kara followed closely behind them. As they were on the floor, a red haired woman rushed forward, to greet Harry.

"Good morning, Lana, what can I do for you?" Harry asked, before he turned to Kara. "Karen, this
is Lana Lang. She's the supervisor of branding and marketing for Patronus Incorporated. Lana, this is Karen Potter, my second wife"

Lana's eyes widened at this casual statement. Then again, given what she found out about Harry and Kara, she really thought that she should not be surprised. The redhead reached forward and shook Karen's hand slowly, for lack of anything else better to do.

"Pleased to meet you, Lana,' Karen said, and the two shook hands. Lana stepped back, and finally found her voice.

"So, you married Harry and Kara," Lana said, trying to piece this together in her mind. Karen, Kara, and Harry nodded, with grins on their face. "I don't know if you noticed this, but you look like you could be Kara's older sister."

"Well, I am Kara, from an alternate timeline," Karen said. Lana took a step back, She allowed herself a few minutes for this to sink in. The looks of amusement crossed the faces of Kara, Harry, and Karen. Lana took another moment and took a deep breath.

The silence was going broken a few minutes later. Lana decided to ask the very obvious question. "So, does Clark know about this?"

It was at that point a smile cracked on Kara's face.

"No, we haven't really gotten around to telling him yet," Kara said, and it was at this point Lana shook her head.

"You're consenting adults, what you do is your business," Lana said, but a smile cracked across her face. "I'm just trying to imagine the look on Clark's face, and I'd be lying if I didn't think it might be amusing. I just hope he doesn't make too much of a scene. The last thing we need is for him to pull something like he did in Vegas. Just when he was getting over that, I would hate to see him have a relapse."

Kara shook her head. Harry did as well. He did hope that Clark would understand that Kara was not only old enough to make her own decisions, but this was partially her own idea as well. Not that Harry wanted to throw his wife underneath the bus. He was in this as much as she was, and fully consented to the plan. Still there were times where he had to think of his own welfare.

"I'm sure Clark will be fine," Kara said. "I'll just explain it in a calm and rationalizing manner. He has to listen to me. I've got a logical explanation while this mutually beneficial collective union has to happen."

"I'm sure you do," Lana said, but she just cleared her throat, and stood up straight. She adopted a business like expression, and demeanor. "But, the last thing I wanted to do was talk about your love life. I just have a few things for you to check, before you sign up on the latest branding ideas. I want to make sure everything is perfect as we are heading into our expansion."

"Lead the way," Harry offered her, and Lana nodded. She led Harry, Kara, and Karen into the main room. The logos and marketing campaigns were all spread out evenly. The trio looked at everything.

"We worked for months on this one, so I hope it's up to your standards," Lana told Harry, and she looked at him.

Harry, Kara, and Karen studied for it. This was always a nerve racking moment for anyone in the work force. The time where their boss took a look over their hard work and they critiqued it from
every single angle. Seconds crawled by like minutes, and minutes seemed like hours. In hindsight, Lana was sure that it only took a couple of minutes, before Kara turned towards her to give the assessment.

"You did a good job on it, Lana," Kara said.

"Well, I had a lot of help," Lana admitted. She looked at the three Potters nervously. She took a deep breath. "My team really had some snags, but I managed to talk them through it. I hope this campaign works out well."

"You should be proud," Harry told her. "A team is nothing, without their leader. You did a good job. And it will be your campaign, and your designs that will lead the way to the further expansion of this company."

Lana looked pleased at the words of assessment from her bosses, all three of them. It meant a lot to her to be part of a team that appreciated the work of their employees. After her fashion business went nose up, it was nice for her to fall back on her feet in such a great business. It made her feel like she was a useful part of a team.

"Okay, Lana, we'll let you get back to work," Harry said, and she nodded. The three Potters walked off down the hallway, and continued their walk for some time, as the tour continued to move.

The tour continued for about another hour more. Kara and Harry were going to keep an eye on the Metropolis Branch while Karen tried to make sure all of the other locations for the company would get off of the ground for Harry and Kara. Employees had been hired, and Harry was confident of their abilities and their credentials. He just wanted to make sure everyone was settled in, as they pressed forward for a new year, and the not so distant future.

"Well that's the grand tour," Harry said. He turned to Karen. "Are there any questions?"

Karen racked her brain. Everything seemed to be clear and concise with everything. The employees worked hard, and there were any number of projects off of the ground. The most peculiar thing was the fact that Harry and Kara kept the head of a super villain in cold storage. However, they told her that he contributed some valuable insight for one of the projects they were working on. So, there was nothing to really complain about.

There was so much to do that it would take some time before her to fully determine just how much work had been put in. She found herself looking forward to every single moment that she would spend working at this company.

"No, I think that everything is pretty clear," Karen admitted. She took a deep breath, and continued to walk with Harry and Kara. The three subconsciously floated off of the ground as they continued their journey. "If I think of any questions, I'll ask them. Believe me, I will. I don't want to do something stupid, and wreck all you have built."

"I know you won't," Harry said, with confidence dripping in his voice.

"We've got one more thing to show you," Kara said, and Karen's ears perked up at this bit of news. "I hope that you could shed some insight on it, because we're lost about it."

Now, Karen was intrigued. She grabbed both hands. The three popped away to the warehouse. They walked forward. There was nothing in the warehouse.

"This is an outpost of Patronus Incorporated, a warehouse that we purchased," Harry explained to his second wife. "There is very little that happens here, but we're storing a very important item that
we found in Brazil. Take a look at this."

Harry pulled the tarp off of the object. Karen took a step back, and looked on in astonishment. There was an alien ship, but it was not just any alien ship. She stepped forward, and ran her hand over the outline of the ship.

"It's Kryptonian," Karen said. She strained to remember her knowledge about the planet. She was sure that she should know what the symbol on the ship meant.

For some reason, she had a mental block. It was something that baffled, and confused her.

"Very old Kryptonian from what we've figured out," Kara said, and she stepped back, to allow Karen a long and hard look at everything. The older blonde Kryptonian studied the ship. Her gaze remained intent and focused. "So, what do you think?"

Her studies concluded, but she had one obvious question. "So where does it open?"

Harry and Kara both shrugged.

"That's what we'd like to know," Harry said. "We've been trying to figure out how it opens. When I threw my Invisibility Cloak at it, a part of it glowed."

For emphasis, Harry removed his Invisibility Cloak from his bag. He hovered it over the strange marking on the ship. The mark began to glow, but nothing else happened. Harry turned to Karen and Kara, both watching what he did closely. The symbol stopped glowing when Harry pulled the cloak away, and then began to glow again when he put it back.

"We think that there are two more components, or keys to it, and then the ship opens," Kara said, after Harry was done with his demonstration. She placed her hand on the ship, and sighed. "The real question is where are they, and how can we find them?"

"The symbol has popped up a few times before," Harry said. He took a moment to reflect, and ponder. Now that he was back, his obsessive research about the symbol could be continued. "The only reference we could find is about myths, and the information was very vague. I want the full story."

"Maybe it has been a story that has been lost to time," Karen said. She then offered another suggestion. "Or maybe there's just some place that you're overlooking."

Harry and Kara both nodded. The thought crossed their mind any number of times. They took a deep breath, and pressed on. They shared their research about the symbol and the ship with their wife. Despite the fact that they could not get it open, it was refreshing to have someone fresh to bounce ideas off of. Even if they were no closer to getting it open then they were a few weeks ago.

Lois Lane walked up the stairs of Patronus Incorporated with a purpose. She had been granted an exclusive that many reporters would give their right arm for. The only caveat for it was that Clark had to tag along. Not that she minded, but Clark had the tendency to ask some real softball questions when he interviewed someone. Lois always went for the tough questions, even if it was with people she somewhat liked and respected.

If she did not like the people she was interviewing, she went straight for the jugular. Of course, she was not going to be softened by any means. And Harry and Kara encouraged her to ask all of the tough questions. They enjoyed the challenge, and their respect for her brutal honesty had netted her a few exclusives that she might not have otherwise gotten.
As long as she did not push it too far, she would be fine. Of course, Lois had not found that line that would make either Harry or Kara want to throw her out a window. She took a deep breath.

"Look alive there, Smallville," Lois said. "That press conference the other day, that was nice, but it barely scratched the surface. We're going to get the exclusive. Don't tell me that you're not curious."

Clark offered his endearing farm boy smile. "Oh, I am Lois, believe me I am."

"Then let's go through, I think that they're waiting for us in this office," Lois said. Her hand reached forward, and she opened the door open.

Lois stepped forward, and saw quite the sight greet her. She blinked and shook her head to see if she saw that right. Sure enough she saw everything, and she turned around, perhaps a bit too quickly. Clark raised an eyebrow.

"I guess they're busy," Lois said in a quick voice, not quite believing what she saw it.

She saw Kara on the desk. There was another girl on the desk with Kara. Their arms were wrapped around each other. The desk was cleared off, and their lips met in a very passionate kiss. She could see them using their tongues, and their hands looked very busy. Their skirts had been rolled up, and their blouses had been unbuttoned.

"Lois, what is it?" Clark asked.

"Nothing, nothing, Smallville, everything is…" Lois said, but she saw Clark walk into the office. She waited for the bomb to drop, and hoped that Clark would not freak out like he did after the Vegas incident.

Clark Kent was rendered completely speechless. He saw his cousin on the desk. She was making out with another girl, for lack of a better term. Kara's hand traveled up the skirt of the other girl, and that was not something that Clark needed to see. The two girls were caressing each other's thighs, and their fingers trailed down each other's bodies. His eyes blinked a few times, and he took a deep breath. He finally found the ability to speak.

"Kara, what are you doing?" Clark demanded.

Kara and Karen broke their kiss immediately, and looked at Clark.

"Oh, hi, Clark, fancy seeing you here," Kara said brightly. She had a casual expression and tone, much like she was discussing the weather. She tried to act like her cousin had not just walked in on her and Karen as they were swapping spit on the desk. "You could try knocking, because if you walked in a couple of minutes later…"

"Kara, what were you doing?" Clark repeated.

"Jeez, Smallville, what does it look like they were doing?" Lois asked, and Clark's eyes widened.

"Just who is this anyway?" Clark asked. He tried to remain calm and patient. There could be a perfectly logical and rational explanation for this.

Kara and Karen both sighed. Clark wasn't jumping to conclusions, well for the most part. The two of them had been working off some stress with each other after a tough morning of meetings. Harry was currently off running an errand, checking things over at the Shining Light School of Magic after the first few days had passed.
"You must be Clark," Karen said and she had a bright smile on her face. "This isn't the way I wanted to meet you, but…does she know about your heritage?"

"Yeah, I know about it," Lois said. Her reporter's curiosity was working into overdrive, as she tried to piece together what this little situation meant.

Karen smiled, and looked at Clark.

"Well, I'm Kara, from another world, but I adopted the name Karen Starr. And Harry and Kara found me, and brought me here. My world was about to die."

"Kara, how could you do something like this?" Clark lectured.

Kara rolled her eyes at her cousin.

"How could I do something like what?" Kara asked in an innocent and sweet voice. "Clark, you need to get laid, really you do."

"Working on it!" Lois chimed in randomly, and Clark shot her a sharp look. Lois put her hands up defensively, a grin spreading across her face.

"What would Harry think about this?" Clark asked, trying to reach some kind of moral high ground that he hoped Kara would understand.

Kara and Karen exchanged a pair of wicked grins. This was going to be good. They just hoped Clark was going to be functional after they broke his mind with this revelation.

"Well, he would be a bit disappointed that we didn't wait for him," Kara said casually. "You know, because he would want to join in."

"Kara, I was being serious," Clark said in a stern voice. He had thought that Kara was committed to this relationship, and was being mature about it.

"So, was I," Kara said. "Besides, the three of us are married, what's the big deal?"

This statement struck Clark suddenly. He was struck dumb. Lois opened her mouth to ask a question, but she could not get her inquiry out. Mostly because she was amused by the absolute bemused look on Clark's face. Kara and Karen's eyes both were on their cousin, and Clark blinked several times. He took a deep breath, and shook his head.

"What do you mean married?" Clark managed after he finally found his voice.

"Really that long and that's the question you ask," Lois said. She had a fond smile on her face, but her boyfriend could be a dweeb sometimes and kind of clueless. She also had the observation that mentally scarred was a good look for him.

"Married, we are bound together in holy matrimony for all eternity," Kara dead panned. "Harry, Karen, and I were all on board with this, I don't see what the big deal is it."

Clark shook his head. He had to really think this one over. Kara was old enough to make her own decisions, but at the same time, it was hard for him to reconcile in his mind what just happened.

"Clark, it's not a big deal," Kara added in a defensive voice. "It's common in certain civilizations on Earth, on other planets, and it's common as well on Krypton. As a head of an ancient and noble house of Krypton, I'm allowed as many spouses as I want."
It was at this point, Clark had no idea whether or not Kara was telling the truth. She knew more about Kryptonian law than he did. Even his training at the Fortress was just how to understand his powers, and the actual culture was something that remained only in bits and pieces. Kara and Karen waited for him to regain his bearings.

'I never thought that my cousin would be such a dork,' Karen thought to Kara.

'Well, he can be, but he's a good guy, with a few hang ups,' Kara thought. 'Most of them come with what the people expect of him. Superman is supposed to be perfect, and not make any mistakes, or have any life beyond saving the day. That's hard to deal with. He's just as human as everyone else, well so to speak.'

Karen nodded.

"Clark?" Kara asked him.

"If it's okay with Harry, I guess I can accept it," Clark said, and he shook his head. "I just can't believe that my cousin is part of a harem…"

"It's not a harem, it's a mutually beneficial collective union," Karen said, shaking her head.

"My mistake," Clark said dryly. He had a smile on his face, but then another thought struck him. "But Ma and Pa…"

"If they can handle their adopted son being an alien, and their adopted daughter marrying a wizard in Vegas, I'm sure they can handle this, once they got time to process it," Kara said to Clark, and Clark just conceded defeat at that point.

Clark admitted that he likely could not handle two women. He barely knew what to do with one, even if it was Lois, and she was quite a handful. The fact Clark, after a few moments, was able to accept this, grudgingly, showed how much he had matured in the past year.

Silence was in the office, but Harry showed up at that moment. He was unaware of what happened, even though Kara and Karen would fill him in on the finer details of the situation later on. Harry had returned from his rounds, and also had picked up the paperwork that Karen would need when she was situated into this timeline.

"Oh, Lois and Clark, good you're here," Harry said, and he took a deep breath. He turned to the two reporters. "We can start with the interview right now, I'm sure you have questions."

"I might have a few, Mister Potter," Lois said. She was going to be tough, but fair. She knew she would get more out of Harry than any other reporter would have.

The Daily Planet would be getting the most extensive coverage of the future plans of Patronus Incorporated. Harry, Kara, and Karen could not give out all of the secrets to the press, but there was enough to satisfy the appetites of the people and most importantly, Lois. Their answers were all honest enough that it did not lead to the usual corporate spin and double talk that was common with these kinds of companies.

The flying fortress of the Justice League, the Watch Tower, was running at full capacity. The League had been busy with any number of problems that occurred. The seven of them worked hard in their attempts to make the world a better place. There were many snags, and many times where they stepped on each other's toes. In the end, when the day was saved, that was all that mattered to most when it was all said and done.
There were a few minor adjustments that needed to be made to the Watchtower, and they needed to take up a part that was needed to repair one of the javelins. Harry, Kara, and Karen volunteered to bring the part up there. This allowed Karen her first glimpse at the Watch Tower.

"So what do you think?" Harry asked. He paused, and added to his second wife. "Did they have something like this back in your world?"

Karen offered a brief nod. "Yeah, there was something like that. Of course, while that Watchtower was magnificent, it paled in comparison to this one. You two did a good job of getting it up and running."

"Yeah, I agree we did," Harry said. He took a few moments to admire his handiwork. "Of course, it is down to the League to make sure they are keeping it up and running. The security is being idiot proofed for the most part. Everything is in place."

"We do checks on everything once a week," Kara said. She lowered her voice so no one else could hear her, but Karen and Harry. "Everything that comes through the League communication is patched in through the main grid of Patronus Incorporated."

"That way we can jump in if they really need us," Harry said. "We didn't want to be an official part of this because...well we told you our reasons."

Karen nodded. To be honest, she thought something like the League had potential. However, a team of heroes tended to be a crapshoot for a variety of reasons. There were times where certain members would go off on their own, and various clashes of personality tended to be a problem. Plus there were certain parties who would not do what was necessary, even if the situation called for it.

She hoped that the League would do some real good in the world. At least before it was too late, but she was going to be with Kara and Harry, helping out when they could. While the League helped protect the world, Patronus Incorporated was going to help change it. And there were many projects that would assist to that.

"Kara, Harry, hello, I hope you've been well lately," Wonder Woman said the moment she saw Harry and Kara. She saw the third party, and offered a smile. "And you must be Karen; Donna has told me so much about you."

Diana was glad that her sister had given her the head's up about the entire marriage situation. The truth was she had heard stories about men marrying multiple women, but they would have to be very powerful and in some ways patient, to handle that many women. She suspected that if anyone would treat more than one wife equal, it would be Harry.

"Hello, Diana," Karen said. "It's weird. I've met you before, well another version of you, in the world I came from."

The Flash rushed over at the speed of light. He looked at Harry with a grin on his face.

"Hey, Arcane, way to go buddy," Flash said, and he patted Harry on the shoulder. "Don't know how you manage it, but congratulations."

"Thanks, Flash," Harry said, really taken aback.

"So, how did Big Blue take it?" Flash asked, and Karen, Kara, and Harry exchanged looks.

"He was actually quite mature about it when he got over his initial shock," Kara admitted. "We've
come a long way in the last year or so. All of us have, but…”

"There's always room to mature, no matter how old you are," the Martian Manhunter said. "Supergirl, Arcane, it's always a pleasure, and you must be Power Girl."

"Hello, J'onn," Karen said. She tried to keep a cool head and an even temper. Most of the members of the Justice League, she had met in her world. There were others that joined that were not part of the Seven, but perhaps in the future they could be.

It was hard to reconcile that these people were alive here, but had died in her world. She had visited their graves often, at least in the months after their death. She really did hope that the same fate that befell her Justice League did not befall this one.

"You have the part that we needed," Martian Manhunter continued, and Harry held it out for him. He took it. "Yes, this is just what we need, thank you."

"I'm happy to help," Harry said with a smile and a nod. The Martian Manhunter walked off to make the necessary fix. It was at this point that Harry noticed that the crew was sparse. "So, where is everyone else?"

The Flash jumped in with the answer. "Well Batman's doing the Batman thing over in Gotham."

"Some things never change," Karen said, shaking her head. She got a pair of looks. "Well, I'm from an alternate universe. Many things don't change, and that is Batman will always march to his own drum even when he commits to a team."

"That fits him to a tee," Wonder Woman said. "As for the others, Hawkgirl and Superman are helping with the recovery efforts from an Earthquake. We're going to join them in a little bit if they need some help."

"And Lantern's off in Oa, on business there with the Guardians," Flash said. "He should be back in a couple of days, but he got his leave. There is a problem with some guy, sinister or something."

"Sinestro," Kara offered helpfully.

"Yeah that guy," Flash said with a nod.

Wonder Woman turned to Power Girl. "So what do you think of the Watchtower?"

"It's a nice place," Karen admitted. "Really, it is, and I'm sure the Justice League are doing the best they can to protect those in the world."

"We'd love you have you join," Wonder Woman said, and Karen shook her head. "Well, if you change your mind, the offer is still out there."

"I'll keep that in mind," Karen said, but she grew suddenly serious. "It's just; I've had a sour experience with teams in the past. After what happened to the Justice League in my world, I admit I'm a bit gun-shy with everything that's happened."

"I understand," Wonder Woman said. Her curiosity got the better of her. She looked towards the other woman. "So what exactly happened to the Justice League in your world? Did we eventually break up?"

"Well, one could say that," Karen said, and Harry placed a hand on hers.
"We didn't end too well, did we?" Flash asked. "We..."

"I think we did," Wonder Woman picked up, and she looked at Karen. "I can't even imagine how hard it is to look in the faces of people who died."

Karen shook her head. No one could really have any idea how bad this was. She tried to smile, and move on. It wasn't like these people were going to die this time. Karen, Kara, and Harry all had pretty good ideas what to expect. This time they could prepare for the worst. They could do what they can to prevent that disaster of a future from happening. At least they hoped it would. Even though there would be all kinds of new problems, so they had other things that they needed to prepare for.

"So what happened?" Flash asked, and he got a look of exasperation from both Harry and Kara. "Right, tact, sometimes my mouth runs as fast as my feet. Sorry about that."

"It's okay, I'm used to it," Karen said, shaking her head. "But to answer your question what happened, well Luthor happened. He...he killed everyone."

"I knew Luthor was dangerous, but that's just..." Wonder Woman started before she trailed off. "And you saw it all happen before your eyes."

"I stopped him in the end, well Harry did, technically," Karen added with a smile on her face.

Flash, Wonder Woman, and the returning Martian Manhunter exchanged expressions, knowing what that meant.

"The Justice League gave Luthor way too many chances to reform," Karen added. "It's a tough choice that needs to be made, but sometimes a mad dog needs to be put down. I wish I had been able to do it...before he killed all of those people."

Karen turned around, closing her eyes. She was deep in thought, and her head shook in disgust.

"Sorry, bad memories, and I'd be lying if I said I wasn't bitter about everything that happened with the end of the League," Karen said, and she shrugged. Both Harry and Kara placed an arm around her. She relaxed at their touch. Despite all of the loss, it made her feel better to be so close to them, and know that she would be okay in the end. "It's hard to talk about it."

Wonder Woman nodded. It was one of those situations where it was hard to really say anything that did not seem awkward. So she decided to say the first thing that came to mind. "Believe me I understand. All of this must have been difficult on you."

"You have no idea," Karen said. At least she had two people that would help her cope with everything no matter what happened.

Karen, Kara, and Harry spent a few more minutes hanging around the Watchtower. Harry took a moment to do his weekly check-up of the Watchtower. Everything was completely in place, and there were no major problems to report other than the minor mishap with the Javelin. They departed back for a nice evening back home of rest and relaxation.

They had a lot of work ahead of them over the next few days, and they prepared to get the rare downtime to rest while they could. Something told them that they were going to need all the rest they could.
Plague Part One

Chapter 22: Plague Part One.

On Halloween Night five years ago, two girls dressed in Amazonian garb made their way into a village. One of the girls had dark black hair, and blue eyes. The second girl had blonde hair. They were teenagers. The two of them moved quickly towards a village. They moved with a purpose, and both of them had a sense of two people who were somewhere that they shouldn't be.

"I can't believe you talked me into doing this, Aresia. I'm going to be in trouble when mother finds out."

"Come on Donna, you can't say that you were not the least bit curious. This is where I came from, before I was brought to the island. Maybe Man's World has changed; perhaps it's changed for the better. But those pirates that attacked me, they were awful. They were the worst."

Donna Troy spun around on her heel, and turned to Aresia. The girl had a fierce and determined expression on her face. Not that Aresia was any less fierce or determined. Both of them did in fact have the fiercest and determined looks on their face. "Aresia, you can't paint a group of people by the same brush just because you had one bad experience with men."

"It was more than a bad experience," Aresia argued. She left no room for argument in her tone. "Men are vile, and the world would be a lot better without them. They aren't really essential. The Amazons have gone on long enough without them."

"Yeah, in isolation, but there's an entire wide world out there," Donna said. She leaned against the side of a building, and looked up in the sky. A thoughtful expression crossed her face. "Everything can't be so bad that every man is a sadistic destroyer of everything pure. Some of them are bad, I'm sure, but there are noble people, heroes, who will fight alongside us in battle and defend us."

"We don't need to be defended," Aresia said, but she shook her head. Her friend was amusing in her naivety. Had she not been brought to the island, she would have perished thanks to the vile attacks of men. "We are strong, and proud, and men aren't needed. But maybe you're right. Let's see the sights for a bit, and we'll get back before your mother or your sister is any the wiser."

Donna nodded. A scowl crossed her face. She was still a bit mad at her mother. They had a huge argument, and now that she had some time to cool off it was stupid. She would make amends when she returned, but right now she had sights to see. Everything looked so different. It was an entirely new and different world, and she found herself endeared by it. Aresia just looked at her in amusement, and a bit of bewilderment.

"How much are we missing being stuck on the island?" Donna said, as she got up on her tip-toes to get a closer look. The villagers moved around, chatting in their native language. Men and women were interacting with each other in a way she had not ever seen before in her life.

A loud explosion brought her out of her observations. Another loud explosion cracked the village, and a group of soldiers marched forward, and pushed several of the villagers out of the way. The villagers landed onto the ground hard, and were stomped and kicked around. They scrambled to get out of the way.

"They can't do that!" Donna said when she saw a little girl drop her doll and run away. "Why are they doing it?"
"They're just giving into their most base instincts, being brutal, and destructive," Aresia said in a calm, nearly cold voice. She gripped onto Donna's wrist, and held it firmly. "Let's go, we should leave."

Donna pulled away from Aresia's grip. She remained firm in her stance, and looked forward. "We have to help them; we have to help all of them, men and women. Both sides are getting victimized."

"Donna, we can't help them all, it's impossible!" Aresia yelled, rolling her eyes at the very thought, but Donna rushed off further into the village. Her warrior spirit could not be denied, and Aresia half chased after her friend. She was sure that nothing that could be done could hurt an Amazon, but the humiliation might be too much for her to handle.

Donna rushed forward, and knocked one of the soldiers away. She began to fight them. Her experience proved to be an Achilles heel. A number of the soldiers grabbed her, and pushed her down to the ground. She used her strength to flip them over. She was nowhere near as strong as her mother or even her older sister, but she could hold her own well enough in battle. They continued to storm her. Dodging them, she fought them off with a series of attacks.

A bolt of energy knocked Donna down to the ground. She fell to her knees, and a sadistic looking man walked forward. He was Ares, the God of War, and he seemed to be stirring up this little battle, with his war mongering ways.

"Well, well, well, a little Amazon has stumble into my abode," Ares said. "I must say, your mother would be disappointed to see that you defied her orders, and stepped one foot into the world of men. It could be dangerous; it's a world of war. Filled with people who will tear each other apart, just to satisfy their own bloodlust."

"I've heard about you," Donna said. Her teeth gritted angrily. A pair of goons held Donna in place on her knees, in the most demeaning and humiliating fashion that they could manage. "You're responsible for the death of countless. You're a real monster…"

"I'm just helping humans embrace their base, most natural instincts," Ares said. A sadistic grin spread across his face. He stepped forward, and reached into his uniform. "Even the Amazons aren't so above it. If they are pushed far enough, they will spill as much blood as the next human. As much as the dreaded and sadistic men's world, they are no different. They are just more in denial."

Donna struggled against the grip of her captors, and managed to fight off, but Ares knocked her back down hard. She was on her hands and knees, and blood dripped down her mouth. The fluid splashed down across the ground.

"I think it's time to let Queen Hippolyta know that even her spawn cannot be sheltered from the horrors of the world," Ares said. His eyes glinted and danced with sadistic madness. "Your life may be spared, should you beg for it, little girl."

Donna's eyes narrowed at this point. They wanted her to beg, but she would not beg. In the back of her mind, she knew one thing to be true. Even if she did demean herself to beg for her life, it was likely she would get killed anyway. She continued to struggle. If she was going to die, she was going to go down fighting, and proud. Yet, Ares held her into place, and pulled out a dagger.

"Much like your mother, too proud," Ares said. He added with a sadistic expression, while twirling the dagger in his fingers. "And both of you look exquisite on your knees."
A look of pure simmering hatred flashed through Donna's eyes. The dark haired Amazon tried to get back up to her feet, but she was pushed back down again. Ares stood there, and time seemed to stand still. There was no one who was going to save her, and she remained on her knees, bent and unable to save herself.

Her eyes turned around, and she spotted Aresia standing in the distance. She seemed paralyzed with fear, unable to move, and unable to bring herself to save her friend. Donna looked up, a bit of desperation flooding her. This was the worst situation that she had ever been in throughout her life. Donna mouthed two simple words towards Aresia.

"Help me."

Yet help was not on the way. Aresia watched from afar, fury simmering in her eyes at what these men were doing. If they could do this to a proud Amazon Warrior princess, they could do it to anyone. Ares held the dagger up above his head. Donna made one last valiant, but eventually futile, attempt to get free. The dagger plunged into her neck, and blood began to spurt out of her throat.

Donna Troy fell to the ground. The blood left her body, and her spirit detached from her body, before she made its way to the crossroads between life and death, to apparently be judged for her fate. Her physical body withered on the ground, blood flowing from it.

Ares stood over her, with the blood soaked dagger. He would keep it as a trophy, and would endeavor to send the body of Donna Troy back to her mother. It would be evidence that she was not safe, no matter what she thought to the contrary. Her daughter took one step off of the island, and the result was before him. Her blood stained his shoes, but Ares took that as a compliment.

Aresia turned, and ran from the village. She had to get away from this sickening thing. One day all of these men would pay for the damage that they had caused. She could not let this happen again, not to another woman whether they were normal, Amazon, or otherwise. All men would suffer, worse than Donna had suffered when she was slaughtered like a hog.

Back in the present day, several guards were down on the ground, with snapped bones. Blood poured from their mouths. The remaining signs of life faded out of them. They were brutally assaulted, they had no chance. A woman dressed in black, with a hood over her head stepped forward. She pulled open a vault with super strength, and pulled out a vial of a red swirling chemical within it. It was the second to last component she needed for her plans to be realized.

Aresia spun around on her heel, and walked off, the chemical in her hand. The problem of the brutality of men would soon be an afterthought, and the world would be a much better place without them.

It was time to move towards the next phase of her plan.

A few moments later at the same lab, a crimson blur rushed into the scene. The Scarlet Speedster known as the Flash looked around. He was followed by Hawkgirl, Superman, and Wonder Woman. Batman lurked around in the shadows.

"I think we're a little late to the party," Flash commented, as he looked around, but then he cringed at the people who had been taken down to the floor. He took a few steps forward, and he tentatively took a few more steps. He cringed when he saw the bodies on the ground.
"We're very late," Wonder Woman said and she closed her eyes. "Who could have done something this brutal?"

"Some of these people aren't breathing at all," Hawkgirl said, and she stepped forward. Her mace was clutched in her hand and she was ready for the attack. A female scientist stirred on the ground, and she got up to her feet. Wonder Woman stepped over, and knelt down right beside the scientist.

"What happened?" Wonder Woman asked in a gentle voice.

The scientist shook her head, trying to get her head together. She felt numb, and was barely able to get to her feet. Yet she was still breathing, which was a lot better than some of her colleagues. It took her a few moments to regain her bearings, and then she took a deep breath, before she stepped forward, and brushed her hair from her face.

"It was awful," the scientist said. "That woman stepped in here, and she took me out. And what she did to Ed... she just stepped forward and killed him. No one deserved it, especially him. He was a sweet man, he wouldn't hurt a fly, and then she just killed him like he deserved it."

Superman stepped forward, and used his X-Ray vision to scan the vault. There were several vials in the vault, but one of them was missing. Superman grabbed the vault door, and slid it open.

"Whoever did this, they took something," Superman said. He continued in a gentle and calm voice. The scientist relaxed immediately. Now that Superman was here, she could be reassured. "Do you know what she took?"

"I'll check," the scientist said and she rushed over to the computer, to determine what was in the vault. She punched up the inventory in the lab one by one. As she was doing that, Batman decided to have a look at the security system. Flash rushed back at this moment, and gave his report.

"All of the female scientists are fine," Flash said in a somber voice. He shook his head. "The men on the other hand... well you saw what happened to that one guy. The scientists and security guards were all killed. None of them were breathing."

"Which I figure was by design," Batman said. The Dark Knight half paid attention to what was going on around him as he tapped into the security system. He would have a clearer idea of who was behind this immediately. "With any luck, we'll get a glimpse of our mystery woman."

"And then we'll be closer to tracking her down," Hawkgirl said. "What was this, the fourth lab that got struck in a week?"

"Fifth," Batman corrected without missing a beat. He hacked into the security system, and a few grainy security images popped up. Superman, Wonder Woman, Hawkgirl, and Flash hovered in the background, and waited for their team mate to get some kind of fix on the person who was behind this. They did not have to wait for long. Batman stopped, and paused.

He took a few moments to take a look at the woman. Her face was covered, but there was something about her attire that struck him as familiar. Without another word, he turned his head towards Wonder Woman.

"You might want to take a look at this," Batman said. Wonder Woman stepped forward, and saw the bracelets on the woman. Her eyes widened in surprise, even though she recovered quickly. A stoic look spread across her face. "Does it look familiar?"

"They look Amazonian," Wonder Woman stated, and she stared at the figure. She looked oddly familiar, even though she could not place her. "But that's impossible, no Amazon would do
"People often are capable of things that you wouldn't believe," Batman said in a crisp voice. He held his hands together, and continued to take a look at the footage. "You see the designs, and her fighting style. It does resemble yours in a way, but with differences. It is more reckless, and less refined."

Wonder Woman just responded with a crisp nod, but she felt that there had to be another explanation for something like this.

"Maybe it's a forgery," Superman offered, and Wonder Woman could have thanked him for the explanation. Something told her that it was not going to be that easy.

"Maybe," Batman said, although skepticism was present in his voice. He continued to punch up the security information, and try to get a clear shot of her face. Yet he had to admit that she was good, he was unable to get a clear enough shot at this woman. "We'll find her, and we'll see what her plan is."

"I've found what she stole," the female scientist stated, to break the silence. The Justice League spun around to give their attention to her. "That doesn't make any sense."

"What doesn't make any sense?" Batman asked, and the scientist decided to elaborate about what she had found, with Wonder Woman, Flash, Hawkgirl, and Superman crowding around.

"What she stole, it doesn't make any sense," the scientist said. A frown spread on her face, and she showed the members of the League the information. "This chemical is used to help stabilize the immune systems of people. It's very experimental, but it doesn't seem like it would be something that a terrorist would want to use. It would help people as opposed to hurt them."

Hawkgirl, Wonder Woman, Superman, and Flash all had no answers for this. They all turned towards Batman. Batman did however, and he took a deep breath before he began to speak.

"This chemical, it could be reversed with certain methods, and destroy the immune system, as opposed to help strengthen it," Batman said. A grim expression spread across his face, although with Batman who could really tell. "The chemicals they are stealing, they are all leading to our mystery woman building something. The question is what?"

"Even the World's Greatest Detective is stumped, that has to be a first," Flash said, trying to lighten the mood, but Batman turned slightly towards him. A glare caused Flash to take a step back. Even the fattest man alive was not immune to Batman's glare of death. "So what's the plan now?"

It was not Batman who answered this time, but rather Superman.

"We head back to the Watchtower, and find out if there is a pattern. If our mystery woman strikes again, we'll be able to catch her at the source. That's all that we can do right now. Just lie in wait, and be prepared to catch her in the attack."

The entire League agreed with the plan. Wonder Woman joined the rest of the group, but she did so in a half-hearted manner. There was something about the thief that was bugging her. Batman's theory that she was an Amazon might not have been that far off. She had no idea if there had been renegade Amazons in the past, her mother seemed to not mention them if there were. She boarded the Javelin with the rest of the team.

"Something bothering you?" Superman asked.
Wonder Woman answered this question without pause or thought.

"No, Kal, everything's fine," Wonder Woman said. She put on a strong resolve for the team, and hoped that they could find a lead on whoever was doing this. She needed to know, one way or another.

Something told her she would not like the answers.

"So is this your latest toy?"

Harry and Kara sighed, as Hermione sat with them in the main conference room of Patronus Incorporated. It had been a couple of weeks since they had returned from their trip to the alternate Earth. Karen was settling in, and she had proved her worth as part of Patronus, by contributing several new ideas to the table. Harry hoped to get those ideas off of the ground during the next year.

Right now, she was making sure everything ran smoothly at one of the Patronus outposts on the southwest United States. She would be able to fly back within moments if they needed anything.

"Hermione, I don't think I would call it a toy, but hopefully it will be something useful to help us against criminals out there," Harry said, and he held up the disc in his hand. "The problem is, one of these things takes hours and hours to make. We found a few of them among the Ministry artifacts, but they're not functioning as well as they should be."

"If we set the coordinates properly, we can transport villains anywhere we chose," Kara said. "The real problem is getting the transportation aspect of the spell right. It's more likely to blow up in someone's faces. Likely our faces if we aren't careful. And our aim has to be picture perfect. Still if we managed to knock out the villains, we can send them somewhere out of the way."

Hermione did not ask where out of the way was. She had a feeling where Harry and Kara sent them was dependent on the crime. Harry turned around in the chair.

"We've went through most of the artifacts, a lot of them are junk, but there's a few useful artifacts," Harry said, and he turned around. "The problem is magical artifacts are not foolproof. And those who think they are…well they're in for a rude awakening. It is very easy to grow dependent on them. Useful in some circumstances, but don't grow too dependent on them."

"And we're careful to be competent if there's a situation where we're without our powers," Kara said, but she turned around. They took a look out into Metropolis. This was their weekly checkup of the main branch in the city. Everything turned out to work on schedule. "We're going to have to be smart about this, but smart fighting is using our wits, and not rely on our powers or gadgets all of the time, whether they be magical or otherwise. If our powers can get the job done, so be it. But most battles are won in the mind."

Hermione would have to nod in agreement.

"We hope that these little gadgets will work well enough," Harry added, and sparks flew from them. "This is why the Ministry abandoned them, I think."

"And they're trying to reestablish that government," Hermione said.

"It's just a power play from the International Confederation of Wizards, and nothing more," Harry told both Kara and Hermione. He looked out in the window. "The people who were smart enough to move on, did move on. Those who didn't, well they didn't, and there are some who still cling
onto that world even if it's time has long passed. Magical users can't hide themselves behind a veil of secrecy forever."

Harry took a deep breath. Kara sat beside him. They had been all through this earlier. There were very few things that Harry had to say nice about that world.

"And Malfoy's going to try and make a power play of his own," Hermione said. "Sirius isn't serious about running for Minister of Magic, is he?"

Harry shrugged at that question. "I don't know how serious, Sirius is about seriously running for the Minister of Magic. Sometimes I cannot tell when Sirius is serious, or when he isn't serious. Hell, there are sometimes where I'm not sure if Sirius knows whether or not he is serious. Seriously speaking, I have no idea, but it'd be interesting."

Hermione blinked. She decided to change subjects rather quickly.

"So did you tell Sirius about the newest member of the family?" Hermione asked Kara and Harry.

"Yeah, and he seemed to be overjoyed that his godson was achieving something that only other men can dream about," Harry said, and he just smiled. Being with two beautiful blonde Kryptonians made life interesting for now, and not many men would survive the experience.

"Well, you're only something that many girls dream about," Kara answered to him. A smile crossed her face. "And I'm sure that is quite literal in many cases."

"Yeah, I'm sure," Harry said. He remembered the rabid fan girls that had populated the world. He shook his head. It would be quite amusing, if it was not sad. Yet, he had found the perfect girl, and later the perfect girls.

Harry was brought out of his musings with a blip on his computer. He sank down in his chair, and turned around.

"There's some kind of chemical pumped into the air, take a look at this," Harry said, and Kara and Hermione walked over, to peer over his shoulder.

The three analyzed everything the situation, and Hermione was first to pick up on what was going on.

"It's a plant allergen," Hermione said. A frown crossed her face. "That's not all it is, it seems like… no that's impossible, isn't it?"

"Depends on what you're asking about," Kara said. She joined Hermione to get a clear view of the readings, and a frown crossed her face. "That could be trouble; trouble with a capital T. Something like this could make people really sick, even if they don't have allergies."

Immediately, Harry activated a communication link.


"Yes, Arcane, I read you loud and clear," Batman said. There was a long pause. "What is it?"

"I'm sending you information that one of my computers picked up," Harry said, and he took a deep breath. "I don't know if the Justice League knows about this, but this is information that you guys need to know. I'm uplinking my computer to the Watchtower, and sending the data right now."
"Standing by for the data," Batman said.

Arcane uploaded the data to the Watchtower computer. He would have to research this matter himself, but right now this would be the type of thing that the League should be dealing with. He tapped his fingers on the side of the desk. Kara, Hermione, and Harry waited for the answer on the other end. Batman was not going to disappoint them, as he stepped in with a firm, and grim bit of news.

"This clarifies something that we feared," Batman said. "There have been numerous chemical heists over the past number of days. A variety of chemicals have been stolen, and it appears that they are being used in this cocktail. If the readings you've given our correct, this concoction will attack the immune system, and will eventually kill everyone that it affects in a number of days. But it appears to be engineered for a certain purpose."

"Which is?" Harry prompted, and Batman remained silent for a brief moment, before he responded in his one way.

"The woman behind this, I believe that she's an Amazon," Batman said.

Hermione chimed in at this point, a frown spreading on her face. "You're kidding, right?"

"I wish I was," Batman said dryly. He allowed himself a few seconds pause, before he spoke again. "Your sister didn't seem to believe it either. Yet, her fighting style was about the same, the way she moved, and the design of the clothing she wore. Her face was covered but…"

"Do you have any of the security footage?" Hermione asked. Kara and Harry saw her, and she seemed to be in a funny mood. They did not like the look on their friend's face.

"Yes, I will be sending it to the computer right away," Batman said, and he did so. Kara and Harry watched the security footage with anticipation. The woman's attacks were brutal. They both picked up on one thing, that she attacked the men with lethal force, but only knocked out the women. She was vicious and quick too.

Hermione paled suddenly, and she watched the footage. She recognized the movements of that woman, it was hard not to. She assumed she had been found in the village, and killed too all of those years ago after she was. Yet there was no denying who it was.

"I can't tell who she is any more than you can," Harry said, and he turned to Kara who just shrugged.

"Me neither," Kara said, and they both turned to Hermione. Hermione remained rigid, and unmoving. They looked at her. Hermione quickly trained her

"No, I don't know," Hermione said. Harry and Kara turned to their friend, and concern flooded their face.

"Hermione, what is it?" Harry asked, and Hermione took a step back.

"I'm suddenly not feeling well, I think I have a stomach bug," Hermione said, and she spun around on her heel, before she walked off in the distance.

"A stomach bug?" Kara asked. Skepticism was prominent in her voice, and on her face.
"She knows something," Batman said on the other end. "See what you can find out from her on the other end, and we'll be in touch. I need to run further tests on the chemical readings that you gave me."

"Right, Arcane out," Harry said, and the communication link between the two sides went dead. Harry turned his attention towards Kara at that moment. "Was it just me, or did Hermione look like she saw a ghost?"

"It's not just you, but she's left the building," Kara said. "We better give her a few hours to calm down, before we try and press for answers."

A frown spread across Harry's face. He continued to tap into the readings, and what he read seemed to get worse by the minute. He spread the scope elsewhere, and Metropolis was not the only city that was being affected.

"I'm not sure if we have a few hours right now, to be honest with you," Harry told Kara, and both plotted their next move. The cellphone on the side of the desk went off, and Harry saw that Karen was calling. He reached over, to answer it immediately. "Hi, Karen, what can I do for you?"

"Harry, this is...I can't believe what just happened!" Karen yelled, and she took a deep breath to calm herself down.

"Just take a deep breath, calm down, and tell me," Harry told her. He felt a feeling of mortal dread within him.

"Most of the men in the branch here just bent over, complaining about stomach flu symptoms," Karen said. She took a deep breath. "I flipped on the news, and it's happening all over the city."

At that point, as if on cue, a knock on the door broke Harry out. He motioned for Kara to answer the door, and Kara flew over. She opened the door, and a very frantic Lana Lang stood on the other side of the door.

"Just a few minutes ago, half of the men in my department have hunched over, complaining about their stomachs hurting, and some passed out," Lana said in a frantic voice. Her hands were shaking, and Kara led her inside.

"The same thing's happening here, Karen," Harry informed his second wife over the phone. He took a deep breath. "I'm sending you the information that Batman sent me, about the robberies, and also the data I got over there. Compare notes to see if you have any readings."

Lana sat down next to Harry. He turned towards her to give her his assessment on the news.

"It's happening in California too, on both coasts," Harry said, and he punched in a few more details. He hopped onto the latest news, and read the details. "All of the major population centers, and some minor ones as well, it's happening in Gotham City, in Metroplis, in Star City, Central City, you name it, and there have been men dropping down."

"Just the men?" Lana asked.

"That's what it seems like, but..." Kara said, but then she realized something. "All of the men except for Harry."

"Yeah, that's a good point," Lana said. "Why aren't you affected?"

Harry had no idea why, but he continued to get the information that was coming in. Men were
getting sick, and they might only get worse. He prepared to communicate his theory to the Watchtower that the allergen affected only men.

"I don't know, but something is up," Harry said. He picked up the communicator immediately. "Arcane to Watchtower!"

"Yes, Arcane, is this about the latest news?" Batman asked. Harry picked up the fact that Batman tried to disguise the fact that he had a cough.

"About the allergen causing men to drop with flu like symptoms," Harry said. He waited for the confirmation he needed.

"Yes," Batman confirmed. His voice became a bit raspier, as he held a cough back. "This is only going to get worse. It seems to be like whatever was sent into the sky, was a test run."

Batman coughed worse.

"Are you okay?" Harry asked.

"Fine," Batman said, and his breathing became labored. He masked most of the affects over the communication link. "I’ll contact you back if I…find out anything."

Batman disconnected the call. Harry wondered if he could rely on the male members of the Justice League to get anything done. It seemed like they had been poisoned already, or at least Batman was.

He knew one thing for certain.

They had a lot of work to do. And Harry suspected that the source that might be able to help him was going to be one that was not going to win him many fans in the League. Still desperate times called for desperate actions, and the ends would justify the means.

Panic was a word that tended to be thrown around a bit too much as of late. However, the word panic was an accurate description of what was happening in many cities all over the world. Men of all ages, young and old, had dropped down. The women found themselves being worked to the brink. They were capable, but to deal with this number of people dropping down with these symptoms presented a problem.

The various health departments were also at a loss to figure out what was happening. There were times where they thought the answers to everything, but there was one huge piece to the puzzle missing. Brothers, fathers, sons, and friends one by one fell down, and the initial reports were not good. If someone could not find a cure within the next few days, there was a chance that all who had suffered from this plague would perish.

Governments around the world were in intense meetings. If something like this happened in the United States of America, there was a chance that it could happen worldwide as well. The scientists in those countries thought they had solid leads, but the only thing for sure was that nothing was for sure. They were all grasping at straws.

The mastermind behind this scheme remained at large. Until they could bring her in, all bets were off. Providing of course she would be willing to help, and judging by her sadistic actions so far, that seemed unlikely. The world was plunged into its darkest hour.

They were hoping for a miracle, and the scientists that remain worked around the clock for a way
to cure the plague. The Justice League also worked, but it would only be a matter of time before the members would be infected and affected.

Time crawled by for all of them. The cry for a solution was given, but no one was able to step up to the plate in a manner that would actually lead to any kind of real change. All people could do was wait, watch, and hope.

Arkham Asylum was the home of some of the depraved and twisted souls in the world. The exterior of the building reflected the insanity of the patients inside in many respects. Arcane, Supergirl, and Power Girl were outside of the asylum. Batgirl joined them a few seconds later, and walked next to them. She was a bit distracted at first. She fixed her face into a stoic expression.

"Are things as bad in Gotham as they are in Metropolis?" Supergirl asked Batgirl.

"Nightwing and Robin went down just earlier today, and even Alfred went down," Batgirl said to Supergirl in an undertone. She tried to keep a strong resolve, but it was hard. The events of the day could easily break even the strongest of them. "And there was...there was...my Dad he's in the hospital too."

Batgirl shook things off, and turned around to see Power Girl standing there. She greeted the newest heroine in this world.

"You must be Power Girl," Batgirl said, keeping her voice stoic and calm. "I really wish we could meet under better circumstances..."

"I know, me too," Karen said, and Barbara Gordon, or Batgirl, was someone else that she had met in her world. She was shot by the Joker in her old version of Earth, and paralyzed. She really hoped that a similar fate did not befall. "You heard about our..."

"Yeah, I heard about the arrangement, and congratulations to all of you," Batgirl said, and she stepped forward. "You do realize that it's a calculated risk even enlisting her help for this."

Harry nodded calmly. "I realize that. Desperate times call for desperate actions, and it's not like I don't have a plan."

Most of the patients in Arkham were actually normal people, with really bad mental inflictions. The costumed crowd just happened to be the most infamous, and thus give Arkham its reputation for being the revolving door of Batman's rogues gallery. The degree the members of Batman's rogues gallery were faking their mental afflictions was something that was debated by experts and the media alike.

A guard stepped forward, and she turned, nodding to all of them. She led them all down a corridor. Most of the prisoners were either sedated or catatonic.

"Ms. Isley has agreed to a visit, once we take the precautions necessary," the security guard said.

"Rough night?" Harry asked.

"Between all of the male patients dropping down in pain, and the guards, I've been overworked," the guard said. She led Supergirl, Power Girl, Batgirl, and Arcane down the hallway towards the high security wing. After several moments of walking, they reached a door.

A woman with red hair, and pale white skin sat with a potted plant across for her. She wore an Arkham Asylum uniform. She was calm, almost eerily so. At one point, she was called Pamela
Isley, but now she went by a different name. She was now called Poison Ivy.

"So, I understand you wanted to see me," Poison Ivy said, and she looked at Arcane, Supergirl, Power Girl, and Batgirl. Her gaze fixed on Arcane for a moment. "You seem to be the only male in this city who is not affected by the toxins in the air, Arcane, isn't it?"

"Yes," Harry said. The truth be told, he had no idea why the toxins did not affect him, but he was not complaining. "So you know about the toxins in the air?"

"Yes, I felt them, they are a high level plant allergen," Poison Ivy stated, and she paused, crossing her legs as she sat. A disgusted expression crossed her face. "Only a fool would use something that potent. It may be engineered to kill the men, but over time it will poison the ecosystem, and all life, human, animal, plant, will perish. We will live on a wasteland that nothing could grow."

"So you understand that we need your help," Batgirl said.

"Yes, you need my help, but what's in it for me?" Poison Ivy asked.

Harry figured that this was coming. Somehow, he knew that card was going to be played. Supergirl and Power Girl stepped forward, but Arcane put his hand up.

'I'll handle this,' Harry thought to both of them.

'She's playing hardball on purpose,' Kara thought. 'She wants something.'

'That much is obvious,' Harry told them.

"Well, my data indicates that a rare flower was cut up to help create this toxin," Harry said. He turned to Poison Ivy. Her eye twitched at the news Harry gave her. "It's always sad when something endangered dies. Whoever did this, do you think she had any regard for that flower? Do you think she has any regard for anything? You said it yourself; this toxin could damage the ecosystem, and destroy everything on Earth. And a barren Earth means no more plants grow."

"If I were to help you, I would be assisting the very people who would turn around, and destroy everything that Mother Nature has to offer," Poison Ivy said.

"Yes, but you would be helping shut down someone who would succeed, to justify whatever plans she had," Harry said. "I can get you a lab, and everything to work on an antidote. And I'll put in a good word for you with the Warden here to let you go free a bit earlier. Now this isn't license to commit any more crimes, but rather a pardon for past crimes. And you may find that if you turn over a new leaf, you can help your precious plants in other ways."

Ivy pondered this thought.

"I need some time to consider this," Poison Ivy said. "Return by sunset, and I'll give you my answer."

"If you insist," Harry said to her, and he turned to the three girls. Arcane, Power Girl, Supergirl, and Batgirl left her.

"You're really not going to let her go that easily," Batgirl said to them.

It was Kara who answered. "Of course we're not. We're going to make sure she doesn't turn around and double cross us the second we let her out. But, we don't have that many options right now. She does know her plants, despite being a bit twisted in the head."
Harry's communicator buzzed. He answered it. The three girls stood around him, to listen in.

"Hawkgirl to Arcane, do you read me?" Hawkgirl asked.

"Loud and clear, Hawkgirl, what can I do for you?" Harry asked her.

She did not wait long before she answered. "The situation is bad up here. Flash was the first one to succumb to the effects of the toxin. Then Green Lantern was next. Even his ring's energy did not shield him in time. Then Batman went down as well. He's still trying to fight it out, but Superman and J'onn have him subdued."

Had the situation not been so dire, Harry would have been amused by the image of the Clark and J'onn strapping Batman to a bed for his own good. The seriousness of the situation dulled his sense of amusement.

"J'onn and Kal are fine them?" Kara chimed in.

Hawkgirl answered. "Yes, the toxin appears to not affect non-human males at least for now."

Kara and Karen exchanged a poignant look. They suspected this to be the case, given Harry's status of still being up and about.

"I've received some news that anything, man, woman, and child would perish if enough time passed," Harry said. The four walked out of Arkham with a purpose. "We're going to keep working on a cure; hopefully in the meantime we can prevent the toxin to keep from spreading."

Kara's cell phone rang at this moment. She had a feeling of mortal dread when she answered it.

"Hello?" Kara asked.

"Hello, Kara, sorry to disturb you dear," Martha Kent said over the other side of the phone. "But something has gone wrong."

Kara was afraid of that. She tried to remain calm.

"Something happened to Pa, didn't it?" Kara asked.

"Yes, Jonathan collapsed a while ago," Martha said, her voice a bit fretful, even though she tried to remain strong and firm. "I thought it was just him overexerting himself once again, but his face became all puffy, and swollen. I don't know what to do. And our normal doctor is unavailable... and the Smallville medical center is understaffed."

Kara closed her eyes, taking a deep breath. Whoever it was, they had made it personal now.

"Go, Kara, do what you have to do, we'll take care of it right now," Harry said in a firm voice.

"I'll be right there Ma, as fast as I can, have you called Clark?" Kara asked.

"I'll get to him in a minute, if I can reach him," Martha said. "There's just something that tells me you're in the middle of a crisis right now."

A pained expression spread across Kara's face.

"You're not too far off the mark, Ma," Kara replied to her. "It's under control. I'll be over there, faster than a speeding bullet."
Kara turned towards Harry.

"I don't care what is, if anything happens, call me right away," Kara said.

"Will do," Harry agreed.

Kara quickly kissed both Harry and Karen goodbye. Power Girl, Arcane, and Batgirl were all alone. Harry could feel his first wife's distress through their link. He turned to Batgirl at this moment. A serious look crossed his face.

"Perhaps you should go and be with your father, in case worse comes to worse."

Batgirl shook her head, and waved that off. "Dad insisted that I don't fret over him, and I'm trying to help as much people as I can. Plus with the rest of us down, I'm Gotham's last line of defense if something happens. Not that Dad wasn't trying to fight the orderlies every step of the way, and insist that they let him do his job, despite the fact he could barely breath."

Power Girl and Arcane exchanged a smile. That did sound like Commissioner Gordon, stubborn to the end.

'We have a lot of work to do,' Harry thought to Karen. 'And I think Hermione's had enough time to cool off.'

'Agreed,' Karen thought back to Harry.

Batgirl looked at them.

"We're going to Themyscira, I think there's someone who ran off there, who could shed some light on anything," Harry told her. "Stay here, and deal with any crime, and we'll hopefully be back by just before sunset."

'And hopefully Ivy will be willing to help us,' Harry said. 'Or I might have to take harsher measures in gaining her compliance.'

Harry hoped not, but with the fate of the world hinging on what he did. His staff at Patronus had been cross referencing everything that they had, both magical, Muggle, and Kryptonian, but while there were some close matches, nothing popped up. This was not standard Herbology to begin with. This was genetically engineered using chemicals and plants.

Hermione sat on the shore of Themyscira, and she was deep in thought. Her entire world had been turned upside down many times throughout her life. She heard footsteps behind her, and she looked up. She smiled when she saw who was walking towards her.

"Oh, hello, Diana," Hermione said in a weak voice. She shook her head. She was not her usual self, in any sense of the word.

"It must be hard to deal with, to realize that some rogue Amazon is behind everything that's happening in the world," Diana said, and Hermione turned to her. "Hundreds of men have passed out. Many of them might not live to see the next week, and some of them, the sickliest of them, they might not live to see the night."

"How could she do this?" Hermione asked, and she grabbed one of the rocks in frustration. She crushed it with her hand. Several more rocks exploded in a wave of magical energy.
"How did who do this, Donna?" Diana asked.

There was a moment of silence between the two sisters. Diana sat down next to her.

"I think…no I know that Aresia is behind this," Hermione said.

There was a lengthy silence when Hermione had given this statement. Diana's eyes widened, and she shook it.

"She never did come back after…we thought we lost you," Diana said in a quiet voice. She looked forward. "But it's hard to think that anyone, especially an Amazon, could be capable of something like this."

Hermione shook her head.

"I don't want to believe it either," Hermione said. "She always did have a certain distaste for men, and I can only imagine that didn't get any better over the years."

Diana inhaled and exhaled. A sad expression crossed her face.

"She did take our teachings to the worst possible extreme," Diana concluded. "It was only a matter of time before she cracked."

"And it was my death that did it," Hermione said. Guilt dripped off of her voice. "If I didn't go with her off the island, none of this would have happened."

"You don't know that," Diana argued. "Any number of things could have happened that twisted her. Mother did keep a closer eye on her, almost like a third daughter. She was fragile after her ordeal, and now that she's loose out there..."

Diana let her statement hang in the air. The two Amazons looked up. They saw Karen and Harry fly through the air towards them.

"Karen, Harry," Diana said with a smile, but she noticed that one member of their collective was missing. "Where's Kara?"

Harry answered in a somber voice. "She flew back to Smallville. Pa Kent took a turn for the worse."

Harry looked at Hermione seriously. Guilt washed over Hermione. Both of the Kents were good people, and seeing anything bad happen to them was just something she could not handle.

Hermione could not handle looking Harry in the eye. Not after all she did. She crossed her arms, and shook her head. There was a moment that passed, before Harry broke the silence.

"I know you know something about this," Harry said. "Spill."

"It all starts with the day I was murdered," Hermione said after a moment, and she proceeded to launch into the retelling of that day.

Aresia stepped forward, and watched the images on the news. Men dropped down to the ground one by one, like houseflies. Her initial tests were a success. They would suffer slowly and painfully. After a number of days, their internal organs would shut down one by one, and they were suffer a slow and agonizing death.

That was the fate of men. They had it coming. Disease, suffering, and war, all were inventions of
man. The initial tests worked out well, but it was time for her to spread her plague on a grander scale.

The rogue Amazon spread the plans out on the desk she had. This would be perfect to spread her toxin to all, and lead to a new age of peace and prosperity.

To Be Continued in Plague Part Two.
Plague Part Two

Chapter 23: Plague Part Two.

Time crawled by slowly. Back in Smallville, Kara sat in the living room of the Kent Farm House. Her hands were folded across her lap, and she had her eyes closed. She had a good idea what was going to happen, and this was only going to get better before it got worst. Martha came down the stairs, to give Kara the news. She held her breath and waited.

"Jonathan's stable right now," Martha said to Kara. "I've tried every home remedy that I can to try and help him, but nothing seems to be working. I called the doctor, but half of them are suffering from the same ailment. I don't know what else to do."

Kara tried to give Martha an encouraging smile. However, given the situation, she did not know how much encouragement she had to give.

"Hope that Harry can find a way to stop this," Kara said, and really that was the only answer that she could give.

Martha turned to Kara with a frown on her face.

"You should be out there Kara, helping when you can," Martha said to her gently. Her voice was calm, but not scolding. She was trying to give Kara some good, genuine advice on what to do. She took a deep breath. "The world needs its hero's now more than ever before, if half of its population might be wiped out."

A knock on the door, and Kara jumped up, alarmed. She made her way over to the door, and pulled it open. She relaxed when she saw Clark standing right there, waiting for the door to be answered.

"Hey, Clark, come in," Kara said in a serious voice.

Clark nodded calmly, and walked past Kara towards Martha Kent.

"What's Pa's condition?" Clark asked.

"It's not looking good Clark," Kara informed, and she stepped back to let her cousin the house. Clark stepped inside. He looked more tired and fatigued than she had ever seen before. Clark walked over, taking a deep breath.

"He's upstairs now," Martha said. "All we can do right now is wait, and hope for the best."

"It's going to be alright," Clark told his mother in a reassuring voice.

"I wish I could believe those words, dear," Martha said, and she sighed. "Jonathan has always been so tough. I can count on one hand the number of times he's been bed ridden. And now he's…I don't know if I could handle what might happen. Thank heavens that plague didn't affect you."

Clark felt a little flushed. He tried to block it out, and remain strong for the sake of his mother.

"I guess my alien biology cancelled it out," Clark said, but then he felt a stinging in his eyes. He began to cough a little bit. Martha jumped up, horrified at what she saw. That was how Jonathan was acting before he collapsed. Clark tried to offer her words of encouragement. "Ma it's nothing I'm…"
Clark took a step forward, and suddenly his vision became blurred. It was hard to focus on anything. His ears buzzed like he was in a tunnel, and his super hearing became dull. His face felt swollen, and he staggered, before he crashed onto the floor.

"Clark!" Kara and Martha yelled both in unison. They looked horrified at what they saw. Martha rushed over towards Clark immediately.

"Oh dear God, no, Clark, speak to me," Martha said, and Clark tried to pull himself to his feet. The Man of Steel had been brought to his knees, weaker than a kitten. His limbs twitched, and he tried to regain his bearings along with his breath.

"No, you can't die," Kara whispered, and she looked at the only blood family that she had left. The state that he was in was too much for her to handle. Her hand trembled, and she wanted to smash in the skull of the person who did this. They threatened the lives of countless with their actions.

She used her super strength to lift Clark onto the couch. It was done with trembling hands. She could barely grab a hold of him. Yet Kara managed it, as where there was a will, there was a way. Martha grabbed a blanket, and placed her hand on Clark's forehead.

"Clark, you're burning up!" Martha exclaimed. She tried to keep a cool head, and rushed off to get a wet washcloth to do what she could to keep Clark's temperature down.

"Fine, just need to get out there, stop this," Clark slurred, but Kara shook her head. She felt his fever as well with her hand.

"No, absolutely not, you look an inch away from death," Kara said, and she ran over the scenario frantically over in her head.

The plague did not work right away, but it worked eventually. It just took longer to worsen Clark's alien immune system. She saw her cousin lay on the bed, potentially on his death bed, but she shook it off. He could not die, not now. Kara tried to remain brave and calm, even though she was shaking.

"Just...just hang on Clark, okay, hang on!" Kara yelled, and she could hardly stand to look at the condition he was in. His face was puffy and swollen.

Clark tried to breath. He felt as if his chest was being blocked.

"It's worse than Kryptonite ever was," Clark rasped, and he felt his throat closing up slowly. It became more and more difficult to breath. It was because of his stubbornness that he pressed on. He was not about to die. He would be able to live through this. He had survived far worse, but this case of the allergies had been amplified.

Kara was glad she could turn away. Martha tried to do what she could to help Clark, as the blonde Kryptonian answered the communication device that was in her hand. It gave her something to do other than worry about Clark. She flipped it on, and Harry was on the other end.

"Kara, I'm sorry to bother you," Harry said to her. Kara just smiled. She was not bothered by Harry at all. In fact, she was relieved to hear the sound of his voice.

"It's not a bother at all, Harry," Kara said, but her voice shook. It was a fact that Harry noticed straight away over the other end of the line.

"Kara, honey, is there something wrong?" Harry asked her.
Kara paused, before she answered. She remained calm, but she was shaken. "Clark…he went down. I thought he was safe, but the allergen managed to get to him too. His alien immune system suffered from it."

Harry was silent on the other end. This was to give Kara a moment to compose herself. Seeing her cousin in this state had shaken her to the absolute core, and Harry could almost feel this through the bond they shared.

"The plague is getting worse, Clark isn't the only alien male that went down," Harry said, and he took another deep breath. He continued to keep Kara up to date on the latest news. "J'onn went down, just a little bit ago. The Justice League are down to two. Karen, Barbara, and I are doing what we can to help, but I don't know…"

Harry paused. Everyone was scrambling, and he really respected the normal women out their for the hard work that they did to pick up the slack. He felt a little ragged himself.

"Harry, you're scaring me, are you starting to feel a bit ill?" Kara asked.

Harry was prompt to answer. "It doesn't matter what happens to me, if I'm safe, and the rest of the world is doomed, then my health is only secondary. Don't worry, I'll figure this out. We're going to stop this. Hermione told me everything. We know who is behind this."

"Who?" Kara asked.

"It's a rogue Amazon named Aresia, her and Donna Troy were rather close before Donna merged with Hermione," Harry explained. "She's always had a sour attitude towards men based on her life experiences, but she's taken that to the next extreme. She's lost her mind, and Hermione is trying to find her, to talk some reason into her. I don't think it's a good idea, but Hermione seems to think she can. So I guess I have to trust her."

There was something resembling doubt in Harry's voice. Kara picked up on it immediately.

"You think there might be a conflict of interest, then?" Kara asked.

"I don't know," Harry admitted to her. That was something that he had turned over and over in his mind since Hermione had told him about it. "With Hermione, there are sometimes where I'm not sure which side of her exerts the most control. It doesn't matter right now. Aresia has gone too far. This is beyond whatever revenge she thinks she's committing."

"When I get my hands on Aresia…." Kara started, but Harry cut her off.

"There's a line forming around the block for that once this breaks," Harry said. "Do you realize how many sons, fathers, brothers, boyfriends, and husbands are going to be lost from this plague if we don't do something? A part of her might think she's serving the female race, but they're likely to track her down and beat her down."

Kara sighed deeply. She shifted her expression to Clark.

"Keep me posted Harry, talk to you later, I love you," Kara replied.

"I love you too, Kara," Harry said, and the communication link when down.

Martha stood in the doorway. She was just back from the bedroom to check on her husband. There had been on real changes in his condition. Her gaze focused on Kara for a moment, before she turned to the blonde Kryptonian.
"Kara, I can handle this," Martha said after a moment. "Your husband needs you, the world needs you. I can take care of Clark and Jonathan."

Kara opened her mouth to protest, but Martha seemed to know what argument she was about to use.

"If more people suffer because of this woman, than there will be more losses than others can handle," Martha said in a calm voice. She focused on Kara. "There are people out there that are counting on you to save the day. One person can make a difference, and if you can do anything to help, then go out and do it."

"Harry told me I should be here," Kara said.

Martha just smiled.

"That just proves the love he has for you, wanting you to put your own needs first," Martha said. "Any spouse would say that. But I have the situation under control. It's nothing. I can't handle."

"Are you sure?" Kara asked nervously.

"I'm sure," Martha said. Her eyes remained focused and her tone indicated that there was no room for argument.

Kara turned around, and looked at Martha. She had a serious and intent look on her face. Her blue eyes burned with focus and determination.

"If anything happens, anything at all that you can't handle, I want you to promise me that you'll call me immediately," Kara said.

Martha and Kara exchanged an expression. Despite not having super powers, Kara thought that Martha Kent was one of the strongest women in the world.

"I will, but don't worry about me," Martha said.

Kara nodded, and stepped back. She tried to get the image of her cousin on the couch, clinging onto life out of her head. Aresia had brought him closer to death.

"Rest easily, Kal-El," Kara said softly, and she turned around, before she flew off. Determination and intensity danced in her bright blue eyes.

Martha turned back to Clark who continued to cling on to life. She maintained a calm exterior, but on the inside she was fretting about this as anyone was. That was just one of those things learned as a mother, how to keep a cool head under certain fire.

Aresia stepped over the downed enemies at the government facility that she now took over. They were trained, but not well enough. The men were slaughtered like they were nothing at her hands. She gritted her teeth in disdain, with the blood of men she had been forced to put on her hands visible. The blood of women also stained her hands, but she felt some of them would be unfortunately misguided enough to be a hero.

She reached forward, and tried to hack into the missile launch codes. She found herself locked out. She would not be denied. Her biological weapon could be launched. The missiles would sprinkle the plague into every body of water in the world. It would also taint the air. She continued to track and hack in to the system. However, Aresia once again found herself locked out.
She continued to work through breaking in. A familiar tone caused her to stop, and pause.

"Long time no see, Aresia."

Aresia spun around to see who had snuck up on her. Her eyes widened in surprise. She was sure she had seen a ghost, and in many ways she had. Her body became numb, and her mouth opened wide. She blinked several times, before she managed to have the will to speak.

"Donna?" Aresia asked, and she stepped forward. She tried to piece it together in her mind. "I thought you were..."

"Dead," Hermione told her. She stood ready for a fight. She had no idea what Aresia's mental state was now. Perhaps she could be reasoned with, but she prepared for the absolute worst and to put her down like a mad dog. It would be a mercy killing if she had to do that. "It's a long story how I survived. The short was that the hand of fate intervened, and placed me into a human shell. A human girl known as Hermione Granger, who died, and for the past five years, I spent my life in Man's World."

"Donna, that's..." Aresia said, but she paused. Something resembling guilt could be heard in her voice. "For what it's worth, I'm sorry."

"I made good friends, so it wasn't all that bad," Hermione said.

Aresia smiled. So everything was not all that bad. That gave her a moment of peace and clarity.

"Well at least you had that," Aresia agreed. "So I'm sure you had someone who you could consider your closest friend. What was she like?"

"Actually, my closest friend was a boy," Hermione replied.

The bombshell had been dropped.

There was silence. Aresia was taken off guard by this statement. She recovered immediately, and surveyed the dark haired girl before her. It took her a moment to realize what she had heard. She could scarcely believe it.

"They got to you, Donna," Aresia said after a moment. More pity crossed her expression. "They really got to you. You've spent a bit too much time in this world. But don't worry, I'm going to make it all better for us all. The sisterhood will rise above all, and we don't have to hide on an island, in fear from the world of Men."

Hermione suspected she had been bent. She had to make sure.

"What are you up to?" Hermione asked.

Aresia decided to elaborate. "I'm going to make sure nothing like what happened to you, ever happens again to any of us. Every single man will perish. It has to be done. I'm sorry, I thought for a moment that they could be trained, but there is no other option. They aren't essential, the Amazons have gotten on along without them for centuries."

"The Amazon culture is different, and you know that," Hermione said to her in a firm voice. "You don't know what you're getting the world into Aresia. You're going to make yourself into a pariah, and all of the women will hunt you down for what you've done."

"They will learn to deal with it," Aresia said in a cold voice. She shifted on her feet, and looked at
Hermione. She stared into her eyes. Hermione was trying to see if there was any humanity left in her former friend. "You always had a soft spot for that world. That soft spot is what got you killed. You were too trusting, and you're still too trusting."

Hermione tried to go for the reasonable way, but it was obvious that Aresia was not biting. Before she could attacked, Aresia moved with swift precision. Hermione's knees crumpled beneath her, and Aresia had Hermione down on the ground. A blunt force blow rendered her completely unconscious, and Aresia injected Hermione with a knockout drug.

"I'm sorry, but this has to be done," Aresia said, and she bent down, to give Hermione a light kiss on the forehead. She looked down at her once friend with an expression that might have once passed for concern. "You'll understand it. The world will understand it. The world's going to be a lot better without men, and there will be no suffering. It will be a total utopia."

The blonde woman returned to the control console. Aresia found herself unable to get into the missile launch codes. There was someone who was blocking her out, but she had more than one way to get her mission done. For now, she picked up her former friend, and hoisted her up, walking her off. She knew Donna, and knew she would be upset for the fact she had been taken off guard.

Yet there was something that had to be done.

"I'll undo the brainwashing, and wash away the taint," Aresia added, and she bent down to make sure her tracks had been covered. It would not do well for a few misguided females to find her, and try to stop her plans.

Without another word, Aresia left. The women she knocked out would wake up soon, and everything would be okay for them. They would be safe.

Aresia had no hint of the tracking charm that had been placed on Hermione's bracelet. Even Hermione did not know about that.

Batgirl, Power Girl, and Arcane returned to Arkham Asylum at sunset just like they had promised. They all moved with a purpose. Most of the patients had not been their usual vocal selves, given the fact that they had been affected by the plague. Poison Ivy sat in the cell. Her gaze flickered up towards the trio, and a smile crossed on her face.

"So, I guess you really need my help?" Poison Ivy asked.

There was a long moment of pause. Once again Arcane cursed his luck for the necessity of the situation. They were running out of time.

"Don't act like you haven't considered this," Arcane replied. His green eyes had been fixed on hers. "Need I remind you, Aresia slaughtered the last of an extremely rare flower just to create the most vital component of her toxin."

"I do," Poison Ivy said. There was savage fury dripping from her voice. She wanted this woman's head for what she did to her precious babies.

"C'mon Red, be a good sport. If you don't help them, Mistuh J could die."

Poison Ivy was severely considering not helping at this point. If ever man on Earth died, then it stood to reason that the Joker would die. That had to be good in the world. Ivy imagined a world without the Joker. It was paradise. Harley Quinn looked at her from her cell, a pleading look on her face and looking at Poison Ivy with puppy dog eyes. Poison Ivy turned around, and looked up at
Batgirl, Arcane, and Power Girl.

"Fine, I'll help," Poison Ivy told them. "Only because this woman committed the highest crime against Mother Earth when she slaughtered that flower, and her plan will lead to the destruction of all nature."

"You're all heart, you know that," Power Girl told her.

Poison Ivy got up, and immediately, Power Girl slapped a pair of restraint cuffs on her once she was let out of her cell. The criminal looked at them. She expected this somehow.

"This lack of trust is no way to cement a working partnership," Poison Ivy said.

"Yeah, well trusting you completely after all you've done would be suicide," Batgirl replied. She was firm, and gave Ivy a look through narrowed eyes that Batman would approve.

"We'll pay you, both in cash, and access to some of the rarest plants in the world, where you can cultivate, and save them," Harry told her. Poison Ivy just offered a nod.

Arcane watched Poison Ivy. She was more of the interesting villainesses to try and figure out. Her motivations were something that he could understand. There were times where companies destroyed valuable resources without any thought of the consequences. There were ways to help the environment, while also making a profit. Yet, some people were short-sighted, and always went for the shortcuts.

Her methods on the other end left a bad taste in her mouth. Even if some of the people she did kill were often corrupt and often heartless corporate executives, others were innocent in the grand scheme of things. The only crime the committed were the fact that they were inattentive towards what certain people were doing in their own company.

"See you Red!" Harley Quinn yelled in a bubbly voice from inside her cell. Her gaze focused towards Arcane, and a grin spread across her face. Then she continued in an overly excited manner. "Talk to you later, Spanner!"

Arcane winced, and he turned, giving Harley a death glare. Power Girl looked confused, while Batgirl looked half amused. At the very least it gave her something to focus on that was not the fact that people were dying.

"Spanner?" Power Girl said to Arcane. "I thought your code name was and always was Arcane."

"Yes it is, she's in Arkham Asylum, she's imagined a name that never happened," Arcane said, and he turned to Batgirl, before speaking in undertone. "Not one word."

"And people think I'm delusional," Harley Quinn commented. "Perhaps you should be in here, oh Spanner boy!"

Harry spun around towards Harley Quinn. She had a wide smile on her face.

"Oh, I'm supposed to give you a message," Harley said, and she frowned. She looked to be thinking about it. After a moment it came to her. "Oh yeah, Mistuh J said that he'll be seeing you real soon, and will put a big old smile on your face."

A dark smile appeared over Arcane's face. He had not had the misfortune of running across the Joker yet. "Well if you see Mistuh J, tell him that if I ever meet him, he'll be getting everything that's coming him."
"Oakie-dokie, Spanner!" Harley Quinn called.

"It's Arcane," Arcane snapped.

"Okay, Spanner!" Harley Quinn replied in a bubbly voice.

Harley was promptly ignored. Arcane figured that he was being trolled by the clown girl. Power Girl and Batgirl were on either side of Poison Ivy, and escorted her out of Arkham Asylum. They had a lab set up a few blocks down so she could help work on the cure. Plants were not Harry's strong point, but even if they were, he was baffled to how to counteract something like this. The plague was specially engineered.

Supergirl popped up at that point. Arcane was surprised, yet a bit pleased to see her. He felt a bit flushed, and ignored the symptoms. He had to hold back, he might be part of the last line of defense.

"What are you doing here?" Harry whispered to her. "I thought I told you…"

"Ma told me I was needed here," Kara told him in Kryptonian when she noticed that Poison Ivy was there. "Kal has taken a turn for the worse, and Pa is out of commission. We're running out of time."

"At least we got someone who might be able to help us," Harry said, and he inclined his head to Poison Ivy. Kara looked at him, a questioning look in her eyes. Harry decided to add what he did. "I made sure she won't double cross us."

Kara nodded, seeing the restraint cuffs, and she reached forward, embracing Harry.

"You're still feeling fine, right?" Kara asked him, and Harry nodded. He might feel a bit weaker, but that was nothing compared to what everyone else was feeling. He was still standing up straight. "Good, I don't know if I could stand it if you went down as well. The world's really entering in one of its darkest hours."

Karen flew forward to join her spouses. Batgirl had her eyes trained on Poison Ivy. Even though they could easily track her through the cuffs, they were not leaving anything to chance. The three Potters exchanged a three way hug.

"We're going to win," Karen said in a confident voice. At least she gave the illusion of a confident voice. "I'm not going to see another word die to sickness. Not just when I got here. If I get my hands on her…"

"There's a line forming," Kara said. Fierce determination was in her voice, and the lust for blood was in her eyes.

"For sure," Harry agreed. This moment was interrupted by the communication device coming to life. He wondered what it was this time. He hastened to answer it. "Protocol Five, Watchtower what's your status?"

Protocol Five was code for "there was a super villain within listening distance, so try and use codenames."

"Wonder Woman to Arcane," Wonder Woman said on the other end of the communication link. "Wonder Girl…she did as we feared. She went to see Aresia, and she hasn't reported back in almost two hours."
Harry could have sworn. There had been sometimes where Hermione had kept a level head. But there were other times where she had a listening deficiency problem. He gained his bearings, and spoke to Diana.

"Yeah, I know, I figured this might happen," Harry replied. "It's a good thing that I've slipped a tracking charm on her bracelet. Let me check to see where she's heading."

Harry turned around, and checked everything. After a matter of seconds, he was able to talk to them.

"Aresia has taken her to a remote island off the East Coast," Harry reported to her. "It's a bit hard to see, and the terrain is rough, so be careful when you're on your way there. We'll join you once we get the cure done."

"Right, Hawkgirl and I will be trying to reach the island, and my mother is coming along," Wonder Woman. "I hope that she can talk some sense into Aresia, but she might be beyond it."

"If she's dangerous, don't treat her like a friend," Harry warned her. He had made that mistake once, and endeavored to correct it.

"I hope it doesn't come to that," Wonder Woman responded.

"I hope it never comes to that, but it often does," Harry replied knowingly. "I will be reporting in when I can. Arcane out."

Poison Ivy turned towards Arcane, watching him, Supergirl, Power Girl, and Batgirl for a moment. It was a brief time before she gave her assessment on the situation.

"So you put tracking charms on your friends?" Poison Ivy asked. She was calm and collected. "Batman has taught you well. I'm sure he has taught you a few lessons in self-righteousness and prosecuting those who are trying to do what is right for the world. That so called lie that is justice."

Arcane turned towards her, and stared her down for a moment. It was a look he had learned through his training from Batman. Poison Ivy took a half a step back. She had to admit, he was nearly as intimidating as Batman. "I'm paying you to do a job, and to make a cure. I'm not paying you to make commentary about everything."

"So, I really am being paid for this?" Poison Ivy asked. She sounded a bit surprised.

"Yes, fair is fair, and after this is done, we'll negotiate from there," Arcane responded. He knew he was taking a calculated risk trusting a known super villain. However, there were sometimes that a person had to take risks. When the fate of the world hinged on a solution being found, there were times where a person had to work with those who might not be the most outstanding pillars of society.

Harry did not trust her beyond reason. Still, they had few options, and he could sense Poison Ivy wanted to right the scales due to Aresia's murder of the rare flower. Despite that, he had to admit she had a great deal of knowledge that she could use for his benefit about plants, and how various toxins worked.

Hermione's eyes flickered open. She was secured by the wrists to a wall in chains. Aresia stood before her, checking the readings on a portable computer she had about the progress of her toxin.

"A few of the weaker ones will be dead within the hour," she commented in an undertone to
herself.

Hermione stirred, and tried to pull herself free discreetly. Unfortunately, the noise got Aresia's attention.

"Aresia, I don't know what you're trying to pull, but you better let me out of here!" Hermione yelled.

Aresia turned around, and a look of pity crossed her face. She spent several moments assessing her former, and perhaps once again friend.

"I'm trying to save you, Donna Troy," Aresia said. She shook her head sadly at the glare on Hermione's face. "Your time in man's world has caused you to become blind to the horrors."

"How do you expect to save me, or have me hear you out at all when you have me chained to a bloody wall?" Hermione asked.

A slight shadow of a smile crossed Aresia's face at this point. She unhooked Hermione from the wall, but kept her fashioned in the chains. "And here I thought you liked these kinds of games, Donna."

Hermione just gave Aresia the dirtiest of looks.

"Not funny, Aresia, and what do you think is going to happen when all of the women in the world find out what you did?" Hermione asked. "Do you think they're going to give you a ticker-tape parade, and congratulate you for what you did? No, they're going to crucify you as a martyr. They are going to hunt you down, and slaughter you in cold blood."

Hermione thought for a brief second she had gotten through. Although she had long since given up, and all she did was stall until she could free herself from the chains.

"Men are nonessential to the way of living," Aresia persisted in a stubborn voice. "They are responsible for all of the suffering in the world. They drove an entire race to hide on an island out of fear. They caused me to suffer, and you caused you to suffer as well."

"A few men are dangerous, and deserve to be put down, I'll give you that," Hermione admitted. "$There are women who are just as dangerous as well. Bellatrix Lestrange, she was a psychotic murderer who tortured people to the point of insanity. Dolores Umbridge, she was a nasty foul woman who used and abused her power against school children. Morgaine le Faye is a dark sorceress who would sooner plunge the world into darkness to put her brat on the throne. Circe, you remember Circe, and the problems she caused."

A look of recognition crossed Aresia's face. The woman nodded slowly.

"All too well," Aresia remarked. "But these women are just the product of the men they are around them. I firmly believe that once we eliminate the male race, they will…"

"Delusional, that's what you are!" Hermione snapped, having had it with Aresia's attempts to justify her mass murder.

There was a moment of silence. Hermione and Aresia stared at each other, and much time passed before Aresia responded.

"They must have done a number on you, and I'm sorry that they did," Aresia said. Pity swam in her eyes. "I'm not going to let them corrupt your mind, or the minds of any other women ever again!"
Aresia heard the sound of a jet.

"We have company, just rest here, and I'll be back," Aresia said.

Aresia turned around, dragging Hermione over so she was at an arm's length. The brunette figured that this was just in case she had a bargaining chip. Hermione came to the conclusion that she was beyond reasoning. She felt she should have known it already, but she had been blinded by the fact that in the past they were friends.

The Javelin parked on the terrain. Hawkgirl, Wonder Woman, and Queen Hippolyta exited the vehicle. Aresia stepped back, and she gave a bow towards two of the parties.

"Your majesty," Aresia said in a respectful tone towards the Queen of the Amazons. She turned towards Wonder Woman. "And Diana, long time no see."

"Hello Aresia," Hippolyta said in a swift voice. "I've heard that you've been very busy in the five years that you have been missing."

"We were worried that something might have happened," Diana said in a calm and collected voice.

Aresia had a bit of a shift of guilt.

"Yes, something did happen, I thought I lost my friend to those savages in that village," Aresia said. "Ares had her killed, and sent her body back in pieces. He kept her blood soaked dagger as a trophy. Great Hera smiled upon us, and offered her a second chance. Albeit it was a cruel face, and she was cast in the body of a woman trapped in man's world. And that time has corrupted her and blinded her to the ways of the Sisterhood. But don't worry, I'm correcting the matter with my gift to all women."

Hawkgirl's eyes narrowed towards Aresia incredulously.

"I think it's you who is cracked in the head," Hawkgirl responded. Her hands clutched around the mace. "A plague like that to kill every man on Earth, and you think you're going to be hailed as a hero."

"A few misguided women would disagree," Aresia said. She stood, and waited to see if they would foolish attack her, or she could talk reason into them. "In time they will realize that in the end, a man has never done anything for a woman, unless they benefitted from it themselves."

Hippolyta turned to Aresia. A look of frustration appeared on the Queen's face.

"Aresia, you cannot say that a man has not done anything for a woman, any selfless actions," Hippolyta said to her. She looked Aresia right in the eye. "You were brought to the island by a man. He was among the only survivors of the attack, but he did not survive for long. The pirates who attacked you did much damage. He used his remaining strength to bring you here to safety. His body gave out, but his final act was to make sure you were safe. We buried him on the island, the only man to get that honor."

Aresia's face contorted into fury. Her simmering gaze focused on the Queen of the Amazons for a moment.

"Why did you never tell me this?" Aresia asked.

"It didn't seem to be an issue, and I did not want to burden you about memories from your past," Hippolyta said. "Clearly that was a mistake. However, we all make mistakes, and you're making a
"That's not what we taught you Aresia," Diana said in a calm voice. "Man's world may have its faults. However the Amazons are not without their faults either."

"You've been poisoned as well," Aresia said, and a look of fury crossed her face once again. She stepped back. "I'm going to have to save you all from them. In a matter of moments, the world of men won't matter but..."

She looked at the portable computer. Before her very eyes, she saw the contaminated air cleansed, and then she saw that these men were being curled one by one. Aresia's teeth gritted.

"How could this be? Aresia demanded. She nearly crushed the computer in her hand out of rage. "All of my hard work wasted!"

It was at that point, Supergirl, Arcane, and Power Girl showed up. All of them stared down at Aresia.

"So you're the one who tried to murder my cousin, and every single other man on Earth," Supergirl said, and without another word, her eyes lit up. A blast of heat vision shot out, and was sent towards Aresia.

Aresia tucked, and rolled. She threw a shield at Supergirl. Supergirl punched it back, and flew at her.

Kara was moments away from swooping in. Aresia was quick, and she knew the bargaining chip she had. Hermione was pulled out into view, still in chains, and Aresia put a dagger to her throat.

"Stand back, or I'll kill her, I swear!" Aresia yelled, the dagger was pointed at Hermione's throat.

'Kara fall back, she has Hermione,' Harry said.

Kara did, her arms were folded across her chest. Harry was not sure if she was going to kill Hermione, or not. He did not want to take a chance. He did know one thing that her ego would not turn down. Harry turned over to Aresia.

"You do realize that no matter what you're not getting off of this island in one piece," Harry told her. "You couldn't defeat any of us, so you tried to put a plague into the air, and when that didn't work, you used a hostage. Someone that you thought was your friend."

"I wouldn't expect a man like you to stop me," Aresia said. She paused, and sudden inspiration then struck her. "You seem to be someone of great power. However, I wonder what your skill is like without your smoke and mirrors. Let's put it to the test. You and I one on one in a duel, using no powers, just skill. If you win, then I'll let Donna go. If I win, then I get to go free, and you can't follow me."

Harry turned towards her. A simmering fury appeared in his eyes. He saw Hermione in peril, and he knew what he must do.

"I accept."

Harry took a step forward. A hand was placed on his shoulder.

"Are you sure you can handle this, without using magic Harry?" Diana asked him in an undertone.
"I can, and I will," Harry said. He picked up the sword that had been offered to him.

"I'm sure he has a plan, I wouldn't worry about it," Hawkgirl said.

"He's Harry, of course he does," Kara piped in.

"And that plan is to wipe the floor with that smug little bitch," Karen said firmly, and she turned to see her husband in action. Kara followed this, watching Harry's progress.

Harry held the sword. He was not the best in sword fighting. He could hold his own. However, if he did not do this smartly, he would wipe the floor. The no powers thing would have been a problem with most wizards, but not with Harry. Aresia rushed forward. Harry used the sword to block her first attack. His quick movements ensured that he would be one step ahead of her at all times. He did not need magic, just the reflexes that he learned from years of Quidditch and performing magic.

Aresia would be tired out before too long. He did not have to beat her in skill, merely just outlast her in battle. The swords clashed together. The fight continued. Aresia and Harry continued their duel.

"Just give up already!" Aresia snapped.

"Getting frustrated already?" Harry asked, and he continued to block or dodge every single one of her shots. "I guess that's to be expected. You talk a good game, and can defeat men when you launch a plague into the air. Then again, attacking someone with something cheap like that, that's something I'd expect a man to do."

It was at this point that Aresia saw red. She rushed forward, and tried to attack Harry. Harry blocked the swing. Another block of the sword, and Harry used his leverage to break her sword with his. Harry swept the legs out from underneath her. Aresia bounced up, and Harry took her back down. He readied her for the kill.

"Harry, wait you can't kill her!"

Harry turned around, and Hermione had freed herself from the chains. She stood, arms folded over her chest. Harry turned to his friend. She stood proudly, resourceful as ever. She held the same dagger on her head that Aresia held in her hands. She seemed to step back.

"Harry, step back, please!"

"She has to die, Hermione!" Harry yelled. He could not believe this. He was about to knock out Hermione, if need be. He would not allow Hermione to make the same mistake that he did with Astoria.

"You're not going to kill her," Hermione argued. Aresia looked hopeful. Perhaps her friend had finally seen the light. Hermione dashed those hopes immediately. "Because I am."

Hermione turned around, and Aresia tried to scramble away. She slammed Aresia down with her strength, and plunged the dagger straight into her chest. Blood began to pour out of it, and Aresia found herself bleeding to death. She looked up at Hermione, and there was a hint of betrayal in her eyes.

"Why...after all we've been through," Aresia managed.

"You tried to kill half of the world, and you still ask that question," Hermione said. She placed her
hands on either side of Aresia's head. "Bye, Aresia, I hope that you find peace wherever you go in
the afterlife."

A loud crack echoed for miles around, and Hermione dropped Aresia to the ground. Hermione
spun around, and she sighed once again. She walked past the assembled group on the island, in a
daze.

"Donna?"

There was no response. Hermione had her former friend's blood on her hands, both in a literal and
figurative sense. Harry and his allies might have stopped the plague. However, Aresia would try
other methods, and some of them would be more violent.

"Batgirl, everything appears to be dropping back down to normal, if I'm reading this right," Harry
said on the communication device.

Batgirl responded in affirmative. Her tone sounded a bit more upbeat. "Everyone's recovering.
They'll still feel what happened for a few days, but for the most part all most of them need now is a
good night's sleep. They'll be back ready to go in the morning."

Kara smiled at the news. That was a really scary twelve hour period. Harry had worked over most
of the cure that he could. However without the help of Poison Ivy, it might not have been
completed. Her expertise was something that was able to see them through. She dialed up her
cellphone to check in with Martha Kent.

"Yes, Ma, is everything okay now?" Kara asked. "Harry managed the cure, with a little help. Clark
and Pa are fine, that's good. Tell them to get a good night's rest, and they should recover. Strap
them to the bed if you have to. Yeah, we should be stopping by this weekend, providing nothing
else goes wrong. Let's cross our fingers and hope for the best. Harry and Karen both send their best.
Bye, take care."

Kara turned around. Hippolyta stepped over, and kneeled down towards Aresia.

"I hoped that you would not turn out this way, but perhaps my optimism was misplaced," Hippolyta
said to the woman's slain form. Her voice seemed full of regrets. "I agree with my youngest, I hope
you find peace wherever you go. It's a shame it never happened when you were among the living."

Hippolyta turned to both of her daughters.

"I think a return to the island to process this is something that we all need," she concluded.

They nodded in agreement, not wanting to argue the point. It had been a tough day to see someone
that they had considered to be a friend turn into such a blood-thirsty killer.

Harry sat in front of the master computer at Patronus Incorporated. There was a fairly decent
amount of work to be done. He logged the readings for the plague, and the efforts to formulate an
antidote in the main database. He hoped he would never have to never deal with something like
today's events again. Of course, there were times where that hope was very much misplaced.

Both of his wives arrived. He turned around briefly to acknowledge them with a smile. Then he
went back to work.

"Everything's back to normal, or normal as we get in the world," Harry said. His gaze was focused
on the computer screen. "It's amazing how many of the worst people in the world are products of
some of the worst trauma possible. Aresia was through a lot in her life, and it all led up to what she did. And if people had died because of this, there would be more dangerous threats motivated by revenge, and wanting to shed the blood of everyone involved."

Karen and Kara nodded somberly.

"And something tells me you're beating yourself up over this," Kara said. She sat down on one side of Harry, placing her hand on his. Karen said down on the other side of Harry, placing her hand on his.

"He's only beating himself up for good reason," Karen said. "For years, I was trying to find a cure for the disease that ravaged Argo. In the end, there was nothing that I could do. At least Harry managed to find a way to stop things from going out of control."

"Even if I had to make a deal with Poison Ivy to do so," Harry said. Both of his wives massaged his shoulders and neck. This act relaxed him.

"I hate to say this, but if she only focused her talents towards something noble instead of eco-terrorism, she could be a great help," Kara said. She sighed. "Of course, in her mind, she is doing a noble cause."

"We've studied her, she started with the best intentions in mind for the health of the environment," Harry said. He pulled both of his wives in close. "The problem is that she got extremely fanatical. That's how it starts. People think that they are doing something good for the world. Then in the end, they eventually delve into someone who needs to be put down."

"You let her go, then, despite all that," Kara said.

Harry took a moment to reflect. It was not like he let her go without a contingency.

"A deal's a deal," Harry said with a shrug. "I'll be on her, like the world's worst parole officer if she steps one toe out of line. I'm still keeping an eye on her. She was able to help, and maybe that will open the door for something else later, for us to do business with each other. If I'm wrong, then so be it."

"I just wish we didn't have to make a deal with her of all people," Kara said.

"As do I," Harry said. He gave a long and labored sigh. "The problem is, you got to look at the alternative. Everything on Earth was about to die if something was not done. Therefore, what would you have me do?"

Kara had no way to answer that question.

"Sometimes there are no right answers," Karen said, and she looked at them. "So, dinner with the Kents on Saturday? Did you break the entire multi-partner marriage thing to them yet?"

"Yes," Kara said. "They're taking it better than I could hope. I think that they realize that it's a cultural thing that might conflict with what they're used to. So they're trying to keep an open mind out of respect for that. They're good people, and very understanding about things that would turn off most people. Most people would have left Kal in that field, or tried to make money off of him, or ship him to a government base."

"You have nothing, but good things to say about them," Karen responded. "I can't wait to meet them officially."
"I think they'll like you, I mean they like me, and you're like me," Kara said. "So do you think we'll be good to go on Saturday, Harry?"

"Yes, dinner on Saturday would be great," Harry said, and he was half distracted. "Poison Ivy appears to have returned to her Greenhouse in Gotham. Hopefully for her sake she stays out of trouble."

"We better stock up herbicide, just to make sure," Karen joked.

A smile crossed Harry's face. Yet something else was bothering him. He caught the look on Hermione's face after she murdered Aresia. Killing a Death Eater or a criminal was one thing, killing someone who you thought was your friend was another thing entirely.

"I need to go and see how Hermione is holding up," Harry said.

Kara and Karen both nodded in understanding. No matter what she became, killing someone that she thought was a friend was not going to be easy. They each exchanged a kiss with Harry in goodbye. He turned around, to leave. Harry walked off, and left Kara and Karen alone to relax after the tough day that was.

Hermione sat on a bench. She took a few deep breaths to calm herself. Her eyes remained focused, and unblinking. They were almost nearly bloodshot from the lack of blinking. A blood soaked dagger was in her hand. She stared, almost transfixed at it. Almost unwilling to believe that she did what she did. The beauty of the island was something that calmed her. At least on most days, but right now she remained rather silent and calculating.

"Hermione?"

Harry turned around and she saw Harry standing there.

"Oh, hey, Harry," Hermione said in a raspy voice. She did not sound like herself. She did not look like herself either.

Harry took a breath, and stepped forward, before he sat down next to her.

"I would ask how you're feeling," Harry said. He took a deep breath, and paused for a moment. However, I really know better than to ask something like that after everything that has happened."

"I appreciate your consideration, Harry," Hermione replied after a moment. She shook her head. "I'm trying to hold up after what happened. I knew she had to die. She was willing to kill countless. Yet..."

"You wanted answers," Harry offered her. Hermione responded with a swift nod. "Yeah, it's a road I've been down too. You really think that you know a person. They commit countless murders. And you want to know why they did so. What drove them to go down that road? You find yourself unable to reconcile who they even are any more in your mind. You think you know them."

Harry paused for a moment. Mistakes he made a few, scratch that he made many.

"The problem is, you never really truly know someone. They never know how they would react given certain situations. One could argue that we all wear masks in some sense. Some just have a more solid mask that hides themselves from the rest of the world. Aresia was one such person, and there are many others."
Hermione nodded. She saw the guilt that was in Harry's eyes.

"You mustn't beat yourself up over what happened with Astoria. No one saw that one coming."

"And you shouldn't beat yourself over with what happened with Aresia," Harry replied back.

"Toché," Hermione said. She was still in a bit of a funk, and unable to completely process what happened. "I suppose you're right, and I shouldn't be beating myself up. I guess that's just something I picked up from you."

"I think in some ways you might be able of great self-loathing yourself," Harry said. "You tend not to give yourself enough credit, sis."

"Yeah, but I can't help to wonder something," Hermione said. She took a deep breath, and closed her eyes. "Did my death give her that one push over the edge to cause her to snap? Or did...did something else happen?" Was she always going to be like that, no matter what?

"Aresia had a lot of demons, that in the end she could not deal with," Harry told Hermione gently. "This lead to what happened today. If you would have let me kill her, then the burden of what you did would not be on you."

Hermione turned towards Harry fully. A serious expression appeared in her eyes. "I was the one who had to kill her. No matter what happened, that was all on me. It was a matter of pride. I tried to get through to her. I guess with some people they are just bent with their own desires."

She did stand by what she said.

"So, on Saturday, we're heading over to the Kents for dinner," Harry said to Hermione. "You should tag along, it might do you some good."

Hermione seemed to think that this was a suggestion that Harry was going to insist about. She really had no reason to argue. She held the blood stained dagger in her hand. She would keep as a souvenir to remind her of what happened. The mistakes that had been made, and perhaps it would remind her of the mistakes that were yet to come.

"Tell them to set one more plate for me, I'll be there," Hermione said to Harry.

"I'm sure they'll be glad to have you," Harry said. "Spend some time with your sister and mother. They're likely worried about you."

"I will," Hermione said, and she walked off.

No doubt they would all have to come to terms with what Hermione had to do in time. Harry knew she was in good hands, and returned back home.

Chapter End Notes:

To Be Continued in the Next Arc "AMAZO".
Chapter 24: AMAZO Part One.

Autumn was rapidly approaching in Smallville, and thankfully that meant that the worst of the summer weather was all over. It was still a crisp, and rather warm day on this weekend. A trio of figures showed up at the Kent Farm House. Karen, Kara, and Harry all turned up at that moment. The three exchanged smiles, and walked down the path. Hermione was standing there, waiting for them. A distracted expression was on her face. Harry took a step forward, and looked at Hermione seriously. Hermione remained rather stoic, and she did not seem like herself. She walked in a partially zombielike tance.

"How are you holding up after what happened?"

Hermione looked at him with a weak smile. "I'm recovering. I guess it just takes a while to sit in what happened. I suppose I can't really blame myself. No matter it's easy too."

"Trust me, it's easy to blame yourself for everything that happens," Karen replied in a soft voice. She looked at Hermione with a smile on her face. "The pain never truly goes away, but we tend to move on. Just learn from the past mistakes, and everything will be okay."

"And sometimes the people we know aren't who we think they are," Harry said wisely. He cleared his throat, and he shook his head. "Enough about that though, we're going to try and have a nice leisurely dinner."

Kara smiled, and she smelled it from where she was standing. It was something that she could barely wait for, and her stomach growled with anticipation.

"And I can hardly wait. It smells delicious."

"Well, knowing Martha, it's more delicious than it smells," Harry said, and he turned to Karen with a smile. "You're in for a treat."

"The real treat is when we have dessert later," Karen said with a smile.

"Yeah, we've got the whipped cream all ready for when we get home," Kara said with a teasing smile on her face.

Harry looked eager, while Hermione shook her head. She really did not need to envision that. She did figure if Harry, Kara, and Karen found any more blonde Kryptonians, things were going to get even more suggestive. She took a step forward, and knocked on the door. The door opened, and Martha Kent entered.

"Hermione, Karen, Kara, and Harry, don't stand outside, come in," Martha said in a warm voice. The quartet did as they were told.

"Thanks for having us," Hermione said.

"Yeah, Mrs. Kent, thanks," Karen said. "It's nice to finally meet you in the flesh. I've heard so much about you."

Martha waved off her words. "It's no problem at all. I heard about what happened…and I figured that you all could use a night with friends and family to wash away what happened."
The Three Potters followed Hermione into the Kent Farm House. They saw Clark and Lois sitting at the table. Lois looked up at the three of them, with a smirk crossing her face.

"Well, look there, trouble just rolled in."

Harry responded with a bit of a smirk as he looked at the reporter. He could not resist firing back. "You honestly have a lot of room to talk. Ever try looking in the mirror lately?"

Lois gave him a look of mock outrage. She turned her head towards Harry, and suddenly she looked all serious.

"It's a good thing you showed up just in time for dinner," Lois remarked. A smile spread across her face. Her lips twitched, before she began to speak. "Clark here was about ready to eat my arm for dinner. I doubt it would be high on the list of approved food groups."

Clark gave Lois an expression through narrowed eyes. Lois just leaned back into her chair. She shrugged her shoulders in an unapologetic manner, as everyone laughed at her and Clark's interplay.

"Lois, I wasn't about to eat your arm," Clark said, but he fidgeted at the table. He looked like a hyper kid who was trying to get his fix for dinner. "Okay, maybe I was a bit hungry, but could you blame me? I could smell it all the way from Metropolis before we flew here."

Lois shook her head. All things considered, she was glad to have a home cooked meal every once and while. With her it was a night of TV dinners, or take-outs for the most part. She had fallen into a bit of a rut. The life of a reporter was one that allowed her to see the sights, but it did not leave much time for the simple pleasures of home.

"So, how have you three been lately?" Lois asked them. She was curious. "I hear you've all been busy with all of the new launches, with the school, and the new branches all over the country."

"Well you would know better than anyone else, the work we've been doing, but everything is mostly up and running," Harry said. He shook his head with a smile. They did not go without their hitches. However, it was all part of the plan. "We're expanding out into other parts of the country, and hopefully we are able to go a bit further. We haven't had many problems, thankfully."

"Trust me, Harry, Kara, and Karen spent every single hour of their free time trying to make sure this worked," Hermione chimed in. She turned towards the three Potters. A knowing smile crossed over her face. "And people call me obsessed when I was trying to work hard about something."

"You are obsessed when you're trying to work for something," Harry retorted. Hermione stuck her tongue out in a childish manner. The two glared at each other for a moment. Lois just chuckled. "Children," Lois reprimanded, shaking her head. "You could act your age a bit more."

"You know, Lois, you don't have room to talk," Clark said with a smile. Lois just gave him a mock glare, and nudged him rather hard.

"Smallville, I might not have room to talk, but you don't have room to talk, either" Lois said. "And you have been taking it easy after your little episode with the virus. I don't have to strap you to the bed or anything."

Clark looked up a deer in the headlights at this thought. Kara, Karen, and Harry all looked amused.

"No, I'm fine, everything checked out," Clark said. "Bruce was back on his feet after a couple of
hours, but I actually took a day off to rest. When people tried to argue with him, he said, that crime never takes a rest, and never do I."

"That's not as funny if you don't do it in the Batman voice," Kara said. "Sirius actually can do a pretty good Batman voice. It's kind of scary; you would think he was there in the room. I about smacked him the other day when he tried that one."

'And he also does a pretty mean Commissioner Gordon,' Harry thought.

'That's beside the point,' Karen chimed in through the mental link.

It was at this point Jonathan Kent opened the door, and entered the kitchen. He walked in, and nodded to everyone with a bright smile.

"Good evening everyone, sorry I made dinner run a little late," Jonathan said. "The tractor was having problems running."

"I still say it's time to retire that old thing," Martha said shaking her head.

"That tractor's been in my family for generations, Martha," Jonathan argued. "I can't bear to give up on the old girl."

"Looks like the old girl's about ready to give up on you," Kara said. She had remembered Jonathan Kent and his beloved tractor. He spent half of his time working on it, and hoping to buy it a few more years. "I don't know why you won't Harry patch it up with magic."

"Yeah, I would do it," Harry offered.

"It's nice of you to offer, but it wouldn't be the same tractor otherwise," Jonathan persisted, his jaw set in his statement. He was stubborn.

"So Pa's here, so who else thinks it's a good time to eat?" Clark asked.

Lois shook her head. "You are about as subtle as a meteor to the face, you know that."

Martha Kent saved Lois from a retort from her son with food. Everyone sat around the table and ate a nice home cooked meal just lightly chatting about everything that had been happening. There were a few subjects that were avoided, due to the fact that they were going to bring up some bad memories. It allowed those around the table to relax after the hard events of a few days ago.

Little did they know that night of relaxation would be short-lived.

It was business as usual at the Watchtower after the events of the previous few days. It was a small miracle that no one was killed by the plague that was unleashed. Batman sat over the Watchtower, monitoring for any news from above. The other members of the Founding Seven, except for Superman, moved around in the background. Some lounged in the background, while a couple others paced. Batman's eyes narrowed when he looked at the screen.

Flash and Wonder Woman were close by, and noticed his sudden shift. Batman clicked through everything. Flash stepped forward, and peaked over Batman's shoulder. The Dark Knight turned around, and looked at him. Flash took a step back, to give Batman some space. Wonder Woman was the one who spoke up next.

"Is there a problem?"
"A big one," Batman responded, his gaze on the computer screen. "There's an incoming message coming into the Watchtower, from an unknown source."

"I thought Arcane was the one who filled all of those holes," Flash responded, confused.

There was a moment's pause, and Batman enlightened Flash on the truth of the matter.

"He'll be the first to tell you that no security is foolproof, and I'll agree," Batman said in a collected voice. He clicked through the screen, and suddenly, a blinking green question mark was prominent on the screen.

Green Lantern, Hawkgirl, and Martian Manhunter all stepped forward to see what the matter was.

"What's that?"

Batman did not respond. Rather he moved to try and block out the beacon. Before he could make another motion, the question mark flipped open. The image of Edward Nygma, better known as the Riddler appeared on the screen.

"Good evening Justice League," the Riddler said in a booming voice. It was taunting and echoed throughout the Watchtower. "I've been following your progress on the news, and it is now time for the world's greatest heroes to match wits with their intellectual superior, the Riddler!"

The Riddler had a knowing smirk on his face, and he disappeared from the grid. Batman immediately began to trace the signal.

"Nygma might be devious, but he's always left a trail," Batman told them. "We better be careful, it could be a trap."

"How hard can it be?" Flash asked. "He's just some guy in green spandex with question marks."

Batman grew suddenly serious, but it was Green Lantern who stepped in and responded to him.

"Don't underestimate him, no matter how much of a cornball he looks like."

"Lantern's right," Batman agreed, and he jumped out of the chair. He made his way to the Javelin, with the members of the Justice League following him. "I've traced the signal. I believe we can stop him before he causes any more damage."

The six members of the Justice League against someone like the Riddler might have seemed like the mismatch to end all mismatches. However, the League was going to take every precaution.

The Justice League left the Watchtower.

"Do you think we need to call Supes for back up?" Flash asked.

"Not for something like this," Hawkgirl said, shaking her head.

"Not for now, but stay sharp," Batman said to them.

The Justice League's Javelin landed outside of a warehouse. Hawkgirl decided to make an entrance for them by breaking open the door with her mace. The Martian Manhunter stepped forward, and he stopped. Wonder Woman noticed his discomfort.

"What is it, J'onn?"
"There is some neural device here, it's blocking my ability to scan for any thoughts," Martian Manhunter said. He rubbed his temples, and tried to get a reading with his powers. He strained to get any kind of brainwave reading. However, there was nothing that got picked up.

"Nygma always does do his homework," Batman said in a matter of a fact voice. "The real question is how did he get his hands on technology like that?"

"Why don't we ask him?" Hawkgirl asked, and she moved in, smashing her way through a set of doors. The Flash began to search every one of the rooms at super speed. However, there was no one there. He stopped suddenly, and saw a laptop over a box. On the laptop over the box was a blinking question mark.

"Hey, Bats, you might want to take a look at this," Flash said.

Batman hastened to see what Flash was talking about. Wonder Woman, Martian Manhunter, Green Lantern, and Hawkgirl all followed him. Carefully, Batman touched the computer, and immediately it came to life with a prerecorded voice.

"What can a performance where a comedian is booed out of the building be classified as?"

Batman knew the answer immediately.

"It's a bomb!"

The taunting voice of the Riddler chimed in at that point. "Well, you are the World's Greatest Detective."

Immediately, Wonder Woman broke open the crate, and sure enough, an explosive device was inside. Green Lantern moved in quickly, and immobilized the bomb in an energy bubble, before he flew it up. He tried to get it as far away from the city, before he launched it upwards.

A loud explosion rang out safely over the city, and Green Lantern dropped down immediately.

"Well, that was easy enough," Flash commented. "I mean, there's just some days that you can't get rid of a bomb. But we did there."

Green Lantern glared at Flash, but another prerecorded voice came to life.

"Congratulations, Justice League, you have managed to solve a puzzle that even a pre-schooler would find boring and simplistic. But, our fun and games is not done for tonight. I have several more puzzles for you to solve. My associates have set them up all over Metropolis and Gotham City, and several prominent city officials have been captured and placed into death traps. Your ability to solve those Riddles will be the difference between life and death."

The Justice League stood.

"He's just leading us on a game of cat and mouse, for what reason?" Green Lantern asked.

Batman remained silent for a moment, before he responded. "It's never that simple. We're going to have to play his game for now. His riddles always have a hidden meaning. He can't help himself, no matter how much he tries."

"So all we have to do is expose that Achilles Heel, and we'll have him," Wonder Woman said, and Batman nodded in response. He pulled out a portable computer, and tried to see if he could find any further signals.
Nygma had managed to mask every little bit of his signal where it would not be traced back to the source. He seemed to want to hide his true misdeeds from the Justice League, and what his real problem was. He began to trace back to the Justice League, and access the computers at Patronus to see if they could further trace the signal. However, the security on those computers would take days for even Batman to crack.

His communicator came to life. He reached into his belt, and pulled out the communication device.

"Batman, The Riddler has hacked into every single frequency in Gotham City," Nightwing said. "He's broadcasting taunting messages all over the city."

"It's begun," Batman dead panned. "I trust you can handle dealing with anything he throws at you there."

"I've done it before," Nightwing said. His voice was determined and confident.

"You may need backup," Batman warned him. "And we may need help actually tracing the results from the Watchtower, and how he managed to break in."

Batman made preparations. He was right in many ways. Crime never took a day off, and neither should he. Crime never took a weekend off either, and Batman had to get in touch with the seventh member of their team.

"Kent, dessert might be cut a little short tonight. Is Arcane there?"

"Yes, what do you need?" Clark asked in a tired voice.

Batman proceeded to fill him in on the situation that they were dealing with.

A gang of men and women dressed in black broke down the doors of the lab. They stepped back to allow their leader to step in. He wore a green pair of pants, green jacket, and black shirt with a question mark on it. He held a cane with a question mark on it, and stepped into the scene. A derby hat covered his bald head. His eyes narrowed, and he chuckled before he stepped further into the lab.

"The Justice League are running in circles like chickens with their heads cut off," Riddler said. He looked around the interior of the lab. "All thanks to my cunning plan, of course."

A voice came to life on the communicator that the Riddler had on his belt. The Prince of Puzzles stood quiet.

"Don't get too cocky Nygma. Remember, your status with our organization depends on your success or failure for this mission. And none of your foolish riddle games, that lead the heroes right in front of your face."

The Riddler chuckled at the lack of imagination displayed by his benefactor.

"Oh, but I must, I must," The Riddler said. He shook his head. "How am I supposed to perfectly match the heroes without besting them with my superior intellect?"

"Do not indulge yourself with your petty obsession with Batman!"

Riddler just chuckled; this one was one to talk about petty obsessions, given his obsession with a certain Man of Steel.
Yet, he would have to remain sharp, and vigilant.

The Riddler laughed at how his scheme was unfolding. The seven greatest and most powerful heroes would be putty in his hands. They had no idea what the real scheme was. The only one he found to be a threat was Batman. He was always the only one who was worthy of the game. The Riddler spun around, and stepped into the lab. The man walked forward, and kept walking.

"If my calculations are correct, this should be where our scientist was," Riddler said. He leaned forward on his cane, and peered forward into the distance. His head snapped around, and looked at his gang. "Spread out and search the area, leave no stone unturned."

"Ivo should be there. I've been keeping tabs on him, and the project that he was working on. It will serve our organization well. Don't slip up, and let your ego doom all of our plans. I'm taking a calculated risk trusting a loose cannon such like yourself with something like this."

"Lex, Lex, Lex, I know when the time for fun and games are over," the Riddler droned. He shifted immediately, and took a step forward when one of his henchmen rushed out. A frantic expression was on his face. "Well, did you find Ivo?"

"Not exactly, sir," the henchman said. The Riddler turned around, and proceeded to follow the henchmen down the corridor. There was a lab at the back. He saw Professor Ivo, or whatever was left of him. He was down on a table, breath long since left him. "He's been dead for a very long time, sir."

Riddler spotted cigar boxes on the floor, and the equipment around the lab gave subtle levels of radioactivity. Cancer seemed to be the culprit. The Riddler stood in the background, and stepped forward when a figure approached him. He looked up, and saw an impressive android standing in the background. The Android began to speak.

"I don't understand what has happened. What has happened to the Professor?"

Riddler, sensing an opportunity, adopted a calm voice.

"My dear lad, I'm afraid the Professor has gone onto another life. He is, but flesh and bone after all. He's been dealing with some unstable and radioactive equipment. He was not going to last very long in life, and he's gone on."

"My programming indicates that humanity is frail," the android said. "I must understand more about what drives humanity."

"What exactly are you?" Riddler asked. He was curious why Luthor and the rest of Cadmus were so interested by this android.

"I am a highly adaptable android that is able to copy the powers and abilities of any individual," the android answer. Riddler hid the calculating smirk on his face. The possibilities of what he could do with such an android danced in his head. "Other than that, my purpose has been to care for Professor Ivo until the moment he passes."

"Yet, that purpose has been concluded," Riddler told him. The android nodded his head immediately. "Well, that means that you will need a new purpose."

The android stopped, and stared. Then he nodded slowly. The Riddler knew now what he must do.

"Come with me, we have much to discuss about your future. Let me tell you about one of the gravest threats that have threatened the world. There is a dangerous group of criminals who would
persecute free spirits. They call themselves the Justice League."

Riddler's plan was coming together, and the android began to listen to him. It's naivety would serve him nicely.

"And no matter what these heroes do, if you do not solve my puzzles in the proper order, some of Gotham City's best and brightest will perish. That is the rules of the game. If you are even on second late, all who are still in the death traps will die. And don't think of cheating, because if you do, any attempt to deactivate the traps other than solving my riddles will cause a chaotic explosion that will ring all throughout Gotham City. Millions will be wiped out. Nothing can stop it."

Robin swung down. Batgirl and Nightwing were behind him. The three crimefighters continued their journey. They were running ragged, while Batman and the rest of the Justice League were trying to track down the Riddler himself.

"You have the most experience dealing with this guy," Batgirl said to Nightwing.

"Yeah, I know, I played his video game and made it through all of the levels, so I have a good idea of the type of the riddles that he puts out there," Nightwing said. "The problem is that he's not going to make it easy for us to get to the riddles. He claims that there are six, but there are blinking beacons throughout the city that indicate that there are thirty or forty of them."

"False leads."

Arcane, Supergirl, Power Girl, and Wonder Girl showed up at this point. The quartet dropped to the ground. An expression shifted across Hermione's face, and she stepped forward. Batgirl turned to acknowledge the group.

"I'll give you this much, you know how to make an entrance. Sorry you had to be pulled away from dinner…"

"Never mind, the fate of many lives is far more important than a missed meal," Supergirl said, waving off her friend's protests. She turned to Harry. The Blonde Kryptonian had her gaze fixed on Harry at this point.

"Most of the signals are feints, in fact it's prerecorded, whatever was done has been set up ages ago, weeks and weeks ago," Harry said, and he stepped inside. "I'm pretty sure that that building houses the first Riddle, but check it to make sure it's not a feint."

"On it," Power Girl answered, hovering ready to go. The blonde turned around, and narrowed her eyes. Her X-Ray vision was focused, and sure enough she saw something. "There is someone in there, heading towards a buzzsaw, and a computer. There's some kind of energy field in there as well."

"Likely to prevent from tampering," Nightwing said, and they moved out. He turned to Arcane with a quizzical look. "Not going to even chance trying to use any spell to tamper with it."

"Without knowing what technology is being used, I don't know how it might react," Arcane answered in a crisp voice. Magic and technology were a hostile mix, and even the slightest spark out of place could activate the explosives.

"Guess we're doing this one the old fashion way," Robin remarked, and everyone nodded. They moved towards the Lumberyard where they had located the energy signature at first.
Wonder Girl reached the inside of the building first, and she stepped forward. She saw the computer and the Riddle on the screen before it.

_There are three men on a boat, and four cigarettes, with no matches. How do they smoke?_

She shook her head at the utter simplicity of the riddle. She typed in the answer.

**They toss one overboard, and the boat becomes a cigarette lighter.**

The computer accepted the answer and the message, _they toss one overboard, and the boat becomes a cigarette lighter_ flashed on the screen.

The group moved forward and the death trap deactivated just as the government official was seconds away from getting sliced in two. His hair was up against the blade. He let out the sigh, as Supergirl snapped the straps. He was pulled out safely. The taunting voice of the Riddler echoed out loud.

"Well done, Dark Knight, you've solved a true softball. But don't worry, the game has yet to begun."

"Well that lends credence to the fact that this was planned, and pre-recorded," Arcane said, and he saw his first wife hunched over the man. She checked for a pulse, and used her super hearing. His heart was still beating, he was still breathing, but otherwise he was unresponsive.

"He's still drugged," Supergirl informed them, and Arcane and Power Girl nodded. Batgirl stepped around, her keen eye noticing something on the computer that was quite peculiar. She got the attention of her friends.

"Um, guys is it strange to you that the letter C in the letter cigarette is underlined, or is it just me?"

Arcane jumped in immediately. "Yeah, that is peculiar."

"It's the Riddler," Nightwing said. He knew Nygma's ego would put riddles within a riddle. "Everything he has a hidden meaning to it. He gives hints to his true plan without meaning to. That's the one thing that remains constant with him."

Harry made a note of that peculiar little fact that the C was underlined. He thought that might come useful. He also was visited with another thought that he had to share with the rest of the group.

"I have a feeling he's also giving us hints to the location of the next riddle within the previous riddle."

"That wouldn't be surprising," Power Girl chimed in, and her expression became more focused. "So, we're looking for some kind of store that sells cigarettes, or something along those lines."

"Or maybe a store that sells antique lighters," Supergirl suggested, and everyone nodded. "See what you can find for antique stores in Gotham City that also sell lighters. That's where we're going to find the answer to our next riddle."

Nightwing was right on that immediately. He began to cross reference any possible location in the Bat Computer. Arcane did so immediately, locking onto the beacons using the computers at Patronus Incorporated.

"It's three blocks from here," Nightwing said. "That's where we can find the next Riddle."
They really had nothing else to say at that moment. The group hurried off to locate, and hopefully solve the next riddle. The sands of time were running down on them, and they had no time to waste.

Metropolis had been a diversion, or so it seemed. The seven members of the Justice League stood waiting, after having broken up into groups to search the city. Superman and Flash went one way. Green Lantern, Hawkgirl, and Wonder Woman went the other way, and Batman and the Martian Manhunter tried to locate the source of the transmissions.

Superman stopped. They had struck paydirt. He focused his X-Ray Vision to the Daily Planet Globe. He reached in, and pulled out a recording device. It droned on and on with the taunting voice of the Riddler.

"Justice League, you can't hope to defeat my superior intellect. Your minds are inferior to that of your intellectual superior."

The Riddler continued to drone on and on with similar egotistical statements. Hawkgirl held her mace, and her eyes were narrowed. She was about to smash the recording device. Batman shook his head, and he moved over. He pulled open the recording device, and ran a scan on the technology inside it.

"It doesn't register," Batman said. He shook his head. "Whoever supplied Riddler with these parts, they were doing it off of the grid. They don't want us to trace them back to the source."

"Can you pick up any thought patterns?" Wonder Woman asked.

The Martian Manhunter was quick to answer. "Whilst my mind is clearer than it was before, I only pick up the normal psychic static. It is possible that the Riddler is using some kind of technology to block his thoughts."

"How would he know to do something like that?" Flash asked.

"I've read the files on him on the Watchtower computer," Green Lantern said. "He's obsessive compulsive to a level where you would not believe. And he wouldn't do anything halfway. He's going to be prepared for anything we can do, and I suggest we do the same."

"Prepared for everything, and with no powers, to an obsessive degree," Flash said, and he turned to Batman. "I don't know about you, but that reminds me of one of our own, doesn't it?"

"He does have a point," Hawkgirl admitted. "How do you prepare for some of the things you do?"

"I learn," Batman said dismissively. He turned his attention to Superman. "Stay sharp, the Riddler is not going to go down without a fight. Not this easily. Right now he's baiting us, and leading us around in circles."

"I'll give the city one more patrol," Superman said, and he flew around. It only took a number of seconds before Superman returned. The other members of the League looked at him, but an apologetic look crossed his face. "Nothing, whatever the Riddler has done, he's hiding it well. Half of the buildings are lined with lead, so do you think he would be smart enough to hide whatever he was doing in one of those?"

Batman only gave one word for his answer. "Yes."

The voice of the Riddler came back to life.
"Come on Justice League. Are you going to give up that easily? The game is just being started. You're looking in all of the wrong places. I'm here right under your noses, and you can't find me. Pathetic, but then again that is to be expected. Your efforts have gone down the toilet as far as I'm concerned."

"Just wait until I find you, and I'll show you who's pathetic," Hawkgirl said fiercely.

"He said he was right under our noses," Wonder Woman whispered with a frown.

Batman knew that Riddler would slip up eventually if he kept talking. He turned to his fellow team members.

"Everything Nygma says is a Riddle of some sort. He said he was right under our noses. He says that our efforts went down the toilet."

The answer struck Superman. He was overlooking one particular area, and he should have known given that Harry and Kara said that Luthor had bunkers down there that he cleared out. They would make the perfect hiding spot for someone, at least in the temporary basis.

"I know where he is, he's below us," Superman said. "Way below us."

"In the sewer system," Batman agreed with a nod.

"So, how clean are the Metropolis sewer systems?" Flash asked in a casual tone of voice.

"We'll worry about dry cleaning your suit later, right now we have him," Green Lantern said in a commanding voice. "Let's go."

Batman, Wonder Woman, Flash, Hawkgirl, Superman, the Martian Manhunter, and Green Lantern all found their way down. With a swift movement, the Dark Knight removed a tracking device from his belt, and began to triangulate the signal. He should have known, and he configured it as he needed to. He pointed the direction.

"There's a shortcut through the subway," Superman said. Having patrolled this city more than anyone else, he knew the city better than anyone else.

The Justice League made their way down into the Subway tunnels. The entire group stood ready to go, where the Riddler waited for them. He tapped on his cane, and a smug smile appeared on his face.

"Well done Leaguers, looks like you found me," the Riddler said. He offered an expression of mock sorrow, before it turned into a twisted grin. "Or rather, I lead you down here."

Riddler gave them a taunting laugh, and Hawkgirl stepped forward. She would see how much he would be laughing after she smacked him around a bit.

"Yeah, I got this," Flash said, and he rushed forward.

"Flash wait…"

The Riddler electrified the floor and even the Flash was thrown off balance.

"Fastest man alive except where it really counts," Riddler said, and he tapped on his cranium for emphasis. "But never the less, I grow tired of this game."

Riddler motioned for the android to step out.
"Behold the ultimate weapon, to take down the Justice League," The Riddler said in a triumphant voice.

The members of the League blinked. One android should not have been a problem for them. Batman stood ready to analyze the situation. He knew better than any of them that there was more to this than meets the eye. Especially regarding the Riddler.

The Flash struggled to his feet, helped up by Green Lantern and Hawkgirl. Flash turned around, and the android scanned him. He analyzed and then duplicated his super speed.

In a blur, the android zoomed forward, and knocked the members of the Justice League around. Ivo's Android began to batter them with superfast punches.

The Justice League realized one thing at that moment. The android had Flash's powers, and had found a way to improve upon them. They might have a problem.

The Riddler was now secondary compared to this dangerous force who had now moved out at super speed. The android made its way into Metropolis, and the League had no choice, but to follow suit. They would need to take it down. The Riddler watched with glee at the damage that was about to unfold.

X-X-X

Meanwhile in Gotham City, Power Girl, Arcane, Supergirl, Batgirl, Wonder Girl, Robin, and Nightwing all tracked the source to the next location. Sure enough it was an abandoned antique shop, and one of the main attractions that they sold was cigarette lighters of all kinds. Including those from companies that had been long since abandoned. The group stepped forward.

"There's no one here," Batgirl commented, but she paused. There was a slight thump. Supergirl focused her X-Ray vision towards the floor.

Supergirl shook her head. "Nygma thinks he's being clever. Whoever he's got trapped down here, they're in the basement."

Power Girl grew rigid. She sniffed the air around her. Her lip curled up in frustration. She shook her head.

"Do you smell that?" Power Girl asked.

"Smoke, and it's coming from downwards, we better hurry," Supergirl said, and she pushed the door open. The steps were in disarray, and looked to be about ready to crumble to dust from one good step onto them. That was no problem for those who could either fly, or had a grapple that could repel down to the basement.

The computer was in front of them. Once again there was an energy field that was around to prevent anyone from trying to free someone from the death trap. Arcane tried to analyze the field. If he could figure out what was being done, there might be a way around it once they reached future death traps.

It was unlike any technology that he had seen previously. He did figure out this much. If it did get broken by anything other than solving the riddles, an explosion would be triggered at a random location. Thus, any shield charm would be extremely useless given the random factor of where the bombs went off.

The riddle stood on the computer in front of them, and taunted them.
What could a broken clock and an amputee have in common?

Hermione was about to answer, but Kara flew in front of her before she could. The blonde Kryptonian sat down in front of the computer and typed in the answer.

**They're both missing an arm.**

The answer registered on the computer. Once again, they held their collective breaths as they passed. The death trap was deactivated before the man could be rolled into the furnace. They went to free him, as Arcane and Supergirl shifted their attention to the computer.

**They're both missing an arm.**

"The second time a letter was underlined, this time the a," Kara said, and she shook her head. Karen joined both of her spouses, and frowned.

"That's not going to be a coincidence. The real answer to the riddle is wrapped into the answers of these riddles."

"And that is who is behind this," Kara said, and everyone nodded. Hermione popped up a moment later.

"Drugged once again, but still breathing," she informed them. "So missing arm, and a broken clock, that has to be a hint."

Nightwing nodded in agreement. "It is a hint. There's a clock tower just due north of here that's missing an arm."

That's where their third hostage would be. The group spotted the figure on the inside of the clocktower. Batgirl's eyes widened as Commissioner Gordon was trapped inside, about ready to be smashed into paste.

"Sixty seconds to solve my puzzle, starting now."

The race was on.

**To Be Continued in "Amazo Part Two."**
Chapter 25 Amazo Part Two.

The assembled group stood outside of the clocktower. The seven heroes were mortified. Batgirl stepped forward, and rushed towards the computer. She saw Commissioner Gordon dangling there, about to be reduced to paste. She realized that no matter what she did, she did not have that much time left. She had to answer this riddle promptly. She saw the riddle pop up on the screen in all of its taunting glory. The clock continued to tick, and the bell was about to toll on Commissioner Gordon's head. Batgril tried to keep her mind together, and not lose her head.

**What kind of pans can be found in a morgue?**

Batgirl bit her tongue, and tried to answer the riddle. Supergirl stepped beside her, and a knowing, triumphant smile spread across her face.

"That's an easy one," Supergirl said, and she began to type the answer into the computer.

**Deadpans.**

Batgirl could have slapped herself. Of course that was the answer. It was an absurd play on words. The answer was accepted, and the trap de-activated. Commissioner Gordon relaxed, when he found that he was not going to be smashed to bits. Power Girl and Arcane freed him, and helped him away. The taunting voice of the Riddler kicked up at that moment, in all of its mocking and sadistic glory.

**Very well done, Dark Knight. You have solved another one, but I can only imagine the brain power it took for you to manage to solve that one. I hope you didn't overtax your cerebral cortex under that cowl of yours. Never the less, well done. You are halfway there.**

The word of the screen flashed before them for all to see.

**Deadpans.**

Arcane continued to make a note on the odd phrasing of the riddles when they were answered. So far in the riddles, he had a C, A, and D within them. He had no idea how they tried together. He waved forward, and Robin Nightwing, Batgirl, Supergirl, Wonder Girl, and Power Girl all followed him when they were certain that Commissioner Gordon was safe and sound.

"Right," Harry said with a swift nod. "Now judging by his past clues, and hints, the riddles would have to lead somewhere that pertains to the answer, or the riddle. I'm guessing either a morgue or a kitchen."

"We'll know in a minute," Nightwing replied, getting ready. He punched into his portable computer, and tried to triangulate the coordinates. There were three blips left, and then Nightwing cross referenced every source. He nodded grimly, and turned around to the rest of the group. "A morgue it is."

"Well what are we waiting for, an engraved invitation?" Power Girl asked. She flew off, with Supergirl, Wonder Girl, and Arcane following her. Nightwing, Robin, and Batgirl all trailed behind using their grappling hooks. The entire group made it to the coordinates that Nightwing had pointed out.
Harry saw a crypt and a computer. Judging by the muffled sounds, someone was buried alive. The breathing indicated that time was not a luxury they had. He took a few more steps forward, and the entire group was ready to see what riddle had awaited them this time. They had little time to wait. The riddle popped up on the screen for all to see.

**What does studying for a school exam and being in a romance have in common?**

There were some confused looks exchanged for a moment. This was a bit of a brain teaser. However, the frantic attempts to escape by the man in the crypt caused Power Girl to hasten to take her best shot to answer. She took a deep breath, inhaling and exhaling, before she began to type in what she thought was the best answer.

**They both turn your brains into mush.**

There was a moment where she held her breath, waiting for the answer to be accepted or rejected. The computer screen began to blink to life, and then the answer flashed on it. The answer was accepted. The crypt broke open as well. Batgirl, Robin, and Nightwing helped the government official out. He was covered in dirt, but he was still breathing. It was close call, but at least he still lived. That was a good news. The riddle flashed on the screen, and Harry scribbled down the note, underlining the letter.

**They both turn your brains into mush.**

Once again, there was another hint at the true nature of this game. This was getting more and more curious by the moment. Harry had a feeling that the real clue was who was the ultimate mastermind behind this entire scheme, and the entire group turned around. They were surprised that they had no taunting message to give them, at least at first. Now they had to find the location of the next riddle, and hope that things would get solved.

The entire mess was extremely intriguing. Harry was about ready to check in on the League, to see how they were holding up. However, he figured that they would be able to handle anything that they were up against. He had confidence they could handle themselves. So he focused on leading his team forward into the city, towards the very next riddle.

The Justice League did their best to surround the robot. They fought him in the streets of Metropolis. The Riddler watched from a ledge high above, offering occasional commentary on the situation. If they could box him in, there was a chance they could take him out. Superman flew in, his arm extended. The robot ducked out of the way, using super speed. The Flash was much faster than Superman, and the robot copied the Scarlet Speedster's movements.

A series of rapid fire and super-fast punches rocked the Man of Steel. Superman staggered to the ground, his knees buckling, and his breath leaving his body. Wonder Woman rushed at him, but the android avoided her attacks as well with swift precision.

"That's it, take out the Justice League, annihilate those criminals!" Riddler cheered at the top of his lungs, watching safely away from the battle. "Bash them with everything you have, render them into paste!"

Riddler deviated into a fit of giggles.

"He has to be the most annoying cheerleader ever," Hawkgirl grumbled. She aimed her mace to try and get a shot in on the android. However, he ducked out of the way. Hawkgirl could barely lift her mace before she saw a blur.
"Yeah, you would think after all of this time, Batman would find a way to shut him up," Flash said. He then paused when he noticed a member of their group missing. "Hey, where is Bats anyway?"

The entire group shrugged, as Batman had slipped off for some reason. They had grown accustomed to it. Superman especially, because he understood that it was because Batman likely had a plan.

"We can't worry about that now," Green Lantern said, and he tried to use a construct to take out the android. The android dodged the attack. He spun around, and charged the attack. A bubble trapped the android. The containment field appeared to have worked. At least it worked for a moment. The android tried to break out, finding a way to push against the bubble.

A super-fast flurry of punches began to knock the bubble. Lantern tried to use a combination of discipline, and determination to hold the android into place. Green Lantern sent a spiked fist construct at the android, but it ducked.

Superman sent a burst of heat vision when the android was distracted by Green Lantern's efforts. This was all for nothing. It dodged it immediately, and grabbed Superman. Superman staggered as the android began to copy his powers as well. The super strength was prominent, and also amplified due to the processing power.

The android picked up Superman, and hurled him at the rest. With the speed of the Flash, and the strength and powers of Superman, the android looked to be something that was nearly unstoppable.

Wonder Woman jumped behind him. Her arms wrapped around him. Amazonian strength was a decent match for Kryptonian, at least in theory. She tried to force the android into place. She held him, as he struggled. Hawkgirl flew forward, and brought her mace down. The mace only proved to damage the android slightly. The healing abilities of Superman allowed him to rebound. He grabbed both Hawkgirl and Wonder Woman, before he tossed them to the side. Hawkgirl rolled over, picking up her mace. The mace was then scanned.

In addition to the strength and powers of Superman, the speed of the Flash, the android now had the durability of an Nth metal shell. He charged forward, and knocked Superman down when the Man of Steel tried to attack him once again. Superman dropped down to his knees, completely out of it. The Man of Steel was down on the ground.

Green Lantern tried to hold the android in shackle constructs. This worked for a few seconds, until the android broke out. Lantern braced himself for an attack. The attack never came, as rather Green Lantern's ring was scanned. The energy signature was locked into the database, with the strengths, and weaknesses. A green energy fist manifested. Green Lantern tried to use a shield to block it, but the fist hammered it with super speed.

Hawkgirl, Wonder Woman, Martian Manhunter, and Flash all were sent down to the ground. They crashed to the ground with an absolute sickening impact. Wonder Woman rolled over with a grimace, and tried to push herself back up to her feet. She dodged an attack.

"So, do we have a plan?" Hawkgirl asked. She blocked an energy blast with her mace. "Or are we just going around in circles, hoping for something to happen?"

It was the Martian Manhunter who answered. "The plan is to find a way to take out this android before he uses his abilities to absorb any more of our powers."

The League moved in, trying to determine a fresh plan of attack.
"Yeah, that's a good plan," Flash admitted, and he moved out of the way. He moved from the right, and to the left. He tried to sneak up on the android. After all, if this android had his powers, Flash would know how to better counteract them than anyone else.

That was a sound idea in theory at least. In practice, it was less than sound. Flash zoomed at the speed of light, and was thrown hard to the ground. Superman used his heat vision to try and knock the android back. When this did not work, he opted for his super breath. The android returned fire by utilizing his own super breath attack.

The two forces connected with each other. Superman held his own for long enough to keep the android distracted. He kept up the attack. The Man of Steel spotted Batman dropping down out of the corner of his eye.

Batman jumped down immediately, and reached into the pouch of his utility belt. The android looked at Batman, and scanned him. The machine was confused. This did not make any sense.

"You have no special abilities."

Batman remained stoic, and calm. "No, but I have this."

The Dark Knight reached into his utility belt, and pulled out the Kryptonite. The android staggered back. Batman was unknowing to the Kryptonite vulnerability that had been suppressed from the Man of Steel, and Superman kept up the charade, by feigning weakness at the Kryptonite. The nano-shielding did not transfer over to the android. The android staggered back, weakened by the Kryptonite.

"Don't let him take you down that easily!" Riddler yelled. His hands clutched over his question mark cane. "You have other powers; use them to block the radiation."

Sure enough, the android caught on soon enough. His processors calculated the best possible defense. The shielding popped up using the green lantern energy. The android stepped forward, and took a shot at Batman. The Kryptonite was knocked out of his hand. It shattered on impact.

"Now!" Wonder Woman yelled, getting in position.

Flash ran forward at super speed. Superman flew towards the android, and Hawkgirl dove in swinging her mace. The triple attack managed to stagger the android. The Green Lantern rushed in next, and began to hammer him with energy attack after energy attack. The miniature bolts of green energy bounced off of the chest of the android.

"He has to have a weak spot!" Green Lantern shouted in frustration.

Flash responded with a bit of a shake of his head. "Yeah, well when we find it, we'll let you know."

Martian Manhunter dove into the ground. He became intangible, and he pulled the android's ankles into the ground. The android struggled, and Batman flung an exploding pellet. The android caught it. The explosive pellet encased him in ice.

The android tried to push himself free immediately. The ice kept him in place. This was only for a moment. The ice then cracked, and the android popped out like a cork. It knocked every single member of the Justice League back. They all slammed into the ground hard. The breath was knocked out of them.

"So, that didn't work out as well as we hoped," Flash said.
"You can't win; you might as well give up!" Riddler taunted.

Hawkgirl went for the Riddler. Before she could even get close to reaching her adversary, super breath had knocked her off balance. The android stepped forward, and took another deep breath. Super breath knocked the entire team off balance. The android stepped forward, the combined powers too much for the entire team to handle.

"So what's the plan?" Flash asked for Batman. "Because, you've got to have a plan. You always do. That's your thing, planning, you do the planning thing, and those plans make sure we get out alive."

Batman remained silent. That was actually a good question. It had to have a weakness. He was trying to hack into the android, but the encryption in its main computer systems was second to none. This was going to be more difficult than he had thought previously.

"Just keep circling it," Batman said. "I'll see if I can get in close enough to scan."

The League all nodded, understanding what they had to do.

What kind of corporation collective is beneficial when trapped in a rainstorm?

This was the riddle that greeted them. Supergirl stood in front of the computer. The government official was about ready to be destroyed by a large mechanical cupid that was about to fire a series of arrows in about sixty seconds. Or he was going to be turned into mush as it regards to the answer of the previous riddle. Supergirl cracked her knuckles, and thought that the question was easy.

An umbrella.

The riddle was solved, and the field disappeared. Power Girl took her chance to speed in, and pulled the government official out of harm's way. Arcane and Supergirl watched as the riddle answer flashed immediately, before the answer was displayed properly on the screen.

An umbrella.

Now they had all of the riddles solve except for one. Harry had the C, A, D, M, U, written down on the pad.

"So, we're down to the last one," Robin said. "An umbrella, what could it be?"

Nightwing and Batgirl exchanged an expression. They shook their heads. They checked the beacon. Wonder Girl stood behind them, and Nightwing tried to pick up the signal. There were three signals put up. Given the number of riddles were established to be of the six, two of them would promptly be duds.

"All three of the beacons could be the possible location for the last riddle," Nightwing said.

"Two minutes, Dark Knight," the Riddler taunted over the intercom.

"Umbrella, the clue is umbrella, and it's also an organization of some sort, think about it," Batgirl said, and she looked at the blips on the screen. "$"The last Riddle is at the Iceberg Lounge."

They knew the Iceberg Lounge was the nightclub owned by Oswald Cobblepot, otherwise known as the Penguin. Cobblepot ran a business, and also collected umbrellas. So it only made sense. While the Penguin had turned over a new leaf for the most part, and had abandoned his life of
crime, there were some nefarious dealings going on in the back room. He had pled ignorance, and it was a great source of information for Batman, Robin, Nightwing, and Batgirl during their crime fighting, even if they had to be rough with the owner.

"That's right across the street," Supergirl said, and she did not waste any time. The time was running out, and she rushed off. Power Girl, and Arcane followed them immediately.

The energy field was around the outside of the building. They had no idea who the hostage was, or what was going to happen. However, there was a pretty good chance that every single person who was in the club would be victims. The three Potters noticed the riddle. They stood rigid, and ready to piece it together.

**I go with bait, and I turn on the light. I also can whip a person. What I am?**

Arcane was the first one to the computer. There was only one potential answer for this riddle. He typed in the answer, and the light began to blink off and on the screen.

**A switch.**

The answer was accepted. The energy field disappeared from around the exterior of the Iceberg Lounge. Everyone inside appeared to be safe, and secure.

**A s witch.**

The taunting voice of the Riddler echoed one more time for all to see.

"Bravo Dark Knight, you spent most of the time saving government officials, while my real plan was being accomplished over in Metropolis. By the time you hear this; I will do what many criminals have only dreamed about. I will have brought down the Justice League."

Supergirl immediately reached around, and grabbed up her communicator device. She tapped into it, and called up her cousin immediately.

"Kara, now's not the best time," Superman grunted from the other end of the communication link. A grunt was heard now, and several miniature explosions. "We have a situation here."

Supergirl frowned, and immediately she suspected that this was the type of situation where the League might have needed a bit of help from their relief team... She took a deep breath, and responded. "What kind of situation? Is it a situation that you need help with?"

There was a pause, and a loud crash echoed in the background. Supergirl's imagination pieced together what happened.

Superman responded after a moment. "Any help would be appreciated."

Supergirl, Arcane, and Power Girl exchanged a look. They all communicated mentally, knowing what they had to do now.

"Just hang tight, we're going to be over there in a minute, keep whatever you're fighting busy," Supergirl said, trying to keep her voice steady.

"That's about all we can do," Superman replied. The sound of Superman flying could be heard over the communicator, and then another explosion. This was followed by nothing, but static.

The communication link went dead. Everything was left to the imagination at that moment.
Supergirl hovered into the air, and tracked the communicator to the source. Before she left, she had to tell the others what was going on.

"A situation has come up in Metropolis," Supergirl informed Batgirl, Robin, Nightwing, and Wonder Girl. "The three of us are going to head over there, do what you can to clean up over here. We'll come back to help once we've taken care of things over there."

Batgirl's voice was the one that answered over the link. "Right, we'll do so right away."

"What kind of situation?" Wonder Girl asked. She tried to keep the concern out of her voice, even though it did creep in a little bit through her tone.

It was Arcane who was the one who answered. "That's something we're going to try to find out. We're entering mysterious territory, but it shouldn't be anything that the three of us cannot handle. We'll keep you posted if we need anything."

'Ready?' Harry projected to his wives mentally.

'Yes, ready,' Kara thought to Karen and Harry.

'Let's do this,' Karen added through the link.

Supergirl focused on what she traced from the communication link. The three heroes vanished with a pop. The moment that they arrived, they saw the Justice League fighting a robot. A voice that they were rather sick of at this point greeted them immediately.

"Just a bit more, and the Justice League will be taken down. Oh, this is a glorious, glorious night!"

Arcane stepped forward, and faced the android. The android sensed a source of great power, and tried to use a ring construct to block him into place so it could be copied. Harry dodged, using a construct of his own to blast the attack back to the source, and stagger the android. The Nth metal properties deflected each and every spell he sent off. Harry cursed, Nth metal could block most magic, even the most powerful.

Supergirl and Power Girl jumped in with a burst of magically enhanced heat vision. The android was struck immediately in the back. He staggering around, and turned around. Hawkgirl swung her mace, and this time the android flew down to the ground. Superman flew forward, trying to use the android's momentum.

"Keep it confused!" Batman yelled.

"Yeah, that's a plan I can live with," Flash said. He zoomed it at super speed. A lantern construct wrapped around his feet, and he was sent crashing face first into the ground. The fastest man alive was dazed, and positively confused.

The android aimed a powerful attack towards his enemies. Wonder Woman slid underneath the legs, using the lasso to hold him into place. Arcane, Supergirl, and Power Girl all dove in, and damaged his shell immediately. The android staggered. The Martian Manhunter blocked a punch, and knocked the android back.

The android's combination of the powers made him a very formidable opponent, but the multitude of powers caused his attacks to be confused and easily exploitable at the moment.

'Stand back, let him try and copy my powers,' Arcane said mentally.
'What are you crazy?' Supergirl asked him.

"I think he is,' Power Girl said over the mental link. 'If he has your powers, and none of your inhibitions, there won't be a chance for us to stop him.'

"I've got a plan,' Harry argued over the mental link. The plan was forming in his head, all he had to do was get into position. 'Trust me.'

'O-kay if you think you know what you're doing,' Power Girl said, but there was a bit of doubt that crept in her thoughts.

They did trust him. They had to trust him. The look of determination that spread across his face indicated that he had a plan. Arcane moved in for the attack, and tried to get into the attack. The android spotted him, and began to scan his powers.

He just ran into a huge problem. Magic, especially Harry's magic, could not be processed by most technology. This android was not one of the exceptions. There was a decent attempt to try and duplicate the powers. However, the android ran into nothing other than a brick wall. This confused the machine, and caused his head to explode. Several sparks flew out of his chest, and the android dropped to the ground, completely overwhelmed by a power it could not process.

The three Potters used cool jets of water to douse the fire before it would start to burn down half of Metropolis.

"No!" the Riddler yelled. He seemed absolutely crazed and beyond reason. "No, no, no, you cheated!"

The Riddler looked like a child about ready to throw a temper tantrum after being denied his favorite sweet.

"Man, talk about a sore loser," Flash said, shaking his head in a combination of pity and disgust.

"The game's over, Nygma," Batman said gruffly, and Superman moved forward to grab the Riddler. However, a burst of static could be seen, and the form of the Riddler disappeared thin air.

It took only a short amount of time before the Justice League could figure out what happened. They had been had, and they wondered if the Riddler had ever been there. They came to the sickening conclusion that they had been conversing with a holographic version of the criminal the entire night. A disc was beneath where he stood. However, before they could reach it, it self-destructed.

"He wasn't even here in the first place," Wonder Woman said.

"A hologram, that figures," Green Lantern grumbled, clutching his fist.

"It seems like Nygma is full of surprises," Superman said.

Batman remained calm. The Riddler was still out there. Even if he did not succeed, he had a bird's eye view. He turned to Arcane, Supergirl, and Power Girl.

"What happened in Gotham City?" Batman asked them.

"We solved all of the riddles," Arcane said to them. "But there was a riddle within the riddles."

"There always is," Batman said knowingly.

The Martian Manhunter offered a suggestion. "We should head back to the Watchtower, and try
and piece together what happened. Perhaps that will offer us a clue of the events of today.”

The entire League nodded. Supergirl, Power Girl, and Arcane really had no reason to argue. They picked up the remains of the android. The last thing they needed was for it to fall into the wrong hands. Perhaps with the shell with them, they could trace it back to the source.

The entire Justice League, along with Power Girl, Supergirl, and Arcane were assembled at the Watchtower. Superman decided to break the tension by asking the obvious question.

"So what have you found out about the android?"

"Its model was registered to a scientist named Professor Ivo," Batman said.

Arcane, Supergirl, and Power Girl recognized that name from their records.

"He worked at LexCorp for years, but he left even before we took over and remodeled," Supergirl said.

"I don't really know why he left," Arcane said shaking his head. "It could have been over a dispute in pay, or a conflict of interest. All I know is he was gone about six months or a year or so before we took over."

"An android like that would be something that Luthor would be all over," Superman admitted. "He would salivate at the thought of having an ultimate weapon to deal with the super powered menaces."

"So, Luthor may be tied to this," Wonder Woman said. "What does the Riddler have to do with this?"

Power Girl chimed in with her two cents. "The Riddler may be hired help. Given how his ego is, Luthor manipulated him into engaging the entire Justice League in a game of wits. The android was the perfect tool for the job. The last time Luthor went out on his own…well it didn't end too well for him."

Supergirl and Arcane nodded, as did the rest of the Justice League. After the Injustice League fiasco, they suspected that Luthor would take a careful step back. He was calculating and conniving. Harry, Kara, and Karen made it their mission to try and uncover whatever rock Luthor was hiding under and exterminate him like the pest he was. The real problem was that there was no telling where he had gone. Luthor had some powerful friends in high places.

"We do have another problem that we have to deal with," Martian Manhunter said. He took a deep breath, and addressed the team. "Namely, what are we going up against with this Cadmus organization?"

"As of yet, I've been unable to find any information," Batman admitted.

"That's a first," Flash said in an undertone. Batman gave him his patented glare. Flash cleared his throat nervously. "So what do you think they're after?"

"If I had to hazard a guess, they would be a top secret and rather covert branch of the government," Arcane said. He turned around, and his two wives were in agreement. "Many of the events that have been happening lately, there's a chance that they could all be tied back to Cadmus. The real problem is trying to uncover what exactly Cadmus is."
Everyone nodded. Exactly what Cadmus was would be something that many of the heroes assembled thought they would find out about soon enough. Perhaps all too soon, but their only lead was the android. The problem was with its creator dead, and the person who stole it on the run, it would be like finding a needle in a haystack to track it down.

It went without saying that there was much work to be done.

Edward Nygma waited at the end of a corridor in a high tech lab. The technology was beyond his wildest dreams. The Prince of Puzzles could not wait to have the honor of working with the technology. He had the drive in his hands. The information copied from the Android before it self-destructed during the battle with the Justice League was in his grasp. He walked at the end of the corridor. A bald man dressed in a containment suit approached him. His eyes were narrowed, as he stared down Nygma.

The Prince of Puzzles stared down the disgraced former favorite son of Metropolis. He looked at the bald billionaire with a smile.

"Mr. Luthor, at last we meet in the flesh," Nygma said. He extended his hand to shake, but Luthor did not accept the gesture as offered. Nygma's face just comforted into a smirk. Confusion then appeared on his face, and he spoke in a low tone. "Lex, I don't understand the coldness. This entire scheme has gone smoother than we could have ever dreamed."

Lex's face contorted into a scowl. He knew that if he had overseen this scheme personally, the android would still be functional. It would still be a valuable asset, to study and use. It could be improved on. Ivo's plans could still be recovered, although Lex suspected that Supergirl and Arcane would have tracked the source back by now, and confiscate the plans, to prevent another model from being built. They were annoyingly resourceful like that.

"You don't think this was a failure?" Lex asked him. A mocking tone dripped from his voice. He eyed the Prince of Puzzles with a sneer, and shook his head. His tone dripped with disgust, with a heavy helping of sarcasm "I hate to see your definition of success if you did not think that this was a failure."

Nygma just had the air of someone who was standing on the cusp of the secrets of the universe.

"I beg to differ," Nygma countered and he held the drive in his hand. A large smartly dressed black woman walked forward. She looked at Nygma with a polite nod, and observed him. "Ms. Waller, how nice to meet you!"

"Mr. Nygma, I trust you have the information that we want," Waller said, and Nygma handed her the drive. The woman nodded, a smile spreading across her face. "Congratulations, you have passed the test."

A dubious expression spread across Lex Luthor's face. He shook his head from side to side, and his fists clenched together. He took a deep breath, and spoke in a would be calm tone of voice.

"Nygma lost us a potential asset in Ivo's android," Luthor said in a calm voice. He shook his head from side to side. His posture remained rigid and firm. "And not only that, through his compulsion to use riddles, he allowed the Justice League, along with their teenage sidekicks to get a hint that we exist."

"This was all done by design," Waller informed him. Lex scowled. He was not briefed on that part of the plan. "It was only a matter of time before the Justice League discovered our presence."
"You put us under the radar of Batman," Luthor said, trying to keep his temper in check.

"Even Batman's detective skills won't get him too far for a long time," Waller said. Her tone was smug and assured. She looked like an overly large cat toying with her prey. "The information we obtained on this drive will allow us to formulate measures against each and every member of the League. All is going according to plan."

Luthor immediately heightened his suspicions. He thought that this would not go according to plan given how he observed today's scheme. However, he just nodded. It would be unwise to burn up precious political capital by informing the organization of the huge flaw in the plans. The bald man did in fact just give one final word of warning to both Waller and Nygma.

"If you believe it goes all according to plan, then I will accept it," Lex replied. "Providing it keeps going according to plan, but in the meantime I'll be in my office."

Lex turned around. Nygma and Waller remained standing in the corridor. There was silence, which Nygma broke immediately.

"A charming fellow, but I'm sure that he has his uses," Nygma commented lightly.

Waller responded with a crisp nod. It was unfortunate that she had to admit it, but yes Lex Luthor had his uses. His funding was something that drove Project Cadmus, even though Waller tried to make sure that the organization did not become Luthor's latest failed scheme. It was a never ending battle. She led Nygma forward into a lab.

"Allow me to introduce you to the two men that you will be working most closely with at Project Cadmus," Waller responded in a calm voice. She remained calm, and her head turned. "Think of it as a Think Tank of sorts, with men on your intellectual level."

The two men sat in the room. One of them was a blond man dressed in a blue suit with a top hot. He was working with a card of some sort that contained a mind control chip. There was another man dressed in a white suit. He was bald, and had a grey mustache. He held an egg in his hand.

"I believe you've met Jervis Tetch," Waller replied.

Nygma nodded and looked at the Mad Hatter. They had been neighbors in Arkham Asylum over a few months ago. "Yes, we've been well acquainted."

"It is a pleasure doing business with you, Mr. Nygma," Tetch said. "No doubt many will look through the looking glass, and see the Justice League as the heroes the world needs. However, deception reigns among the land, and those Leaguers will prevent us from obtaining our Wonderland."

"And this is Doctor Edgar Prince," Waller said, and the man leaned forward. Nygma noticed that he had a head shaped like an egg.

"Ah, Mr. Nygma, welcome to the revolution," Prince said in a low and sadistic tone. His expression never wavered. "I hope that we work together, so we can egg-sploit the Justice League, and bring them down to their level they so richly deserve."

Nygma nodded, and Waller turned to them.

"Now the three of you have a mission to condition an asset of particular importance to our group," Waller said. She dropped a folder on the table the three criminals sat at. They all nodded, and knew that this was going to be a heavy task. It was a task that was essential for their plans to deal with
the Justice League.

The weapon they were developing was on schedule. They would work with the psychic known as Psimon in conditioning her mind when she was fully operational.

As for the other projects, well that was on a need to know basis, they would not be told more than they needed to know. In the meantime, Waller would make her rounds, checking on the progress of various projects, including two of the guests of Project Cadmus. The White Martian girl and the Tamaranan princess were among those who were being observed, and kept sedated. Both were high profile guests who needed constant security due to their powers.

After the long day, they had returned home. The Riddler was still at large, even though it was likely that he was never there in the first place. Harry pondered everything that happened, and he came to one simple conclusion. Cadmus was the architect behind many of the things that happened. Who were they, and who was behind them, well there were many questions that would need to be answered. Some of the players were obvious, with Luthor being the prime suspect.

The final motivation was unclear. Through the records from the former LexCorp, Harry had been unable to find any information. Lex Luthor was many things, but an idiot he was not. He was able to convincingly cover his tracks. There were a few scant references to Luthor working with certain parties in the government. That was all he found.

The blue prints for the Android that they uncovered were far more interesting. There was a fundamental programming flaw in it that would cause it to eventually rebel against its creator. It would not stop until its lust for power, and knowledge was satisfied. And given what he read on the blueprint, Ivo's Android would be most insatiable. Combined with how it was nurtured in the first place, it was just a disaster.

It could be fixed easily, and Harry still had traces of the programming, downloaded. Perhaps with a few tweaks, the android could be a great ally.

Someone had cleared her throat breaking Harry from his thoughts. He saw both Kara and Karen standing there. Kara was wearing a sheer red negligee with the material wrapped tightly around her curves. She was completely barefoot. Karen wore the same thing, only hers was white. They each had a bottle of whip cream in their hands. They floated over, swaying their hips in the air as they did so, and sat on either side of Harry.

"I believe we never got around to our dessert," Karen said. A saucy grin appeared on her face.

"The real question is which one of your beautiful wives do you want to taste first?" Kara asked with a grin.

They turned and they exchanged an identical wicked expression on their faces. They wrapped their arms around Harry, and pressed their lovely bodies on either side of him.

"I think we'd both settle for tasting you first, while you make up your mind,"

Kara and Karen planted their lips on either side of Harry's neck. Harry pulled his two beautiful wives into him closer, as they sucked on his neck. They slowly worked up the shirt over his head, and their hands tantalizingly rubbed his flesh. Harry groaned, as their mouths began to suck on him. They worked towards his pants, and the real fun was to begin.

Smut/Lemon Begins.
The two blonde Kryptonians shimmied Harry's pants down his legs. He was dressed in nothing but a pair of boxer shorts. A tent was formed that would only get stiffer. Kara began to trail kisses down Harry's right leg. Karen took the left. The two met every three kisses to give each other a small little smooch on the lips. Harry watched the display before him. Kara reached up and squeezed him. Karen did likewise, and they rubbed his erection through his boxers.

Harry groaned in pleasure. Karen and Kara pulled down his boxers over his legs with a super strong tug. They continued to tease him with licking the inside of his legs, and they brushed the tops of their heads against his erection. Eventually Kara latched her mouth over his balls. Karen swirled her tongue around Harry's cock. Then she enveloped his cock into her mouth. Karen began to deep throat Harry as Karen sucked and licked his balls.

Harry was in heaven. Karen bobbed her head up and down, using her tongue and lips to give him pleasure. Kara used her super powerful breath to suck his balls. He stroked the hair of both girls in encouragement.

"That's the stuff, suck me off, I want you two to work me until I blow a load down Karen's throat," Harry groaned. His eyes glazed forward. His hands grabbed the couch cushions, and caused powerful indentions in them. There would be plenty of time to fix them immediately. "That's it; use your tongues and your lips."

Spurred by this encouragement, Kara and Karen continued to speed up their actions. Their hot mouth and tongues were magic all over Harry's balls and cock. He grabbed the top of their heads. He began to fuck Karen's face. Kara stopped her motions, and fondled Karen's large breasts. She squeezed, and tweaked them, before she looked at Harry with a lustful grin.

"You like me playing with her tits, Harry?" Kara asked him. Pure lust and desire danced in her eyes.

"Yes, I love it; she has such big tits, doesn't she?" Harry asked.

Kara just grinned, and began to feel her twin's large, firm, and delicious, breasts. Her lingerie was not removed yet. Kara made a motion to rectify that. She pulled the lingerie off of Karen, ripping it in the efforts. Karen continued to moan, and those moans only intensified when Kara's mouth went back to work. The moans caused pleasurable vibrations to move down his cock. Her huge tits were on full display, naked. Harry drank in every single inch of her flesh. Kara alternated between licking Karen's tits, and licking Harry's balls.

"Cumming, keeping sucking, suck me dry baby" Harry managed. He grabbed Karen's face, and thrust deep into her mouth. His hips clashed against her jaw. She moaned. Kara grabbed his balls, and stroked them. She clenched them tight, and rubbed them furiously. The blonde Kryptonian squeezed and stroke, coaxing the cum into her fellow wife's mouth.

The pleasure was too much for Harry. He gave s few more solid thrusts into her mouth. He saw how hot she looked with his cock in his mouth. Her lips wrapped around it, as she sucked him long and hard. His balls tightened, and he followed that up by shooting a huge load down her throat.

Karen stepped back. She made a production to Harry of swallowing the entire load of his seed. She enjoyed her treat, and Kara took this moment to tackle Karen to the ground. She kissed her wife on the lips. Kara stroked her hands through he more mature double's shorter hair. Karen returned the kiss. The two played with the other's ass as they continued the kiss. Harry was brought back to life rather quickly by these actions.

With another motion, Kara turned over. She reached over, and managed to bind Karen's wrists, and
feet together. Kara grabbed the whipped cream bottle. Slowly, and teasingly, she rubbed her hands up and down the bottle. She stroked it, like she was stroking a cock. She made jerking motions with her hands. Then she unloaded the cream on Karen's face, tits, pussy, legs, and feet. She was covered from head to toe by whipped cream.

"Does she look tasty enough to eat?" Kara asked. She looked at Harry's review of her, his mouth watering. Kara looked at Karen. "She's missing something though."

Kara zoomed off at super speed. She returned with a pair of cherries. She placed them on Karen's erect nipples. She was covered from head to foot with whip cream.

"Dig in, Harry," Kara encouraged her husband. Kara stripped off her clothes, being equally as naked as her counterpart. Her breasts were smaller, she was shorter, but still she was a vision of white hot sexiness.

Harry did as he was suggested. He first trailed his mouth onto her lovely feet. Karen moaned in absolute bliss. Her moans became more and more labored. She had no idea she enjoyed having her toes sucked until Harry was doing it. He slowly licked the whipped cream off of her feet. Her mouth opened, but Kara grabbed the whipped cream bottle. She spread the cream into her hole, and bent her knees. She hovered in the air above Karen.

"Eat me," Kara demanded.

Karen did as she was asked, Kara was the alpha. What she said had to be obeyed. Karen used her tongue to lick the whipped cream out of Kara's cunt. Her tongue lapped up every single trail of the juices.

"Don't forget her clit," Harry told her.

"Yes, suck on my clit baby," Kara told Karen. She could hardly wait. She needed more attention, now.

Karen switched tracts, and began to lick and suck on Kara's clit. Kara began to moan and thrash. Harry continued to lick. Karen whined when Harry licked up her legs, and just scraped over the bottom of her taunt stomach, passed her pussy.

"Oh, do you want me to suck your tits?" Harry asked her.

Karen looked at Harry incredulously. She was then a bit preoccupied when Kara had taken command of her tongue, and had been riding it like it was no tomorrow. Karen moaned into Kara's pussy, and Kara's head titled back. Her moans became labored.

"Work her with her tongue, while I suck the cream off your tits!" Harry yelled.

Harry took his mouth onto her tits, and began to lap up everything that she had to offer. He tasted her tits, and enjoying her tits as much as she enjoyed his tongue and mouth. Her large mounds had been attacked by his mouth. Karen felt like her pussy was being neglected. She bucked her hips upwards, and gave Harry the hint. Kara unleashed her juices onto Karen's face.

Kara slid off. Harry attacked Karen's face. The cream and Kara's juices were a delicious combination. He would have to stick to this diet more often. Harry licked down her body. He dipped the cherries into the remaining cream on her tits. He popped them into his mouth, and savored the taste.

"I might have missed something," Harry told her. His eyes traveled down her. "I wonder where that
She broke free from her bindings. Karen grabbed Harry's cock tightly.

"Cock in me, right now," Karen demanded, squeezing his cock and balls. A fierce expression appeared on his face. Kara pinned her down.

"Now, now, no need to get demanding," Kara told her. She swatted Karen's ass a few times to "discipline" her. Then Kara went to work on Harry. She grabbed Harry's cock and steered it away from Karen. Karen was immobilized, unable to move. "I think I should get the first ride."

Karen whined, her needy cunt needing attention. Kara pushed Harry down onto the floor. She grabbed Harry, and straddled his legs. Her pussy lips were spread, and presented for him. Harry's cock twitched with desire, and Kara lifted up off of the ground. She turned around slightly, making eye contact with Karen. Karen felt herself getting wetter, and hornier. And there was no way to give herself any kind of release. Whatever charm Kara used, she did not figure out a counter yet.

Kara sank herself down onto Harry's cock. She slowly began to ride him. This would not do. Harry reached around, and grabbed Kara's hips.

"Faster, ride my cock faster," Harry groaned.

Kara obliged him. She picked up a pretty good tempo. She was riding Harry's cock, nearly at the speed of sound. Small vibrations echoed throughout the living room as their powerful organs met together in a dance of passion. Her pussy walls rubbed him. Harry watched his cock slide in and out of her pussy. He grabbed her hips, and forced her down, forcing more of himself into her. Kara moaned in glee, and she bent down. She grabbed Harry's head, and pushed herself forward. She shoved Harry's face into her tits. He sucked, and feasted on her flesh.

On the ground, Karen was still bound. Her pussy burned with desire. Kara continued to ride Harry. The two of them floated off of the ground. Kara used her pussy to squeeze Harry's cock, and massage his member. They tilted back and forth in the air. Harry continued to push in and out of Kara. She took his cock like it was her life blood.

The girl tried to milk Harry. She wanted his cum in her. Kara continued to moan, and her nails sank into Harry's back. The two proceeded to fuck in mid-air. Harry slammed little jolts of power down into her center, along with his large cock.

"Come for me, that's it, come for me," Kara breathed at the top of her lungs. She pushed Harry's head into her chest.

Karen tried to buck her hips upward. Anything to get herself to finish, but it was hard to pleasure herself. She heard Kara's orgasms become more intense the more Harry hammered into her. The smells in the air caused her to become light headed.

Eventually, Harry unleashed his load into his first wife. Kara screamed in passion. His balls twitched, and he fired a thick jet of cum into her waiting womb. Kara dropped down onto the ground. Harry was on top of her. Her lips met his as Kara pulled off. She felt herself fulfilled.

Both spouses turned their eyes to Karen. Harry floated over. A calculated expression was on her face. He inhaled her wetness. Karen suckered. His mouth was just inches away from her. She needed any kind of release.

"So do you think this needy bitch has learned her lesson?" Kara asked.
Karen looked up at her two lovers with pleading eyes. "Yes, this needy bitch his learned her lesson. I want your large cock in my pussy. I want to scream to the heavens just like Kara did."

Harry looked at her, with a teasing expression in his eyes.

"Great merciful Rao, just fuck me!" Karen shrieked at the top of her lungs. She got a look, and she added in a faux innocent tone of voice, "Please."

Harry and Kara exchanged an expression. As long as she said please, they had no problem in obliging her.

Kara undid her charms. Immediately, Karen jumped up, and flew at Harry. She tackled him to the ground. Her dominating actions got Harry hard again. She stroked him the rest of the way to full hardness. She held his cock, and her pussy was just inches away from being impaled onto him.

"Are you going to fuck me until my ears bleed?" Harry asked her.

Karen nodded. She slowly rubbed his cock head across her moist lips. She teased herself of the pleasures of what was to come. She had no words for that. She sank down on his cock. She began to push herself up and down. She rode Harry like there was no tomorrow. Harry rested on his back for a moment.

Harry reached around, and his hands found her huge melons. His hands squeezed them. This got her more excited. He rubbed and played with her rock hard nipples. This caused Karen to moan even louder, and she proceeded to bounce up and down onto Harry's cock. She was having the time of her life, and her passion escalated when Harry worshipped her breasts.

"You like that?" Harry asked her. Karen responded when she bounced faster and faster. She knew that nothing could hurt Harry with his powers, even if she fucked him with the full force of a jet. "You like it when I twist your nipples."

Karen breathed in and out, and she moaned at the top of her lungs. She felt Harry's cock bat around on the inside of her. Every inch of his meat stroked her pleasure spots. She soaked it with her fluids, but she was just getting started. Kara sat across from them. Her legs were spread, and she was driven wild when her husband pounded herself balls deep into her. Her eyes were glazed over.

Harry was encouraged by his first wife masturbating to his fucking of his second wife. He began to thrust deeper and deeper into Karen's pussy. Karen responded by spearing herself up and down onto Harry's cock.

"Fuck me, fuck me," Karen chanted. She was drooling in pleasure.

"Yes, fuck her, I can hardly stand it," Kara moaned, pumping her fingers into her twat in tune with Harry's thrusts.

Harry was not one to disappoint two lovely young ladies. He continued to pound into her perfect pussy. Her walls rubbed around him with sheer tightness. She was warm, tight, and wet. He saw Kara pleasure herself. Her fingers pumped in and out of her juicy cunt. Her head was reared back in pleasure.

"Not as good as your cock, my husband, or your tongue," Kara moaned.

Harry's manhood inflated at these words. He was getting closer and closer. Karen continued to ride Harry. They met each other stroke for stroke. The love making got more intense, and rocked the living room floor. The charms placed around the house would prevent tremors, or any noise from
reaching outside of their walls. Kara squirted whipped cream onto her fingers. She shamelessly stuck her fingers into Karen's mouth. Karen licked, and sucked on the fingers.

Harry could not stand it much longer.

"Suck the cream off of Kara's fingers while I give you my own cream," Harry told her. "I love fucking these pussies."

Kara and Karen continued their activities. Harry played with Karen's breasts and he gave himself several more thrusts into her. Her cunt convulsed around his cock, and Harry's balls tightened. He sprayed her with a jet of hot fluids. They splashed against Karen's wall. Karen collapsed, overjoyed at Harry unleashing his powerful load into her.

Kara pulled Karen off Harry, and pulled her into a deep kiss. This got Harry's motor running again. His two girls stroked their hair, asses, pussies, and legs. Eventually, Kara saw what was happening, and took her turn at her husband's seed.

The two girls switched off several times until they all got their fill.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

After their activities, Kara, Karen, and Harry had been sprawled out on the floor. The three of them were spent from their intense activities, yet they were satisfied all of the same. Karen and Kara both wrapped their arms around their husband, and smiled brightly at them. They smelled heavily of whip cream and bodily fluids.

"So, after we rest for a little bit, how about seconds?" Karen suggested.

Harry and Kara both smiled. They were down with that. Right now, the three Potters settled for cuddling on the floor with each other. Content that no matter what happened, they would be together, and would be able to let each other unwind in the adversity that the world had to offer.
The situation was tense because of the very serious situation that they had to deal with.

"The Minister of Magic will be determined by the end of the fifth month of the year two thousand. Two men who have stepped forward to announce their candidacy for Minister of Magic are Sirius Black, and Lucius Malfoy."

The International Confederation of Wizards peered down at the two men. Sirius gave them a cheery wave, and Lucius looked stoic. He leaned on his walking stick, and narrowed his eyes. His fellow candidate was making an absolute menace of himself, and he was getting more and more annoyed.

"Ladies and Gentleman, it would be a folly to think that there would be any doubt of who should run for Minister, and win," Lucius said in a calm voice. The members of the assembled court all nodded, and waited for Lucius to proceed. "The fact that Sirius Black wants to run for Minister makes a complete joke of sacred traditions and values of the old families. You should have a candidate who would treat the post of the Minister of Magic with respect and dignity."

"I'm surprised you're actually running for Minister, Lucius," Sirius said. He turned to a figure sitting off to the side. "Then again, my campaign manager looked into some facts and figures, as she tends to do. And she came up with some interesting conclusions. Hermione, if you please."

Hermione cleared her throat, and read the notes she had taken. Her expression turned to Lucius and the International Confederation of Wizards.

"One of the new laws on the book placed by Cornelius Fudge was that the Minister of Magic, and any members of his staff would receive complete diplomatic immunity against any crimes past or present. The only way they could be convicted was if the Wizengamot voted them guilty with a three fourths margin. Since the Wizengamot was composed of members of the old families, they would be more likely to vote against conviction. That would mean they would have a favor owed to them that could be cashed in at any time. This system of favors, and bribes killed the previous Ministry. My candidate wishes to help achieve a more balanced Ministry, and one that will function in the 21st century. We can no longer hide in the shadows."

Lucius had a foul expression cross his face. He was half tempted to reach forward, and strangle that Mudblood at this point. The smug expression on her face was more than he could handle. Then again, he knew that if he did so, all of his political aspirations would go up in smoke.

"I would hardly expect a Muggleborn to understand magical culture that has worked for generations," Lucius said.

Hermione just looked at Lucius at this moment.

"It did work for generations," Hermione agreed. Lucius looked smug at this statement. Hermione was far from finished, and could not wait to burst his bubble. "And then it failed to work for generations more. We live in a world that is motivated by technology. We should have stepped out into the light years ago. Instead, we hid behind old traditions. Regular people are finding ways to advance themselves. The magical users of Britain on the other hand were trying to keep the same old failed traditions intact. This caused the education of this country to drop. In a hundred years,
the standard exit grade of Hogwarts dropped by an alarming sixty percent."

"That was the fault of Dumbledore," Lucius said.

Once again, Lucius Malfoy failed to place the blame where it belonged.

"The decline was happening before Albus Dumbledore stepped into the role of Hogwarts Headmaster," Hermione said. The papers clutched in her hand showed proof to back up her statement. "The best and brightest in our world had one thing in common, they were so talented that they studied beyond what was considered to be acceptable by the Ministry. Most of our world thought that it was prudent to stick to the status quo, because there was no need to advance themselves. Those people suffered the worst. The alive envied the dead. We need a Minister of Magic who rebuilds a fresh new magical community for those marooned in Britain, not trying to stick the same old failed system up with chewing gum and duct tape."

"Don't knock duct tape, Hermione," Sirius told her. "Muggles have found many creative uses for it. In fact…"

"Is there a point to this, Mr. Black?" a voice asked from above.

"Actually, yes there is," Sirius said. "Creativity used to be a pillar of magic. The goal of the Founders of Hogwarts was to create a world that would grow, and change. It stopped changing. And when change was forced, it was a shock. We can rebound from this. The same old government doesn't need to be put in place. A fresh government with new ideas that works in harmony with our counterparts in the Muggle world needs to happen. Instead of a government who looks down on them. We don't have to advertise ourselves, even if the cat is kind of out of the bag, and would have been anyway."

The members of the International Confederation of Wizards whispered to each other. Lucius was growing more and more annoyed. This was not going the way he intended it to go.

"I can't believe that this convict is being allowed to run for Minister," Lucius said.

"Yeah, I can't believe they're letting you run either, Lucius," Sirius retorted.

It was almost as if Lucius was going to get up to attack Sirius. However, he sat back down.

"Are there any other nominations for Minister of Magic?" a representative asked.

"I nominate….Reginald Perez."

Lucius, Sirius, and Hermione all looked around. This was a name that was unfamiliar to all of them. A middle aged man who looked like he could be an accountant stepped down. He seemed nondescript in anyway. All three of them were thinking the same thing. This was likely going to be the person that the International Confederation of Wizards wanted to put in, and have run. The man walked down the steps, with a bow.

"I humbly accept your offer to run for the prestigious candidacy of the Minister of Magic," Perez said. He stood at the top of the steps, and stared down at the collected group below. He waved at them. "I will do my best to see that the Ministry is established to compliance of International laws. Then perhaps someday, we can return this country to the international landscape. In May, I will serve the people of the country, and lead it to a brand new shining light."

He was rather charismatic all things considered. At the very least, he talked a good game. Hermione had little information about this guy. However, anyone had to be better than Lucius
Malfoy. Sirius had similar thoughts. Granted, the lure of sitting in the office of the Ministry of Magic, and being Minister after everything that happened to him was very enticing.

He reminded himself that he only ran to keep Lucius out of office.

Lucius remained in the shadows, and he held a firm grip on his cane. This new player in the game was an unknown to him. Lucius had to reassess the situation, and he turned around to exit.

Sirius did the same, as the Court shifted to other matters. They delved into a talk about the taxes on certain Potions ingredients that can be only found in South America, and how that could devastate the magical economy. Lucius and Sirius locked eyes.

"May the better man win, Lucius," Sirius stated in a cordial voice.

Lucius looked at Sirius with contempt.

"Black, you can never be the better man," Lucius said. "I don't know how you cheated certain death, but…just watch your back."

"You really should be the one who should be watching your back," Hermione said.

Lucius looked at her.

"You dare threaten me. If you do anything to me…"

"Believe me, Lucius, I would if I could," Hermione said. She grudgingly admired Lucius for making himself a Minister candidate. That would mean anyone who attacked him would be considered a war criminal as long as he ran. "Astoria Greengrass could be coming after you before too long. Personally, I hope you two take each other out."

Lucius had nearly forgotten about the Greengrass girl. Simmering hatred flashed through his eyes. The girl had brought disgrace to the entire Malfoy family. He turned around and left.

"I think you got to him," Sirius told Hermione.

"I sure hope so," Hermione said. "So, what exactly are your aims should you get elected?"

"Like every other politician, I think I'll just make it up as I go along," Sirius said with a shrug.

Hermione wished that Sirius would have a more solid plan. Then again, she would be lying if she had any better ideas. That would be a bridge that Sirius would have to cross should he be elected to the post of Minister of Magic.

"So, anyway, I was chasing this truck down the road for about three counties. I thought the rogues had stolen it, and were going to carry out some nefarious scheme. And then the next thing I knew…it was a cake for Captain Cold's niece's birthday party."

Wally West sat around a private section of the new Club Patronus in Metropolis. The club had just opened up that very day. It was the hottest night spot in town that was not run by the various mobs such as Morgan Edge's branch of Intergang. He was currently talking to Nymphadora Tonks. Most of the members of the Justice League were there, except for Batman and Green Lantern. It was a rare night out for all of them. Also, Tonks and Remus Lupin had shown up for a visit.

Tonks looked rather amused at the story.
"Really, you must have been red in the face," Tonks said.

"And you know what Cold did after that?" Wally asked. Tonks invited for Wally to continue. "He hired me to be entertainment at his niece's party. The kids had a blast. And he paid me real money."

Tonks nodded towards him.

"That's surprising, you would half think that would be some kind of scheme," Tonks said. She would have been suspicious about something like that on sheer principle, but perhaps that was just her. It was the Black blood within her.

"Nah, that's the thing about the Rogues, when they're off the clock, they're halfway decent people," Wally said. He smiled at the thought. Of course that made it more frustrating. They were capable of being better, yet they chose not to. "They hang out at the bad guy bar downtime. It's just a career for them. Most of them go out of there way not to kill people. In fact, the other Rogues don't like it when one of them puts too many innocent lives in danger."

Tonks smiled, and looked around. She saw Diana and Shayera in the foreground. They were speaking about League business. Clark was current in the corner, talking to Remus and J'onn about something in the background. This was the actual grand opening of the club tonight. Harry, Kara, and Karen were all off somewhere to indicate things had gone smoothly.

"So, punch?" Wally asked.

"By all means," Tonks replied with a smile, and Wally zoomed off, nearly running over one of the other guests in the process.

"One of these days, he's honestly going to run into a wall at super speed," Shayera said. She shook her head calmly. Diana followed her. It was at that point that Hermione turned up, looking a bit tired.

Diana opened her mouth, but Hermione cut her off. There was a scowl on her face.

"I was in the presence of politicians all morning, I'm not in the mood," Hermione said crossly. "How I let Harry talk me into this, I never know."

Diana just smiled at her younger sister. She had felt her pain, she really did. Politicians could be rather frustrating to deal with. She offered Hermione a drink, which she accepted.

"It could use a little more alcohol, but its fine," Hermione said, and Diana looked at her with a stern expression.

"Remember, you can't drink until you're twenty one in this country," Diana admonished her.

Hermione sighed. She really hated American drinking laws. "Yeah, and the fact that I have a soul of a three hundred year old Amazonian princess doesn't count for anything. I guess the physical form of Hermione Granger is going to have to be where the law lies."

Diana laughed. Her sister's spirit was still that of a teenager no matter how old she seemed to be. A sour expression appeared on Hermione's face at that moment. She shook her head immediately. Wally had long since returned with the punch. The music was blaring in the background.

"I must say, it's refreshing to actually spend time together where we're not getting nearly killed,'
"I share those sentiments, equally," Clark said. "It's a shame Lois couldn't make it, but she's following a hot story about Intergang, and their smuggling operation. So if I have to dash out of here…"

"She's just staying true to form, and getting herself in trouble."

Kara had spoken. She was dressed in a flowing blue dress. The dress was wrapped tightly around her body. Her long legs were displayed nicely, and she wore a pair of high heels. Her hair was tied back so it was out of her face. Karen followed her, wearing a red dress. It was tight around her, and attracted a great deal of attention when she was out in the main part of the club. The only attention that mattered to both of them was Harry's.

Speaking of which, Harry popped up right next to them.

"So, is everyone having a nice time?" Harry asked.

Everyone nodded their heads.

"So, what inspired this little club?" Wally asked. He then added, "Don't get me wrong, it seems like a nice relaxing spot to hang out and unwind with friends. All I wanted to know is why you came up with it."

"Well we saw that most of the clubs in town are indirectly owned by the mob, and thus the profits are being funneled into Morgan Edge's back pocket," Harry said. "Metropolis is either owned by him, or earlier on Luthor. It's amazing how much money the citizens of Metropolis is funding organized crime."

"We figure if we cut into those profits, we should be able to damage Intergang's hold on the city," Kara said. She smiled. "Although, this is something we had been toying around with for a long time. We're just getting around to putting it into practice."

"It does make certain sense for tax reasons," Karen added.

That got some laughter out of several members of the League. The drinks were flowing, and the music was playing. Kara looked around to see that one member of the League had been missing.

"So, I take it Batman can't take one night off from being Batman," Kara said.

"He would have actually made it this time, but there was a situation in Gotham City," Clark said. That could mean anything. "He said that he has it under control, and he will radio for back up if absolutely necessary."

Harry, Kara, and Karen all understood that absolutely necessary would mean an inch away from death.

"And Lantern's away on duty on Oa," Shayera chimed in. "Apparently the Guardians wanted him to prep a new Lantern for more mundane stuff on Earth, since he's working with the League."

"Who is it?" Kara asked.


"A guy named Guy?" Wally asked. "Well he sounds like a winner, and you got to like a guy who
has the alliteration going on."

That statement got some laughs. Wally sat back down, and Sirius was in the back of the club.

"So, are you in or out in the Ministry race?" Harry asked.

"I'm in, and so is Lucius Malfoy," Sirius said.

They figured about that much. Lucius could not let go of the past. He wanted to win, and Harry had a feeling that Lucius could be a problem. He was sinking a lot of money into Sirius's campaign to make sure Lucius did not win. As long as there was a Minister who really was able to work honestly, Harry was willing to put down the money.

"He's not going to win, believe me," Harry said. "Hermione should be able to help you put together a focused campaign."

"Yeah, Harry, I should be able to help him, but you owe me big time," Hermione said.

Harry just fired back with a smirk. He was unblinking to a dangerous glare that would have sent most men packing for the hills. "Hermione, your workload at Patronus is being cut since Karen got here. I figured that this would give you something to do, and besides we could get some change into that world."

"Harry does have a point," Diana said. "You helped develop most of the curriculum for that new magic school, and it's had the highest grade point average in the first month of any magical school in history."

Hermione was proud of that, but she was not sure about this campaign for Sirius. It stood to monopolize a great deal of her time by her calculations. As long as she took enough votes away from Lucius Malfoy, she found herself unconcerned about who really won.

"Well, if it means anything, I have a campaign platform that I'd like to share.," Sirius said. He then paused. "It involves duct tape and…"

"Does that involve duct taping your mouth shut?" Tonks asked in an innocent voice.

"I'll help with that if that's the case," Remus said, not being able to resist that.

"That would be something many would jump on," Diana said.

"I agree," Kara said.

Sirius shook his head, and offered a mock pout.

"Padfoot, you just get yourself into these situations sometimes," Harry said. Harry sat down on a bean bag chair off to the side. Kara and Karen went over, sat down, and cuddled against him. Harry pulled both of his wives closer to him, as they snuggled against his body. "Never mind, enough talk about politics. This is a night for us to unwind, and actually have some fun."

Everyone agreed, and the music continued to blare. The members of the League, along with their allies sat around to enjoy the night. Even though they were all waiting for the other shoe to drop, and eventually the calm before the storm would happen.

Amanda Waller walked down the hallway of one of the main Cadmus facilities with a purpose. She had kept switching meeting locations so no one could track them. While they had used every skill
at their disposal to make sure no one could follow them, nothing was for certain. Especially given that there would be members of the government who could get cold feet, and shut them down at any moment. They had to keep on their toes.

She had a briefcase which contained an agenda. This would be the items that drove everything. She stepped forward, and spotted a figure through the crack of the door. Lex Luthor was busy at work examining something underneath a microscope.

"May I help you," Lex said in an indifferent voice.

"You were supposed to be at the board meeting ten minutes ago, Luthor," Waller told him.

"Sorry, it must have slipped my mind," Lex remarked casually. "My sincerest apologies."

Lex sounded anything, but sincere. Waller took a step forward, and grabbed the edge of the chair. She spun it around, and faced the bald man. He got up to his feet, barely able to stand. The pain wracked through his body. There was a tense moment between both Luthor and Waller. He winced, and held onto the wall. Weakness was not anything that he could afford to show.

"I'm sorry if my cancer is more important than you comparing notes about how your latest experiments have failed," Lex said with a wince. He tried to keep himself on his feet. "Did your latest clone army degenerate?"

"The genetic flaw has been corrected, and their first test run was a success," Waller said.

"I'm sensing a but in the air," Lex said.

Waller gritted her teeth. Lex Luthor seemed to take uncanny pleasure of throwing her failures in her face, while taking credit for her successes. Despite all this she pressed on. She would not let Lex get the better of her in a game of wits.

"They only lasted for six hours, until they vanished into nothingness," Waller said. "If we can correct the flaw…"

"Then you may have a clone army that lasts for six hours and one minute, bravo," Lex said.

Waller was going to pretend she did not hear that. She pressed on, and did some in a determined matter.

"These are just the first line of weapons," Waller said. "As you know, we're taking extra care in conditioning the main weapon. Her Kryptonian DNA is something thwill allow her to last for years and years as the ultimate soldier for Cadmus."

"Once certain memories have been erased from her base DNA," Luthor said in a cold voice.

"She's not even awakened yet, and we still have to run more tests," Waller informed him.

Lex turned around. The female model would only serve as a prototype. He had other plans for Kryptonian DNA, ones that Cadmus need not know about. It would allow him to actually become mobile again. The small sample of Superman's DNA that powered his exo-skeleton was proof that this was a worthy line of study. He just had to do it discreetly. And then there was the blood that he had taken.

He injected a drop of the blood into lab rats, and they had experienced extraordinary powers. They could lift objects with their minds, and blow holes through walls to get the cheese in the center of
the maze. It was amazing how much they evolved. Yet, there were drawbacks. Their hearts gave out in the end. Lex would need a human test subject, to see the prolonged effects of what this blood would do to them.

"Make sure she's conditioned well before she's sent out," Luthor said. "I'm sure Psimon will be happy to make sure her mind works in the right way."

A sadistic malicious grin spread across Luthor's face was he said this statement. Waller wondered if she was biting off a bit more than she could chew working with Luthor. It did seem like a devil's bargain. She shook her head, and prepared to move towards other levels of the department.

There was a contingency plan in place to help deal with every single member of the Justice League, and many other freelance heroes around the world who could be potential League recruits in the future. The problem was that too many of these plans resulted off of chance. With lives at stake, chance was not something they could afford to deal with. Waller needed results that would make sure humanity would survive the potential onslaught.

The fact that the League had an orbiting tower in space did not fill Waller with any confidence whatsoever. While it was true that Nygma breached the tower's defenses once to leave a passive, albeit taunting message, the same trick could not be done twice. Then there was Patronus Incorporated. She had been trying to uncover everything she could about the world that Harry Potter came from. What little information she could fine was not promising at all.

The only solace that she felt was that particular race of magical users seemed to lack the ambition to do much with their powers. Otherwise, they could conquer the entire world with a few simple words. Defenses would fail, and all it would take for a few key government officials to be bewitched. The Justice League or Cadmus would not be able to stop them. Her contact in that world warned her, and Waller felt indebted that this person killed so many members of that world.

Waller walked into the lab. Emil Hamilton turned his back towards her. She had easily gotten him on board with Project Cadmus after he had been threatened by Superman after the Darkseid fiasco. Hamilton had brought much scientific knowledge to the table, along with genetic samples he had in his lab from both Kryptonians.

"Everything is on schedule, but I must warn you Ms. Waller, this should not be rushed," Hamilton said.

Waller nodded. "I understand. Galatea needs to be made to specifications, and be the ultimate weapon in case the Justice League ever becomes a problem."

Waller turned. Floating in a glass case, suspended in stasis fluid was a Kryptonian girl who looked to be about twenty one years of age. She was Supergirl matured a few years by the cloning process. Her memories were being reworked slightly by the sadistic menace known was Psimon. Every single happy childhood memory was being ripped away, leaving nothing but bitterness of spending most of her life on a war torn world. Hamilton personally thought this was a bit much, but he said nothing. The last thing he wanted was his mind to be turned into a vegetable by Psimon.

Once she was completely online, she would be Supergirl, only better. She would be stronger, have more stamina, and be more skilled. The Justice League would not stand a chance against her should she go rogue.

Her heart rate spiked at the oddest times, and Hamilton could have sworn he heard her whisper the name "Harry" over and over again, repeatedly, with a blissful look on her face. It was rare, yet there were times that he noticed it. It was quite extraordinary.
He decided to not mention anything, mostly because there was no scientific explanation behind it. Hamilton checked his clipboard. He joined Waller for the staff meeting.

Waller and Hamilton left, and a few words escaped Galatea's mouth. A look of ecstasy crossed her face.

"Yes, Harry, bend me over and fuck me!"

The blonde Kryptonian moaned those words. She then slipped back into her catatonic state.

The map Astoria Greengrass unearthed a number of weeks ago was just the tip of a bigger iceberg. The Slytherin positively drooled at the possibilities she had heard rumors about a grander treasure left behind by the Founders of Hogwarts. They had been rather wealthy witches and wizards, and had left behind sizeable fortunes to their heirs. Most of those heirs had squandered those fortunes over the years, leaving them with nothing. However, there was what they did not leave behind that Astoria was interested in.

It was rumored to be a lost treasure, hidden beyond prying eyes that would give her wealth and prestige beyond her wildest dreams.

She held the rune stone belonging to Salazar Slytherin in her hand. The stone was said to have ancient powers, but Astoria was not concerned by that. Any power would be for someone else to discover once she pawned the stone off on somebody. What she was concerned by was the untold riches that she would potentially get her hands on. She positively drooled with desire at the thought of being rich beyond all measure. Her scheme the previous year had put money in her pocket, now she wanted a great deal more.

The dreams of greater wealth danced in her eyes.

Now she had the great Muggle Billionaire Lex Luthor and his associates in the palm of her hand. Luthor was such an easy fool to manipulate. She had promised to help him bring down Superman, and the rest of the Justice League. The fact was she had no intentions of doing that. She found herself uninterested whether or not the League lived or the League died. They were nothing to her plans, but a means to manipulate certain parties into assisting her. All Astoria was concerned by was if she could find this founder's treasure.

She had been going from hotel room to hotel room around the world. It was simple to keep one step ahead. The girl could ill afford another slip-up like what happened in Albania. She also had the most willing hostage money could buy. Then again, the best hostage was one who did not know he was being kidnapped. Astoria even strung him along with promises to help him find his lost friend Luna. Neville also got the idea in his head that she might be willing to give him an heir. Astoria found the idea quite amusing. Not that Neville was bad looking, but the fact that someone would willingly have an heir. That meant that there would be someone who would be in line to inherit a mountain full of gold over her. Someone who could potentially knock her off if worse came to worse.

The people Astoria always trusted the least was from her own bloodline.

She had a whole list of coordinates where the second stone could be. She figured it would be the stone of Ravenclaw or the stone of Hufflepuff. Astoria gritted her teeth, and suddenly there was a knock on her bedroom door.

"Astoria, can I talk to you for a second?"
Astoria groaned. Neville wanted to have a talk about something. When she was busy working. Yet, despite that, she fixed her face into a bright and cheerful expression. She did likewise with her voice.

"Yes, of course Neville, come in!" Astoria yelled in a bubbly voice. She felt immediately sick for stooping herself to that level.

The door opened, and Neville entered the room. He still had a few scars that would remain forever from his encounter with Bellatrix Lestrange. Astoria looked at him with a bright and inviting smile. Secretly, she mentally counted down the days where she would stick the knife in his back once he had outlived his usefulness.

"What do you want to talk about?" Astoria asked.

"I wanted to know what you've been up to, you've been locked up in this room for the last couple of days," Neville said. Neville seemed concerned. Astoria would have found it cute had she not found it so pathetic. "There's nothing wrong, is there?"

Astoria was quick to answer. "No, there's nothing wrong. I'm fine, it's just I wanted some time in solitude."

"You said that a month ago," Neville said.

"I was a Slytherin, you're a Gryffindor, we come from different worlds," Astoria said. This statement was framed like it was the most natural thing in the world. "It isn't unusual to spend hours on end on your own in the Slytherin house. In fact, it's really kind of expected."

Neville decided that this made sense. He felt bad for invading Astoria's personal space. Yet, as a Gryffindor, he was foolishly brave to an insane degree. Even though his braveness, and dare he say recklessness paled to most in his house, he still had some of it. He stepped forward.

"Astoria, what is that?"

Astoria sat rigid. She still needed Neville; otherwise she would kill him down on sight. Plus, a small part of her would miss his company, as annoying as it could get some time. For the members of the Slytherin House, there were certain behaviors that second nature. Lying was one of them. Astoria was so smart, and so slick, she thought up a lie and she thought it up quick.

"I didn't want you to find out this way, Nev, I really didn't," Astoria said. Her voice seemed apologetic. "It's something that I'm working on for Harry."

On the list of things that Neville expected to hear, this was low on them.

"Wait, you've been talking with Harry?" Neville asked. He seemed surprised, and a little hurt that Harry would contact Astoria. Yet, he would not want to talk to him.

A small part of him thought something was up. Yet his natural curiosity got the better of him.

"We really didn't want to tell you, because it's so dangerous," Astoria said to Neville. "It's about a treasure that many witches and wizards would kill their own siblings for. And I think that...Neville I'm really sorry that I have to be the one to tell you this."

"What is it Astoria?" Neville asked.

Astoria adopted a tearful expression at this point.
"Well, I think that Luna and her father knew something about this treasure," Astoria said. "So she might have died. And it must have been brutal, because no one was able to find the body."

Astoria burst into tears, and Neville stepped over to console her. When Neville was not looking, a triumphant smirk spread across Astoria's face. She never liked Luna Lovegood, so she hoped she was dead. If anyone deserved a painful death, it was that oddball. She straightened up, and wiped the tears out of her eyes.

"Harry didn't want you to be involved, but he figured that no one would suspect my involvement, because I'm a Slytherin," Astoria said. "Please don't tell him that I told you, because Harry would be so mad. He's gambling a lot trusting me. It was supposed to be between the two of us. That's why I've been working so much up here."

Neville nodded. He wished that he could see Harry, to apologize for the way he acted last time. He was blinded by his rage. He was also beginning to have a few doubts of Astoria's motives yet, he figured that if Harry seemed to trust Astoria, then he could put away any misgivings he was having about her.

His trust in Astoria was firmly cemented because Harry trusted him.

"Will I get a chance to see Harry?" Neville asked.

"I don't know, he sends a go between, he thinks that there are still a few Death Eaters watching his every move," Astoria said. "It's really risky. He and Kara are the only ones who know."

Neville nodded. He was not surprised by that fact.

"Neville, there's something else I need to tell you," Astoria said. "Lucius Malfoy sent an assassin after me. He thinks I killed his son."

Neville's face flooded with a dark expression.

"Don't worry Astoria, I'll take care of him," Neville said.

"You will?" Astoria asked. "Thanks, but I don't want you to get in trouble."

"It won't be any trouble," Neville said.

After all of the trouble that Lucius Malfoy had caused, someone had to take him down. Neville wondered if he was living on borrowed time some of the time. He knew that he would get in trouble if he was caught in the murder of a Minister of Magic candidate. That was the key phrase, if he was caught.

Neville did not intend to get caught. Malfoy would pay.

Astoria watched Neville leave. A wicked smile spread across her face, and she could pat herself on the back. She went back to hammering out the location of the next piece of the map for the Founder's Treasure.

Soon the riches would be hers.
they got caught in the moment, any idea could go out the window. He took a moment to get into character, and knocked on the door. The door opened just at that moment, and Karen opened the door.

Harry took a step back, and saw her in all of her glory. She wore a white half shirt that was tightened around her large bust. When she bent over, there was a decent amount of cleavage. In fact, Harry was surprised that her breasts did not just tumble out of her top. Harry's eyes moved down to her toned and tanned midsection. He saw the tight jeans she wore that might as well have been painted on. They displayed her shapely hips. He spotted her gorgeous blue eyes, and her blonde hair. The woman looked at Harry with a grin on her face.

Harry was transfixed by her white-hot beauty. He cleared his head.

"Um I'm here to pick up Kara for the prom," Harry said, deciding to remember his character.

Karen grinned. "Oh, you must be that guy she was talking about. My daughter seems to think the entire world of you."

"Daughter?" Harry asked, and he cleared his throat. "Sorry, it's just the way you look, you could be her older sister."

A grin spread across Karen's face. She looked him up and down, and licked her lips with desire.

"Flattery will get you places," Karen said, and she led Harry in by the hand. The blonde woman smiled at Harry. "Kara's upstairs getting ready. Hopefully she should be done in a little bit. It would be rather rude for her to keep a nice, handsome young man like yourself waiting."

Harry looked pleased at these words of praise. Karen sat down on the couch next to Harry. She tapped her foot on the ground, and took a few deep breaths. She moved around immediately. She waved her hand.

"Kara should be down in a little bit, but if you don't mind, I'll slip into something more comfortable," Karen said. Harry looked at her strangely. "It's just that I've been in this house all day, I would hate to have to sit around talking to you in these sweaty clothes. That's not a problem for you, is it?"

Harry shook his head. That was not a problem for him at all. Karen moved off, and he sat there. Kara did not show herself for the time.

Karen returned, and she was wearing a very thin bathrobe. As she moved, Harry saw glimpses of her nice firm thighs. She turned around to adjust a plant on the table. Her legs spread slightly, and Harry saw the lack of underwear she had on. She lingered for a moment. Harry watched her toned ass in all of its glory. Karen sat down next to Harry.

"Much, better, wouldn't you say?" Karen asked, brushing her bare leg against Harry's.

"Yeah, better, much better," Harry said, trying to shake the cobwebs off.

Karen smiled, and she leaned forward, to clear off a bit of the clutter on the table. This gave Harry more peaks of her cleavage. Harry's gaze lingered, and he saw her nipples poke out from behind her robe.

"My daughter should be down here in a minute," Karen said, and she nearly tripped. Harry got up to his feet, and caught Karen. Karen smiled with Harry cradling her in his arms. "You're a gentleman, you know that….but what's that?"
Karen's grin grew wider, as she looked at Harry.

"It's nothing," Harry said.

"It's a really big nothing," Karen said. She was not fooled for a minute. Her eyes traveled downward, and she was staring at it shamelessly. "It looks to be about ten inches of nothing, and it's growing too."

Karen smiled and squeezed the bulge to test it. Harry grew with desire.

"You can't go to the prom like that, people will talk, and the girls will never leave you alone," Karen said. She shook her head. "You'll never get any peace at all."

Harry shook his head.

"I better do something about that," Karen said.

"Are you sure we shouldn't wait..."

"Kara won't be down for several minutes," Karen said to Harry, and she put her hands on both sides of his hips. She stared at him directly in his eyes. "Besides, it's my duty as a mother to check out if the merchandise is in working order. I want Kara to have the most memorable night of her life."

Karen pulled Harry into a kiss, and he returned it. Her fingers caressed his body, and his did likewise. Then they began to get into the heated passions of making out. Their tongues clashed for dominance, as they felt up each other's bodies.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Karen's arms wrapped tightly around Harry, and pulled him up to a standing position. Her tight embrace squeezed him, and she grinded herself up and down Harry's body. Harry's body reacted to this, and her arms wrapped tighter around him. She deeply kissed him, trailing her fingers all over his back. Her arms wrapped around his neck, and her legs wrapped around his waist. Harry reached underneath her robe, and cupped his heads around her sexy ass to hold her up into place.

The blonde moaned deeply, and sensually when Harry's fingers touched her ass. His sensual touches sent pleasure up her spine. She unwrapped herself from him immediately. A lustful look flashed through her eyes. She stepped back a few feet, and dropped her robe. Harry stood before her. Karen extended her arms outward. He placed hands on her, and rubbed his hands on her breasts. Karen moaned deeply as Harry played with her breasts, and nipples. His fingers brushed her lips, and rubbed on her clit.

"Yeah, Harry, do that," Karen moaned. Harry rubbed her faster, and continued to play with her perfectly wet pussy.

"You're so wet, I can't wait to stick my cock in you," Harry said.

Karen just backed off. Her hands were placed on her hips, and a grin spread across her face.

"You won't have to wait for long," Karen said.

She grabbed ahold of Harry's jacket. She slid it down his shoulders. The dress shirt went next, and she rubbed her hands over Harry's muscular chest, liking what she felt. Karen unbuckled his pants, and slipped them off him. Harry stepped back, feeling pretty good. She eyed his package. Quite the tent was in his pants.
"So big," Karen breathed. The blond Kryptonian licked her lips with desire.

"Just wait until it's inside you," Harry said.

Karen could not wait. She pulled Harry's boxers down over his legs. The blonde dropped to her knees. First, she moistened Harry's cock. She used her long tongue to lick around the base, and up the shaft. Several long licks with her wet tongue caused Harry's member to twitch. She touched up the head. She popped the cock into her mouth. Rosy red lips wrapped around his thick, large cock. She deep throated Harry a few times. Harry placed his hands on her head, and held her face. He gently began to rock, and fucked her face. Karen began to groan in pleasure, but she did not want Harry to come too soon.

She pulled away after deep throating him a few more times. Karen stepped back, and sank on the couch. She leaned back, spreading her legs.

Karen rested against the couch cushions. A look of desire danced in her bright blue eyes. Her short blonde hair was framed perfectly against her face. Her lips curled into a lustful smirk. An arm extended, and she motioned for Harry to come to her with her finger. A sexy expression crossed her face. Her breasts were pushed out. They were large and for the taking. Her toned stomach was quite appealing. Harry's gaze wandered down. Her pussy was a bright pink color that made his cock throb with desire. The scene was just too much for him to handle.

He moved down to her long shapely legs. They were beautiful, and muscular. Her feet were elegant, with perfect arches that supermodels would envy. She had luscious toes as well. Karen flipped over, and wiggled her ass. She then turned back around, and placed her fingers on her pussy lips. She held them open invitingly.

Harry took the invite without hesitation. He rushed forward, and teased the lips of her pussy for a little bit. She moaned, and encouraged him. He then jammed his cock into her pussy. Her warm vice hugged his cock as he slowly began to push in and out of her. Karen wrapped her arms around her lover, and pulled his head into her ample bosom.

Harry managed to catch his breath. If he would have to go, this would be the way to go. Fucking this hot woman with his head buried in her large tits. Harry sucked on her flesh, earning moans from Karen.

Karen dug her nails into Harry's back. His throbbing cock was being pushed in and out of her pussy. She continued to push back up against him. They fell on the couch, nearly causing it to collapse. Karen wrapped her legs around Harry tightly, and pushed her hips up to meet his strokes. Harry returned fire. His strokes got a bit faster. Harry looked up from her breasts briefly, to look in her gorgeous blue eyes.

"Your pussy is so tight, I'm going to make you cum," Harry said.

"Well, I'm going to fuck every single drop of cum you have out of your balls," Karen said. Harry continued to pound into her pussy. She used her pussy muscles to pleasure him. She squeezed, and massaged his cock. Her walls clenched with the deepest desire.

Two of the most powerful forces in the universe began to battle for dominance. Harry was not about to let her down. His cock pumped in and out of Karen. The moments ticked by, and the more time went by, the faster Harry rammed into her pussy. He felt her walls clench around his throbbing cock.

Karen lay back, and dug her nails deeper. She was leaving marks in the back of his shoulder
blades. It did not matter to her. She was wetter than she had ever been before. His mouth was sucking her breasts, and his hands were fondling the underside of them. This cock was hammering at her at top speed, and it was making little moans escape her mouth. She continued to move up. Her eyes darted towards the stairs every couple of minutes, but eventually she lost track of the time.

"Keep fucking me, don't you dare slow down," Karen groaned.

"Don't worry, I can fuck you all night," Harry said. He continued to speed up, and pound her pussy with a series of rapid fire thrusts. His cock was so deep inside her. His balls slapped against her flesh with each passing thrust.

"Please…do," Karen managed. She could barely gain control of her bearings.

Harry felt his balls fill up, and tighten. The glorious friction was going to eventually break him. Something had to give, although he had no idea when that would be. In the meantime, he would just keep pushing his cock in and out of Karen's cunt. Karen grabbed Harry, and held him into place. She latched onto his arm.

Karen lost count of the number of orgasms Harry had given her. In a way, she was seeing stars. Yet, she pushed on. Their hips continued to slam together, with Harry pumping his throbbing cock into her willing cunt. Harry's mouth was firmly on her breasts, and was sucking the luscious, ample flesh. He was playing with her large rosy nipples. Karen pushed her chest into his hands, giving him further access to her tits.

The nipples in his hands were delicious, and then Harry switched tactics. He began to suck, and lick the flesh. He continued to hammer his cock into her pussy. It squeezed him in the most pleasurable way. He was not going to back down now. Karen's moans got louder, and more needy. He was going to give her pleasure beyond her wildest dreams. Her tight and hot walls rubbed his member. She clenched around him, squeezing him, trying to bring him to the brink. Another orgasm rocketed through her body.

"Going to cum," Harry said, finally looking up from her tasty tits.

"That's right, cum for me, cum in me!" Karen shouted. "Fuck me!"

Harry continued to thrust his cock into her. Karen could feel it twitch inside her. She summoned all of the power she could, squeezing Harry's cock with her pussy muscles.

"Cum in my pussy, splatter my walls with your cum!"

Harry was pushed over the edge, and his balls tightened up. He exploded into her pussy. A steady stream of semen ejaculated into her pussy. Rope after rope pumped inside her, splattering her already wet walls. Karen's legs clenched tighter around him. She held him into place until he deposited his entire load deep within her.

Harry collapsed on her chest, satisfied on a job well done. Karen felt the cum dribble out of her pussy, and realized that she got a nice healthy load of it. She rolled Harry off of her, cradling him in her arms. His head rested on her ample chest, as Karen stroked his hair. She was ready for another round.

"What are you doing?"

Kara had popped up at that moment. She was dressed in a black dress. The dress snugly wrapped around her. She wore flesh toned stockings, and high heel shoes. She stood before Harry, watching
"I'm just getting your boyfriend warmed up," Karen said.

"Why do you have to be such a slut?" Kara asked her. "How dare you start without me?"

Harry looked up at her.

"I can fuck him so much better," Kara said. A grin spread across her face. "And will leave him wanting more."

Karen offered Kara a challenging smile.

"Watch this Harry," Kara said. She leaned forward, and gave Harry a kiss on the lips. Her moist lips pressed against his. Harry returned the favor. He felt his cock stir again, as she rubbed her covered crotch against his. Their tongues danced with passion.

She floated backwards, and began to sway her hips back and forth. Harry was mesmerized, as Kara grabbed the straps of her dress. She slowly and seductively pushed down one strap of her dress. Harry watched her. Karen wrapped her arms around Harry, and allowed Harry's head to rest on her breasts, while still watching Kara. Kara pulled both straps of her dress down. She swayed her hips back and forth, and slowly dropped the dress down.

Harry watched as her breasts were released, covered only by a lacy blue bra. Kara slipped down, and ran her hands over her toned stomach. This was done slowly, with Kara feeling each and every curve. She licked her fingers, and slipped the dress down. Harry saw her lacy blue panties. The panties wrapped snugly around her shapely hips, and her lovely rear was exposed when Kara bent over. Harry stared at her ass, his cock wore nothing but her bra, panties, stocks, and heels.

Kara bent over, and she slowly slipped her panties down her legs. She exposed more and more of her tanned and toned ass. Harry reached forward to touch it, as Kara bent over. Kara slapped her ass, and Harry did so as well. His cock hardened even more at her actions. Kara turned around, and unclipped her bra. Her D-Cup breasts spilled out of her top. Karen was stroking Harry's cock, as he groaned. Kara leaned forward, and Harry was pinned between two lovely pairs of breasts on either side of him. Harry felt pleased with this development.

Kara kicked her heals off. She slowly ran her hands down through her stocking covered legs. Kara propped her leg up on the couch, and grabbed onto the stocking. She shimmied her stocking off her leg. The stocking slipped down to the ground. She did the same with her right stocking, and now Kara placed her hands on Harry.

Harry got up to his feet, and tackled her down to the ground. Kara encouraged Harry as they kissed. Harry played with her breasts, and rubbed against her pussy. Kara moaned deeper into the kiss.

"I'm going to fuck you," Harry whispered.

"Fuck me now," Kara said.

"Your pussy is so wet," Harry said.

"I heard what you were doing to K…my mother," Kara said. "My pussy is just the same as hers. Maybe you can take turns fucking us both."

Harry grabbed Kara's hips, and steadied his cock. He rubbed the tip against it, teasing her. Kara whined, and grabbed him, looking at him with a pleading stare. He slipped it inside her pussy. Kara
moaned, as Harry began to pump his cock in and out of her. The blonde Kryptonian moved her hips up and down. Karen moved over, and Kara's back arched. She moaned. The pleasure of having Harry's cock in her drove her wild.

Harry heard her moans. He continued to thrust his cock into her pussy. Kara grabbed his shoulder, and dug her nails into it. Harry continued to slide his cock in and out of her. Kara moaned beneath him.

"So hot, so tight," Harry said.

"Yeah, my pussy loves your cock!" Kara yelled.

"My cock loves your pussy!" Harry yelled.

Karen sat on the couch, and spread her legs. She pumped her fingers in and out of her cunt. It was getting wetter by the moment. She had matched the intensity Harry had pounded Kara's pussy with. Their two hips met together with fury. Karen moaned, and Kara was being driven to her own orgasm. The two were rocking the floor, and the coffee table nearly was knocked over. The miniature vibrations could felt. Despite all of this, Harry and Kara did not slow down for one moment.

Kara and Harry continued this dance for the next moments. Kara was driven to the edge repeatedly the more times Harry pumped his cock into her. Karen pleasured herself across the room, and it was so hot that it spurred them both on.

"So much better than any dance we could have," Harry yelled. "You're so hot, so beautiful, so perfect."

"Keep fucking me!" Kara yelled.

Harry continued to slam his cock into her. Orgasm after orgasm washed through Kara. She wrapped her arms tightly around him, along with her legs. Harry slowed down his tempo, before he increased it. The strokes were alternated between slow, and superfast. He continued to hammer her. Kara gave sensual moans, cooing and moaning underneath Harry. She felt her cunt tighten around his cock, and she rubbed it with her velvety walls.

They continued this back and forth. Karen continued to rub her lips furiously, waiting for her turn later on. She played with her breasts, and licked them. Harry's eyes felt glazed over, and he played with Kara's tits. Karen scooted over so Harry could play with her tits as well. He smashed his face into Karen's tits. Karen held him, pushing his face into the tight flesh, and watched as Harry to continue to thrust in and out of Kara on the floor.

Harry was unable to articulate that he was cumming due to the fact that his face was currently buried in Karen's enormous tits. He felt he could suffocate, but thankfully there were charms to allow him to indulge in all of the pleasures of these massive breasts. He had no idea what the size was. He just knew they were lovely, and he loved a tasty pair of tits.

Kara's pussy clenched like a vice, and she used her muscles to milk Harry's cock. Harry spurted a huge load into her pussy.

"Yes, shoot your load into me!" Kara yelled at the top of her lungs.

Harry painted her walls white. The cum dribbled out of her pussy. Karen dropped down, and Harry pulled off. Kara was flipped over onto her stomach. She got on her hands and knees. Karen reached over, and grabbed Kara's hips. Karen made eye contact with Harry. Her tongue scraped against
Kara's pussy from behind. Then Karen ate Kara out from behind. She slurped and sucked the cum out of her moist vagina.

Harry found his cock grow harder and harder. Kara was on her hands and knees. She looked up at Harry with a dirty expression on her face.

"Bent me over and fuck me from behind, Harry," Kara told him.

Harry did not need telling twice. Karen positioned herself, so Kara could eat her pussy while Harry had fucked her from behind. Harry grabbed Kara's hips, and prepped her.

"Yes, Harry, bend me over and fuck me from behind," Kara moaned.

"Ass or pussy," Harry whispered to her.

"Stick your cock up my ass, and dominate me," Kara whispered to him.

Harry grabbed her tight ass, and aimed his cock. He squeezed her luscious cheeks in his hands. Kara moaned deeply, and Harry stuck his cock into her ass. He slowly began to pump in and out of her ass. Karen looked up. This was so hot, seeing Harry fuck Kara from behind up her ass. She wanted some of that action later. Right now she was too distracted by Kara munching on her cunt. Her clit was teased briefly, before Kara returned to her pussy. She stuck her tongue inside, and vibrated it. Karen grabbed her breasts, and twisted and squeezed at her nipples.

Harry hand his hands firmly on Kara's hips and back. He pounded into her ass. His cock pushed in and out of her anus, giving her pleasure. He was going to fill her ass up with so much cum. Kara's moans were muffled by Karen's pussy. Karen rubbed her pussy on Kara's face, and played with her tits. Harry felt his balls tightened, and his stamina get tested while Karen lifted one breast up. She latched her mouth onto her nipple, and began to slowly suck on it.

Harry was spurred to continue to slam into Kara's ass. Her moans had caused her tongue to vibrate into Karen's pussy. Karen felt absolutely in bliss and she had moaned loudly.

"Keep eating me lover, fucking lap out my juices up!" Karen yelled. The blonde Kryptonian looked at Harry. His cock was planted firmly in Kara's ass, as he fucked her from behind. "Keep fucking her ass."

"You want me to fuck her ass while I play with your tits," Harry said.

Karen responded by grabbing Harry's hand, and placing it on her tits. Harry's arms were just long enough. He had placed one hand on Karen's tits, and steadied one hand on Kara's back.

"Keep eating me, oh Harry that feels good too," Karen moaned.

Kara felt her ass be fucked over and over again with Harry's cock. It felt so good. Harry continued to push into his first wife. He felt his balls tighten, and he continued to play with Karen's breasts. She was a handful, however Harry managed to control it. Kara's face rose up, soaked by Karen's honey.

"Cum in my ass, baby!" Kara yelled.

"I'm going to cum in your ass," Harry replied with a low grunt, and he continued to thrust. He played with her pussy, and soaked the fingers with her juices. His fingers rubbed her furiously, and he was awarded with Kara's deep, sensual moans. He stuck his soaked fingers in her mouth, and Kara sucked them. Karen spread her legs, and made sure Harry's eyes were on her.
She pumped her fingers into her pussy once again, in tune to Harry pumping his cock into Kara's ass. Kara screamed, and ripped at the carpet. Harry's balls tightened, and he shot his load up of Kara's ass.

Semen splattered out of her ass. Karen flew over, and began to feast Harry's cum off of Kara's ass. Slowly, she licked, and planted her lips on Kara's ass. Kara moaned, and Karen continued to pleasure her lover with her tongue, sticking it up her ass. Harry thought this was the hottest thing ever, and felt himself grow more.

"My pussy wants your cock again," Karen purred. She spread her lips. "Come and get me, big boy."

Harry wrapped his arms around her and kissed Karen. Karen moaned, and Harry slipped his cock into her pussy. Harry was rolled over onto the ground so Karen was on top. Karen began to bounce up and down on Harry. Her pussy met his cock with each and every single stroke. Her swaying breasts were up in Harry's eye sight as she bounced up and down. They nearly smacked her in the face. They were so round, and squeezable.

Harry reached his hands up. Kara rested on the ground, and decided that she wanted some attention. She hovered over Harry, and sat down onto his face. Harry got the hint, and he began to lick out her pussy. Kara lowered herself up and down, fucking Harry's tongue with her pussy. Harry ate her pussy, and she grinded onto his face. Karen bounced her cunt onto his cock. Kara reached forward, and played with Karen's tits.

"Oh yes, baby girl, play with my tits!" Karen moaned at the top of her lungs. Kara latched her mouth onto them, and began to suck deeply on them. "Suck on them, feast on them."

Karen buried her face into Karen's chest. Harry felt Kara's hot pussy on his face, and she soaked his face. The scent had spurred him onto new heights of pleasure. Harry thrust his cock deep into Karen's center. Karen matched, being driven to cum due to the combined efforts of Kara's mouth on her breasts and Harry's cock in her cunt. He had amazing stamina, and was able to pleasure both girls with his cock and his tongue.

Karen and Kara made out, and played with each other's breasts. Their pussies grinded on Harry's head and cock, and they continued to bounce up and down on his face and cock. They moaned lustfully.

Harry felt his balls tightened after a time of this. He tried to hold back. Kara's slurping, and sucking on Karen's breasts caused his balls to tighten. He could barely see anything, but the sounds had engaged his imagination.

Harry's balls tightened. Karen sensed his orgasm coming, and moaned back. "Shoot your sperm into my pussy, fill me up!" Karen yelled. She clenched around his rod tightly. Kara rubbed her pussy onto his face. "Fucking blow your load into my powerful Kryptonian pussy!"

Harry's balls tightened. Karen continued to moan as Kara slurped and sucked on her tits. Harry's penis ejaculated his seed deep inside Karen. He splattered his seed into her, and felt completely drained as she squeezed him to a pleasurable climax.

Kara and Karen slid off of Harry. The two continued their steamy make out session. Karen and Kara ran their hands through each other's hair as their lips smacked together. Karen and Kara's tongues played together. The two played with each other's breasts, pussies, and asses. They rubbed
their centers together. The two of them moaned deeply. Kara pushed Karen onto the carpet, and placed her face on Karen's pussy.

Karen moaned loudly, as Kara attacked her pussy. She bucked her hips up into Kara's face. Kara hit all of her pleasure spots with her tongue, and Harry watched. Karen moaned, and writhed underneath Kara's talented mouth and tongue.

They had gotten Harry ready to go, and the dance continued for some time, switching positions until all three of them were spent many hours later.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Harry, Kara, and Karen once again all got it out of their systems. The sex felt amazing, and it had caused them to unwind after a busy few days of work. They were down on the ground, breathing heavily and just snuggling in the bliss of a job well done. Karen congratulated herself on the idea that she had, and her two spouses were content as well.

"So, I guess it's Kara's turn to come up with the role play next time," Karen said.

Harry would have to agree. He contributed ideas. They were always considered. However, he knew that both of his wives had a better flair for the dramatics then he did. Plus, they were all having fun anyway, and he contributed suggestions based off of their initial ideas.

"I've got it, twin schoolgirls get in trouble for making out in class in front of everyone, and they get thrown in detention, where they seduce the detention monitor," Kara said.

Harry and Karen exchanged a look at that. They both smiled. The possibilities were promising. Neither of them had any problem with that scenario whatsoever. For now they were content with what happened. None of them experienced the pleasures of prom night, however who needed to go to a dance when they had fun like this.

The next day would bring new exciting opportunities for the three of them. As of right now, they went to sleep, thinking about what would occur next.
Chapter 27: Society Part One.

A handsome looking air craft facility stood in Coast City. All who walked by could see the amazing jets. The air crafts were among some of the most sophisticated in the United States of America. A large jet zoomed through the air at the speed of light, and began to move quickly. It continued to gain a great deal of velocity. It zoomed through the air space at Ferris Aircraft. A man with dark hair waved, as he did a death defying stunt in the air. The woman with dark hair watching in the shadows shook her head at his antics.

The three figures watching with her looked amused. In the world of business, there were risks that were calculated. This was a business deal that would hopefully get a higher profile with both of their companies. Harry, Kara, and Karen Potter all watched the progress of one of their latest works. It was going to help revolutionize air travel. The skies would hopefully be safer for those, and there would be all kinds of new jobs. The security features on the plane would hopefully prevent any hijackers.

"You should be very proud of the work the three of you have done," the woman said. Her name was Carol Ferris. She was the CEO of Ferris Aircraft. She had inherited the company from her father years ago. Somehow she had made it, despite people whispering in her ear, telling her that she could not fill her father's shoes. They had been proven wrong. She had taken the company to brand new heights.

She watched the plane. The three Potters also followed the plane. The progress was watched with their eyes.

"Well if the plane can hold up to your test pilot's flying, it should be able to hold up to anything," Kara said. Mirth danced her eyes, and Karen had an equally amused look, when the two blonde Kryptonians watched the antics of the test pilot.

"Yeah, he's a bit boisterous, isn't he?" Karen asked. She had a grin on her face. Normally a jet that cost millions of dollars being flown around as such would be a cause for concern. Most jets could not hold up to that kind of stress. However, none of them minded. They just watched the jet continue to be put to the paces. It was a marvel of technology. The jet was eighty percent Earth technology, with twelve percent Kryptonian technology, and eight percent of technology that they had salvaged from another alien race while they were in Oa.

Carol just had a smile spread across her face. She shook her head, but was amused never the less and continued to watch the jet do loops.

"That's Hal for you," Carol said, taking a moment to check her clipboard, and regain her bearings. "I'll give you this much, he always makes sure that your jet holds up under stress."

The three Potters laughed, all looking amused. Harry was the first one to maintain a straight face.

"That he does," Harry chuckled.

"And he really is creative with it," Karen added, a smile crossing her face after she made this declaration.

"That he is," Harry agreed, putting an arm around his second wife's waist. Kara edged over, and
Harry put an arm around her waist so not to make her feel left out, with the three Potters standing close together.

"And the hours we put in on that jet, it does need some testing," Kara said. She smiled, and turned to Karen and Harry. "What do you think?"

"It does, but I think that it's running up to specifications," Carol summarized, taking a look at the test run wrapping up, and she then added. "Of course that's just my opinion."

The three Potters mentally spoke with each other.

'Amazing, don't you think,' Harry thought to them.

'Yeah, this test run is better than I could have expected,' Kara agree with them.

'For sure,' Karen thought, a smile flashing across her face.

'So we're all in agreement that this is a success,' Harry thought to them.

'Absolutely,' Kara and Karen thought in unison.

They smiled, and Harry looked at them.

"So far so good," Karen added.

"I would have to second that," Harry said. He turned to Carol. "Ms. Ferris."

"I think this partnership between Ferris Aircraft and Patronus Incorporated will work out well," Carol said. She paused, and took a long deep breath. Curiosity had grabbed her. "Tell me more about the jet though."

The Three Potters had rehearsed this a thousand times. Telling people about their products had been second nature, so they were able to do this just as easily as breathing.

"The jet can go faster, run longer, and has an anti-theft system," Kara recited off of the top of her head.

"And it can land seeminglylessly on any terrain," Karen added, picking up where Kara left off.

"And it is something that most novice pilots can pick up without too much of a problem," Harry said. "The technology running the jet is sophisticated, but the controls are not. They are about as idiot proof as you're going to get."

Carol nodded. The jet landed on the ground. Hal Jordan had exited the jet, and raised his hand, before walking over to the group, a grin plastered over his face.

"I think I might get me one of those jets to take home," Hal said as he walked over to them.

He had been the test pilot for Ferris Aircraft for the past seven years. He had a few other responsibilities beyond his job, and it had caused him to have to disappear. Being one of the members of the Green Lantern corps would do that to a person. He had missed his meeting with the new Blue Lanterns, due to being in very deep space dealing with a problem. There were times where he was gone for weeks and weeks. Carol understood, but the only reason she did not fire him, was because he was irreplaceable. Still it did lead to some tense moments for the two.

It was an unspoken agreement to keep their relationship professional at all costs. They had tried
otherwise. It was just much easier that way.

"Glad you seem to approve, Mr. Jordan," Karen said with a smile.

"Please, call me Hal," Hal said, waving them off.

Harry smiled. "Well, I think that we should have no problems with this jet getting off the ground, by the beginning of next year. The maiden flight was a success."

"I concur, and I'm glad that we were able to form this business partnership," Carol replied, inclining her head, and checking to see if the papers were in order. "I'm going to be the envy of my competitors. Patronus Incorporated is the hot talk. I was going to undergo a partnership with LexCorp about a year ago, but my gut said that wasn't a good idea."

Kara, Karen, and Harry all thought that was a bullet well dodged.

"Well with situations like that, you should trust your gut," Kara said knowingly.

Kara, Karen, and Harry followed up a false lead on Lex Luthor last week. In hindsight, it was likely leading them on by design. Luthor seemed to have friends in high places that were hiding him. They all had a feeling that he was behind this Cadmus mess they seemed to have stumbled into. Exactly what Cadmus was, Harry could not find out much about, whoever was behind that did a good job of covering their tracks. The Riddler's taunting hint was the only clue that they had to go on.

They continued to search. There had been nothing, but dead ends. The three of them were worried.

"We should sign the final papers after lunch, and we can get on with our day,' Carol said to break the silence.

"I agree, and I'm sure Hal will have his suggestions about how to improve the jet before the final production in a few months," Harry said.

Hal nodded. He did tend to have a few ideas. The truth was when flying these things for so long, one did have inspiration.

"I'll think about it, and get back to you," Hal answered after a moment's thought, and pause.

"See you in about an hour," Kara said to them, and they all shook hands, and parted ways.

Harry, Kara, and Karen all walked off until they were out of sight. Then the trio of them took flight. They flew for a long time. Suddenly, Harry of them felt some eerie presence, which caused him to frown and, look around. Once he noticed, both Kara and Karen both noticed it immediately.

"Harry, what is it?" Kara asked, nervously picking up on the nerves that her husband was feeling.

Harry shook his head; he could not quite put his finger on what was happening, but something was very wrong. "I don't really know. There's just been a looming presence around here."

The two girls looked at him strangely, but they all took a brief look, seeing nothing. Each of them locked arms with him as they flew in the air.

"Well we have been working hard," Karen said in a sympathetic voice, leaning towards Harry, and trying to offer him a sympathetic and understanding smile. "We all tend to imagine things that aren't there under too much work."
Kara thought that could be the case. However, she was not completely convinced, and continued to keep alert, before she slowly voiced a thought.

"What if Harry isn't imagining it, though?" Kara asked, articulating every single word slowly.

Karen looked thoughtful at the moment. "So, what is this mysterious presence?"

"I can't really pinpoint it," Harry said. He floated in the air with blonde Kryptonian hovering on either side of him, and all three set of eyes seemed pressed for looking at something. "It's almost like there is some dark and looming presence in the air. It's unlike anything that I've ever seen before."

This was not encouraging news, and they all floated, tense, jumpy, ready to pounce at the first signs of movement. Kara and Karen tried to use their X-Ray vision to see if anything was nearby. Whoever it was, it could have been cloaked even from them.

"We better keep on our toes then," Kara said after a few seconds. Now Harry mentioned it, she had sensed it.

'I don't know, Harry's right, there is something nearby,' Kara thought to them.

'We better act natural,' Karen thought to them.

'Until we figure out what is going on,' Harry thought to them.

The three moved off to lunch. All of three of them had amazing appetites thanks to their powers, and thus they ate enough to feed an entire army. They flew in the air, and continued their trip to lunch. The three of them hoped to relax, and shrug this off. There had to be an explanation of some sort, but it was something that would have to be dealt with at another time.

Little did they know that their paranoia was justified. There was a dark and mysterious force that was looming. The figure had dark hair twisted into devil horns, malevolent yellow eyes, was short, and dressed in black, with a sadistic grin plastered on his face. The plan was moving along well, and the spells had been cast. He had been contacted to keep these three occupied while another party had dealt with the Justice League, and saw to their ultimate destruction.

Chaos would reign across the land.

Government agents hovered in a wooded area. Each of them closed in and sped up to chase their target throughout the woods. She was gaining speed, trying not to give them any reason to attack her, but that was becoming increasingly hard with each passing second.

"The subject is extremely dangerous, proceed with caution."

"Do not get too near her, shoot from afar."

The government agents continued to stalk the girl. The red haired young woman in her early twenties continued to make a movement towards the woods. She was dressed in black. For the past several weeks, the government was after her. It was a constant game of cat and mouse with her. They had been about to reclaim her as an asset.

'Work with the government once, and suddenly you're considered their property forever,' the girl thought. 'Great.'
The woman's name was Claire Selton, or Volcana, as she was better known to some. She was a former government project that had pyrokinetic powers. Controlling fire with her mind was a useful power, too useful for certain parties in the government. She had been used as a government agent. However, she decided that she wanted her freedom. She had run into Superman, a handful of times. She had delved into a life of crime at several points, but was trying to keep her nose clean, at least what passed as clean in this day and age.

Granted, there were some days where she did not try that hard, but that was something that was beside the point. Claire continued her quick movement, knowing full well that government considered her an asset and likely they wanted to use her as a weapon. That was no life for her to live. She jumped over the fence and continued to sprint, taking a good long look over her shoulder, expecting to see them behind her.

The fire burst in the air, and caused a wall around her to burst into flames. She hoped that would buy her enough time. Given how persistent these government agents were, it was highly unlikely that any time could be bought, at all. She continued to quicken her steps and her heart beat against the inside of her chest. The red haired woman continued to run, and go further and further away. If she could make it into the city, she might be able to ditch them.

A loud crack echoed from the air, and this motion had encouraged her to turn around. She heard several more loud cracks in the air. The government agents that chased her were being dropped by some mysterious force. The force pummeled them with excessive violence. She was not complaining that much. The fact that they were trying to shoot her a few minutes ago had caused her sympathy towards them to run rather dry.

Claire took a step forward, and her breath continued to quicken. This was an easy situation to panic, so she resolved to keep control and clam, because as she knew losing control of her powers would make this situation worse. Yet she saw in the distance a figure with a fluttering red cape. He was flying, and attacking the government agents with ruthless aggression. She could not make any more of his features out in the darkness. She knew who he was.

"My hero," Volcana said with a sigh and mockingly swooning.

The explosion echoed, and the smoke filled the forest. The red haired meta-human stood in the background, and waited for Superman to approach her, likely for some morally minded lecture about how she should be keeping her nose clean, how she should not be using her powers in an irresponsible manner, and everything along with that. Blah, blah, blah, that's how it echoed in her mind. This time she was fighting with self-defense. The smoke began to clear, and Volcana got a good look at her savor.

The surprise was who was there.

"That's not Superman," Volcana thought when she finally got a good look at his face.

The figure could fly, and he did resemble Superman in a way, albeit that way was like a reflection in a broken mirror. His skin was chalk-white, with a twisted appearance, and his costume was even different in that the "S" looked to be ripped and torn. He was a shattered reflection in a demented mirror. He was like Superman, only more Bizarre. His name was Bizarro. He looked at Volcana, and there was a long pause where time seemed to stand still.

He looked at her with a cross eyed expression. The creature did seem a bit simple. Claire was not a patient woman, being a fiery redhead.

"May I help you?" Volcana asked. She proceeded with caution, and folded her arms. She tapped
her foot, and waited for an answer.

The creature hovered in the air. His sunken in eyes had been focused completely on Volcana. His breath continued to rattle in and out. He folded his arms, and stared her down. He responded with a grumble.

"Monkey man wants to see you. Bizarro am going to take you to him."

Volcana's mouth was opened halfway, and was about to ask what this creature meant, not wanting to go from one cage to another. That much was for certain, and that much she was willing to fight for. However, she had no choice at the matter. This creature was just as strong as Superman, but he had a simpler mind. The creature scooped up Volcana. She was taken completely off guard. An angry grimace crossed her face.

"Wait a minute…"

She screamed when Bizarro had scooped her up and leapt into the air in a single bound. Something told her that she would have rather taken her chances with those government agents that were chasing her. She continued to fly in the arms of this creature. It would not be prudent to struggle. She would get the answers that she needed if she had just played along, and thus played nice with this creature.

Perhaps this would not be as bad as being locked in a government cell. At least that's what she thought.

Volcana wondered if she would find out how wrong she was. Bizarro continued to traffic her away. His flying was not as graceful as Superman's, that was for sure.

After the business deal had been concluded and signed off on, Harry, Kara, and Karen flew back to Metropolis. They did a quick patrol around the city trying to make sure everything was in place. The last couple of weeks had been rather quite. The Justice League had a few issues to deal with, but it was nothing that the three of them had to step in and help with. The League had worked out many of those initial kinks that any team would have, and was learning to work together, and trust each other. After forming over six months ago, they were working rather as well as they could expect, and hopefully would continue to grow, and improve.

From what Harry tracked from their progress, he thought they worked well. They had their own methods, and Harry had his. Perhaps their methods did work in certain circumstances, but that would be for them to decide. Presently, Harry, Kara, and Karen returned to the top floor of Patronus Incorporated. They did not have much to do, just a few things to sign off on.

"I'll be glad when we get this paper work done," Kara replied, sitting back in the chair, and stretching her arms.

"That's the absolutely worst thing about running a business like this," Karen said to them.

Harry would have to concur, nodding his head, and offering his two girls a sympathetic smile.

"Let's just sign everything," Harry said. They saw the stacks of paper. Three normal company owners would have to spend all afternoon signing these papers. However, the three of them were super quick. They began to sign the papers; most of them were patents for projects, and project proposals. They had a chance to read them, and were impressed, at what the potential was.
"Another profitable quarter," Kara said. A smile spread across her face.

"And all divisions of all locations are performing up to and sometimes exceeding all expectations,' Karen added, barely able to suppress the grin on her face. "I don't know how we do it sometimes."

"Make sure we have the right team members, and people who are dedicated to their work," Harry said.

"I agree," Kara remarked, slapping her signature down on another piece of paper.

"That does make a certain amount of sense," Karen said. She frowned, and continued to sign off on all of the papers. She thought she would get a wrist cramp from signing her name so many times. A smile spread on her face when she had reached the bottom of the pile. "I believe that's all of them."

"I believe you're right," Kara said, and she double checked everything. "Finally, we're going to be able to head out. Do the two of you want to head to the beach? The winter is coming soon, and I don't know how much time we have together."

"I think that will be fun," Karen said to both of them, before turning to her husband. "What about you Harry?"

"Spending some time with the two most beautiful women in the universe wearing nothing, but bikinis?" Harry asked, and Kara and Karen grinned, and nodded. "Where do I sign up?"

"And maybe less," Kara whispered, a mischievous glint dancing in her eyes.

"Yeah, the three of us, imagine the fun we can have on the beach," Karen added, mind going wild with the possibilities, when they closed in closer to their husband. The two of them kissed Harry. They wrapped their arms tightly around Harry, but suddenly something happened that killed the mood.

Dark storm clouds began to roll in from outside. Harry frowned. He took a few moments to study what was before him.

'Those aren't your normal storm clouds,' Harry thought to them.

'What could be causing this?' Karen asked mentally to them, her mood darkening slightly to match the clouds.

'I'm guessing that dark magic disturbance that Harry thought he sensed,' Kara suggested.

Harry would have to concur, and once again this confirmed his thought thought that something was up, the cast iron proof that was needed.. He got to his feet. The two of his wives was next to him, and they stared intently, frowning at what they had seen.

'There's something really wrong,' Harry thought, analyzing the matter. 'There's something down in the next level that should be able to help us deal with whatever is happening.'

Both blonde Kryptonians nodded, and the three prepared to walk off, to see what they could do. Harry, Kara, and Karen all stopped, and stared. Immediately, they remained on their feet, and suddenly Harry turned around, and blasted something that came out of the wall.

'What was that?' Karen thought.
'You saw it too?' Kara asked her wife.

'Not hard not to see it, really,' Karen retorted.

'Darkest of the dark magic, I think,' Harry told them over the mental link.

That did not improve either of their moods at all. The three stood ready to fight the shadow creatures that had manifested. Harry managed to send a powerful silver light through the air. It blasted the creatures. Kara and Karen solidified the curtains on either end, and wrapped around them.

The darkness could be felt. It was not as strong as Dementors. However, the numbers were more immense, and they gave them a chill that rocked their bones.

'We're not dealing with conventional dark magic,' Harry thought to them. 'This is darker than dark magic than people are used to. It's chaotic, and random.'

'Even more so than magic normally is,' Kara thought to him. She managed to catch one of the creatures with heat vision, and it burned.

'They're vulnerable to sources of heat,' Karen thought to them.

Sure enough they tested this with Karen unloading a burst of heat vision towards the creature. The creatures circled them, and swiped at them with razor sharp claws. The three Potters sent an enhanced heat vision attack. Kara and Karen fired the beams, amplifying them with their magic. Harry enhanced the beams, and they fried the creatures.

They kept flooding in, at rapidly increasing numbers.

'Well at least that took on a quarter of them, I think,' Kara thought.

'So far they're only here on this floor,' Karen projected. The three Potters continued to fight them.

The shadow creatures might have won on sheer numbers. Harry was visited with a grim thought. He blasted the creatures hard and the impact sent them flying back to where they came from.

'We've got to defeat them before they multiply, and head into the city,' Harry thought.

The three of them continued to use every advantage at their disposal. It was a slow and tedious process. And even with their increased stamina, it was difficult to defeat them all.

'There's got to be a quicker way to do this,' Karen thought.

'There is,' Kara thought suddenly.

Harry was the one who looked thoughtful at this point. Three of the shadow creatures had been immobilized in a fire cage, before they burned, and disappeared. More could eat them.

'There's an artifact from the Department of Mysteries,' Harry thought, communicating this fact to both of his wives. 'If we can get to it, we can ease up our workload a little bit. The problem is not letting any of these creatures escape, and they end up on the other floors.'

Another amplified heat vision attack cracked through the air.

'Just send a mental projection of it to me,' Karen thought.
Harry did so, and Karen moved off, disappearing into the air. Harry and Kara were left with the job of fighting the shadow creatures. They combined their attacks to defeat what seemed to be an infinite number of creatures.

It was almost like they were keeping them distracted. For what reason, they really had no idea.

Kara and Harry thought they had about half of them out of the way. That meant they had half to go.

They kept fighting, determination was in their eyes. Karen would be back soon once she found the artifact, but right now Harry and Kara continued the fight.

Volcana was trafficked all the way to a mountain side hideout, coming to the conclusion that the trip was not really that pleasant. Bizarro set her down, and backed, with the woman regaining her bearings, and a shadowed figure was seen by her from the side. She adjusted her eyes, unable to believe it. The large figure was not a man of any type, but rather a gorilla. A large gorilla as it turned out, and one that had his eyes fixed upon her like she was an overly tasty banana.

"I trust you managed to get her here without any difficulties," the gorilla said, in a cultured and sophisticated voice.

Volcana blinked, trying to reconcile this in her mind. It was a large gorilla that talked. That most certainly filed underneath the weird column for her. She stepped forward, and decided that it would be best to choose her words carefully.

"Where am I?" she asked. The redhead turned to them. "No, more importantly, who are you?"

"The name is Grodd," the gorilla said. He looked up and down at the redhead. "I've been following your progress for a long time, Miss Selton."

'Great, I've got some kind of stalker that isn't even human,' Volcana thought. She tried to adjust her face to a neutral expression, and try not to betray what she was thinking.

"Are you some kind of government experiment too?"

Grodd just offered a grimace, whilst he turned towards the redhead and addressed her more directly, up close and personal.

"It is hardly something that is that simple, child," Grodd said. "I am a part of an advanced civilization of gorillas that are located in Africa. I have been cast out as a criminal. Those fools would not know what to do with the technology they had been gifted with. There is an entire wider world around there, and we being the superior evolution could dominate."

"Right," Volcana said, rolling her eyes. She hid the expression well, but curiosity got the better of her. "And why did you bring me here?"

Grodd just chuckled.

"You know, I can understand your confusion, and sympathize with it," Grodd stated, and he peered into the woman's eyes, which made Claire feel unsettled. "It's very difficult to be chased by your government. To be classified as an asset, and to be hunted down and placed in a cage. Humans placed me a cage once. I convinced them to let me out. And then I proceeded to convince them to jump out of a ten story window, the poor souls."

The woman had no idea whether Grodd was being serious or not. She just assumed that he was. He
seemed like the type of creature who would do such a thing. She still had no idea why she was here, or how she would fit in to any plans.

"We all are among friends, and we have a common goal, the eradication of the Justice League," Grodd responded, dangling the carrot in the air.

Volcana paused and these words, and conflict appeared on her face. "I don't think I have that much of a problem with them."

"Superman did promise to check up on you from time to time if I'm not mistaken," Grodd said. Volcana had to admit he had a point, and her expression darkened, with her eyes burning with fire. "And he broke that promise. That just goes to show you want kind of man he is. And the rest of the League will be the same. They are primitives who cannot be trusted for their word."

"Maybe," Volcana said, rolling her shoulders.

"Come with me," Grodd stated, the gorilla beckoning for her to follow. "Allow me to show you who you'll be working with. I have assembled a team that will take down the Justice League. Unless you would prefer taking your chances with Lex Luthor and his government cronies."

Volcana knew that she had no choice. She saw a set of containers that had been busted open. A creature made of mud shifted around, and shifted into a few different appearances.

"Matt Hagen was once a promising and handsome actor," Grodd narrated, like he was giving a speech. "Now he's been reduced to this horrible mass of shape shifting. We have a deal where he will assist me, and I will allow him to experience the best of both worlds."

The white skinned reflection of Superman stood before them, a dumbstruck expression on his face, when he looked towards the group.

"Bizarro was a twisted clone of Superman, made by Lex Luthor," Grodd informed Claire. A twisted expression appeared on his face. "I had promised to give him all of the people that he wants to satisfy his desire to serve and protect."

"Fascinating," Volcana said dryly. She shifted, still keeping her distance from the Superman clone, still sore from being scooped up against her will, and being brought here. That was a demoralizing experience that she would not be forgetting any time soon.

The next woman had blue skin, and dark hair. Grodd turned to Volcana, and explained her role in the society.

"Killer Frost is a contract killer, but she doesn't do it for the money," Grodd commented to her. A look of sadistic pleasure crossed Grodd's face. "She does it for the pleasure, and the love of killing people."

'Psychopath,' Volcana thought to herself, looking at the other woman.

A red haired woman dressed in a pink one piece suit stood. She ate a banana, and leaned back. She then suddenly expanded to three times the height of a normal woman.

"This is Giganta, a real lovely creature," Grodd responded. "She agreed to be more primitive to satisfy a certain itch of mine."

Volcana shivered suddenly. She had a feeling that Grodd preferred the company of human women, and she took a step back from him. That was too much for her to handle. In a box, a man sat. He
had his legs and arms folded together. He was dressed in a brown and white body suit with "X's" over his eyes.

"This is Ragdoll," Grodd told her, and knowing that he had Volcana's full attention, continued to speak. "He was a triple jointed contortionist, and master thief. He ran into Green Lantern a few times and tangled with Batman as well, and now he wants to settle the score."

Volcana nodded, and let this all sink in.

"And there is another member of our team, but he is dealing with another pressing situation," Grodd remarked, and he turned, addressing the group as a whole. "The League has their guardian angels, and they skew the odds. I feel that they will ruin everything. Therefore this man keeps everything on the level. And we have another member, should you consent to join."

The woman considered her options. On the one hand, she could join, and potentially get driven down with the rest of these psychopaths, perhaps getting herself killed in the process. On the other hand, she could refuse, and likely get put at the mercy of the government. She could be turned into some lab rat. She would be dissected, and tortured at every turn.

Volcana knew what she had to do.

"I'm in," Volcana said, but this statement was not given with one hundred percent conviction.

"You made a choice, and I will intend to get you your freedom," Grodd remarked, pleased that this woman snatched the bait.

Grodd turned around, and watched his team closely, whilst they prepared. The trust building exercises the team did would only work long enough. Grodd did not expect the team to hold together for more than a couple of days. That was the most he could hope for. When dealing with psychopaths and criminals, trust was not something that came easily, but it could be built, at least in the short term.

The Justice League's ties would be crumbling, and they had no one, but themselves to blame. Thanks to a previous encounter with the Justice League, or in particular the Flash, Grodd's mind control powers had increased. He had been planting subtle hints in the minds of the League for the past several weeks. It was a gradual build, helped along with another associate. He had increased their doubts, and spun them into full blown phobias.

His Secret Society would strike, and the Justice League would perish, all would bow before Grodd.

Batman watched from the rafters, and pondered about the last couple of weeks, which had been one of the more tense ones for the Justice League. At first he chalked it up to the growing pains they had as a team. However, he did wonder about how committed that the other members of the team were to the mission, and remembered why he did prefer to work alone. It just allowed him more room to do his own thing. He was not getting any younger, but he was getting more stubborn.

Batman dropped down, and saw the form of Clayface shift around.

'What are you after now, Hagen?' Batman thought, watching one of the members of his Rogue's gallery.

His battles with Clayface had caused him many headaches in the past. He tried to edge towards the criminal. Clayface spotted Batman in the mirror. There was no need for him to hide his presence any more.
"Always looking for a cure, aren't you Hagen?" Batman asked. He prepared himself and Clayface spun around.

"Can you blame me, bats?" Clayface said, and he snapped his fingers, a gesture which caught The World's Greatest Detective off guard. "The Bat fell into the trap perfectly."

The members of the Secret Society popped up at this point, Batman just shifted in the shadows and scoped out the situation. He had either done battle with most of these criminals in the past, or recognized them from the past, but it was at this point, his arms were folded.

"So, what do you have to say?" Killer Frost asked, getting ready to knock off Batman.

"I say you're not the only one who knows how to set a trap,' Batman said, a shadow of a smile flickering on his face.

The security guard on the ground woke up, and morphed into the Martian Manhunter. Wonder Woman and Superman arrived next, with Hawkgirl, Green Lantern, and Flash brought up the ear, and he Justice League was in the house. Grodd just smirked, and used his brain waves.

The Justice League did not feel anything off for right now, so the team rushed into the attack, not knowing that their emotions had been twisted, contorted. Superman engaged his double, doing battle, both punches connected when the two fought against each other and there was a titanic struggle between the two.

"Superman still getting in my way," Bizarro grunted, trying to strangle Superman, but the Man of Steel blocked it. "Bizarro am want to do good, and Bizarro must stop Superman."

"Listen…"

Superman was knocked down, before he could attack, and Bizarro pounded away on him, kicking Superman like a soccer ball. Green Lantern used a green shield to block Superman from further attack, and also he nailed Bizarro right in the face with an arrow. Flash ran around at super speed, avoiding the blasts of ice from Killer Frost. He began to run off the wall, and Killer Frost tried to attack him. Flash dodged each and every single attack.

"Got…you," Flash said, his taunt trailing off and Wonder Woman and Green Lantern had been both frozen in ice, unable to move. "Um, hang on, I'll get you guys out of that."

Flash tried to break them free from the ice. Eventually, Wonder Woman burst out, eyes flashing with fury.

"Are you trying to get us killed?" Wonder Woman asked crossly.

Now, Flash was angered, and the normally jovial speedster got into Wonder Woman's face. "Me, trying to get you killed. I don't think so, I'm not the one trying to get you killed…"

Volcana used her fire to put Flash for a loop, but he dodged her attacks and Green Lantern used an energy bubble to trap her. Ragdoll slipped from behind a box, and wrapped his legs around Green Lantern, and his arms around his throat. He flung himself through a crack in the wall, and smashed Green Lantern into the wall.

Giganta tried to stomp on Hawkgirl. She moved towards Flash, who had his attention turned away from the tall woman.

"Watch your back!" Hawkgirl yelled, agitation present in his voice.
Superman tried to go after Giganta first. He paused.

"What are you waiting for, smack her!" Hawkgirl yelled, unable to believe that Superman could be such a gentleman, even in battle, and was about to smack him for that event.

Giganta nailed Superman in the face with one hand, and the impact collided with the face of Superman, sending the Man of Steel down to the ground. Hawkgirl nailed Bizarro in the face with her mace at full force.

Clayface engaged the Martian Manhunter in a shape shifting battle. He lifted a spiked ball, and swung it at the Martian. The Martian became intangible, but the ball knocked Superman in the back. Batman tossed a pellet towards Clayface, the pellet stuck in him, and the ice froze over to trap him, at least temporarily, before Clayface busted out, and went back to the attack. Batman dove at him, and continued to battle with him.

The Dark Knight moved in, to try and get Clayface in for an attack. He was annoyed at the members of the League stepping on his toes, and not allowing him to do what he needed to do.

"We should be able to beat these guys," Flash said, shaking his head.

"Yeah, we should, but we aren't," Wonder Woman replied, starting to get supremely flustered.

Wonder Woman was going toe to toe with Ragdoll. Ragdoll was someone who was no match for Wonder Woman in the strength department. His creativity on the other hand was something that could not be denied.

"Maybe if you people quit getting in my way, I can actually hit something," Hawkgirl snapped, through gritted teeth. She got back up to her feet, and was ready for the fight again.

Grodd once again locked onto the negative emotions the Justice League had been feeling deep down. They were always subtle, but always there. He just amplified them by a power of ten. They caused their very real agitations with each other to be expanded, and it would crush them.

Grodd could sense that this was not the first time that the League had some issues with team work. Batman's going off on his own when he should be working as a team was something that had been a common problem. Flash rushing into situations without thinking had been a source of frustration. Green Lantern's hard-nose and no nonsense approach had stifled some members of the League, and Hawkgirl's temper had caused a few of them headaches, among other hang-ups.

He sensed these surface thoughts, and worked on them, amplifying them. They were seeds that can grow into vines of discord that could crush the Justice League. This was only the beginning.

'Fall back,' Grodd projected to them. 'We need to allow them to stew in this. Claire, create a fire that they will have to put out.'

Volcana felt compelled to do as she was told. The other members of the Secret Society were compelled as well. She set a fire, which threatened to engulf the chemicals, and cause an explosion. The League could go after them, or deal with the crisis.

"Get the civilians out of here; I'll handle the chemical fire!" Superman yelled.

Flash just nodded. He was a bit agitated with Superman being on his back all day, but the people came first. He sped them all out of here. Superman took a deep breath. He had to blow the fire out before it spread, and hit those chemicals. In case he was wrong, he wanted the people out of harm's way.
He blew, and the fire was blown out. Superman staggered, and collapsed.

"The fire's out," Superman said, clutching his fist.

"Yeah, while you were busy getting knocked around, they got away," Green Lantern said in a harsh voice.

"What is with you today?" Hawkgirl demanded, just agitated about the sound of John Stewart's voice in general.

"What is with you?" Green Lantern fired back, his eyes flashing in rage.

The Justice League began to argue, but The Martian Manhunter stepped back, away from the League, feeling a bit of a headache coming on. Batman just walked up and cleared his throat. The League members stopped bickering, and turned around.

"We need to talk," Batman said, in a voice that left no room for argument. "Now, one hour, the training ground outside of Metropolis."

"And what gives you the right…"

Batman cut off the protestors with a patented Batman glare, and was about to say something, but the Martian Manhunter stepped in, the only one remaining calm.

"He's correct, we have something to talk about," Martian Manhunter answered in a brisk voice. "Today wasn't an isolated incident."

The League had to agree that these incidents of argument had been increasing over the past couple of weeks. Now they interfered with their ability to get the job done. And when they could not get the job done, the lives of innocent people were in peril.

Superman stood off to the side, with the Justice League all staring each other down, none of them making eye contact. Batman watched the entire team, and very distinct annoyance crossed over his eyes, that could even be visible beneath the cowl. The Justice League looked at each other. The moments ticked by, and the wind blew next to them.

"You said we need to talk," Superman said, and he stared down Batman, his blue eyes having no patience in them. "So let's talk."

"I don't think there's much to talk about," Hawkgirl said. Her temper was at the edge, and it was about ready to boil over, taking a moment to turn to each member of the team. "That situation in there did really speak for itself."

"What do you mean?" Flash asked, throwing his hands into the air, and bracing himself for a fight.

"I mean that someone nearly got us flash frozen because of his inability to take things seriously," Green Lantern answered, accusations dancing in his voice when looking at the Flash.

Flash took a step back. "I told you I was sorry about that. Remove the Lantern from your…"

"That was reckless, and we fought like a bunch of children," Wonder Woman answered, standing up to her full height. "We're supposed to be heroes. As a noble warrior I.."

"You know what, princess, you are just as likely to mess up out there as the rest of us," John piped in, looking at her. "Need I remind you that three days ago we had a perfectly good plan, and you
just blundered your way into it like this was your first day on the job."

"Listen to me…"

"No you listen…"

"Guys, calm down…"

"All these times we're out there, and we keep fighting. We can't focus."

"I'm not the one that you should be blaming for this. If it wasn't because of your inability to focus or not lose your temper."

"Oh, I have a temper? Have you ever looked into a mirror, Diana?"

"You need to calm down."

"Look if you want to throw down, we'll be happy to."

"Quit acting like such a stuck up bitch, princess."

"Alright, break it up ladies."

"This isn't solving anything."

"Sure, when I hammer out whatever issue she has with me."

"I have no problem throwing it down if you have the guts."

"ENOUGH!"

Superman was the one that had shouted. That had gotten everyone's attention. The members of the League turned around. They looked rather cowed like children who had been caught going over the fence. Flash looked ashamed. Hawkgirl and Wonder Woman just continued to glare at each other. Green Lantern looked disgusted.

"I don't know what's with you all today," Superman said, voice dripping with disgust.

"Well, if people wouldn't get in my way when I'm out there, we could have maybe beat Grodd and his gang today," Hawkgirl said. She dared anyone to contradict her.

"The real problem is that we weren't disciplined out there," Green Lantern answered, his voice firm.

"Maybe the real problem is that we weren't meant to work as a team," Wonder Woman remarked. There was a long pause of silence.

"I thought we did fine so far," Flash said in a small voice.

"Fine doesn't really cut it," Green Lantern snapped, eyes boring into the Flash.

"Man, will you lay off!" Flash yelled, and he took a step forward to get into Green Lantern's face. Martian Manhunter stepped between the two of them to break up the fight.

"This doesn't solve anything," Martian Manhunter said in a calm and pacifying tone of voice.
There was tension with the members of the Justice League, none of them seemed willing to look each other in the eye, and it lead to some awkward moments of silence. Superman was the one who had broken the silence.

"Maybe this entire team thing was not a good idea," Superman admitted.

"Not a good idea?" Flash asked. The Scarlet Speedster had an incredulous look spread across his face, and he pointed towards Superman, nearly poking him in the chest. "The entire stinking thing was your idea."

Batman turned around, and without another word, he just left. There was nothing more he could say, so he just threw his hands up in the air, and no one had called him back. The remaining six members of the team stood around, with the wind blowing.

"And it worked for a time," Superman agreed, and he offered a long sigh. "Let's face it; we are solo heroes who are working together as a loose collective. We have our own cities to deal with, and our own lives. We tried, and we did save some lives. So perhaps it's the best for us to part friends, before we end up hating each other over this."

"And put lives in danger," Wonder Woman said somberly.

"So, I guess this is it," Green Lantern said, not knowing what else to say. "Well, take care of yourself, all of you."

Martian Manhunter remained silent. "We should try and separate for a time, and consider joining together in the future."

The Martian Manhunter was given a strange look. He shook his head.

"The Justice League was like a second family to me," the Martian Manhunter admitted. "It did not quite fill the void, but I had grown accustomed to being a part of this team. I guess I should be resigned to loss at this point."

Wonder Woman shook her head. She had no idea why they were truly breaking up, or why they were at each other's throats. It just all reached a boiling point. They just all stared at each other.

"So, this is it," Superman said, and awkwardly Superman stepped forward, taking a moment to talk to them. "Good luck out there, and maybe we'll meet up again."

"Yeah, maybe," Hawkgirl said, with a noncommittal shrug given by her.

The members of the Justice League went their separate ways. The looming presence that watched them was pleased at the assist that he had given Grodd. Now there was an opportunity to return to deal with his three playmates at Patronus.

His shadow creatures were powerful, but he wanted to test his wits against the fabled Arcane. He would show him true magic.

The Lord of Chaos known as Klarion knew that he had succeeded in having no small part in destroying the Justice League. And soon the world would burn. Grodd was merely a puppet in his games, and so were the Justice League.

"Dance puppets, dance."

Sadistic laughter filled the air, before he disappeared into the dust, as quickly as he appeared.
Chapter 28: Society Part Two.

Grodd and his Secret Society stood basking in the afterglow of what happened. The Justice League had suffered a humbling defeat. The gorilla looked rather smug at what he thought was his success, turning to the team, and sharing the benefit of his observations.

"The Justice League is now a thing of the past," Grodd said, before he paused and continued with a smug tone. "It's quite simple really. The thoughts that were always in the back of their head had been amplified more and more. The seven of them had some cross thoughts against each other before."

The members of the Secret Society all nodded, each of them feeling good about what had transpired.

"We've got this one in the bag, Grodd," Giganta remarked.

Killer Frost continued with a predatory smile. "All we have to do is put on the finishing touches. Why didn't we just kill them there?"

"It's all about picking the right spot," Grodd replied in a rough voice, and Killer Frost seemed dubious regarding this, but did not say anything. "We're going to take out the Justice League at the most public venue possible. When they are at their lowest, we shall put them out of their misery."

The members of the Secret Society conceded that it would be the best way to tackle everything.

"It shall be easy to take them down, when they can barely stand each other," Grodd continued. He continued to spin around, and looked out into the distance. "The Justice League are such primitives, they should have never tried to intervene with my plans. I should be thanking them though, especially the Flash, for were it not for his meddling, I would not have the gifts at my disposal. Their own blundering with be their downfall."

The members of the Secret Society nodded. Clayface shifted and looked at Grodd with a warning expression. "Don't get too cocky. It's easy to get caught up in the moment. However, we should strike while the iron is hot. I've been in too many movies where the villain lost because he did not get the better of the hero."

"Mr. Hagen forgive me if I have little use for cinema," Grodd remarked in a dead pan tone.

Clayface decided to press forward regardless. "Hollywood or not, don't let up on anything. The Justice League will need to be taken down, before they figure out what has happened."

Grodd looked at Clayface, and with that look, his expression twisted into sadism.

"Yes, Mr. Hagen, I realize what must be done. My plan is merely twofold. We have achieved the first stage of the plan, no more. This entire team will get what's coming to them in the end. As I promised, you will get the best of both worlds."

Grodd stepped around, and heard the presence of someone who had arrived. He had figured this meeting was coming. It was just unfortunate it happened now.

"Excuse me for one moment," Grodd said. He stepped over, and saw a figure in the background,
hovering rather impatiently. "Yes, Klarion, what is it?"

The Lord of Chaos stood before him, knowing full well that the partnership was tentative at best, but they both got a mutual deal out of dealing with the Justice League.

"Arcane, Supergirl, and Power Girl are trapped in their own office building thanks to me," Klarion said, his tone smug. "I think you should be thanking me. For if it was not for my great powers, then you would have been dealing with a headache. Plus, I helped you stirred up the thoughts in the Justice League. So once again, you should be thanking me."

Grodd offered a sadistic expression on his face, nodding his head towards the Lord of Chaos.

"You will get the credit you deserve, my friend," Grodd replied. He detested having to trust this wildcard. "Until the moment that the Justice League and their associates are in the ground, we can't afford to fight amongst ourselves. All credit will be distributed. You just ensure that you will keep your end of the bargain. I have watched those three from afar. While I only know a minor amount about this Power Girl, I know enough about Supergirl and Arcane that they do not have the same hang-ups about killing as the rest of the Justice League. We must ensure that they do not intervene."

"It is almost like you fear their retribution once they find out that you are a part of this plan," Klarion answered.

There was a long pause where Grodd considered the question at hand, and his gaze was fixed firmly on Klarion. Most would have backed down from the murderous expression the gorilla had on his face. Klarion was not most people. The agent of chaos was absolutely fearless in what he was doing. Klarion cleared his throat.

"Just remember our agreement, ape," Klarion said. "I will keep those three out of your hair, and then you will assist me for my aims."

Grodd nodded. He had understood the devil's bargain that he had made with this agent of chaos. He stood, and his gaze remained fixed upon Klarion.

"You shall return, and personally make sure that they are exterminated," Grodd answered in a rough voice. "If you are lucky, I will allow you just a tiny bit of the Justice League. And remember do not disappoint me or the consequences will be dire."

Klarion nodded swiftly, having no problems whatsoever with this arrangement. The more who fell to his powers, the better. He had problems with working with talking gorillas, but that was one of those situations where the enemy of the enemy was someone's friend. He moved off, and turned around to disappear into the night. Grodd watched him leave, with a small amount of distrust dancing in his eyes, and rightfully so given Klarion could decide to screw him over if the mood suited him.

Grodd spun around to the rest of the Secret Society, and considered them, before the gorilla inclined his head with a nod.

"Now, we must prepare for the final battle against the Justice League," Grodd answered. "Soon those primitives will be at our feet, and the world will see how much their so called heroes have failed."

The Secret Society all nodded in the background. Volcana stood, conflict washing over her face. She nodded immediately, even if there was a bit of uncertainty about this entire case. Something
about this entire situation did not set right with her. She had a feeling that she was transferring herself from one cage to the other when making this deal with Grodd.

The Secret Society moved off to deal with the Justice League. The time was now, and they wanted to make sure the team suffered the most embarrassing and demoralizing defeat on the way down. Grodd thought that everything was going to plan, and knew that he could not trust this group to work together for much longer.

He needed to move quickly. The League must perish, and the Secret Society would stand tall over their rotting corpses.

The shadow creatures continued to pour into the top floor. They were deflected back from their position with fire attacks as Harry and Kara continued to fight them. They managed to corner them for the most part. Their shields were able to keep up the attacks, and knocked them back. Some of them had faded in powers. Others were stronger, and Harry and Kara managed to keep up the fight each and every second along the way. It was a constant battle of concentration.

"Karen should be back at any moment!" Harry yelled.

Kara vaporized one of her enemies with a magically enhanced blast of heat vision.

"Unless she got caught by something," Kara said to Harry, frowning with distrust at that moment.

Harry and Kara fought the demons off, as they used their magical attacks to hold them back. The spells ripped through them. These monsters were soulless creatures, and only capable of mindless attacks. The floors were sealed off, and Kara knocked one of the creatures, catching it hard with her attacks. A burst of heat vision knocked one of the creatures back,

A flash of light popped. Karen had returned, and just in time. She had a large cylinder like object in her hands. Harry and Kara stood back, and watched her attack them, with the cylinder was pointed towards the shadow creatures. They lit up, and almost burst into flames, and once they disappeared, Harry and Kara let out the breath they had been holding, this appeared to be working.

"Karen, it's working, keep it up!" Harry yelled. More of the creatures had vanished into nothingness, from the attacks she gave.

Karen nodded, gritting her teeth, the magical artifact made her fingers numb, but she suspected that this was done by design by the creator. The truth with all magical artifacts was that there was some kind of drawback to using them; otherwise, people would be using them all of the time.

Then again, where she assumed she was sending these creatures, it was just as well. They were getting sent off to another dimension where they would perish. Harry and Kara corralled them towards the artifact, and the cylinder continued to glow. Each and every single shadow creature had been sucked into oblivion.

Harry, Kara, and Karen collapsed on the floor. The cylinder had been glowing immediately. Then it went completely dull, and numb. They all took a deep breath, trying to regain their bearings. The shadow demons had been defeated and now they felt a bit flushed. The artifact began to vibrate, and Karen passed it off to Harry. It was unwise to hold onto the same magical artifact for too long with the same person. Harry pointed the artifact, and tried to pinpoint the source of who attacked him.

The artifact was blinking, so Harry thought he could follow the threads to the source, and hopefully find out who was behind this.
"You got something?" Kara asked.

"Yeah, I've got something," Harry answered, eyes snapped dead ahead. "I have a feeling that if we follow the threads, we'll be able to find who is behind this. But we better be careful. We're dealing with a really dangerous foe."

"How dangerous are we talking about?" Karen asked. A feeling of dread flooded her body immediately.

It was Kara who answered. "Well look at this logically. We are dealing with someone who was strong enough to control these creatures. We're not going to have any day at the beach against them."

A flash of blinding light had erupted at this point. Harry, Kara, and Karen stood ready to go, and ready to fight. After being attacked in their own main office building, all three of them were jumpy. A figure materialized in the mid-air. He was dressed in blue, with a golden helmet. Harry relaxed his attacks, only slightly, with Kara and Karen copying his movements.

Harry stared him down for a moment, before he addressed him.

"Doctor Fate, I presume," Harry answered, to break the silence.

The powerful sorcerer known as Doctor Fate stood before him, and inclined his head towards him in a nod.

"Yes, Harry Potter. I have been watching you from afar today, when I sensed those creatures be transported into this dimension. I was about to intervene, but you three handled yourselves admirably."

Doctor Fate turned around, and faced Harry, Kara, and Karen, they had only heard of Fate and his exploits, but the three Potters had not the pleasure of meeting him until now.

"It appears that today's attack was only just a minor distraction from the true schemes from today," Doctor Fate continued. "The Justice League was the main target, and the mastermind behind today's events needed you distracted."

"What happened to the Justice League?" Karen asked, immediately on her guard.

Fate decided to elaborate. "There is a dark and looming presence that has infected this dimension."

Harry just groaned. Anything about a dark and looming presence was never a good sign, something like that only led to headaches; that was one thing that had been proven time and time again. He folded his arms, and tried to remain calm and collected.

"This dark and looming presence is most problematic," Doctor Fate said. The three of them nodded. "I believe that the architect behind it is an ageless sorcerer named Klarion. He is a Lord of Chaos, and he will not take his defeat lightly."

"Another person who wants to kill us," Kara said, and she shook her head at these words before sighing. "You know there's a line forming because of something like that."

Doctor Fate continued to explain the perils of the situation that they were in. "Yes, and Klarion's dark magic has lowered the inhibitions of the Justice League. They are more prone to rip each other apart. They will find fault with each other with the most petty of differences. So far, cooler heads have prevailed, but it will not be long before they eventually are in a situation where they become..."
even more distrustful towards each other. Klarion is just sitting back, and enjoying the chaos.”

"Where is this Klarion?" Karen asked, raring for a fight.

"That's what I have been trying to determine," Fate said. He held an amulet to Harry. "This should be able to banish him from this realm. Use it wisely, as it can only be used once. It is not as simple as using the artifact, you must trick him into lowering his defenses."

Harry nodded in understanding. He stood around, and thought about what he was going to do. A plan was formulating in his head, but having a plan and executing it were two different things.

"There is someone else, but Klarion behind this," Fate offered. "There is an earth criminal named Gorilla Grodd. His group fought the Justice League right before they broke up."

"Wait a minute, broke up?" Kara asked, taken completely and utterly off guard.

This was news for her. She looked at Fate with a demanding look.

"Last I heard the Justice League were still going strong," Karen added, but it did seem to be only inevitable given the personalities in the League.

"Yes, the Justice League decided to go their separate ways," Fate continued.

"You seem to know a lot about this," Harry said slowly, whilst he eyed Fate in a suspicions manner.

Fate was quick to explain this before too many bad feelings could be harbored. "I had been observing the League from afar. They had offered me membership previously, but I have had other responsibilities that had distracted me. Perhaps another day, I intended to revisit their proposal. Klarion might be a problem, but this Gorilla Grodd presents a threat. You have heard of him."

Kara, Karen, and Harry exchanged dark looks, and nodded, that did make sense.

"Yes, we've heard of him," Kara answered, and she had heard about Grodd's battles previously with the Justice League, but she, Harry, and Karen had not met him. "He's just a glorified talking gorilla. I mean he had that mind control helmet, but it should have fried his brain."

It hit Harry.

"Unless it amplified his brain wave powers," Harry answered, everything striking him at that moment. "And it affected everyone close to him."

"Why didn't he use that thing on us?" Karen asked.

'I think this psychic link blocks out any attempt at mind control,' Harry thought to both of them.

'That really makes sense,' Kara thought to both of them.

'Yeah it does,' Karen agreed.

'So what are we going to do now?' Kara asked.

'Maybe you should have a talk with Kal,' Karen said.

'Yeah, I think I can knock some sense into his thick head,' Kara thought to them all.
Kara, Karen, and Harry all turned to Doctor Fate, but it was Kara who spoke first.

"Don't worry, we'll find a way to make sure the Justice League does not break apart. I'll speak with my cousin."

Kara turned to Harry and Karen.

"Wish me luck," Kara remarked to them, a smile on her face.

"Luck has nothing to do with what you're about to do," Harry said.

Nevertheless, Harry, Karen, and Kara exchanged a passionate goodbye. Karen and Harry proceeded to gather intelligence about what Grodd and Klarion might be up to. Kara flew off to Clark's apartment, where she had tracked him through his League communicator.

It was time for a little cousin to cousin chat.

Kara frowned. This could prove to be rather stressful.

Clark sat in his apartment, and after the last several hours, there was a lot for him to think about. The Justice League did seem like a good idea at the time, however, after some conflicts, Clark was having some serious doubts about everything that had happened.

A knock on his door had brought him out of his thoughts. He moved off to open the door, and it opened. Kara was waiting on the other end, and his cousin had a frown on her face. She looked at Clark with a completely serious expression on her face.

"We need to talk," Kara said to Clark, in a tone that left no room for debate.

"Kara, what is it?" Clark asked.

Kara sighed. She looked at her cousin in the eyes.

"Today, Harry, Karen, and I were attacked by shadow creatures," Kara told Clark. Clark's expression paled at those words.

"Was anyone hurt?"

"No, no one was hurt," Kara answered swiftly. "It looks like we found a practical use for one of those magical artifacts. They're too dangerous, and addictive to use on a day to day basis. However, we were able to banish those creatures back to where they came. Doctor Fate then showed up, and told us what happened. Is it true the Justice League had been disbanded?"

"Yes," Clark said in a stoic voice, and with a motion Kara pressed him for details. "We tried to make it work, but you were right not to join, Kara. I should have seen the signs myself. A team like that was not going to function for long. We were a lot better as solo heroes. I only had to worry about myself, and the people that I had to save. I did not have to worry about the other members of the team tripping over my feet."

Kara shook her head. She felt the need to enlighten Clark on certain manners.

"I always thought the Justice League was a good idea," Kara said softly. "It was just not a good idea with Harry or me in it. We needed to do certain things, and we did not want the League to be dragged down with anything we do. It's obvious you guys have a certain way you feel like you need to do things. And that's your business, not mine. However, I think that you are that shining
beacon of hope that the world needs. And you're just going to let Grodd and Klarion try and destabilize everything that has been happening."

Clark was taken off guard.

"There was a Chaos Lord named Klarion, he was helping Grodd mess with your minds," Kara explained.

"No level of mind control could trigger that kind of reaction," Clark persisted. He realized what was happening. "Unless those thoughts were already in there with us, we couldn't have thought them."

"Yes, I'm sure you had some thoughts about the League that you weren't proud about," Kara said. "It's only human...yeah I know technically we're not, but you get my point. You're not going to be perfect. People should not expect that of you. It's just not fair."

Clark just offered Kara a strained smile. He had been getting that feeling that people expected too much of him just because he was Superman. It was selfish to think that he could have some time to himself, or so he thought. However, there were times where the entire fate of an operation had hinged on whether or not he could save the day. He stood there, and took some rather rough shots because he could take them.

That was the kind of pressure that would cause anyone to crack and go off the deep end. And there had been days where Clark just wanted to scream. Then again, he wondered if his other team members had been under similar pressures.

He never asked them, and they were not telling him.

"What am I going to do?" Clark asked.

"You're going to dust yourself up, and make sure the Justice League gets back into the race," Kara said. "Whatever differences you have, you can solve them later. You don't want Grodd to make a monkey out of you."

Clark did a double take.

"Flash would approve of that statement," Clark said. He was smiling.

"Yeah, well whatever gets you smiling," Kara answered, a grin on her face as well.

Before Clark could make another movement, the apartment wall burst open, allowing Bizarro to pop on in, and slam Clark hard into a coffee table. The table shattered from the impact. Clark was caught off guard by his double. He was smashed around, and whipped into the wall. Several punches leveled Clark.

Kara was not caught off guard. In fact, she was prepared for Bizarro, and thus pulled out a chunk of blue rock from her bag; it glowed in the light, and she pointed it at Bizarro. The creature staggered, and was suddenly weakened from the glowing rock.

"Pretty rock hurt Bizarro!" the creature growled.

"Yes, pretty rock hurt you, so back away from my cousin now!" Kara yelled, eyes flashing with fury.

Clark pulled himself to his feet. He tried to shake off the cobwebs. Bizarro dropped down to the
ground, completely weakened and he shivered from the exposure to the Blue Kryptonite.

"Kara, I think he's been manipulated as much as we are," Clark said.

Kara just stood guard over Bizarro with the blue Kryptonite. Her gaze became fixed on Clark, no humor in her eyes, or tone whilst she spoke.

"Clark, I swear if you say he's practically family; I swear to Rao I will throw you through that other wall."

Clark stopped, and put up his hands defensively. He blinked, and really got a good look at what Kara was holding. This was new to him.

"So wait blue Kryptonite?" Clark asked.

"We brought a few chunks back from our Interdimensional trip," Kara told Clark, offering a little shrug. "I kept them on me, thought they might come in Handy."

"Bruce has taught you too well," Clark said.

Kara just nodded, that was the truth in a nutshell.

"I don't know if he's going to recover, but I'll call Harry and Karen, and we'll get him out of here," Kara answered.

"He's impaired," Clark said to Kara.

Kara offered Clark a look of pity. She supposed he had a point. Dealing with Bizarro was like dealing with a small child. Albeit a small child who had super powers, and could hurt people because he did not know his own strength.

"Sure, yeah, I noticed that," Kara said, waving her hands, with a tired shrug. The rapidly degenerated form of Bizarro rested on the floor.

Clark moved over, and flipped up a communicator.

"Hey, guys, it's me. I know we got left on a bad note, but none of us were in completely sound mind today. Meet me down by the docks at Metropolis, and I'll explain everything. Trust me, it's going to all work out."

Clark had made the call. Now all he had to do was wait.

Could the Justice League pull it together?

Grodd had received word that the Justice League was meeting out by the docks. Giganta, Volcana, Killer Frost, Clayface, and Ragdoll followed behind him. Bizarro was currently missing in action, but to be perfectly honest Grodd thought that was only a minor setback. They could still win. He had the power behind his mind.

The Justice League popped up immediately from the shadows. Superman stood in front of them leading the charge. Flash, Hawkgirl, and Green Lantern followed next. The Martian Manhunter and Wonder Woman popped up next. Batman brought up the rear from the shadows. The entire Justice League stood facing the Secret Society.

"You are fools," Grodd said in a rough voice. "We already beat you once today."
Superman stared down Grodd, the Man of Steel tried to not let his doubts get the better of him.

"We'll see who beats who, Grodd," Superman said in a firm voice.

"Yeah, Grodd, you're not going to make a monkey out of us again," Flash chimed in.

Green Lantern just groaned, and felt the urge to palm his face. "You just had to say it."

"Never mind that, if we're all going to be on the same page, we've got to do this," Hawkgirl said. Her mace was clutched firmly in her hands, and she prepared for the attack.

The two groups stood next to each other.

"So, what is he waiting for?" Wonder Woman asked.

"On your guard," Batman warned them, stern and resolved as always.

Grodd just stepped forward, and tried to exert his control into the Justice League again. He concentrated hard, and the Justice League tried to fight it. Now that they knew it was coming, they were able to fight it off. Grodd's mind was strong.

"I'll see if I can get through," Martian Manhunter grunted. He tried to use his power to fight off Grodd's and to shield the minds of his fellow League members. He closed his eyes tightly, and took a deep breath. The mental battle continued each and every second along the way. It was an intense struggle between the Martian Manhunter and Grodd. Grodd managed to push just a little more.

He was willing to go further than the Martian was ever going to.

"I don't know how much longer I can hold back," Flash managed, his knees buckling. "My ears feel like they're ringing."

Green Lantern grunted, and tried to blast at Grodd with an energy construct. The mental probe was messing with his will power. The Justice League nearly bent to their knees.

"That's it, kneel before me," Grodd said roughly.

"Now!" Superman yelled.

The Justice League and the Secret Society were caught off guard, when a high-pitch sound echoed through the air. This broke Grodd's mind control, and the own power of his mind knocked him completely off guard. Grodd flew head over heels, and crashed onto the ground with a solid thud. He rolled over in absolute agony. Grodd tried to regain his bearings, and he felt stunned. He tried to shake off the attack.

"You can't do that," Giganta managed, standing at her full height.

Supergirl, Arcane, and Power Girl showed up, and they hovered above the ground; the three of them had smirks on their faces, and immediately Killer Frost tried to attack them. Flash zoomed in, and tripped her up, setting up Green Lantern to nail her with an attack. Giganta grew to several times her normal size.

"Whoa!" Flash said, and he was right underneath Giganta's skirt when he saw her grow.

"Stay focused!" Hawkgirl yelled to him, as she flew forward at super speed, and swung her mace hard. The mace connected with the face of Giganta. She staggered from the impact, and dropped to the ground.
Clayface and the Martian Manhunter did battle with each other, they circled each other, and Clayface shifted into the Martian Manhunter's form. The two continued to jockey for position, before they stepped up.

"So which one is the real Martian?" Kara whispered to Karen and Harry.

The three of them watched from high above. The Martian Manhunter fought with his duplicate. Harry used a spell to scan for the heat signature.

"That's him, right there!" Harry called to his wives.

'Clayface?' Kara thought.

'Yeah, Clayface, I can see him too,' Karen said.

Both Karen and Kara used magically amplified heat vision to catch Clayface off guard. He began to solidify, he was now heated clay, and then he hardened when they blew their ice breath at his form. Clayface dropped to the ground, and shattered into several pieces. Batman looked up at them, and they ignored his look of righteous indignation.

Harry, Karen, and Kara kicked up a whirlwind, and knocked Ragdoll for a loop. He was wrapped around with his arms, and legs. The contortionist tried to struggle, but he could not escape.

Several bright lights popped up.

"And there's our witch boy," Kara said, pointing him out.

Klarion looked positively demonic, and an attack blasted from his hands. He sent Kara and Karen scattering. Harry blocked his spell with a shield attack, and launched it back at him. He knocked several attacks back at Klarion. The Justice League tried to move in to help, however they had been immobilized in the spell.

Two bright lights clashed together. Klarion and Harry circled each other. Kara and Karen tried to attack him from behind with heat vision. The heat vision beams ricocheted back off of them. Harry lifted his hand up, and knocked Klarion back.

"You think you can beat me!" Klarion yelled. "I went toe to toe with Doctor Fate. And you have a lot to learn before you are even fit to clean Doctor Fate's helmet!"

Harry sent several spikes set on fire at Klarion, but Klarion dodged the attacks. Suddenly, a burst of fire from below had danced in front of Klarion. Volcana stood from below, and shrugged her shoulders, before she slipped off into the shadows. Klarion was distracted by her timely interfered. Harry reached into his pocket, and pulled out the amulet that Doctor Fate handed him.

The amulet was pressed on Klarion's back, and Klarion screamed in agony. The amulet had caused a negative effect on him, with his magic was betraying him and it was forced inwards to punish him. The Lord of Chaos tried to fight back, but his essence was banished to the ends of a shadow dimension.

The amulet shattered in Harry's hands. It was a one-time situation, just as Doctor Fate had told him. The Justice League was in the process of rounding up the members of the Secret Society, after Klarion had been banished. It would be a long time before he returned.

Grodd got up on his hands and knees, pushing himself up. He tried to get to up, and use his mental powers to attack the Justice League. Harry spotted him out of the corner of his eye. Grodd's eyes
were directed right towards Kara and Karen in a way that he did not like Harry took corrective action.

He aimed a golden light at Grodd. The light struck Grodd in the back, and the impact shattered every bone in the gorilla’s body, killing him instantly.

The Justice League turned, and looked towards Harry. He was not in the mood for this.

"He used his mental powers to control you, and who knows what he could have done with other people," Harry answered, hovering in the air with his arms folded, and Kara and Karen both nodded as well.

"Surely…we could have found a way to lock him up," Flash stammered. Yet there was a distinct lack of conviction in his voice.

The League tried to find another way to deal with Grodd. The fact that they could not bugged them all.

"I'm not sure about that," Wonder Woman answered, hating how the words sounded on her tongue.

"You can't be condoning what they did to Grodd!" Green Lantern snapped

"Yes, after having our minds being rearranged, we're sympathizing with this guy, right?" Hawkgirl asked. She looked at the entire League with a questioning look in her eyes. No one seemed to want to answer this question. "Yeah, I didn't think we were."

Kara decided to direct this conversation away from the dangerous waters it was heading towards. She took a deep breath, and looked at the Justice League. Her gaze was serious, and she hoped that they can get through this.

"So, is the Justice League back together?" Kara asked.

"Yes, we are," Superman said without hesitation.

"For better or for worse," Wonder Woman agreed.

"But we'll make it work," Flash added, trying to get some confidence back into the battle.

Kara, Karen, and Harry exchanged nods.

"I have to say, you pulled us out of the fire yet again," Superman said.

"You guys do a good enough job of fighting most of your battles," Kara said. She smiled at them. "We just tend to have the ability to get sucked into those things."

"Yeah, and it's not like the three of us aren't immune to getting into our share of trouble," Karen added. She offered a smile. "It comes with the territory."

"For sure," Harry agreed. He turned to the Justice League. "Whatever issues you have, just work them out. You'll be better for it. Grodd messed with your minds, and Klarion did too. However, there were things that were in your minds."

The Justice League nodded and many of them sighed, this was just one of the challenges they had to deal with. They were relatively new as a team, so they had a lot to work with. Hopefully in time they would be able to work through everything in time. Today was about all of the problems, and hopefully they would be much stronger as a team.
Volcana watched from the distance. She turned around, and walked off. Grodd had likely messed with all of their minds too, but of course, that meant that she was back on the run from the United States government. She had to keep running, before Cadmus could get their hands on her. It was going to be a long run.

Harry popped in front of her. The redhead looked at Harry. She gave him a shifty little smirk.

"Are you going to arrest me after I saved your butt back there?" Volcana asked.

Harry just responded with a shake of his head. "No, I can tell that you weren't really with them. Why did you decide to join up with Grodd?"

"It's personal," Volcana said. She stared at Harry for a few seconds. "I need to get going."

"Claire, I read your files, I know who's after you," Harry told her. "I can help you."

Volcana looked at Harry. She studied him intently for a few seconds.

"Yeah, I know you could, but trust me, it's just better if I'm on my own," Volcana said. She looked over her shoulders. "Are you really going to act like my own personal parole offer?"

"Technically you did break out of prison," Harry told her, and Volcana winced because that technically was true, but there were circumstances.

"Only because the United States Government was after me," Volcana said defensively. "I don't want to attack you. Because you have two wives, and they'd both likely kill me. I know Supergirl has a hell of a punch from experience. I'm sure Power Girl is the same."

Harry just stepped to the side. He offered her a way out.

"Remember, you can't run forever," Harry warned her.

"I can try," Volcana offering him a smile, before spinning around, and walking off.

She moved off into the night, and continued to run as fast as her legs could carry her. She was sure the government agents would keep coming after her. She had to keep running. The government agents who had been chasing her for the past five years seemed to have been taken under new, more obsessive management.

She was starting to regret not accepting the offer from help from Patronus Inc, but it was too late to turn back.

It was going to be a long night for her.

After the mission, the Justice League had returned to the Watchtower. The mission was over, but it would be one that they would not forget for a long time. The entire group sat around in the Watchtower; they were all making light, and rather awkward conversation. After some of the things that were said, none of them wanted to bring up the elephant in the room. Finally, Flash was the one who had the courage to bring everything us.

"So, earlier today, we kind of broke up," Flash said. He took a sigh, and the entire team looked at him. "And really, is it a good idea for us to get back together? There are times where we've done some good in the world. But, you can't deny that we weren't tripping over each other's feet out there."
Wonder Woman looked at Flash. "I won't deny we haven't had our growing pains as a team. But are you going to deny all of the good we've done."

"We sure were out there when we were at each other's throats," Flash said.

"That was Grodd and Klarion messing with our minds," Green Lantern offered, raising his hands, and waving them. "We're not going to break up. We just got to keep things together, and keep training. The Corps have had problems like this before. Don't think that that there weren't times where we were at each other's throats."

The members of the Justice League exchanged nods with each other. That seemed to be true for every team. Superman slowly turned his attention to Batman.

"You seem oddly quiet about this," Superman said.

"I admit that I've always had my reservations about this team, and today just proves that those fears may be justified," Batman said. He spoke in a calm, and collected tone of voice.

"After all of the good we've done, we're not going to give up," Hawkgirl answered.

"And I don't think that he is suggesting that, is he?" Flash asked.

Martian Manhunter was the next one to spoke up. "I believe that is not what he is inferring whatsoever. I do believe that today's events show that everything we know can be destabilized in an instant."

"We don't trust each other," Hawkgirl remarked. "Some of us seem unwilling to show our secret identities. What kind of trust is that?"

Batman shifted immediately. His gaze became stern and unwavering. "Trust is something that is built over time. It is not something that is given out blindly."

"So do you trust this team or not?" Flash asked.

Batman responded in a diplomatic manner. "I respect every single person on this team, and their capabilities. This team could become bigger than anything in the entire universe."

"That's really scary to think about," Flash said, shuddering.

"And we've got our eyes on new recruits," Superman answered. He took a long and hard breath. "Perhaps we should table the motion for expanding until the seven of us work out every single issue we have."

Superman looked at the other members of the team, it was true that they had been talking about expanding. The threats out there were getting more and more dangerous. It was an unintended consequence of the Justice League forming. The threats just kept escalating as more time passed.

The three members that were at the top of their recruitment list seemed to be more inclined to do their own thing. They had their own plans for the future of the world, and were only part-time involved in the hero things. Their passion was Patronus Incorporated, and that was helping people in other ways.

"Let's worry about the seven us right now, before we expand," Martian Manhunter said. "Each and every day our team grows."
"And each and every day, the team needs to prevent itself from crumbling," Superman said.

The entire Justice League chalked up today as a valuable learning experience. They would be unable to take back some of the things that had been said. Once words were said like that, they could not be unsaid. Those thoughts would be bubbling across the surface. They sat around the conference table, and reviewed the mission and the last couple. Today would be an experience where they would learn, and grow.

The toughest battles were yet to come. Grodd would not be bothering them again. Some of the members of the Justice League still felt uncomfortable with the killing thing, even though they understood more than ever why Harry took the steps he did. They would be there ready to swoop in if Harry, Kara, or Karen crossed the line too far. And they hoped that Harry, Kara, and Karen would do the same if something happened where they had been corrupted and did something where their power corrupted them.

How could they be heroes if they did not look out for each other?

The sun shined high over the skies of the beach right across the Potter home. Given that it was late into the month of September, Harry, Kara, and Karen figured that this was one of the last days that they would get to enjoy just hanging out on the beach before the winter weather hit. The three of them sat out on a blanket on the beach. Harry was sitting on the blanket, with Kara and Karen on the either side of him.

Harry sat wearing swimming trunks. Kara was dressed in a red bikini. The bikini top was tied loosely around her, with the top just barely containing her lovely breasts, and her ample cleavage was shown. Harry could see her lovely stomach that did not have one ounce of fat on it. Her legs were long and toned, down to the body of her lovely feet. Her bikini bottom was a red thong, just barely having enough fabric to cover what needed to be covered, and showed her tight ass.

Karen was wearing a white bikini. Two strips of fabric just covered her nipples, and with this attire, she showed plenty of flesh. Harry's eyes traveled down, looking quite pleased at what she was wearing; her large breasts looked about ready to burst out of her top. He looked at her mouth-watering flat stomach, her long, and rather sexy legs that were muscled. Her feet had made him drool as well.

"What a day," Harry said with a sigh.

"I know, tell me about it," Karen said. She wrapped her arms around Harry, and pressed her large breasts against his back, before she nuzzled the back of his neck with her face. "After the day we had, all of us. It's good to finally kick back, and wind down."

"I'll give an amen to that," Kara said. She pressed herself against Harry's side. Harry was sandwiched between two beautiful blondes, and loving every second of it. "So the League…"

"They'll be okay," Harry answered.

"I wish that I could share your optimism," Karen said shaking her head. "It starts with the petty infighting between team members. So far, it hasn't interfered with their missions too much. The League was able to maintain a public face of greatness in my world. Behind the scenes…"

"Different story," Kara suggested. "I really think that Kal is determined to try to keep the peace. My cousin really wants this Justice League to succeed."

"Well he really is the public face of it," Karen said. Perhaps Superman's presence in this world
would be the one difference between success and failure of the Justice League. "So, about our little pryokinetic princess...I'm not sure if it's a good idea to let her run off."

"Harry has his reasons, don't you Harry?" Kara asked, giving her husband a dazzling smile.

"I know who's after her," Harry said, shortly. "The only reason Claire has lashed out was because she had been a government lab rat for most of her life. And now they want to tie up loose ends."

"It all goes back to Cadmus," Kara said, letting out her words with a sigh.

"A group that we haven't been able to find anything at all about," Harry told them, shaking his head.

"It must be big, bigger than anything we've ever realized," Karen said. Her expression darkened when she spoke the next statement. "And Luthor is right in the center of it."

Harry and Kara all nodded. It was really amazing how everything just always came back around to Lex Luthor.

For now, the time for business was over. Harry, Kara, and Karen had a lot of work to do. Doctor Fate had indicated that he wanted to meet with Harry, to discuss some of the artifacts he had stumbled upon in the Department of Mysteries. That meeting can wait for a bit later. Right now, the three Potters just relaxed on the beach. If this was the last day before autumn came in full force, they would do so.

They spent some time hanging out, relaxing, and listening to the classic rock hits of the 1980s on the beach. The fun had barely begun for them, but it was some necessary downtime.

Perhaps some downtime before the next insane thing they had to deal with, which would be around the corner.

To Be Continued in the Next Story Arc, Swap.
Chapter 29: Swap Part One.

Patronus Inc was the usual busy hub of activity; everything was moving along at a brisk pace it seemed. There was a tough morning of business meetings that thankfully had been put behind Kara and Harry. They really appreciated the members of their team, and the kind of work that they put in to make everything work, the effort was second to none as far as they were concerned. Karen would have to agree if she was not off helping make sure another launch of a Patronus outpost went smoothly.

Harry and Kara found themselves collapsing in their chairs.

Between making sure all of the patents are in order, signing off on the requests for more employees for several divisions, and even a few withstanding legal issues that they inherited from LexCorp, Harry and Kara had a stressful morning. The two of them sank down on their office desk. Karen was on the other end of the computer screen, looking about as tired as they felt.

"I appreciate you doing all of this Karen," Harry told her.

Karen waved off his words with a smile. "Hey, Harry, it's no problem at all. I mean, Patronus Incorporated needs this international exposure deal to grow within the next seven to ten years. This might not seem like much, but hey you got to start somewhere."

Kara responded with a smile. Her eyes locked with that of her more mature counterpart.

"Yeah, Canada is the next point after we have bases in every single state in the country," Kara said. "Hopefully we can expand south of the border within the next three years, and then across the pond after that. And then the sky is the limit."

"Are you thinking about going galactic eventually?" Karen asked Kara.

Harry was the one that answered with a smile. "Of course, but that will be a long time. Earth is just a small speck on the galactic community. People know of its existence, and I'm sure some alien races have marked it fit for invasion. In fact, they did."

It would be a long time before they forgot the invasion that lead to the formation of the Justice League, and recalled that the battle had been an intense one. The invaders had been repelled and destroyed. however, Harry and Kara knew that throughout all of the known galaxies there were thousands of different alien races. And not all of them were benevolent and kindly. Patronus Incorporated would be Earth's best line of defense against the alien threats; if they played their cards right, they could stop alien invasions before they truly started.

It would be a battle, given the fact that these aliens had advanced technology. Some of them they were not privy to. It was almost like an intergalactic arms race between the various races out of there.

Harry and Kara tried to get all of the information that they could, and hopefully build everything.

"We're going to have to keep on our toes," Karen told both of them. Harry and Kara nodded in agreement. "Still, there's a lot of snow up here right now. I'll be happy to get back to Metropolis, where things are a bit less insane on that front. Everything should be in order."
"Thanks," Harry told her. He paused, and then voiced the question that he had on his mind. "When will you be back?"

"I'd say I'll be back after lunch today," Karen remarked, looking excited about the prospect. The blonde Kryptonian paused, and then asked the question that was on the tip of her tongue. "Are you two wrapping up over there?"

Kara was the one that answered. "Yeah, we just got back from our last meeting. That was an intense one, but the new satellite communications array should be something that should improve everything."

"And give us a temptation to listen in on everyone," Harry joked, mirth dancing in his voice.

It might have been framed as a joke, but it was rather true; there was a very obvious temptation to listen in on everyone.

"We won't abuse that power," Karen told both of them. "It's just to monitor any problematic communications that could be considered a threat. The United States government would sell their own mothers to a pet store if they could get their hands on technology like that. It would solve all of their national security problems."

Harry and Kara nodded grimly. They knew this all too well. The government, various governments, had offered them several lucrative contracts. They had given them interesting proposals, but there were just something about them that struck them as a bit extreme and sketchy. Harry and Kara had several lucrative deals on the table, enough where they did not have to go to the government to cash in big.

"Still you can't deny that these type of satellites are useful, especially when tracking parties that you slipped a tracking spell on," Harry remarked casually.

"You mean our runaway prakokinetic?" Karen asked, and Harry nodded.

Harry thought about the number of troubled souls that had turned to a life of crime, some of them had embraced the life out of joy, whilst others had embraced the life out of necessity, and out of survival.

"Claire has been used her entire life," Harry said, shaking his head. "This isn't another Astoria situation where I have been blinded from the truth. She refuses my help, but I can tell that people are using her. I took a look at her files, and the government really did try to use her as some kind of weapon. It's no wonder she turned to crime, it was a real survival of the fittest situation."

Kara nodded with a fond smile, Harry's instincts were really something that did not steer him wrong. At least most of time, but there were a few times where he was off base. This was one time Kara felt that he was not off base.

"And what about Poison Ivy?" Karen asked.

Kara was the one that answered. "So far she's been quiet. It's almost eerie. She's actually be scouring the world looking for endangered plants. With none of the trademarks of her past crimes to her efforts, and let's hope it stays that way."

"It will stay that way," Harry replied to them. He looked at his wife in the room, and his wife on the screen. "Maybe she's turning over a new leaf."

"No pun intended," Karen said with a grin.
"No, no pun intended," Harry agreed. "Between Batman and I, we keep tabs on her, there's no way she's going to slip into old habits, and get caught. At least for the foreseeable future, and we'll see what happens from there, and who knows, we could do some kind of business in the future."

That much was true, Batman did keep a tab on his criminals, but he did seem to want them to reform, and had actually reached out to many of them. The problem with the criminals was that they were too far gone. And there were folks like the Joker that even Batman was not going to even delude himself into thinking that they be reformed; some of them were unfortunately beyond help.

"Just got to use the satellites to monitor a few people," Harry said with a shrug. "Claire is on the move against the government officials, and Pamela is at her greenhouse. So far both girls seemed to have not done anything that requires intervention."

"Let's hope it stays that way," Kara chimed in.

Harry would have to share that hope, but experience indicated that it could be one that some might have seen to be misguided. The truth was there had to be some people who would be able to reform.

"The new aircraft is really the talk of the town," Kara chimed in. "Carol Ferris said that this project might have saved her company."

Karen's eyes widened at the thought of this.

"Surely she's exaggerating," Karen remarked in mirth.

"Well, it was a risky partnership," Harry said. "It paid off for both companies."

"Sometimes you got to take a risk," Karen added sagely.

"For sure, some of the best things in life come out of taking risks," Kara said. "Case in point the three of us."

"Amen to that," Harry answered, and with that he looked at his second wife with a smile. "So should we expect you back around lunch?"

Karen looked thoughtful at point.

"I've got a few things to wrap up here," Karen informed them. "Unless I get sidetracked, I'll be back for lunch. And we can meet with Doctor Fate, together."

Harry and Kara nodded. The sorcerer seemed insistent in wanting to meet them.

"Okay, take care," Kara told Karen over the other end of the video phone. "I love you."

"I love you too, Karen," Harry said.

"Love you both," Karen said, and she blew them in a kiss goodbye. It had offered the promise for more when she returned home. She moved off and the video feed went dead.

Kara and Harry filed away their papers. This only took them a couple of minutes given their super powers. Harry and Kara then locked hands, and popped home. They had left Lana instructions to call them only in the case of a dire emergency.

They popped home. Kara had directed the trip, and they had ended up in their bedroom. With a quick tug, Kara grabbed Harry by his tie, and pulled him into a deep kiss, her lips smashed against
Harry's, and her tongue probed the inside of his mouth. Harry returned the favor. Their lips melted together in pure passion. Kara shoved Harry back onto the bed, and straddled his hips, peering into his deep green eyes with her blues.

"We've had a tough morning," Kara remarked as she slowly unbuttoned Harry's dress shirt. "And we have a couple of hours to kill before lunch."

Kara finished the buttons, and began to rub her hands down Harry's chest. She smiled, feeling his muscles underneath her hands, it had been a while since she had gotten some one on one time with her husband. She loved the threesomes, and hopefully someday more, but sometimes one had to get back to basics.

"Looks like someone's up for a little post meeting evaluation," Kara purred in his ear.

"You know it," Harry answered with a grin.

Kara cupped his package in his hand, and kissed him some more, Harry returned the favor, and the fun began.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

The kissing between Harry and Kara got more intense, and more passionate, Kara's moist lips kissed Harry over and over again, and the girl's hands rubbed his back. Kara slid back on the bed, and Harry grabbed the jacket. He slid it off of her shoulders, and Kara grinned as she popped the buttons of her blouse open one at a time. Harry watched, and Kara pulled her blouse off, to allow Harry to see her red bra and her flat stomach. The tantalizing flesh was before his eyes, and as such Harry traced patterns on her toned stomach, and Kara gave a sensual little moan.

Reaching forward, Harry snapped the bra off of her; as a result her D-Cup tits bounced out towards Harry, and the wizard squeezed her tits. His palms molded them, with Harry groping her, and rubbing her tits. Kara enjoyed it, and pushed her firm breasts into Harry's hands.

"Oh, Harry," Kara moaned, enjoying the actions of Harry working her over.

Harry continued to play with her tits, and lowered her down on the bed. He placed his mouth on her right nipple, and sucked on it. The dark haired wizard flicked his tongue around it, causing Kara to moan, and Harry switched his mouth to her left nipple. He sucked on it, and slowly planted a series of kisses down her neck, chest, and stomach.

Kara felt herself grow wetter, and with a swift motion, Harry pulled her skirt off. She was wearing nothing, but a lacy pair of red panties, stockings, high heel shoes, and glasses. Harry reached down, and cupped her vagina, feeling her through her panties.

"You're so wet," Harry whispered to her. He rubbed her lips through her soaked panties; Kara arched her hips up, and Harry continued to tease her.

His fingers skimmed her panties, and rubbed her, causing Kara to moan, and Harry continued to play with her, manipulating her nether regions with his skilled fingers.

"Take care of me, Harry," Kara breathed heavily.

"I want you to suck my cock first," Harry told her.

Kara made quick work of Harry's pants, unbuckling them, and pulling them down before she pulled his boxers down. His ten inch cock sprang out, and Kara rubbed it against her cheek, teasing...
the head on her cheek. Kara kissed up and down Harry's cock before she licked her tongue around Harry's cock.

"Your tongue feels so hot and wet," Harry told her. "Keep doing that, baby."

Kara just hummed, and trailed a series of light kisses down Harry's shaft, and she reached his balls, and fondled them. Briefly, the blonde Kryptonian sucked on them. She aimed Harry's cock, and stuck it into her mouth, so Kara could begin to suck it. Her head slowly bobbed up and down on him, his cock was briefly taken into the back of her throat, giving Harry pleasure throughout his loins.

"That's it Kara, suck it, suck my cock," Harry said. Kara continued to bob up and down. Harry placed his hands down on the back of her head. "Your oral skills are good, everything that's needed out of a secretary."

Kara continued to work her tongue around the underside of Harry's dick, while she deep throated Harry. His cock had been pushed further and further down her throat with her lips were enveloped around Harry's cock. Kara's head was bobbing up and down, giving Harry pleasure, really working over his stiff member in her mouth. Harry felt he could nearly blow with the picture of his dick in her mouth, but Kara pulled back.

She rested back on her desk. Her legs were spread; Kara peeled off her wet panties, and spread her lips. She arched her hips up, showing Harry the small strip of blond hair was on her pussy.

"Fuck me," Kara pleaded to him.

Harry rubbed her lips a little bit, and teased her clit. He licked and sucked on it, so Kara bent her back, and offered Harry more access. Harry played with her a little bit more, and then after Kara was warmed up, Harry aimed his cock towards her opening. It entered Kara, and Kara felt pleasure course through her, with Harry slamming his cock into her tight crevice.

Harry slowly began to pump his cock in and out of Kara, she rose her hips up, matching his strokes. He looked down, and saw the look on her face with her glasses; her eyes burned with pure desire, they glowed as if they were teasing she was going to blast heat vision through her glasses. It was the sexiest thing that he ever saw. The passion and desire Kara looked at from him. Kara placed her hands on Harry's back, and wrapped her legs around him.

"Fuck my tight cunt," Kara encouraged him.

"That's it, baby, keep squeezing my cock," Harry told her, and in response Kara felt herself clench around Harry. Harry continued to push into her tightly, as Kara's cunt worked over his cock. "That's it, I can take it."

Harry pounded into Kara again and again, allowing her to feel the pleasure, and the rapid strokes that went inside her. Her pussy could take a beating, and she could not get enough of her husband's cock coursing through her. It was pleasure beyond anything she could ever think of.

"So hot," Harry whispered.

"Hot for you," Kara said, and she dug her nails into Harry's back.

Harry groaned, as he felt her pussy tighten around him with a force that could rip a normal man's cock off. Harry's own power allowed him to continue to push through her. Kara was stretched around him, her pussy was warm, and hot, and the velvet walls rubbed against his cock. Harry sped up, and thrust his cock deep into her cunt. Kara moaned and bucked her hips as Harry fucked her
even more, slamming himself deeper and deeper into her gushing cunt.

The time ticked away. Kara was moaning and cooing, and a part of her hoped that they remembered the silencing charms. She was sure that they did, but she found herself not really caring. All she cared about was the fact that Harry's cock was slamming into her at a force that would break the sound barrier.

Harry felt her warm walls squeeze against him. He took some time to play with her nipples, and suck on her tits. He then kissed Kara, and in response she moaned in his mouth. Her powerful pussy rubbed his cock, and seemed intent to squeeze it into submission.

He pulled away from the kiss, and Kara could sense through their link that Harry was near. She was about near to another one as well.

She summoned the full force of her power, and squeezed Harry's cock with her cunt, her tight muscles squeezed against him, and beckoned him to a close end.

"Cum for me, baby!" Kara moaned, breathing heavily, and bucking herself up, while tightening her cunt hard against Harry's rod.

"I'm cumming," Harry told her.

"That's it; shoot your seed into me!" Kara yelled.

The two floated up into the air, as Harry's balls tightened, and Kara flipped positions so she was riding Harry in mid-air. Harry watched her breasts bounce, and Kara teased her own nipples. The last few strokes were all it took before Harry popped, and unleashed his seed deep into Kara's willing cunt. Her walls had been painted by his love juice, and Kara made sure to fuck every single last drop out of Harry. Their ninety minute session ended with both of them collapsing down on the bed, feeling content.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Harry and Kara collapsed on the bed, basking in the afterglow of their love making activities. Kara nuzzled her face into Harry's neck. The two of them rested, and basked in the afterglow of their passion.

"So, how about lunch?" Kara asked them.

"Lunch would be wonderful," Harry told Kara. He offered her a mischievous smile that made Kara wet all over again. "After we're done, we should have some dessert. And maybe Karen will be back in time."

Kara looked on with a smug grin, dessert sounded nice. She allowed Harry to scoop her up in his arms, and fly them down the stairs. Eating lunch naked might seem weird to some people, but Kara could not be bothered to put on clothes unless she was in public or in the presence of company. In fact, Karen and Kara both slept in the nude, and often walked around the house as such in their days off. They could throw on clothes at super speed, if anyone stopped by.

Harry did not mind, for obvious reasons. A naked girl eating a peanut butter and jelly sandwich was hotter than one would think, and as such Harry felt himself get ready for another post-lunch round. Kara licked the peanut butter off of her lips, slowly and seductive. She sucked on her fingers, and Harry grinned, knowing what those fingers and tongue were capable of better than anyone.
Lex Luthor was busy plotting, something that was a common occurrence for the disgraced former owner of LexCorp. He had any number of projects that was foremost on his mind at any given time, but this particular project vexed him more than any others. He had been working with Astoria Greengrass. That silly little witch thought herself as some kind of mastermind, but Luthor found her to be quite delusional.

Lex Luthor had learned at the knee of his father about deception. Lionel Luthor was quite the master manipulator back in his day, and some of that rubbed off on his son.

That silly little witch thought she could use anyone with the last name Luthor. Lex had been one step ahead of her; he had switched out the stone she had seen with a forgery. It was not a cheap forgery; there was nothing about Lex Luthor that was cheap. He always tried to do the get the best of everything, even for an item he used to trick people.

Luthor pondered that this was one of Waller's many foolish decisions to trust someone like Astoria Greengrass. Teenage girls could be rather fickle, and potentially unstable. Supergirl was proof of this, when she attacked Luthor without just cause and burned his hand. Luthor would not forget that, and he smiled when he thought about Psimon picking about her clone's mind to rearrange it into some weapon. He could not get direct revenge, but he could punish a surrogate.

Right now, Luthor was pouring over the stone, and the bald man was beginning to think that this hocus pocus was nothing, but a fanciful delusion. The treasure had to have been a myth, but to be Luthor was not interested in the treasure, just interested in a way to cure his cancer. The bald businessman rapped the stone on the table several times. He tried to get some kind of spark out of it.

There was nothing. No reaction whatsoever shot from the stone, and Luthor gritted his teeth in fury. Any spark was missing from the stone. He took another deep breath, and looked at the lab testing animals.

"I'm beginning to think that you're complete and utter garbage," Luthor grumbled to himself. He pointed the stone, and suddenly it warmed up in his hand.

This was rather intriguing, with what happened. The stone began to vibrate in his hand; a glowing light pulsed out of the object and struck the two lab animals. A cat and a mouse were struck with the rays. Luthor dropped the stone, and the symbols seemed to glow on it.

Suddenly, the mouse began hissing like a cat, and the cat tried to back off from the mouse out of fear. Luthor watched the progress intently. His eyes followed every single moment of the interplay between the two animals, and came to the conclusion that their roles had been switched.

A smile crossed his face. It was at this point, Otis had popped up, but even that bumbling incompetent could not ruin the good mood that Lex Luthor had found himself in. He had stumbled upon quite the useful little trinket after all.

"Otis, you are just in time," Luthor said, as he looked at the man and held the stone in his hand. "I have stumbled upon one of the great secrets man has been after for centuries. The ability to switch one person's mind for another."

Otis stood before Lex, slack jacked and confused.

"That's great, Mr. Lew-Thor," Otis managed.

Lex smiled, and watched the mouse continue its attempts to attack the cat, whilst the cat acted like
a mouse. Their minds had been switched. The possibilities danced in the mind of Lex Luthor; he
could hardly wait to test them out. A smile crossed his face, and he turned to his henchman.

"Just think, Otis, I can use this rock to switch minds with anyone," Lex told him.

Otis looked as giddy as a schoolgirl. "You mean you can switch minds with me, Mr. Lew-Thor?"

Lex's face contorted into disgust at the very thought, but shook it off, and turned to address Otis.

"No, Otis, you see, you cannot switch what is not there," Lex said in an abrasive tone of voice.
"This stone has given me the answers to many problems. As much as I loath to admit this, science
has failed me. Yet magic has succeeded."

Lex pondered his predicament. He could tell that without finding a cure for his cancer, there was
another year or so left in this body, if that. And things would get more painful the longer time went
by. The blood he had been studying could prove to be a worthy endeavor, but it would be many
months before he could figure out how to use the blood in a non-fatal way. All of his lab rats had
died. He managed to use his connections to bring a few homeless people to him, and test on them
to fatal results, they would not be missed.

He tested the blood on them, and for about twelve hours, they had powers. Then they succumbed
to fatal poisoning. While a lot of blood had been spilled on him, Luthor's supply was running rather
dry. He only had a vial and a half left, but this blood could have been the key to the ancients, and
perhaps it could still be something that he could use.

As for right now, the stone could put him in a more durable body. And there was one body out
there that he knew as durable and could withstand the test of everything. The problem was getting
close enough to use the stone on him. And to not draw any attention to himself, and get the
attention of several members of the Justice League.

Luthor pondered his predicament, and got to his feet. The bald businessman knew what he had to
do.

"Otis, get my car ready, we're heading to one of my secret labs," Lex told him. Otis looked at him
in a questioning manner. "I have a plan to lure the Justice League into a trap that will hopefully
mean their end. And I have special plans for Superman."

Otis tried to protest, however he could not find it within himself to do so. Lex pocketed the stone.
Getting close enough to his target would be the problem. It was a one in a millions shot that the
transfer project worked in the first place.

And Lex had to let some of the Cadmus drones in on the plan, so his body could be sprinted safely
out of there before the League was alerted to the fact that something was up. He would live a brand
new life, in a brand new body, and it would be super.

If he played his cards right, Superman's mind would wither and die with Luthor's body. Lex
smiled, it would be his ultimate revenge on the Man of Steel.

It would be Lex Luthor who was faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive,
and able to leap tall buildings in a single bound.

Kara and Harry sat outside their house, the two of them waited for their fellow wife to arrive. Sure
enough, Karen turned up at that moment. A smile spread across her face, and she dropped down to
the ground to face Harry and Kara.
Karen's short blonde hair flowed freely, framing her beautiful face. Her dazzling blue eyes were framed by a pair of glasses. She wore a jacket, and a red blouse that was unbuttoned slightly at the top and slightly at the bottom. Her bust strained against the blouse, and the tops of her large breasts were visible. Harry could see her mini-skirt just coming several inches above her thigh; Karen was wearing thong panties underneath her skirt, even if they were only visible to Harry and Kara thanks to the charm work that was done to them. Her luscious legs were covered with stockings, and she wore high heel shoes.

"I've got papers for the two of you to co-sign," Karen told them. Kara and Harry nodded with smiles. "The company should be running smoothly when it's open. I met some of the people, and you did say that you would head up there next week to check things out, right?"

Harry and Kara nodded once more.

"Yeah, the three of us are going to need to take a field trip up there," Kara said. She turned with a smile two both of her spouses. She flew into Karen and wrapped her arms tightly around her. "You missed a good show today, babe. Harry and I did a performance review. It was very exciting."

"I'm sure Harry can give me a recap of the highlights later," Karen said, brushing Kara's hair away from her face. Both sets of beautiful blue eyes met each other. "And maybe a demonstration of what was done."

"No problem Karen, after dinner the two of us can have a little one on one time," Harry said. Fair was far after all. "And maybe after we're done, Kara can join in."

Kara and Karen both thought that was a wonderful idea. They rested in each other's arms, and Kara leaned forward, to kiss her spouse on the lips. Karen returned the kiss with eager passion, and Harry watched them kiss each other. He was not about to intervene, even if he did feel a little left out. Karen and Kara ran their hands over each other's bodies.

Karen pulled back and flew towards Harry. She wrapped her arms tightly around Harry, and leaned back, so Harry could plant a kiss on her. Karen was pushed back on the ground, and Harry deepened the kiss. Karen moaned into his mouth, and Karen rolled over so Harry was pinned down underneath her. This allowed Kara to kiss the back of Karen's neck. Kara trailed light kisses on Karen's neck, and also smacked her ass a few times when she was in the mood.

Karen and Harry straightened up. The older blonde Kryptonian stepped back, and saw the bulge that was developing in Harry's pants, and smiled.

"You just couldn't wait, could you?" Karen asked him. Harry nodded. Karen looked at him, and placed her hands on his shoulders. "She then took a step back, and proceeded to slide her jacket off of her shoulders. She slowly unbuttoned the remaining buttons on her blouse. How about I help you out a little bit?"

Karen cupped her breasts for emphasis, and Harry thought this would be an excellent idea.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Karen pulled Harry into a long deep kiss that lasted a time, but much too short for Harry's liking. She pulled back from him, and motioned for Harry to lie back. Harry did so. Karen got down on her knees, and grabbed Harry's cock. She tightened her grip, and slowly, she stroked his cock up and down.

Harry groaned at the pleasurable hand job she was giving him. Karen rubbed the head of Harry's
cock on her erect nipples. Harry groaned, and at this groan Kara kneeled right next to Karen, and grabbed Harry's balls, squeezing them.

"So good," Harry groaned.

A grin spread across Karen's face, she gripped Harry's cock, and sandwiched it between her breasts. Harry looked up, and groaned. The visual of his cock between her massive breasts made his cock throb. Karen began to rub Harry's cock up and down, and Harry pushed his cock up in between the valley of her massive tits.

"Your tits I love them around my cock," Harry groaned.

Harry continued to pump up and down in between her tits. Karen rubbed his cock, and moaned. This cock in between her tits was perfect, and the thick tool hammered into her quite well.

"That's it baby, keep fucking my tits," Karen moaned.

Harry did that. He continued to hammer her large tits with his cock, Harry pushed in and out of the large globes; Kara and Karen took turns licking the head of Harry's cock, as it pushed out of Karen's breasts. They continued to lick Harry's cock, and smacked their lips. Kara took some time to suck on Karen's right nipple as Harry continued to push his throbbing member in and out of her massive tits.

Karen reached her hand underneath her skirt, and rubbed her clit as she continued to pleasure her husband with her tits. Kara reached underneath Karen's skirt, and played with her as well. She also licked Harry's cock a little bit as it came out. Karen reached over, and rubbed Kara's vagina as well; she was getting wet because of her wife's actions.

"So hot," Harry whispered.

The two girls grinned as Karen rubbed Harry's cock some more, her breasts smashed around his cock. Harry felt his balls tighten more and more; it was hard to stave off his climax because of Karen's actions. Her tits massaged his cock in a most pleasurable way.

The two of them were playing with each other's vaginas, and licking his cock. Kara went back to Karen's nipples, causing her to rear her head back and moan.

There was about a half of an hour of this game, before Harry could no longer stave off his orgasm. Karen and Kara fingered each other, and this pushed Harry over the edge.

"Cum for us, Harry!" Kara and Karen chanted in unison.

His balls tightened, and he unleashed his load onto them, splattering their faces and Karen's breasts with his thick seed. The two looked like the hottest thing in the world, and Karen rode out Harry's orgasm with her breasts, milking every single bit of cum out of his cock.

Karen and Kara licked each other's faces, and pulled back, pleased with a job well done. Harry's cock was taken care of, for now.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

Harry found himself completely relieved, Kara stepped over, and looked at Karen.

"Missed a spot," Kara said, and without any shame she grabbed Karen and licked the remaining excess off of her chin.
"Between the two of you, I'll never be able to get the blood flow going to my head," Harry told both of them.

Kara and Karen responded with a smirk, and Harry's pants were now back on, and they were all dressed. They would return later to have some more fun between the two of them. Right now, business called. Harry, Kara, and Karen flew off.

The three of them appeared in front of a large and imposing tower outside of Metropolis. Harry could sense that it positively glowed with magical energy. Karen and Kara looked on in awe. Their mouths were wide open and a gap, and the three of them stood, staring, before they knocked.

"So how do we get in?" Kara asked breaking the silence.

Karen offered a smile to her younger counterpart, before she began to speak. "Call me crazy, but I think we knock."

Harry was the one who was brave enough to take the plunge. He raised one of his hands, and began to knock on the door. The door opened slightly, and allowed Harry entrance. Doctor Fate stood there.

"I was wondering when you would show up," Doctor Fate remarked.

"We got a bit preoccupied," Harry told Fate. Karen and Kara could barely keep the mischievous grins off of their face. Somehow they managed to keep straight faces.

Fate gave a swift nod, and invited them inside.

"No matter, life does tend to throw the unexpected curveballs to what is planned," Fate responded. "I have sensed a great deal of power within you three, but should others join, the power will be immense. The three of you will be anchors to ensure the power does not corrupt."

Harry, Kara, and Karen all nodded, knowing those words were cryptic, and they wanted to find out more. Fate led them into his house, passed several rooms of artifacts. Harry had some many questions, but he had no idea where to begin. The three Potters were spellbound as they walked through. They passed a large library with a great amount of books. Harry, Kara, and Karen exchanged grins.

'Are you thinking what I'm thinking?' Karen asked.

'Yeah, Hermione would be upset that she did not get to see this library,' Harry said.

'For good reason,' Kara thought to Harry and Karen.

'Yeah it is amazing,' Harry told his wives mentally. 'We might have to pop back here more often for a visit, just for the library. He must have more books than Hogwarts did.'

'Hermione's going to kill us when she finds out that we were here when she wasn't,' Karen thought to them.

'Then again, what Hermione does not know, won't kill us,' Harry answered with mirth.

Both of his wives mentally murmured into agreement. The tower fortress of Doctor Fate was an amazing marvel of magic. Fate led them into a sitting room area.

"Sit down, and make yourselves at home," Fate remarked.
Harry sat down on the couch, Karen sat down on one side of him, and Kara sat down on the other side of him; the couch seemed to magically shrink so the three of them were snuggled together.

'Well, his furniture sure has personality,' Kara thought to both of them.

Harry and Karen thought that was not a bad thing, and the three of them waited for Fate to return. They wondered why he had asked them to visit.

In time, they would find out. Harry was firmly snuggled between two blonde Kryptonians.

The three Potters settled in, and Doctor Fate had returned to them.

"Around a couple of months ago, you uncovered a rare book of magic," Fate said, and the three Potters nodded in affirmative. "A spell book of the ancients that even the most learned magical scholars could not decipher. Given enough time, you might obtain that level. However, I'm certain you noticed that there was one page that was missing from the book."

Harry, Karen, and Kara all sat up and a look of curiosity spread across their faces. They all had been wondering about that. Karen was not there when the incident in question occurred, but Harry and Kara did a wonderful job of filling her in. Astoria was a danger, and a menace; Karen hoped that she could play a small part in bringing her down. Harry and Kara had both went a little lighter on Astoria than they should have, and it was a mistake that they vowed to not repeat.

The problem was that the vowing to not repeat a mistake did in fact go both ways. While Harry and Kara were trying to not relax their attempts to find Astoria, it was obvious that she would not be found again for a very long time. Astoria was sorted into the Slytherin House for a reason. The girl had the ability to wiggle her way out of tight fixes.

"What is it, though? Kara wondered.

Fate hastened to explain what he had found out. "It is an ancient treasure that many have searched for, and often times torn themselves up over. Many magical users believe it to be a myth, but even among those who do, there is a certain lure for it, driven by those who are motivated by greed. The Hogwarts Founders left behind something to be discovered by those who are worthy. Many believe that it is gold and riches beyond the wildest dreams of any magical users."

The group took seconds for that to set in.

"No wonder Astoria wants it," Kara said.

"Yeah, she did kill for money once," Harry said. He could hardly believe that timid second year Slytherin that asked him for help on her homework once had turned into this. Then again, Harry knew better that people changed. Then again, Astoria might not have changed, rather she was just better at keeping her mask on than most were.

Fate just paused, and his expression was fixed on the three Potters. There was a long pause, before he began to speak.

"It is uncertain whether or not that treasure is gold," Fate said. He looked at the three of them seriously. "Treasure is a word that has often been used to mark riches. However, the Founders could intend that to be a double meaning. It doesn't matter what they intended, it's how the future generations interpreted it."

"And Astoria interpreted it to be more gold to line her little pockets," Harry told Fate.
Fate nodded.

"She already has the first stone, the first part of the map," Fate said to Harry, Kara, and Karen. The three Potters looked rather grim at this news. "There are three more stones. Each of them with the symbol of the founders, and each of them have special magical properties. The first stone is the stone of Salazar Slytherin. What I have been able to find through the legends was that it has the ability to give the wielder the ultimate mask of deception."

That was something that could be left up to a great deal of interpretation. Even though Harry, Kara, and Karen all had their ideas of what that meant.

'So, are you two thinking what I'm thinking?' Harry thought.

'The ultimate deception would be to switch minds with someone,' Kara thought.

'Which means if Astoria got the stone working, she could be anyone, and we'd not even know it,' Harry thought to them.

'She could be any face on the street,' Karen thought.

Harry pulled out of the psychic link up, and turned towards Doctor Fate. The question was on the tip of his tongue.

"Is there any indication that she has gotten the stone of Salazar working?" Harry asked.

Fate turned towards Harry. He seemed to ponder that matter for a number of moments before he gave the answer.

"That's a question that I have been unable to determine the answer to," Fate agreed. "Given what I have been able to find out, and what you have told me about Astoria Greengrass, the treasure is what she's after. And on a related note, I have been able to locate the possible location of the second stone."

Harry, Kara, and Karen all sat up straight. Their curiosity was heightened immediately, but at the same time wondered if Astoria had found out. Fate shook his head, and stepped forward. He muttered some words underneath his breath. It was an enchantment that Harry, Kara, and Karen were not familiar with.

"These types of locator spells are useful to learn," Fate told them, and true to form the three Potters sensed a "but" in the air. "Be that as it may, do not put too much stock in them. Even the strongest of magic can be fooled by a capable mind, and it only gives the general location of an object."

Fate whispered underneath his breath, and an image of Earth popped up and rotated around. The Sorcerer stood to scan it. The three Potters waited for the answers.

"The Stone of Hufflepuff is located in Tibet, underneath a temple," Fate told them. "The exact location is not something that can be one hundred percent determined."

Harry, Kara, and Karen exchanged expressions. Getting into Tibet would be difficult, but doable, given their powers. Finding the stone of Hufflepuff would be something that would be an entirely different matter entirely.

"Anything we should know about that Stone?" Kara asked.

"Consider what traits are prominent to the Hufflepuff House of Hogwarts, and you got your
answer," Fate said.

"Loyalty," Harry said without missing a beat.

Karen and Kara turned towards him, and looked up, the gears grinding in the back of their minds. They thought that the stone could be used to twist loyalty to the most horrific extreme. The three of them knew what to do now. The three of them had to stop Astoria from getting her hands on the Stone of Hufflepuff at all costs.

"Thank you for your assistance," Harry said.

"The pleasure is all mine," Fate retorted. "But beware; do not get your hopes crushed if the stone is not there."

Harry nodded; he would not get his hopes crushed. The three Potters changed into different attire, and they were off to Tibet; it was imperative they found the stone before Astoria did.

What was the worst that could happen when they were gone?

X-X-X

It honestly had been a calm last couple of days. The Justice League took some time to fine tune their teamwork and trust. After the incident with Grodd messing with their minds, they knew that learning to trust each other, and work together better was the highest priority. Only then could they work on expanding their team. However, practice was one thing. Actually putting this into practice was another idea entirely. The distress signal allowed five members of the team to pop up.

The team showed up, and the information that came in had made them grimace.

"You've got be kidding me, Luthor again," Wonder Woman grumbled.

Superman gave her a sympathetic smile. "Believe me; I've had that reaction too many times."

"What is he up to this time?" Wonder Woman said.

Flash looked up, and his eyes shifted towards the carnage, before the Scarlet Speedster turned to his fellow members of the Justice League. "I'm guessing giant robots. Which is really cool, and it's also unoriginal."

"Well we can't arrest people for being unoriginal," Wonder Woman said, and her eyes narrowed. Flash zoomed in, and stopped the civilians from getting crushed. He raced them out of harm's way. "We can arrest them for putting people into danger."

"Be careful," Superman advised them.

"Careful, of course, we just take down the robots," Green Lantern said, and he created a green fist energy construct. He blasted one of the robots down. "How hard can it be?"

Martian Manhunter ripped another one of the robots in half. There was nothing inside.

"Luthor is not going to make this easy," Martian Manhunter observed in a calm and tranquil tone of voice.

Superman flew forward, and smashed through the robots, and upon impact they shattered into bits.

"It wouldn't be Luthor if it was easy," Superman said, and with those words he used his X-Ray
vision. Each and every single one of the robots had been focused on. Superman tried to scan them one at a time. Luthor had to be in one of them. However, the Man of Steel ran into a brick wall. "Lead, of course."

"Luthor does know your weaknesses," Flash said. He turned to the fellow members of the League. "Um, should we call for back up or something? These tin cans are overwhelming us, and they seem to keep coming."

Superman knew who he was talking about. "No, we shouldn't. Not unless it's absolutely necessary."

Wonder Woman jumped forward, and knocked the robots out.

"Yeah, you realize how bad it looks for the League when we keep having to get bailed out at the slightest sign of trouble," Green Lantern said. He smashed the robots with a large hammer. "Every single time..."

"Now, Green Lantern you exaggerate," Martian Manhunter said in a tranquil voice. He shifted his density through the ground. He popped back up, and took out the robots one at a time. "It is not every time. They only assist when it's necessary."

The Justice League was silence, and they continued to battle the robots.

"We can discuss this once we've got Luthor where he belongs," Wonder Woman, and she lifted rubble off of a scared pair of children. "It's okay, we're here to help."

The children nodded, and ran off. Flash managed to get an old lady out of the way.

"Thank you, sonny," the old lady said.

"Don't mention it, just part of the job," Flash said in a polite voice. He ran around, creating a whirlwind.

"I think Luthor's around here," Martian Manhunter said. "There's a lot of static that I'm picking up from that one over there. That would have to be our man."

Superman narrowed his eyes. After what Luthor tried to do to Kara, and him, his patience with the bald man had run out. The Man of Steel wondered if he could actually take the necessary actions to deal with Luthor once and for all. He had a moral code not to kill, but it was tested when he saw the bodies of innocent civilians down the ground.

The Man of Steel sliced open the tin can open. The Justice League was fighting what seemed like a never ending hoard of robots. Lex Luthor sat in the robot. He looked at Superman, clutching a stone in his hand. A smirk twisted across his face.

"It's over, Luthor," Superman remarked, but rather than showing fear, a twisted grin appeared over Luthor's face.

"Tag, you're it," Luthor told the Man of Steel, and he pressed the stone into the Man of Steel's hand.

Magic was still an Achilles heel for Superman. The magic pulse wrapped around his brain, and the wave of magical energy shot out immediately, and the pulse knocked the Justice League and the robots out of commission for the time being. Static was in the air, temporarily knocking all of the radio traffic out.
The buildings crumbled around them. The robot Luthor was sitting in collapsed to the ground. Superman fell to the ground as well, and both Superman and Lex Luthor had appeared to be buried underneath the rubble. The dust was beginning to settle.

That was their sign for the extraction. Cadmus rolled up, and pulled Lex Luthor out of the rubble. He was completely unconscious and likely had more than a few broken bones. They turned around, and rolled back down the street.

It happened just in time as the Justice League was moving forward, with Flash was digging through the rubble at super speed, Wonder Woman assisted him, and Green Lantern used his energy construct to dig through the rubble.

"I think I've found him," Martian Manhunter told the group.

The Justice League tried to comb for civilians who had been crushed, even if the situation had been dire. They pulled one of their own out of the rubble.

"He's unconscious," Wonder Woman told them.

"What could have knocked him out?" Flash asked.

"Didn't you feel that pulse?" Green Lantern said. "Magic was the culprit."

"Superman, if you hear me, speak to us," Martian Manhunter said.

Unknowing to the Justice League, Lex Luthor's mind began to become conscious once more. He peered up at the Justice League. One look at his cape, and increased mobility told him one thing. The experiment that put his mind inside of Superman's body was a success. And if Superman tried to tell anyone differently, they would think that Lex Luthor had finally gone mad.

'I'm in his body,' Luthor thought to himself. He allowed the Justice League to help him to his feet. 'And I feel great. Superman will perish from the cancer he gave me, while I shall live with his body and his powers. A fitting end, but I must play the part. And they've removed his Kryponite vulnerability, the fools."

"Kal, are you alright?" Wonder Woman asked him.

The eyes of Superman blinked. Unknowing to the Justice League, the malevolent mind of Lex Luthor ticked behind the super powered from of the Man of Steel.

"Yes, Wonder Woman, I'm fine," Superman said. Luthor used his new body to test out his X-Ray vision, pointed directly towards Wonder Woman. He indulged himself in the full benefits that X-Ray vision offered when directed towards Wonder Woman. "In fact, I feel super."

The Justice League did not notice. Even the Martian Manhunter was not wise to what had occurred. The team trusted Superman beyond all approach.

Lex Luthor plotted to bring down the Justice League. His sources told him that Supergirl and Arcane had left town, and were out on business elsewhere. This would be the perfect time to strike.

This looked like a job for Lex Luthor.

To Be Continued in Swap Part 2.
Chapter 30: Swap Part Two.

Clark groaned, his head was ringing, the vision he had was blurred, and there were a few moments before he could figure out where he was. The last thing he remembered, he was fighting Lex Luthor's latest attack, alongside his teammates in the Justice League. That much was for certain. Clark tried to get back to his feet, but a stabbing pain coursed throughout his entire body. He dropped down into the chair, unable to stand.

What was happening to him? It was almost as if he was paralyzed.

He took a look in the mirror and saw the reflection of Lex Luthor staring back at him. It took several moments for Clark to process everything that happened, and with that reflection there was one thought that echoed through his mind.

'This isn't good,' Clark thought to himself.

That might have been the understatement of the century. If he was in Lex Luthor's body, then it only stood to reason that the inverse of the situation had been true. Somewhere, someway, Lex Luthor was out there as Superman and the Justice League might have not been any the wiser. Clark wondered how he could turn this negative situation into a positive. Perhaps now that he was here in Luthor's body, he could hash out the nefarious plan of his arch nemesis, and figure out what he was up to.

That was providing if he could move and that was a big "if". It was at that moment where Clark felt the full pain that Lex Luthor felt as of late with the cancer eating away at his insides. It made it hard to breath. How long would it be before Lex Luthor perished? What would happen if Lex's body died while Clark's mind was in it?

Clark understood now more than ever how desperate Lex Luthor was. The man was bent on gaining some revenge on Superman and what better revenge was there than if Lex Luthor had swapped bodies with the Man of Steel. Somewhere, while Superman withered, Lex Luthor was out there living his life, and enjoying the full powers of the Man of Steel.

Guards were outside. Clark had no idea how Luthor even moved. Then again, given the fact he was used to super strength, and invulnerability, maneuvering in a less than durable body gave him problems. He tensed up, and noticed there was someone who was coming outside the door. Clark shook his head, and tried to shake off the cobwebs. His stomach turned, and the door opened.

He relaxed when he saw one of Luthor's henchmen, Otis he believed the man's name was. Clark's eyes remained fixed on that of Otis's.

"Mr. Lew-Thor, I thought you would be out for the rest of the night," Otis replied, eyes widening when he looked at Lex.

Clark shook his head or rather Luthor's head. The entire mind swap thing was going to end up giving him a headache before it was all said and done.

"No, I guess I woke up before I was ready," Clark said. He realized how soft spoken his voice was, and how it did not sound like Luthor's harder edge. If he had to fool anyone smarter than Otis, he would have to work harder at maintaining the deception. "Never mind that, my genius plan has
reached its completion. And now I have what I want."

"I thought you were going to swap minds with Superman with the rock," Otis replied, looking baffled at that point.

Clark sat up and took notice immediately.

"What rock?" Clark asked. He suddenly grew sterner and more Luthor like. "What are you blathering abut, Otis?"

Otis sensed nothing wrong with his boss so he elaborated. "That rock that you took from that witch. It had the snake on it, and it could switch minds. I guess it didn't work. Superman got away, but you'll get him next time, sir."

"Of course I will," Clark said, he felt a bit ill having to sound so smug. "Superman won't stand a chance against the superior intellect of Lex Luthor."

It was at that point Clark realized how weird it felt talking about his own demise. Then again, he pretty much had Luthor's speech patterns down, god only knew that he heard them often enough.

The doors slid open, and several guards walked in. Clark noticed that they had the word "CADMUS" written on them. They were led by a woman.

"What is the meaning of this intrusion?" Clark asked, raising an eyebrow.

The woman turned to Luthor, and a scowl appeared on her face. "Once again, you defied my warnings, and went out to engage the Justice League directly. Project Cadmus cannot afford to be compromised if we are to engage the Justice League should they turn from their intended purpose."

"And what is the purpose of the Justice League?" Clark asked, wanting to know what the enemy thought of them.

"Luthor, you know their purpose as well as I do," the woman said, her voice was harsh and rough. "The purpose of the Justice League is to not grow beyond their means, and get above their station. You know exactly what the aims of Project Cadmus are."

"No, why don't you enlighten me?" Clark asked, trying to sound more like Luthor would, and not so much like a boy scout would be looking for information.

The woman did not swallow the bait. "I don't have time to play whatever game you're up to Luthor. And it's obvious you're up to something that could compromise Project Cadmus. As of right now, I will be having around the clock guards to make sure you don't get out of this lab. Do not make me regret allowing you the freedom that you do. This is the second time your joyrides have put us right underneath the nose of the Justice League."

"So what if the Justice League finds out our plans?" Clark asked. "I must admit, I'm intrigued about the progress of our plans and our goals."

"You will find out on a need to know basis, Luthor," the woman said. She got in Lex's face. "You will only find out when you need to know, and not a second before."

She turned around, and started to walk from the lab in a huff.

"Ms. Waller, you are needed for your meeting with the Senators," one of the aides said.
Clark could have done a dance, had he been in the mood, and should he have been able to move this body beyond its simple means. Right now, he was racked with pain. A name was something to go on, now all he needed to do was find out more information on Cadmus. This body swap with Luthor was a blessing in disguise.

Instantly, Clark tried to focus his hearing. Then he remembered he had normal human hearing, and most frustratingly they were speaking out of range.

Waller walked off in the distance. She was deep in thought about everything she saw.

"Luthor is acting erratic, even for him," she told the guards in a hushed voice. "Make sure he doesn't leave the grounds. Whatever he was working on in this room earlier may have fried his brain. Monitor him closely."

The Cadmus guards nodded, and turned around to see Lex hunched over on his desk.

Clark thought about everything. As much as he sensed an opportunity to find something out, there was a problem; Luthor was joyriding in his body. He was living his life, and could cause damage. Someone like Luthor with Kryptonian powers was rather scary to even think about and Clark could not even fathom the damage he could cause.

Clark knew what he had to do. He shifted through Luthor's notes. Perhaps he could find out what Luthor did, and also get a clue on the inner workings of Project Cadmus.

He spotted a green stone on the desk, with a snake etched on it. Perhaps he was off base, but this is where he needed to start. This was the stone that was forced into his hand and Clark made plans. One did not hang around Batman for years and years without picking up a few tricks about devious plotting.

And Clark had a plan. He just hoped it would work.

Three figures dropped down from the sky; the journey to Tibet was something that was easy enough to navigate with magic, it was not as treacherous as Albania to say the very least. Kara, Karen, and Harry floated forward. Harry held a device in his hand. It began to blink, and hum, Harry pointed it towards a populated area.

"Are you sure that this tracking device thing is going to work?" Kara asked. Harry looked at her. "I mean, in theory it should work. But even the most sophisticated technology could be fooled. And magic can be fooled."

"And this is both," Karen said, standing by her two spouses as they continued to walk forward, and made their way into the town square. Harry pointed the device, and it began to blink.

The real question was whether or not Astoria was her, or was she still searching for the second stone, ignorant to its true location. Harry was prepared this time. The next time he saw her; there would be a throw down.

Karen and Kara understood what was at stake, and hopefully they could get in close enough to snap that talisman off of her neck. Then that would make her vulnerable enough for the attack. The three Potters knew what was at stake. They stood on the ground, and the tracking device continued to lead them further and further into the village.

A smile crossed Harry's face, and slowly he turned towards Kara with a knowing expression in his eyes.
"Does this look familiar to you?" he asked her.

A smile crossed her face, it certainly did look very familiar. Karen was confused, so Kara decided to elaborate.

"Back when we were in Albania there was a temple. The temple disappeared. It was used as a worship place for Voldemort. If Doctor Fate is right, the stone was right underneath our nose. Yet, we were too obsessed with preventing Astoria from getting the spell book. Now if this temple is not the same one, it's a great forgery."

Karen was visited by a strange theory. "Could it be leading us on?"

Kara shrugged immediately, and thought that could have been the case. Of course, magic if anything was mysterious; it often worked in strange ways. A temple that disappeared and reappeared in another country was not something outside the realm of possibility. Harry pointed the tracking device towards the temple and with that movement a triumphant smile spread across his face.

"Whatever it is, the stone is in there," Harry said. He paused, before he elaborated. "Actually, it's under there. Below the temple."

"Of course it is," Karen said, shaking her head in mirth and amusement.

The three Potters walked forward, the gates were no barrier for the three of them just flew over them. They continued to move their way into the temple. There were several ominous looking statues off to the side, so the three Potters stood rigid, waiting for the other shoe to drop.

'How much you want to bet we have to end up fighting those things?' Harry thought, taking a breath and trying to calculate what spell could be used. He was dealing with the unknown at this point.

'That goes without saying,' Kara thought.

'The moment we touch the stone, I'd imagine they'll be activated,' Harry thought to them.

The statues began to glow, and razor sharp weapons were in their hands.

'Or before,' Karen mentally amended.

The statues on the right side were nailed with heat vision. They might have been powerful guardians, but they were no match for magically enhanced heat vision. Harry picked up a sword, super charged it with magic, and swung for the fences with the backlash knocked out several of the statues. Karen and Kara flew around at super speed, and thus they knocked around the statues, and caused them to crumble into dust. The statues were blasted into nothing.

Harry took out the final two statues. He waved his hand, and the debris vanished. To be honest, he half expected the statues to repair themselves. Nothing could repair themselves if the broken bits had disappeared.

Stepping forward, he reached the door. The door to the basement where the Stone was likely to be was locked. Harry tried to open the door by magic, but it was resistant to such an assault. Karen moved over, and decided to take charge of the situation.

She grabbed onto the door, and pulled it open, with a force that caused the door cracked open, and Karen walked inside. Kara and Harry followed behind closely. The three Potters flew down the
basement. They made their way down a spiraling staircase, feeling that they were getting closer and closer to their prize.

Sure enough the three super powered spouses had hit pay dirt.

Lying on a stone slab was a yellow stone with a badger carved on it. Harry pointed the tracker to it. Sure enough, it was the Stone of Helga Hufflepuff. The three Potters stood triumphant. Naturally, Harry was not going to jump into the situation without checking it out so he scanned the stone, and the area around it.

The Potters held their breath in.

"No traps?" Kara asked him mentally.

'No traps,' Harry thought to them.

'Seriously?' Karen asked, skepticism ringing about in her thoughts.

'Yes, believe it or not there are no traps,' Harry replied to them.

'That's a first,' Karen thought to them. She was them visited by another thought. 'Are you sure there isn't some kind of trick?'

'You're being gloriously pessimistic today, honey,' Kara told her in a teasing manner.

'Just learning from past experiences,' Karen replied back.

'Very true, she's right to think twice,' Harry answered, preparing to double check just in case.

The three Potters scanned the area around them. The three of them leaned forward, and Kara reached out, touching the stone before she held it in her hand.

'I thought for a minute that fire was going to reign from the sky or something,' Kara thought, letting out the breath she had held in.

'Who's being pessimistic now?' Karen thought teasingly.

'I should tie you up and spank you,' Kara thought back to her.

'Are you offering?' Karen teased back.

'Yeah, and then I'll pour chocolate sauce on those big tits of yours, and lick them clean, while Harry watches,' Kara thought, a grin crossing over her face.

'Ladies, save it for the bedroom,' Harry thought to them.

'Oh believe me, we will,' Karen and Kara thought in unison, and they giggled out loud.

Lost in all of that banter was they had the stone. The three Potters spent some time exploring the temple, if they could find one hint of the mysteries of it, perhaps they would get closer to solving it. Harry transported the stone back to a secure vault at Patronus Inc. There was no point in keeping it around.

A decoy was dropped down on the pedestal. If Astoria found it, it had a tracking charm on it that they could hopefully trace her. It was a slim hope that Astoria would not check the stone for tricks, but should she fail to do that, then they had the means to trap her.
It was a waiting game.

The Justice League stood on the ground. Superman turned around; Wonder Woman, the Martian Manhunter, the Flash, and Green Lantern joined him on the ground.

Little did the Justice League know that the Man of Steel was not himself, but rather he was Lex Luthor. Shifting through the debris, he was looking for the stone. It was dropped in the battle, and it was important to reclaim it so the switch could not be reversed.

"So, are you about ready to head off, Big Blue?" Flash asked. Superman looked at him. "I mean, it's not like Luthor is around here. We'll get him next time."

"Do not treat Lex Luthor in such a dismissive matter," Luthor replied, unable to help himself.

Flash looked at Superman, and blinked. "Yeah, I wasn't. But, we got to get him next time."

"Of course," Luthor said. If they had got Lex Luthor, the mind of Superman would perish. Luthor would have this body, and no one would know the difference. He used his X-Ray vision to scan the debris for his precious little orck.

He realized that his lining the buildings with lead to prevent Superman from seeing inside them came back to haunt him. It worked both ways, for it prevented Lex Luthor from finding the stone.

"Kal?" Wonder Woman asked, raising an eyebrow at his behavior.

Superman turned to the group, and began to address them in a deep commanding voice. "Yes, go on without me. I will see if I can find Luthor and any clue of his latest brilliant scheme. Get back to the Watchtower, and I shall return once I am done here."

The Justice League turned around, and nodded, and walked off. Flash looked at them.

"Is it just me, or is Big Blue acting strange?" Flash asked, breaking the silence.

"He did get blasted pretty hard," Wonder Woman offered, shrugging her shoulders.

"Yeah, but hard enough to knock a few screws loose," Flash said, and with those words he turned to the Martian Manhunter. "Did you sense anything wrong with him, J'onn?"

The Martian Manhunter answered in the negative. "Superman seems normal. While his behavior does seem to be a bit different, it could be some kind of adverse effect of what happened."

"We'll find out what happened when we found out what happened to Luthor," Green Lantern said. The Justice League all nodded. "We should follow his advice, and return to the Watchtower."

On the ground, Luthor stood on the ground. His flight was a bit off, and he would have to work on that, but on the bright side he could not get hurt. He directed the body of the Man of Steel towards the entrance of the Patronus Incorporated office building. The former LexCorp headquarters, and Lex contorted the expression on Superman's face into a grimace.

This was the building of those two who had ruined his life. The Kryptonian bitch and her mage lackey, they had caused him to lose everything.

"You look lost."

Lex turned around, and saw Lana Lang standing outside of the doors of the building, it had been
the first time that he saw her in many years since their brief time of dating.

"Lost, hardly," Lex said, contorting Superman's face into an expression that did not fit his boy scout image. He turned and looked at Lana, looking her up and down. "I think I've found something."

Lana stood up straight and immediately, she thought there was something wrong. You did not know someone since the age of three, without picking up certain patterns in their personality. At once, she knew when something was off with Clark, her old friend was not acting like himself. Lana decided to play along, for now.

"Right," Lana said. She looked at Superman, and shifted her face to that of a neutral expression. "May I help you?"

Lex thought that the fish had swallowed the bait and a grin shifted across his face. Everything was going according to his plan. Then again, what could expect, some fashion designer was not going to get the better of Lex Luthor.

"I need to enter Patronus Incorporated," Luthor said, pausing before he cleared his throat, and remained rigid, standing tall. It was like he was towering over everyone like a god. "Supergirl and Arcane have requested a meeting with me, and they have something for me that I need."

Immediately, Lana sensed that something was up. Clark would have never referred to Harry and Kara by their codenames to her, when there was no one listening, he knew that she knew who they were. Lana looked at Clark. There was something off about his expression.

"Well, Supergirl and Arcane aren't here right now, they are on a mission," Lana answered briskly. Luthor found his curiosity to be piqued.

"What kind of mission?" Luthor asked.

Lana just smiled, sensing the curiosity coming off of the Man of Steel. "Sorry, it's classified. My job isn't worth it to tell you."

Luthor took a step forward and clutched his fists before he calmed himself. It would really blow his cover if he had lashed out and attacked this woman. No matter how much he thought she deserved it. He took a step forward, and looked at Lana, staring at her.

"I'm sure Supergirl wouldn't mind if you shared information with her cousin," Luthor said to him. "She should really learn to her place. It's not fitting for a sidekick like her to keep secrets from her mentor."

Lana's expression remained neutral. This was another damning piece of evidence that something was wrong; Clark had thought of Kara as an equal now, and not a sidekick. Not that he ever did, and he would never have referred to it. Whoever was possessing Clark, or using his body did not know him that well.

Superman took another step forward, and Lana braced herself for whatever he had up his sleeve next.

"I'll make it worth your while if you let me in," Luthor said. He peered at Lana, and used his X-Ray vision to check out the merchandise.

Lana knew what he was doing, and also knew that Clark would never do that. Not that she would
have minded if it was Clark, but that was beside the point. However, this was not Clark. She took a step back, nearly having her back against the wall, in all senses of the word.

"I'll call you when they're back, okay," Lana answered in a business like tone. Thinking quickly, Lana added as an afterthought, "I think that there was a bank robbery just three blocks down, so perhaps you should take care of that."

"Of course," Luthor said. A smile spread across his face that was very un-Superman like. "This looks like a job for Superman."

Superman flew off. Lana immediately pulled open the door and locked it from behind her. She activated the defenses. With a quick motion, she pulled out her cellphone.

"Hey, Harry, it's me," Lana said to Harry, and waited for him to answer. "You told me not to call you unless something weird came up. I think this classifies as weird."

"Proceed," Harry told her, in a brisk voice.

Lana proceeded to explain everything to Kara, Karen, and Harry. There was a long pause on the other end of the phone, and Harry too some time to process what he was told.

"I think Luthor switched minds with Clark," Harry told Lana.

Lana was absolutely gobsmacked. "You're kidding me, right?"

"I really wish I was, but I do not kid about something like this," Harry told her. Kara and Karen seemed to agree with him, even though she could barely hear them.

"So what do I do?" Lana asked him.

Harry paused for the longest time over the phone, before he offered his honest assessment on the matter.

"We'll be back, we need to call the Justice League, and tell them to be on their guard if Clark isn't himself," Harry told Lana. "Stay inside, until it's done and also warn Lois."

Lana gritted her teeth, she really hated having to play nice with Lois Lane, but that was the price her friendship with Clark was. A friendship she honestly wished was more, but that ship had long since sailed years ago.

"Okay, Harry, but you owe me big time," Lana said, half serious, and half teasing.

"Oh, I'm sure I can make it worth your while," Harry told her. "It will be reflected in your next pay raise."

Lana thought that was fair enough. She dialed up Lois, and waited a bit for her answer.

"Lois are you there?" Lana asked. "If you see Clark, there's something wrong with him. This might sound crazy, but I think that Lex Luthor is in Clark's body."

"Believe me that's not crazy, because Superman just pummeled three bank robbers into a coma," Lois said her voice sounding grim.

Lana's face fell and guilt racked her; She was the one who sent him off. In fact, she was not really sure that there was a bank robbery. Luthor as Superman was a scary thought to her, all of his powers, and none of Clark's inhibitions.
"Do you have any Kryptonite?" Lois asked, thinking of the most obvious way to take down a rogue Superman.

"Yeah, but that stuff won't work, Kara and Harry cured him," Lana explained to Lois.

Lois seemed struck speechless for a moment and Lana thought that was quite the feat, feeling rather proud at herself for accomplishing it.

"They cured him, and they didn't tell me," Lois replied, and at these words she sounded a bit hurt. "And you know. I thought he was using some kind of shielding or something."

There was a long and rather tense moment between Lana and Lois. The two of them had their issues, but they were united in getting Clark back to his body.

"Only Harry and Kara can deactivate the nanobots," Lana explained further. "Until then we got a Superman with no inhibitions that is invulnerable to Kryptonite."

"Wonderful," Lois said in a sarcastic voice. Lana would have to agree.

All they could do was hope that things would improve, and Harry, Kara, and Karen could get back in time to remove the weakness, and put Luthor and Clark back into their right bodies.

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Batman showed up locating the distress signal, on his guard as usual. That was a part of the mission, always be prepared for anything. Criminals might have been a superstitious and cowardly lot. However, they tended to be rather diverse in their abilities, and would cause a great deal of damage if a hero was not diverse as well.

The Dark Knight showed up. A tip had led him here. He had stepped out of the shadows, and was face to face with Lex Luthor.

There was a long moment. Batman surveyed the situation, and studied it, trying to quickly calculate what angle he could take this one from.

"I never thought of you as the careless type, Luthor," Batman said in a calm voice when he finally elected to break the silence.

"Listen, you might think that I'm Lex Luthor, but I'm not Lex Luthor," Clark said. He hoped that there was some way to convey to Bruce he was who he said he was. He stood in the shadows and shifted from side to side. "It's me, Superman, Clark Kent."

"Really?" Batman asked, skeptical at that moment.

"How would I know who Superman was if I wasn't him?" Clark asked.

Batman calculated everything in his mind and thought over the situation at every single angle. The fact of the matter was that given how Clark's only disguise was a pair of glasses, and a slightly different demeanor he was surprised that more people did not catch onto Clark's secret identity than they did. He had insisted that Clark had taken more measures to learn about stealth.

That being said, he stood before Luthor, peering at him through narrowed eyes underneath his cowl.

"Right," Batman replied., and that moment The Justice League showed up. The Martian Manhunter led the way, followed by Flash, Green Lantern, and Wonder Woman.
"Luthor?" Wonder Woman questioned, taking a step back in surprise. "You know, I thought you would have been smarter than to slip up like that and show up here."

Wonder Woman took a step forward, and Clark raised Luthor's hands defensively.

"It's me, Superman, Clark Kent, Kal-El," Clark said in a frantic voice.

Several sets of eyes looked at him.

"Yeah, and I'm the Tooth Fairy," Flash quipped back.

Green Lantern encased Lex Luthor in energy shackles.

"You know Luthor after all of the damage you caused, you could be classified as an intergalactic war criminal," Green Lantern said. Luthor struggled against the grips.

Clark remembered that unfortunately he was unable to break free of his restraints. The lack of super strength was a problem in this case. He tried to break free, immediately, the struggle was all for nothing, he was just a weak, normal human being with cancer.

"What's he doing here?"

Superman arrived immediately, or at least who the Justice League assumed that it was Superman. A covert malevolent gaze shifted from Superman's eyes to Luthor's face.

"You won't get away with this Luthor!" Clark yelled.

Luthor fixed Superman's face into a glare. "Oh, you must have been hit in the head hard, Lex. You're like a poor, sick, mad dog that needs to be put down, for good. I say we finish him off once and for all while we have the chance."

Flash looked utterly baffled. "That's not the way we do things. Especially you"

Luthor felt annoyed at being contradicted, and his eyes burned into the face of the Fastest Man Alive. "Why not? These criminals will only break out of a cardboard prison. I thought about it, and the only justice is swift and permanent justice. We execute them like the dogs they are. If we don't kill Lex Luthor right now, his genius will destroy you. I say we utterly destroy him. We go straight for the throat, and rip it out."

The Justice League looked confused.

"We'll lock him up, and this time he won't get out," Wonder Woman said, wondering if "Lex" was telling the truth.

"The Justice League needs to take steps to succeed, and not let these parasites break out of prison time and time again," Luthor argued fiercely. He thought these heroes didn't do what was necessary, and that was what made them weak. It was survival of the fittest, and Luthor reached forward to point at himself. "He's weak, his time is at an end."

"You're out of line," Green Lantern said, and he dropped Luthor.

Batman reached into his belt, and pulled out a chunk of Green Kryptonite. Superman just laughed it off.

"Please, learn a new trick," Luthor taunted, and he flicked Batman into the wall with one finger. A blast of heat vision shattered the Kryptonite into nothing. "It's time I take control, and letting a
normal human get the better of me is not something that I should be doing, for I am of a superior race now."

Luthor used his X-Ray vision to peer beneath Batman's cowl and saw the face of Bruce Wayne underneath, a smirk spreading across his face at that moment.

'Wayne, well isn't that interesting?' Luthor thought to himself. 'It explains how he can afford all of those gadgets.'

Wonder Woman immediately grabbed Superman and tried to force him down to the ground. Flash tripped him up at super speed and Green Lantern grabbed him in energy shackles.

"I'm beginning to think that Superman and Luthor switched minds," Flash managed, after being knocked back by Superman's arms.

Superman struggled, and broke free. Green Lantern fired several energy blasts, but Superman dodged them and blew super breath at the League, sending them flying back.

"You think?" Green Lantern asked. He raised a green energy fist, and began to pummel Superman. Superman broke free, and knocked him through the wall, with Green Lantern smashing hard against the concrete from the impact.

The Martian Manhunter shifted out of the round, and Superman unleashed heat vision at him. The Martian staggered back, and tried to go forward again. Superman caught him, and the two of them struggled, with the Martian Manhunter hurling Superman against the wall.

"Try not to hurt him, it's still Superman's body," Wonder Woman reminded the team.

Flash had an incredulous look on his face, seeing his downed fellow League members. "Hurt him? Somehow I think that's not going to be a problem."

Sure enough Luthor used the Kryptonian strength to great effect, knocking the Justice League around. He was about to finish them all off, when suddenly a blonde haired blur crashed through the window, and tackled him through the wall.

Kara nailed Superman's body with full force.

'Sorry, Kal, this is going to hurt me a lot more than it hurts you,' Kara thought, and she punched Superman back at super strength. She put him up into the sky, but Superman grabbed her by her hair, and whipped her back.

Power Girl and Arcane arrived and saw Lex Luthor on his hands and knees. Harry reached forward whilst he peered down at the bald billionaire.

"I never thought I'd extend a helping hand to Lex Luthor," Harry remarked.

"Thanks," Clark said. His body, or rather Luthor's body, still racked with pain.

"How did this happen?" Karen asked, curiosity getting the better of her.

Clark hastened to explain. "I was fighting Lex Luthor, and he touched my hand. There was a wave of magical energy. The next thing I knew, I woke up in Lex Luthor's body. I found some information on Cadmus. It isn't much, but it's more than we got."

He handed it to Harry, who placed it in his bag. They saw Supergirl and Superman fight outside,
"How did he swap minds?" Karen asked.

"He used this," Clark offered, and he held the stone of Salazar Slytherin in his hand.

Karen and Harry blinked immediately; Clark had the second stone, the stone they could have sworn Astoria had. Astoria was working with Lex Luthor, and that was terrible.

Harry formulated a plan, mulling it over in his mind from every possible corner, and was sure that it would work.

"Karen, grab the lead lined box in the third vault down on the fifth floor of Patronus Incorporated, and come back," Harry told her and Karen nodded in response. "I'm going to go help Kara deal with Luthor."

Harry picked up "Luthor" in his arms, and Karen gave him a quick kiss before she flew off.

"I think that if you touch the stone to him, we'll be able to reverse the process," Harry said.

"Easier said than done," Clark retorted, and Harry just offered a bit of a smile.

Harry would have to agree, but that's where the Kryptonite came in, once the shields had been deactivated.

An intense heat vision battle took place high above the streets of Metropolis between Supergirl and Superman. The two Kryptonians pushed back, fighting back and forth with each other, neither giving the other any quarter in their duel above the sky.

"Do you ever think that you could defeat me?" Luthor taunted her, pushing her heat vision back. "You're just Superman's sidekick, his lackey, his tag-along."

Kara amplified her heat vision and blasted it back into the chest. Clark was a big boy, he would heal, eventually and in fact the yellow sun was already healing his injuries. A punch was thrown at Kara, but Kara ducked, she was much quicker than Clark, that fact was true. She blocked another punch, and flipped him over in the air, and she followed up the attack with a kick nailed him hard.

She tried to bind the body of the Man of Steel. He moved out of the way, and blew super breath at her. The impact was like a tornado, and it shattered every single window in downtown Metropolis, glass flew in every single direction and Kara staggered from the flying glass. The cuts from the glass were healed in seconds, and she winced before her cuts healed over.

Even if they did switch bodies, there would be a hit to Superman's reputation. She already found out that Luthor pummeled several thugs to death and who knows how much damage he would cause. Unlike her cousin, he would not be holding back through any inhibition that he had.

"Face it, I'm a much better Superman than Kal-El could ever hope to be," Luthor said, and his eyes narrowed. He saw Arcane fly high into the sky, carrying his body. His body dangled in his arms.

"Stay here, Kal," Harry told him.

"Do I have a choice?" Clark asked, barely able to move because of the cancer. This suit Luthor had on only allowed him limited mobility.

Kara and Harry joined forces and knocked Superman through the roof. Luthor tried to push back.
Little did he know that they were making him vulnerable to Kryptonite once more. He staggered to the ground. He was on the roof, and he moved towards Luthor.

Power Girl dropped down, Luthor stopped, and stared at her with a leering look, seeing her stand in there in a tight white outfit, showcasing her massive bust through a window and her legs were on display. He used his X-Ray vision to peer underneath her costume.

This distraction allowed Karen to pull out the Kryptonite. Now that Luthor was weakened once again, he dropped to his knees.

"No!" Luthor groaned, and he tried to struggle back to his feet. "Impossible!"

Harry smiled. Putting in that failsafe had come in handy.

Clark looked at his form, and he knew now was the time, holding the stone of Salazar Slytherin in his hand.

"Tag you're it," Clark said, and he pressed the stone into his palm once again. The wave of energy surrounded both his and Luthor's minds.

A blinding flash of light could be seen outside. Power Girl, Supergirl, and Arcane were all knocked back from the impact. The warehouse roof they stood on had collapsed, and crumbled beneath them, they used shielding to prevent the debris from flying in every single direction.

The entire building had collapsed on top of Luthor and Superman and The Justice League turned up at that moment. Harry spotted the stone of Salazar Slytherin lying in the rubble, and summoned it, and transported it off before anyone noticed it was even there.

"There he is!" Supergirl yelled, pointing at the figure lying in the rubble.

"But which him is he?" Wonder Woman wondered.

They would know in a minute. The group shifted through the rubble. With magic it only took them a couple of minutes, with the Flash's super speed and the Green Lantern's energy constructs helping them alone. Harry used his ring to magically create a shovel, and push through the rubble. Superman was pulled out, his hand's bloodied slightly. He was massaging his jaw, in pain, and his eyes snapped toward his cousin's face.

"Kara, you didn't have to hit me that hard, even if it was Luthor in my body," Superman managed with a pained grimace.

"Oh, Kal, don't be such a baby, you'll heal," Kara answered, but she was happy that her cousin was back to normal or close to normal as he ever got.

Harry, Karen, and Kara allowed the Justice League to reunite. Superman offered the Martian Manhunter a chance to scan his mind, as an act of good faith. The three of them shifted through the rubble, and they looked for someone. Luthor had to be there, there was no way, unless…

'Luthor, you've got to be kidding me,' Kara thought to them.

'That snake, he slipped out through a hole once again,' Harry thought to them.

'Maybe he was crushed,' Karen suggested.

'We can only hope so,' Kara thought savagely.
They shifted through the rubble, down in the basement. There should have been no way that Luthor would have survived that. However, the three of them knew better. He should not have been able to survive a fall out of the window. This explosion should have killed him, but until there was a sign of his rotting corpse they were going to assume that he was still out there.

The only way he could have escaped was if someone had transported him out of there magically. Astoria might have been working with this Cadmus outfit, although Harry did wonder if there were others.

The bright side to this entire situation was that they had two of the four stones of the Founders of Hogwarts. Harry, Karen, and Kara felt a small amount of satisfaction at that and this was progress that they could build on.

Harry and Kara sat back in the living room. Kara rested her head on Harry's shoulder and he responded by placing an arm around her waist. The two Potters sat in silence.

"And you know what the most frustrating part of today is," Kara said, breaking the silence.

"You mean more frustrating than Luthor escaping once again," Harry retorted.

Kara did kind of hope that he was crushed, and was buried in the sewer somewhere. Hopefully the rats had gotten to him, but through her experience she knew better. Kara continued to rest her head on Harry's shoulder.

"No, we returned after it was all said and done, and the temple was gone," Kara told her husband. This was true, and rather vexing "Where will it turn up next?"

"Wherever the stone of Gryffindor, or Ravenclaw is, I imagine," Harry said.

Kara nodded; she would have to agree with that. They did wonder when Astoria would find out that they had found two of the stones. There was a reckoning that was about to happen between the two of them; it was just a matter of luring her out. With the stones, Astoria would get desperate, and would put two and two together that they found it.

They hoped the dummy stone with the tracker would be picked up by Astoria.

"Hermione and Sirius are meeting with several magical creature groups today," Kara said. "I hope that goes well."

"The werewolves are concerned that things will slide back to what they were a year ago," Harry said.

The one good thing about the fall of the old magical Britain was that magical creatures had gotten unprecedented rights. Sihad promised to do what he could to keep the rights and they knew Sirius would keep the promise. Lucius Malfoy would not make such a promise, that had gone without saying.

The International Confederation of Wizards candidate was an enigma, and Harry wondered where he stood in this entire game. Then again, he seemed like a puppet for the IWC, and just a means to extend their influence.

Harry picked up his cell phone, and received a text message from Karen.

'Harry, come outside, and we'll have some one on one time.'
There was a picture attached of her wrapped in nothing, but a cape. It caused Harry's mouth to water and his pants to tighten. Kara looked at the picture as well, drooling herself.

"It is only fair," Harry said, and Kara nodded.

Harry stepped outside, and walked outside. He could tell that the silencing charms, and the illusion spells were put up so only Harry, Kara, and Karen could see what was going on. He saw Karen floating in the air high above him and what a sight he was greeted by as well.

**Smut/Lemon Starts**

Karen floated high above Harry in the air. Her elbows were propped up, holding her head up. A grin appeared on her luscious red lips, her blue eyes stared at Harry with burning lust. Karen's short blonde hair was draped seductively over her face. Harry's eyes traveled down past her slender shoulders. Her round, high breasts were of back breaking size, and her rosy nipples were erect. Harry's eyes traveled down to her toned stomach.

He continued to look at her, down her wet pink pussy, with a strip of blonde hair. Her long muscular legs were next, and with that vision his eyes traveled down her wide hips, smooth creamy thighs, and all the way down to her feet. Her feet had high arches, and lovely toes. Every inch of her was perfect.

She wore nothing, but a cape that flipped in the air. The sun beat down on her perfect body. Harry floated forward. Karen extended one hand, and beckoned Harry forward. Not wanting to disappoint her, Harry reached forward, and cupped her pussy in his hand.

"You're so wet all ready," Harry told her, feeling and cupping her sex in his hand.

Karen grinned and guided Harry's hand forward to play with her tits. Harry did so eagerly, groping, and squeezing her massive melons, firm and strong as always. "I've been thinking about what your large cock can do to me, stud. And I've been playing with myself while I waited. Sorry, that I didn't wait."

Harry teased Karen's folds, his fingers rubbed her gently, and Karen moaned, and pushed her hips upwards. He was amazed how wet the pussy of both of his wives could get; the Kryptonian sex drive could be an amazing thing. Slowly, Harry inserted one finger inside her opening, and pushed it in and out of her. She was driven wild, and bucked her hips up and down, so in response Harry inserted another finger deep into her dripping pussy. And then a third finger, and Harry pumped it in and out of her. Karen's pussy felt good and snug wrapped around his fingers. He switched tactics.

He licked and sucked on her clit which prompted Karen to moan, and closed her legs around Harry's head with a force that could crush cars. Harry's Kryptonian DNA made him rather durable, not to mention the powers he had. Harry inhaled his wife's scent. It always made him throb with desire, and in response the dark haired wizard placed his face on her pussy, and began to slowly lick her. His tongue flicked inside her pussy, tasting every savoring inch of her sopping folds. Karen clenched her legs around his head, and Harry continued to eat her out.

"Oh yes, baby, eat my pussy," Karen whimpered, eyes glazed over with Harry's tongue plunging in and out of her wet cunt.

Harry responded by vigorously eating her out. Karen placed her hands on the back of his head, to encourage Harry to keep eating, keep sucking, keep driving his tongue deep inside her pussy. Harry did so, and began to rattle his tongue inside her pussy. Karen played with her breasts, and Harry continued to fuck her expertly with his tongue.
"Oh shit!" Karen screamed, and her pussy clenched. Her juices soaked Harry's face.

Harry got up, and Karen turned around, to suck the juices off of Harry's face. She began to lick, and suck every single bit Harry had to offer. The blonde Kryptonian probed the inside of Harry's mouth with her tongue briefly, and sucked on his lips. The girl returned to kiss him.

While Karen licked his face, she grabbed the bulge through his pants. Karen squeezed it with her super strength. To Harry, this was pure pleasure, and he responded in kind, in response to his response Karen rubbed his bulge through his pants with circular motions, and then unbuckled his pants.

Harry's pants floated into a bag that Karen had suspended in the air. He admired his wife's ability to multi-task. There was no time to go further with this admiration, for Karen grabbed onto his erect cock tightly. All ten inches were on full display, and Karen stroked it up and down. She gave his cock a firm tug, and slowly, and teasingly trailed her tongue on it.

Karen licked the head seductively, and then her wet tongue trailed down Harry's length, and licked him up a down. Harry savored her actions Karen gave his balls a long kiss, and licked her tongue around it,. She gave his cock a few more licks, and then placed his cock firmly in between her lips. Harry groaned, and Karen began to bob her head up and down on his cock.

"Suck my cock, my love," Harry whispered to her.

Karen's eyes were burning with desire and her magnificent, hot, wet, mouth sucked Harry off. She felt her husband's cock rub around on the inside of her cheek; his cock tasted so good. She could suck it all day and all night. However, she knew that Kara would tie her up for being such a hog.; not that she minded the tying up part. Karen took Harry deep into her throat, and her throat muscles closed around his cock.

Harry watched his cock bob in her mouth, and in response he stroked her hair and reached around to play with her breasts. Harry pinched her nipples, and that caused Karen to moan deeply. She used her tongue, her lips, and her throat to stimulate his cock. Karen's bobbing continued to get more and more intense and as a result Harry pushed his cock deep into her throat, fucking her throat quite nicely.

'O h Harry, you know how I love it when you fuck my face like that,' Karen thought to him, feeling the intense sensations of his cock slamming into her mouth, and hitting the back of her throat.

Harry continued to push deep into her mouth. His penis rammed down her throat, and Karen manipulated him with her powerful throat muscles. His balls tightened. Karen continued to suck him, long and hard; his cock enveloped around her juicy lips, while she fondled his balls skillfully.

"Going to cum," Harry grunted to her her.

Karen sped up her bobbing whilst she hummed a tune and the vibrations caused Harry to lose it. He blew his load down her throat, and Karen continued to suck him until his cock was properly deflated.

Harry floated back, and Karen pushed him back into the air. She stripped his shirt off. The Kryptonian looked at the muscles that Harry had accumulated, and dropped the shirt into the bag. She finished swallowing Harry's cum, and then performed a spell to get the excess off of her lips. With her lips her own taste again, she pressed her lips to Harry's. Harry returned the kiss, the cape wrapped around both of them, which was an erotic sight. Karen grabbed Harry's cock, and began to stroke it slowly back to full mast. Harry cupped his hands around her ass, and played with it, an
action that caused Karen to moan deeply into his mouth.

Karen trailed teasing kisses down Harry's body. She kissed his forehead, both of his cheeks. The blonde Kryptonian paused, kissing his neck, and began to suck on it. Karen planted more kisses down each and every inch of his neck. She kissed Harry's torso and shoulders. A lingering kiss was on his abs and with this action Karen brushed her head teasingly across Harry's crotch. She then cupped his crotch in her hand, teasing Harry a little bit.

"I'm going to fuck you until you scream to the heavens," Harry whispered to her.

"We'll see who's screaming," Karen said and with this declaration a confident smirk spread across her mouth. She tilted Harry back in the air, and she held his cock.

Harry groaned as Karen teased his cock rubbing it against her wet slit; the dark haired wizard looked up, and saw her perfectly tanned body slowly lower himself down onto his cock. Karen slowly lowered herself up and down onto Harry's cock. The Blonde Kryptonian slid his cock in and out of him, as her breasts swayed in the air. She began to ride him with reckless abandon in mid-air.

Harry wrapped his arms tightly around her, and Karen continued to ride him like a mad woman her breasts bounced up and down with each motion. Harry leaned forward, and played with her luscious melons.

"Yes, Harry, that's it, squeeze those big tits," Karen encouraged him.

"So big, so real," Harry whispered, and he buried his face into Karen's cleavage, sucked on her tits, and licked her nipples. Karen moaned in pure unmistakable passion with these actions, loving Harry worshipping her tits.

"Yes, real and yours," Karen breathed, inhaling and exhaling at Harry's motions.. Harry squeezed her breasts, and Karen whined as Harry played with them.

Karen began to slam herself down onto Harry's cock harder and harder. She fucked her husband with the force of a jet and Harry returned the favor, firing back with strokes of his own. The charms they put up held, otherwise a lot of people would have a few years taken off of their hearing and would have gotten a show. Karen reached her peak rather quickly, and Harry's cock twitched deep in her pussy.

"Fuck me, fuck me!" Karen chanted.

Harry slammed his cock into her and with those motions two lovers swayed back and forth in mid-air. Karen screamed to the heavens, as Harry sucked on her breasts and pumped his monster of a cock deep into her willing pussy. No one could hear the two of them, and if they did, boy they could have heard something rather loud.

"So tight, I love your tight, wet, pussy rubbing me like that," Harry said, before he returned straight back to her tits, worshipping them, licking and nibbling on them. These actions drove Karen wild, and caused her eyes to flicker shut with pure passion.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Karen moaned, feeling his cock slam into her tight crevice.

That's what Harry did. The two lovers matched each other stroke by stroke. Harry's balls slapped against her flesh as he pushed in and out of her. Karen pushed Harry's face down into her breasts; she could not get enough of his talented tongue and mouth sucking her boulder sized breasts. Harry was good at holding his breath, and he continued to please her.
Her pussy muscles contracted around him nice and tightly, feeling the pressure of his large rod pushing her walls apart. Karen was dazed, seeing stars when she was brought to her orgasm again and again. Being close to the yellow sun had given her an advantage. The two rocked back and forth, their mid-air love making continuing to heighten with each passing moment.

Harry continued to feast on the lovely buffet of flesh shoved right in his face. Karen's moans indicated that he was driving her wild, and he responded to them when he hammered her pussy with his cock. His thrusts hit all of her pleasure spots, and caused her to scratch his back. Slowly, he peered up, and saw Karen's head tilted back, mouth was opened, and she moaned in sheer ecstasy.

"Like that, baby?" Harry asked, and Karen moaned. He continued to pump into her. Karen nodded blissfully; her lips were pursed, and opened in a slight "O" shape. "Well if you like that, you're going to love this."

Harry reached to her breasts, and continued to speed up his motions with his cock into her cunt while he also squeezed her juicy ass. Karen encouraged it with deep moans, and with these moans Harry slowly rubbed her ass, and inserted a finger deep into her anus.

Karen moaned. This was so dirty and she loved it like that. Harry's cock in her cunt, his face in her large breasts, and his fingers shoved deep into her ass. Her thighs were soaked, and Harry's cock slid in and out of her easily, lubricated in her tight center.

Harry's cock slid out of her well lubricated center, and gained more pleasure whilst he continued to pump into her. Karen wrapped her arms around him, her nails dug into his back and shoulders. Karen whined when orgasm after orgasm racked through her. Her dark haired lover was balls deep into her powerful pussy. His face was pressed in her breasts, and he continued to play with her ass, and stimulated every inch of her. Harry noticed his cock was completely lubricated by her juices and he hammered into her nice and easily.

"Cum, damn it," Karen groaned.

Harry's cock stretched and pummeled her walls for another moment more. Karen wrapped her legs around Harry, and squeezed him hard with her python like grip in her pussy. Harry felt his balls tighten and with a few more thrusts he deposited his load deep into her waiting cunt.

Karen groaned. Jet after jet of Harry's thick white cum splattered the inside of her pussy, and with the heavy streams it leaked out of her pussy onto her thighs. Karen was fulfilled and she used her pussy muscles to milk all of Harry's cum out of his balls. His head was still buried in her breasts, but she could still hear his heartbeat and she considered that to be a good sign.

Harry pulled out. He was completely spent, but Karen grabbed him by the cock, and looked him directly in the eye.

"You still have one more hole to pleasure," Karen said seductively. She flipped over. Her cape flapped up and with that Karen presented her luscious rump to Harry, before stating in a husky voice. "You know what to do, big boy."

Harry did know what to do and if he did not Karen smacked her ass for emphasis. It was so tasty. Harry placed his hands on either side of her ass. He rubbed his cock against her cheeks, and slowly got himself back to full mast.

Karen saw Harry do this to Kara, but she never got the pleasure. Harry slapped her tight ass a pair of times, and Karen moaned with blissful joy. Harry placed his hands on either side of her ass.
Her cheeks were spread, and Harry speared his cock into her ass. He savored the pleasure and pumped his cock deep within her tight ass, thrusting in nice and deep.

"You have such a tight ass," Harry commented, when he continued to hammer her.

"Fuck that tight ass," Karen encouraged him heatedly. She rubbed her pussy furiously, and Harry slowly slid in and out of her ass, punishing it with his hard, fleshy, pole.

Harry marveled at this particular hole wrapped around his cock, whilst he rammed his cock into his tight ass. Karen's cheeks squeezed against him, and with each passing moment he plunged his cock deep within her ass. Her cape flapped in mid-air, and she moaned hotly, deeply from his hard meat going between her cheeks.

"I love that ass," Harry told her, slapping it for emphasis, before he plowed Karen from behind nice and hard.

"This ass loves you," Karen purred, and she pushed back, so Harry could ram his cock deeper within her bowels.

Harry found her breasts once again, but to be honest a blind man could find them, be that as it may Harry rubbed them furiously with his palms. Karen shrieked out loud, and Harry switched tactics to play with her pussy; alternating between her swaying breasts and her dipping pussy. His cock blasted into her, and his balls slapped against her with every step of the way.

"Fuck, fuck me from behind," Karen chanted loudly, feeling this thick tool up her anus, and loving every moment of it.

"You won't be able to sit down for a while when I'm done," Harry told her.

"I sure hope so," Karen moaned, as Harry continued to give her anal sex.

Harry pumped into her deeper and deeper while he continued to rub her pussy, and play with her swinging massive breasts as well. He felt her cum on his fingers. Grinning, Harry stuffed his fingers into Karen's mouth, this caused Karen moaned, as she sucked her own cum off of his fingers. Harry slammed his cock into her ass, feeling the hot tightness around it.

The dance continued for some time, and Harry reached his peak.

"I'm going to fill your ass full with my cum," Harry warned her.

"Please, cum in my ass," Karen begged, feeling hot and bothered, and wanting this thick load to splatter in her. "I'm a dirty, dirty, girl who wants cum deep in her ass."

Harry was not one to disappoint one of his wives. His balls tightened, and he cupped Karen's breasts for leverage. He pushed into her, and shot his load into her ass. Karen screamed as Harry unloaded. His cum splattered all over her ass, but it was worth it.

Karen deflated in Harry's arms. Harry spun her around, and pulled her into a deep kiss. The two cuddled in the air, swaying back and forth in the breeze.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

The two lovers cuddled in the air, with this motion Harry rested his head on Karen's breasts and she slowly stroked his hair. The two were content at what they had shared, for the moment.
"Let's go inside and take a shower," Karen whispered to Harry, once they had finished. "Kara could join us."

Harry felt himself come back to life at these words. His second wife wrapped her arms around him, and pressed her naked breasts on his back, before she flew him off inside the house. It was time for them to have some nice, clean fun.

To Be Continued in the Next Arc "Rescue."
Chapter 31: Rescue Part One.

Kara sat on the couch rigid with her legs crossed; she was dressed in a short nightshirt, and blue panties. The blue panties wrapped themselves tightly around her sexy ass. The blonde Kryptonian crossed her legs, and had her hand down the front of her panties, slowly playing with herself as she also rubbed her erect nipples through her top. The girl could experience what was going on in the air as a third party between Harry and Karen. It was not as good as joining in, but she could experience some of the joys of being pleasured through the link.

The thought had gotten her motor running and had given her an unmistakable wave of pleasure.

The door opened allowing Karen and Harry entered the house as naked as the day they were born. Kara licked her lips at the sight of this, and gazed at both of their forms, taking in every single inch of them. The blonde Kryptonian looked at both of her spouses with a predatory look. She floated off of the couch; the young woman's head went from one side to the other as she looked them over with interest and her bright blue eyes burned with the deepest desire. Kara did not have to open her mouth, Karen was the one who had that particular pleasure first.

"So, Harry and I worked up a sweat outside," Karen responded, before she gave Kara a rather saucy smile and wink.

Kara fired back with a smirk of pure mischief on her face, raised her eyebrow, and licked her lips. "I bet you did."

"We really need to take a shower," Karen remarked, her bright blue eyes matched Kara's identical blue eyes and with those words a pair of strong, but soft, hands gripped Kara's shoulders, and pulled her close. Karen faced Kara, before inclining her head towards her ear. Karen's hot breath hit Kara's ears as she whispered to her. "So, are you going to be inclined to join us?"

Kara rolled her eyes, not even thinking about this too hard. "Of course, I'd shower with you guys. What kind of stupid question is that?"

Karen pulled her identical and scantily clad form into her naked form, two pairs of breasts pressed together, and the two blonde Kryptonians grinded against each other. The kiss between the two of them was deepened as Kara trailed her fingers through Karen's short blonde hair and Karen did likewise. Harry felt himself grow back to life at their sensual, hot actions. The two Kryptonians broke their kiss, and turned to Harry.

"We better finish this in the shower," Karen said, when her breasts pressed against Harry's shoulder and she whispered in his ear. "You look like you're ready, and raring to go."

Kara eyed the merchandise and licked her lips hotly. "Yeah, he does. Let's take him up, and get cleaned off."

The two blonde Kryptonians linked Harry between the two of them, before the three of them flew up the stairs taking a short trip before Karen, Kara, and Harry landed on the top of the stairs. Karen and Kara pushed Harry against the wall. The two blonde beauties had taken turns kissing him. Kara waved her hand, to turn the shower on, one of the perks of magic. The two of them picked up Harry, and placed him inside the shower. The fun was about to begin between the three of them.
Smut/Lemon Starts.

Kara and Karen took turns kissing Harry's abs and chest, their hot mouths hitting him with love as Harry groaned as their tongues and lips worked him over. The kisses became more heated with each passing moment. Kara stripped out of her clothes and wrapped her arms around Harry from the front as Karen wrapped her arms around Harry from the back. Kara kissed Harry on the mouth, and grinded up against him; Karen pressed her lips against Harry's neck, and her breasts against his back. Karen ground her pussy against Harry's ass. The two of them sandwiched Harry between them and peppered both sides of his body with deep kisses.

Karen and Kara broke their efforts, and splashed Harry with the water before the two girls took the shower gel, and sprayed it onto Harry. When Harry was covered, they started to get down to business as Kara and Karen used their hands to rub Harry. Harry groaned, as their lovely hands lathered him up. Karen was working on his back, and Kara was working on his front. Kara's hands traveled down, and cupped his crotch; she paid extra special attention to his crotch, rubbing it. Karen did the same to his back, and then played with his ass. They rubbed his legs with sensual, and slow motions as the two blonde Kryptonians moved around, brushing their heads against Harry's crotch.

"Now do us," Kara invited, her hot breath hitting Harry's crotch and making it twitch.

Harry did not have to be told twice, so he promptly sprayed the shower gel on both Kara and Karen and began to rub their soaped up bodies. Karen and Kara moaned with Harry lathering up their breasts with his talented hands.

"Harry," Kara breathed, feeling the pleasure of Harry's hands molding and squeezing her supple mounds.

"Continue," Karen moaned, feeling the same pleasure as well, her eyes heavily lidded from it.

Harry continued to wash them both; Kara and Karen soaped up each other's breasts, and asses. Harry got into his knees and stuck his fingers into their pussies. From this action, both girls reared their heads back, their bodies nice and wet, and soapy. Harry fingered both girl causing Kara and Karen to moan and hump his fingers, so from these actions Harry pumped into them a few more times. The two blonde Kryptonians looked at him with a lusty expression in their eyes.

"We got clean," Harry told them both and with these words his green eyes danced with mischief.

"Ready to get dirty again?"

Karen and Kara responded by dropping to their knees, hot breath hit Harry's cock and balls. Their tongues bathed Harry's cock as Harry clutched the back of the shower wall. The two blonde Kryptonians pleasured Harry when Kara took the length, and Karen took the sac, both girls sucked, and licked at Harry. Harry placed a hand on both of their heads, and pushed his cock into Kara's mouth.

"Suck me off," Harry moaned as he stroked their hair in encouragement. "My cock feels so good in your powerful mouth."

The girls were getting a lot of pleasure out of these actions as Kara felt Harry's cock pulse in her mouth and the girls mentally counted to sixty, and switched off their actions. This time Karen's mouth was on Harry's cock, and Kara was between his legs, licking his balls. Harry's fingers tightened around their hair. He thrust his cock deep into Karen's throat as the busty blonde hummed, and sucked his hard rod.
Their hot mouths were so exquisite and felt so good; both girls were skilled beyond all measure. The two of them switched on and off as Kara took the length, and Karen licked his balls. Then Kara took the length, and Karen took the balls switching back and forth as needed.

"Going to cum," Harry said, after the two girls switched positioning a few times, sure enough Harry's balls tightened, swelling up with pleasure.

Kara and Karen pushed back, opening their mouths wide. Karen jerked Harry's cock while Kara fondled his balls. They slid further back on the wet shower floor, and allowed Harry to unleash a steady stream of cum. He splattered their lovely faces and tits with his seed as Karen and Kara saw the heavy load spurt out of their husband's cock, into their mouths, taking it onto each other's tongues and swallowing it down their throats.

The two blonde Kryptonians turned around and exchanged sensual stare, with a lingering gaze down each other's bodies before they began to make out. Karen and Kara licked the seed off of their faces, slowly and seductively, their tongues trailed across each other's faces. Kara lowered her head, and began to lick the seed off of Karen's large breasts, sucking nice and slowly off of them as Karen reared her head back. The attention Kara was paying to her breasts caused Karen to be driven wild and sure enough Karen placed her hands on the back of Kara's head.

"Suck my tits, baby," Karen moaned, feeling her sister wife's hot mouth just worshipping her breasts.

Kara licked, and sucked on Karen's nipples, and tits before she blew her mouth onto them. Karen moaned, and Kara continued suck on Karen's nipples. Harry found himself unable to move at these actions, even if he wanted to jump the pair of them. While he was distracted, his two wives had magically bound him in place. Not that he was complaining, even though his erection was becoming unbearable.

Could Harry have broken out?

Perhaps if he was not distracted by Kara feasting on the buffet of flesh before her and also distracted when Karen moaned, and cooed loudly, Kara was really going to town on her breasts. Her mouth stimulated Karen's most sensitive spots, and gave her a massive amount of pleasure.

"Feels so good," Karen moaned, and Kara stuffed her fingers into Karen's sopping wet cunt, before the younger blonde Kryptonian pumped her fingers into the pussy of the older blonde Kryptonian. Karen thrust her hips out and encouraged Kara to thrust into her tight, hot, cunt.

Kara thought Karen's pussy felt so gloriously tight around her hand. She felt the inside of it, and moaned into Karen's breasts. Karen returned the favor, and began to play with Kara's pussy leading to the two blonde Kryptonians pumping their fingers into each other's cunts. The two of them moaned louder with each action. Harry's cock throbbed; he could barely take the teasing anymore.

Kara removed her head from Karen's breasts, this action allowed the older blonde Kryptonian to squeeze and play with the breasts of the younger blonde Kryptonian.

"Yeah, baby, grab my tits," Kara breathed heavily

Harry looked up at the two of them, his cock was rock hard from what they were doing. Karen squeezed Kara's tits, and then turned her around before Karen raised her hand, and spanked Kara's tight ass. Kara moaned out loud to give Karen the proper amount of encouragement to continue these actions. Another spank to her tight ass had caused Kara to get wet. The two blonde beauties switched positions.
Kara smacked Karen on the ass as she bent over. Karen wiggled her ass as her breasts swayed, and Kara grabbed them. The super heroine squeezed them tightly and rubbed them furiously with the palms of her hand causing the older Kryptonian to moan loudly when the younger one had played with her breasts. Harry was looking up at the both of them.

"I think Harry's ready," Kara said with a smile crossing her face, mischief dancing in her eyes.

The two girls did rock paper scissors to see who would get Harry's cock in them first, and with that movement Kara won. Karen frowned, disappointed that she did not win this battle. However, Karen scooped up Kara in her arms. She set up Kara so she was floating in the air, above the shower floor and then Harry was pulled up to his feet as well.

Kara was beneath Harry with both floating in the air. Harry teased her opening, stroking it with his fingers.

"Harry!" Kara whined. Harry brushed his thumb over her clit a couple of times, speaking up the torment.

"Oh, you can dish it out, but you can't take it," Harry teased her. He slowly stroked her as Karen joined him in playing with Kara's pussy. Kara felt pleasure with her two lovers playing with her.

"I need your cock in my right now!" Kara cried, feeling a warm heat burning in her, that can only be filled by one thing.

Harry had his fun, and obliged his wife, getting ready before he aimed his cock, and pushed it into her. Harry felt content when his cock entered his wife's inviting folds, tightly wrapped around them before he began to push in and out of her. Kara returned his upward thrusts, their hips clashed together, and the vibrations rattled the bathroom.

"Karen put your cunt on Kara's face," Harry told her and Karen nodded her head eagerly, but Harry was not done dictating what they were going to do. "Kara lick Karen's cunt out, while I play with her large breasts, and fuck your tight little pussy."

Kara grew wet and had an orgasm at that point with these words as Karen did as she was told. She placed her pussy on Kara's face and with that action Kara eagerly lapped up the juices that she had. The older blonde Kryptonian grinded her pussy into Kara's face, feeling Kara's tongue be stuck up it.

"Oh suck on my clit, baby girl," Karen moaned. Harry leaned forward and continued to impale his cock into Kara's willing cunt, before his lips found themselves on Karen's breasts. "Suck my breasts!"

Karen reared her head back and moaned, her clit was being pleasured, and then Kara switched tactics. She buried her face into Karen's pussy, going deep into her, devouring her moist peach. Kara slowly, and seductively was licking Karen out as she savored the taste of every one of her juices. Karen rode Kara's tongue with passion while Harry sucked her tits, and Karen watched his cock slide in and out of her double's cunt. The two girls felt rather flushed with desire, and pleasure that only their lover could give them.

Harry felt Kara's pussy muscle's tighten around him and sped up his thrusts into her just a little bit. Her walls were lubricated and wet which made the passage even more enjoyable. His tongue flicked, and he began to hiss in the valley between Karen's tits, this action caused Karen to scream in pure bliss.
Karen was about to lose it, between Kara's expert tongue licking the inside of her pussy, and Harry going to town on her tits, it was driving her wild. She also focused her gaze, and saw Harry fucking Kara with all he had. Kara returned the favor, and pushed her hips up to match Harry's strokes as they established a rhythm that got more intense.

'Your cunt is so hot,' Harry protected to both of them through the mental link. He began to rub Karen's clit as well as Kara ran her tongue around her pussy, tasting the juices. Her hips pushed up to meet Harry's cock spearing into her. 'My cock is so hard for both of you. You are too hot. Keep fucking me Kara.'

'Fuck my tight little cunt, Harry,' Kara moaned through the link, feeling Harry's thick member spearing into her hard and long. 'Oh Karen's pussy tastes so good. It's the best thing in the world. I need more of it, I must have more of that.'

The three continued to exchange their pleasure as Harry pounded his cock into Kara's cunt and her walls rubbed him, and squeezed around him. Time and time again, Kara felt herself convulse around him, being brought to orgasm after orgasm as Karen's juices soaked her face. Karen was caught and held up, before she blacked out. Harry blew on and sucked on her tits. His throbbing member slammed in and out of Kara. He felt his balls tighten as the dark haired wizard knew that the end was here.

He made sure Kara gave an orgasm.

'Cum in me Harry,' Kara encouraged him, wanting her husband's seed to blow into her.

The two beauties, the one beneath him, and the one that he was currently sucking the tits off, both protected more dirty thoughts into his head. The images of both of them, plus the reality he was living caused Harry to lose it as Kara squeezed his cock with her cunt muscles. She moaned, and Harry unleashed a heavy stream of cum in her, spraying his heavy juices into her.

The white fluid splattered inside her. Harry flew back, and Karen pounced on the opportunity. The busty Kryptonian beauty lapped up the excess that had splattered all over Kara's thigh as she maintained eye contact with Harry through all of these actions. This got Harry's cock hard and throbbing once again.

Karen positioned herself in mid-air and her inviting ass wiggled at Harry. Kara floated, cross legged in the air as Karen placed her face on Kara's cunt. Slowly, she began to lick the combination of Kara and Harry's juices out of her pussy, finding that it was a lovely combination. Harry hovered behind Karen and the older blonde Kryptonian spread her legs from behind. Harry aimed his cock behind her, and pushed into her cunt, nice, hard, and fast.

Karen moaned with glee as Harry gave slow thrusts into her. Kara's head reared back, as Karen ate her out, but the fun was only beginning, as Karen's hands shifted, and played with Kara's tits. She squeezed, and molded them, playing with them, worshipping them, groping the nice globes of flesh.

"Play with my tits, honey," Kara whined while Karen indulged herself in her wife's breasts and cunt and then proceeded to lick them. Harry pushed in and out of Karen, riding her from behind, feeling the great warmth wrapped around his throbbing prick.

"Yes, play with her tits, while I play with yours!" Harry yelled as the wizard pumped his cock into Karen's cunt from behind. Harry's thrusts became quicker yet while his hands reached around, and began to play with Karen's breasts some more. Harry cupped Karen's swaying breasts in his hands and continued to keep with the momentum, by pushing into Karen again and again.
Karen moaned, and began blowing on Kara's pussy; this got Kara screaming at the top of her lungs. Kara reached over, and joined her husband in playing with Karen's breasts. The two massaged their wife's large tits. Karen responded to these actions by burying her face into Kara's cunt with Kara pushing her hips upwards to allow her wife more access.

'Your cunt tastes good, I want the juices every morning for breakfast,' Karen projected to Kara.

'I'll second that,' Harry thought as he continued to push into Karen's vagina. His cock thrust hard, wrapped tightly with her tight twat, and his balls slapped against her thighs with each passing moment. Karen pushed herself back, and Kara was pulled forward while Harry sent small jolts of magic, hitting Kara's nipples.

Kara screamed out; this felt so good. Karen was playing with her breasts, and eating her cunt while Harry was stimulating her with small jolts of magical energy that hit all spots of pleasure. She watched her husband's cock disappear and reappear as he slammed into her older counterpart from behind. This visual caused Kara's pussy to clench tightly.

"So tight, and I love that ass," Harry said, and he slapped Karen's ass for emphasis.

He pounded into her, and Karen made lewd sounds before she alternated between Kara's pussy, and then switched to her clit, in response Kara pushed Karen's face down into her wet pussy. She reached over, to squeeze Karen's right breast as Harry tackled the left breast. Harry watched, and she shot her heat vision on the water standing on the shower floor. This created a steam that made things a bit more erotic, adding so much to the scene in question.

Harry continued to explore his second wife's tight pussy from behind. It wrapped around him like a glove, and rubbed his cock in a pleasurable way, hugging him tenderly with her hot walls. He cupped her breasts, and continued to slam into her. Karen's tongue continued to drive into Kara's cunt faster and fast. She even used Parseltongue to stimulate it.

"Great Rao, you're as great as Harry," Kara whined, feeling the wave of pleasure coursing through her.

"I'm going to have to top that," Harry grunted, and he continued to push into Karen from behind.

"Please do," Kara breathed as she clenched at the very thought.

The dance continued each and every second while things got more intense between the three lovers until Harry's balls tightened.

'Cum in me, Harry,' Karen projected to him, too busy with Kara's pussy to speak with him.

Cum was what Harry did, His balls contracted, and his orgasm sprayed his thick, milky seed into Karen's inviting core. The three Potters climaxed simultaneously, and Harry pumped into her, to deposit his huge load deep into her waiting cunt.

"Let's clean ourselves up again," Kara whispered.

Karen and Harry both nodded. That seemed like a good idea.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Kara, Karen, and Harry sat on the shower floor, the three of them rested from their activities. They were all squeaky clean, and satisfied. It may have taken a long time, but they did it. Kara and Karen rested their heads on either side of Harry's chest as Harry wrapped his arms around them.
The three Potters enjoyed their moment with each other. It was a long time before any of them spoke a word.

"I think a little break, and we'll be on our way to the bedroom," Kara breathed heavily.

"And maybe another round with our husband," Karen replied in an eager voice.

"You didn't get enough of his cock?" Kara asked.

Karen looked at her in an incredulous manner. "No, did you?"

"Of course not, but I'm just saying we have been through a lot today," Kara answered. "And I don't think Harry is complaining about it."

Kara and Karen pressed their firm, and hot bodies against Harry as he smiled; his life was good. And it could always get better, although he had no idea how that might be. For a while, he rested with his two gorgeous blonde wives, knowing that there would be time for more later.

"You're crazy."

This statement was said by a short old man with white hair, and a bald spot, dressed in blue robes. Currently, the man stood on a planet with rocks, and a red sun in the background. This planet was a bit off world and the inhabitants were spread out. This was an area of the planet that did not have many people at all. Never the less, his eyes were on the young man who was dressed for a stunt, narrowing his eyes towards him.

This statement was directed to a man who was dressed in a combination of red and yellow, along with a green cape. The man was currently being strapped into a containment unit, and shackled together. The man gave the air of someone who was completely fearless, not backing down from anything no matter what, which was something that gave those close to him fits.

"Funnily enough, you aren't the first person to say that," the man said as he tried to remain rather cool under pressure, a necessary virtue to have with what he was doing. Believing in these stunts was something that was important to succeeding.

"I've been saying that since the day I married you," a dark haired woman said, but a fond smile crossed her face nevertheless.

The man's name was Scott Free; he was a talented escape artist known as Mister Miracle. Mister Miracle performed stunts that were known across the universe. Many had wondered how he performed these death defying stunts, but that was a trade secret that he would keep close to his vest. If people had learned how he did what he did, then everyone would try to duplicate it, with many getting hurt in the process.

The truth was that escape had been a part of Scott Free's life. Years ago, he was part of a devil's bargain between New Genesis and Apokolips; Scott was the newborn son of Highfather, who was traded for the newborn son of Darkseid, Orion. The swap was to try and maintain the peace. A peace that was tense at best and technically just a ceasefire at worst.

While Orion was raised by Highfather just like a son, Scott was tortured by the diabolical Granny Goodness, and she tried to break his spirit. Granny's methods were many, and rather twisted. Yet despite all she did, Scott Free would not have his spirit be broken and continued to remain optimistic despite what he had been put through.
The dark haired woman was named Big Barda. Barda was part of Granny Goodness's Female Furies for the longest time, in fact, Barda was Granny's top and most devoted Fury for years and years. That was until she met Scott, and he redeemed her. The two had gotten married some time ago, and had traveled the universe while Scott did his various stunts. They stayed as far away from Apokolips as they could know that it was for the best.

The old man was named Oberon. He served as a mentor, and perhaps a father figure, to Scott. Barda and Oberon had often butted heads, and Oberon was often critical about Scott's stunts. Yet, the man was a great help to both of them and despite his reservations, the old man managed to strap Scott into place, assisting him on this latest stunt.

"There, Mister Miracle, we're all set," Oberon grunted, looking at the young man before him. "Are you sure you want to go through with this?"

"As sure as all of the other times you've asked me," Mister Miracle said. He paused, and continued with a smile. "Lock it up, and release the liquid nitrogen."

Oberon shrugged; this was a song and dance they had been through before, a game where he was used to. "It's your stunt. Let's just hope it's not your final stunt."

The liquid nitrogen was released, to freeze Scott's containment into place when he was locked up. He was chained into place. A plane dropped from the sky, and a train barreled down the tracks towards Scott. The situation was tense. Barda sized up, and dreaded the worst, even if she hoped for the best. The woman's arms were crossed, and her feet tapped on the ground with both eyes were on the train as it barreled forward.

Barda watched, quietly and waited, time seemed to stand still.

"I wouldn't worry about it Barda, he always gets out of stunts like this," Oberon said gruffly. His gaze shifted on the train. "Any second now, he'll pull some miracle out of his ass."

Scott Free did not get the name Mister Miracle without good reason. The train continued to chug down the tracks as Barda bit her lip. Time was running out, and Scott had not popped out. Always grandstanding, and always waiting for the last minute to pull some extreme escape. One day his luck would have run out, they all knew that and feared that was going to happen. The train continued approach, getting closer and closer.

Time stood still when the train smashed into the containment unit where Scott was trapped. Barda's heart skipped a beat. The former Female Fury charged forward, nearly staggered, and was about to think her husband's luck ran out.

That was before she heard two simple words that she had heard over so many stunts.

"Ta-da."

Barda turned around and saw Scott standing there. Her expression brightened. The woman rushed over to hug him.

"Scott, I thought you were dead," Barda said in relief, but her expression and tone then became rather angry. "The larger woman stared down her husband, eyes burning into his with the fury that she was known for. "Scott, you insufferable showboat, I thought you were dead."

Scott shrugged his shoulders, and held his hands in the air.

"And to think after all of these years, you have such little faith in me," Scott said. He turned around
to address Oberon to get his input, even if said input was caustic, there was always something about his input that Scott respected. He was oddly quiet, which was strange.

Mister Miracle and Big Barda looked around for him; their friend seemed to have disappeared when they were preoccupied. Barda's eyes snapped up. Oberon was replaced by something that was far more displeasing to her. Barda's face contorted into a scowl, before she addressed the newest arrival.

"You."

"Ah my sweet little dumpling, it is good to see you again. And here I thought you forgot all your dear Granny did for you."

Barda's gaze was fixed on this party, hate dripping from her very gaze. It was a fortunate thing that looks could not kill. A mannish woman stood before her, and a twisted grin spread across this woman's face. The old woman was dressed in green, her hair was white, and her face was twisted. In her hand, she clapsed a golden staff. The woman tapped it on the ground, and Barda glared at her former mentor, Granny Goodness.

She had not seen Granny in years, since the moment where she had left the Furies. The fact that Barda came face to face with this woman now was a source of agitation and brought back a reminder of the past that she left behind.

"What you want?" Barda demanded, clutching her fists.

"Now, now, child, no need to be cross," Granny said as the old woman's teeth was shown in a sadistic smile. It was the type of smile that one would want to smack off of a person. "Your old Granny is just stopping by, and seeing if she can get a little favor. As you may have heard, Great Darkseid's search for the Anti-Life Equation has brought him to the furthest reaches of the universe. As such, our great leader is on an extended sabbatical. And that has opened the door for several less than pleasurable parties to get their dirty little hands on Apokolips."

Barda’s face just contorted with a grimace but Scott placed his hand on his wife elbow, and invited Granny to continue. Granny took the opportunity to do so.

"One of the parties has kidnapped great Darkseid's son, poor, dimwitted, Kalibak," Granny said in a false remorseful voice and with that notion she gave a sigh. No one had bought her act. Both Scott and Barda knew better, both of them knew this woman all too well. "They have him imprisoned."

Barda spoke at this moment. "Good, let that foul troll rot."

Granny just offered her nasty smile. "Come now child, I would not have come here and asked for your assistance without a bit of insurance. Do you notice something missing, or rather someone?"

Barda and Scott had in fact noticed someone missing. They smelled a rat, and she was right before him. Barda took a threatening step forward, ;most would have been intimidated, but Granny knew she had all of the cards.

"What did you do with him?" Barda asked, her temper raising.

"Now, my dear, Oberon is safe, providing you play along," Granny said. There was a nastiness to her voice, that made Barda want to crack open her skull on sheer principle. Scott held his wife back from attacking. Granny decided to indulge them with more information. "Kalibak is being held against his will by Vermin Vundabar. That nasty man thinks he can just sneak in the back door
while great Darkseid is absent."

"Where is Kalibak being held?" Scott asked.

It was at this point where Granny's face contorted to be even nastier. Neither had thought that was possible, yet the proof was before them. "Kalibak is being held in the X-Pit."

A dark look crossed over Scott's face as he remembered his childhood in that deep, dark place. The memories flooded back to him, the near escapes and false hope had lead up to the moment where he escaped. There were a number of years prior to that moment of memories that he buried deep within his psyche..

"You're not scared are you, Scott?" Granny asked, taunting the normally fearless man with her words.

Scott shook his head. "No, I'm not scared."

Even as a child, Scott Free was fearless as he had been a master escape artist even then. During that time, Scott had been the only man to escape the X-Pit. It was years of a struggle, and many more of Granny trying to break his will. Yet, he had escaped and he knew that it would invalidate all of his hard work to let her win.

"Good, dumpling," Granny said, peering quite nastily at the two. Barda in particular seemed to want to bash Granny's skull in. "I will expect you two get Kalibak back within the next few hours, and help me gain control of Apokolips. Or Oberon dies."

Granny said those last words with sadistic menace. Her words rang with even more harshness than usual. The woman left Scott and Barda before her. The two exchanged an expression of great dread, and turned to each other.

"We're going to need some help for this," Barda state to break the silence.

Scott would have to agree, before they headed to Apokolips, the two of them would need to make a side trip. Time was running short, but there would need to be some kind of super powered help that would allow them to deal with the situation.

They had their hands tied in this situation. Both of them, Barda in particular, were inclined to let those two sides destroy each other, and the scraps could be fended for. However, both of them knew the stakes. Oberon's life hung in the balance. They had to play along for now.

The Watchtower was their next destination, they hoped that they could find Superman. While he tended to hold back in battle, he was familiar with Apokolips and the kind of tactics that Darkseid and his subordinates employed. So he would be the super powered muscle that they would need to stage a rescue operation.

It was very early morning when Harry and Kara took up some spare parts to the Watchtower. While there was nothing wrong with anything at the moment, it was always important to keep a certain number of spare parts up and ready in the event that something had gone wrong. The various members of the Justice League were either at home in their civilian guises or on missions. The Martian Manhunter was the one who had drawn the short end of the straw on monitor duty, keeping a close eye on everything that was going on.

"Ah, Harry, Kara, a good day to both of you," the Martian Manhunter said in a bright voice, when he had noticed them arriving on the Watchtower..
"Good morning to you as well, J'onn, Harry said as he took a moment to see the view from the Watchtower windows. No matter how many times he looked out them, the entire view was stunning.

Kara chimed in with a few words of her own. "We have the spare parts that we promised to bring on by."

"Excellent," The Martian Manhunter said and with those words he motioned off to the side. "Do me a favor and place it in the back store room, it's to your right."

Harry and Kara nodded. To be honest, they knew where they were going to be taken; they had helped build the Watchtower after all. Karen was currently in bed, sleeping off the events of last night, but they suspected she would be up by the time they were done here. The two of them took some time to do some checking around the Watchtower. The two of them exited the rooms, and spotted two figures speaking to the Martian Manhunter.

"Isn't that Mr. Miracle and Big Barda?" Harry asked to her. He had vaguely remembered them from the files that the League had on various heroes, both from Earth and beyond.

"Yeah, that's them,' Kara thought, her nose crinkling up deep in thought. 'I wonder why they of all people strolled through the Watchtower.'

"Let's find out,' Harry thought to her. His hand gripped on his first wife's hand before the couple floated forward a bit closer, to see and hear what was going on.

Harry and Kara floated closer yet as they heard a few snatches of conversation between the Martian Manhunter, Barda, and Mr. Miracle. Barda seemed to be not too happy about what she was hearing.

"I sympathize with your situation, but I'm afraid that we cannot help you," Martian Manhunter said. He really was, but there were certain things that the League should not have gotten too involved in. "While it is true we have been keeping a close watch on the situation on Apokolips, the fact of the matter is that we have decided to let that civil war play out. It was not a completely uniformed decision, but never the less it was one that this entire team reached."

Barda leaned forward and her eyes met the Martian's, hard a fast.

"Listen, we just need Superman to assist us, and I'm sure he wouldn't turn us down," Barda said, keeping her gaze firmly latched on the Martian Manhunter's.

Her expression was firm and commanding as The Martian Manhunter looked apologetic.

"I'm afraid it is not possible," Martian Manhunter said, and he cut off their protests before they could really get started. "Superman left a few moments ago, on a mission in the outer reaches of space. While it is likely that he would have helped you, I am afraid that he cannot be reached. I offer my best wishes to you."

Barda and Mr. Miracle both spun around. Kara had floated behind them as Harry floated next to her.

"We don't need the Justice League for this," Barda said in a rough voice. "We just have to…"

"May I make a suggestion?"

Barda and Mister Miracle spun around immediately; their eyes had been fixed on Harry and Kara at
that moment. The two of them spotted the couple in the air. Kara greeted them with a smile, which she hoped lightened the mood.

"I heard that you need Superman to help you," Kara said. Barda nodded slowly. "Well, I might not be Superman, but I have all of his same powers and more."

Barda and Mister Miracle exchanged an expression. The two of them were going over everything in their heads. Immediately, the pair of them came to a consensus, and stepped forward. They surveyed the younger couple.

"The two of you could be a help," Barda admitted.

"But wouldn't you get in trouble with the League for defying their orders?" Scott asked.

Harry and Kara stood up straight, knowing the answer, but it was Kara who was the one who was prompt to give the response.

"We're not technically in the Justice League. So anything that we are going to do is off of the clock with them. We are independent agents that do what we want, without answering to some higher power. So what's the situation?"

"Granny Goodness has kidnapped our friend Oberon as a bargaining chip to use against us to free her son Kalibak from the X-Pit," Barda answered, and Kara's eyes flared up just a bit at the mention of the name of Granny Goodness.

Scott explained at Harry and Kara's confused looks. "That's a prison deep within the heart of Apokolips. There is only one person who has escaped, and you're looking at them."

"It would help if we knew where Oberon is," Harry responded, rubbing the side of his head. "Do you have any idea?"

Barda shook her head. If they knew that, then they could have rescued their friend in the first place but Granny Goodness would not have made anything that easily.

"Granny Goodness could have placed him anywhere, and it's unlikely he was even placed anywhere on Apokolips," Barda answered them in a frustrated voice. "There are thousands and thousands of places where he could be located."

Harry was afraid of that. With what little he knew about Apokolips that seemed likely as he took a deep breath, and locked eyes with Kara. The super powered couple knew what they had to do and with a swift motion, the two of them took an immediate step forward. They sped off, and were changed into their super hero attires in the blink of an eye. Harry and Kara looked at Barda and Mister Miracle.

"We'll ready to go when you are," Kara prompted. There was no hesitation in her voice at all.

"Are you sure about this?" Mister Miracle asked.

"Oh yeah, I'm sure," Kara said firmly.

The truth was this mission was more of an excuse to settle an old score with Granny Goodness than anything else. Kara had not quite forgiven that old harpy from kidnapping her cousin, and torturing him over a year ago. Superman was just getting his reputation back together after that particular situation. Kara knew that Kal would be too much of a boy scout to do anything too permanent to Granny Goodness.
Kara was not sure if she could actually kill a New God. That would be something that she would find out. If she could not kill Granny, Kara was damn sure that she would make that old troll wish for death.

"We both know what happened to Superman," Barda said. "And I must warn you…"

"Yeah worry about Oberon first, and then cave in Granny's disgusting head," Kara answering, waving her hand nonchalantly.

Barda held her hand up and smiled. She did admire the younger girl's take no prisoner's approach.

"I won't hold you back," Barda answered briskly.

The two of them had known about what Granny Goodness was capable of. There was only one thing that was to do and that was realized when Barda activated the Boom Tube she had in her hand, and the vortex appeared in the distance inside the Watchtower.

The quartet walked forward into the unknown. This would be Harry's first trip to Apokolips, although Kara had given him a head's up on what to expect. Harry and Kara followed Mister Miracle and Big Barda into the mostly unknown. They hoped they could help stop this situation. Kara sent Karen a quick text message to tell their wife where they were. Karen likely might have been a bit miffed that she did not get to join them, but they would make it up to her later.

The Martian Manhunter watched the group leave, realizing that this could be a problematic situation. He knew that they meant well, but he just hoped that they did not cause a headache. Of course, the two of them were off the clock and out of the Justice League. So anything they did was not the League's problem, no matter how much Supergirl and Arcane assisted the Justice League.

Of course their actions could have indirect consequences that would be realized later.

Kalibak was the son of Darkseid, it was not hard to see the resemblance, his foul face looked at the electrified bars. At one time, he had stopped by and taunted the prisoners who had been kept inside this prison feeling that anyone who had been captured would be weak. That was something his father drilled into his head. Yet, here he was trapped inside a cage like a rat. It was absolutely disgusting where he had been kept, not to mention how he was being kept.

His father would have never stood for this. Then again, Kalibak admitted that his father would have never allowed himself to be captured as this was a fact that Darkseid would have reminded Kalibak of. The footsteps caused Kalibak's ears to perk up along with the loud growls of dogs that could be heard outside. The son of Darkseid drummed his fingers off the edge of the bench, and rocked back. He looked up, and his face twisted into a grimace.

"So, you've decided to grace me with your presence, you worm," Kalibak remarked in a sadistic tone.

The man was dressed in red, with a monocle, and he was balding. His name was Vermin Vundabar. He took a step forward, and the man's gaze was in Kalibak's face. Vundabar's expression was never blinking, with said expression fixed on Kalibak, and it was making the heir to the throne of Apokolips rather unruly. He wished to rip this worthless individual limb from limb, and scatter his bones and blood throughout the very reaches of Apokolips.

"Look if you have something to say to me, just say it!" Kalibak raged. He extended his hands to reach through the bars, but that particular motion was stopped as he knew by now that there were grave consequences in trying to touch these bars.
Vundabar chuckled, in an act that just drove Kalibak further and further into a rage. He placed his hands on the bar, and breathed in and out. This was becoming a problem, keeping his temper. Kalibak and Vundabar stared each other down, hate radiated from the eyes of both individuals. Vundabar was a brilliant leader, and a master technician as he knew how to get what he wanted. His military guidance had allowed Darkseid many victories. Now he wanted a bigger piece of the pie, what he decided was his fair share.

It was moments before he spoke in his own sadistic manner, but at the same time his voice was calm and friendly. It had a sinister undercurrent to it however, one that even a dim witted fool like Kalibak did not appreciate for long.

"Dear, Kalibak, I think you have misjudged me," Vundabar said as this statement caused Kalibak to snort in disgust and distrust. Vundabar just pressed on, like he had heard nothing. "I am not your enemy, but your friend. Both of us would have been tormented by Granny Goodness, and abused at her sadistic whims if we had given her the chance. She is quite the harsh taskmaster. Just think of what we can do. Darkseid never truly appreciated you. Despite your best efforts, but I appreciated you."

Kalibak cracked his knuckles and leaned back on the chair while his gaze remained on the face of Vundebar.

"Please, you're only saving your own skin," Kalibak told him with sadistic fury. Vundabar raised an eyebrow. "You know that I'm the key to the throne. With me under your thumb, Granny Goodness would lose ground. It seems like you need me, a lot more than I need you."

Vundabar's expression never wavered from his calmness, he did not win the battles he did without keeping cool under the face of certain fire.

"Perhaps, but perhaps not," Vundabar mused as he leaned forward, and peered into the cell. "It seems like you are a tough nut to crack, my friend. Therefore, you have just left me with one last choice. I do apologize, but this is my last resort."

Vundabar paused, and for a brief second Kalibak thought that the sadistic general was going to shoot him because quite frankly it would not be out of character. Reaching behind his back, Vundabar pulled out a very surprising, and tasty treat.

"Cake," Vundabar said in a bright thought of voice. Sure enough, he held the piece of chocolate cake on a plate several inches underneath Kalibak's nose. The son of Darkseid looked at the cake as greed danced in his eyes and drool dripped from his mouth. He began to look at the cake with a hunger in his mouth, its very presence caused a rumbling to form within his stomach. "See, I'm not such a bad guy, am I?"

There was a moment pause. Kalibak looked at Vundabar, before he spat at him. The general just stood there, and held the cake in his hand before swiftly, he hurled it against the wall. The chocolate cake splattered against the wall, with this action Kalibak watched the treat destroyed. A serene voice from the cell right across the hallway had spoken up.

"A shame, that's a particularly horrible misuse of cake."

Vundabar had ignored the prisoner that had spoken up, rather, he had turned his attention directly to Kalibak. His gazed locked intently on the son of Darkseid. Kalibak folded his arms, and snorted at him.

"Oh, did I say that was my last resort?" Vundabar asked in mock innocence. He reached behind his
back, and pulled out a remote control device. "My apologies, I was mistaken."

A press of the button of the remote control caused a surge of electricity to course through the body of Kalibak. He screamed out in rage, and dropped to his knees as pain flowed throughout his entire body. Vundabar watched that poor, dumb, animal get tortured. Kalibak reached forward, but was paralyzed. The son of Darkseid had been brought to his knees with the swift and powerful motions of Vundabar.

"Helpless as a drowned kitten," Vundabar said while malice dripped from his voice. "We could have done this the easy way Kalibak. But you chose to be stubborn. Perhaps a little dose of pain will make you understand where your priorities lie. And I'll let you know that I'll be watching. Just think about it for a second my friend."

Vundabar turned around on his heel. Kalibak slumped against the back of the cell, knowing that this was not one of his better days. His eyes rolled into the back of his head. Knuckles dragged against the side of the cell. He tried to use his limited intelligence to find a way out of this prison. There appeared to be no way out.

His fate hinged on a battle between Granny Goodness and Vundabar; it was like choosing between getting his teeth pulled, and getting his head bashed in with a hammer. Neither seemed like a particularly appealing option. Vundabar was scum, and the less said about Granny the better. He could go on for days about that woman's particular flaws. Kalibak gritted his teeth. The girl in the cell next to him began to hum a tune underneath her breath.

"Will you quit with that insolent humming?" Kalibak grumbled, annoyed.

The girl responded in a dreamy voice. "I assumed that music was supposed to calm the savage beast."

Kalibak just growled. It was torture just being here, and humiliating as well. He had to find a way to escape before he was driven mad.

A swirling vortex erupted all around before The group of four was deposited out. Harry dropped down first, and nearly staggered to the ground, when Kara swooped in, and caught him in her arms. She readjusted him on his feet. Harry smiled in spite of himself. Kara helped him readjust his footing.

"And I thought the Floo Network was bad," Harry remarked in a joking voice.

"You're just less than graceful with travel," Kara said. Barda and Mister Miracle popped out of the tube right in front of him. Mister Miracle got a good look at Harry, and nodded towards him.

"Boom Tubes do take a while to get used to," Scott told him sagely. Harry just turned, and folded his arms. "You won't be the first person who would trip and almost fall. But it's a good idea to stay focused."

They got a good look at the surroundings in Apokolips as the smell of fire and brimstone hung in the air. Fire pits shot flames into the air. This planet was a virtual hellhole. Kara stood on her feet, and then hovered high in the air. There were the sounds of warfare in the distance while the explosions were that telltale sign of the hell that was going on around them. The Potters could smell the brimstone. Harry floated next to her, and put an arm around his wife's waist, both resolved with what they had to do.

'It didn't get any more cheerier since the last time I was here,' Kara thought.
She thought about that night; the day was the first time that her cousin was kidnapped. Superman was taken before Darkseid by the Female Furies. Kara flew through the Boom Tube into the planet, and began to clean house. She managed to save her cousin and then the blonde Kryptonian botched things up by causing the asteroid to nearly plummet into the planet Earth. Kara nearly died, felt stupid, but it was a learning experience.

Harry decided to be the one to ask the obvious question. "So how far are we from this X-Pit place?"

"We're outside the gates," Scott explained.

Barda picked up with a further explanation. "We couldn't use the Boom Tube to teleport directly inside of the X-Pits. The defenses would not allow us to."

"The Boom Tube might not be able to get you inside, but maybe we can," Kara said, already both Harry and Kara were figuring out a way to get inside.

Barda and Scott looked at each other as the two of them wondered what Supergirl and Arcane had up their sleeves. They had only heard rumors of their exploits, but no doubt they would experience how true those rumors were first hand.

"Okay, here's what we need to do," Harry explained. "Kara and I can do something called apparation. Where we can appear and disappear at will. We'll get in as far as we can, and fly the rest of the way."

"I didn't know Superman could do something like that," Barda answered, raising a surprised eyebrow.

A smug expression spread across Kara's face. She was grinning like a Cheshire cat before the blonde alien decided to explain. "He can't, but I can."

"Maybe it was good that we brought you," Barda said before she waved her hand, and invited Harry and Kara to continue.

"As we said, we pop inside, while the two of you break in from the front," Harry said. The two stepped forward, and nodded, understanding what they were told.

"It is a two prong assault," Kara said. "We sneak in, and you divert the security. Once we find Kalibak, and get him out of there, we'll help you finish up there."

Barda and Scott both nodded while Harry and Kara locked hands. They saw over their shoulder Mister Miracle and Big Barda moved in as Barda activated her armor, and pulled out a staff. She rushed in and attacked the troops, wasting no time for pleasantries.

'Well, we'll have no problem for a diversion,' Harry thought to Kara.

Kara nodded before the two of them popped inside of the prison, realizing they could only get so far before they had to fly the rest of the way. There was an unassuming chill around the prison. There were many prisoners in every direction, Harry and Kara suspected that they were war criminals. Although what one had to do to be a war criminal on Apokolips would be something that terrified the both of them. Harry grabbed his wife's cape, and pointed upwards.

"Camera," Harry mouthed.

Kara turned around, and focused on the camera. 'Not for long.'
A blast of heat vision incinerated the camera in one shot. They both smelled the melting metal. The couple flew further in, seeing that there were many floors on this prison, and without any kind of security intelligence, it was hard to locate Kalibak. Kara suddenly paused, and spotted the familiar and foul form of Kalibak from behind the cell.

Kalibak looked at Kara with a snort as he seemed utterly agitated with her appearance. "So, Superman's sidekick has been sent here to gloat at me?"

"You're lucky there are bars in between the two of us," Kara said hotly, eyes glowing when she stared at Kalibak.

She stepped forward, but Harry shook his head. He grabbed his wife's arm gently, and gave her a look that indicated now was not the time.

"As much as I agree with the sentiment, it's neither the time nor the place," Harry told Kara. Kara folded her arms as the girl backed off, and looked at Kalibak. He was trapped, and Kara knew that he would get his once his usefulness had been fulfilled.

Kalibak looked at them with contempt. He just looked at them, snorted once again, and once again spoke to him, contempt dripping from his very words.

"Why are you here?" Kalibak asked.

"Here to rescue your worthless hide," Kara said, almost snarling her words.

Kalibak gave a cold and hollow laugh. The son of Darkseid was amused by the situation.

"I somehow didn't think that you two would help out Granny Goodness," Kalibak responded in a harsh voice. "It doesn't matter, once he returns, Darkseid will destroy you all."

Kara felt her patience slip away and for a wild second, it looked like she was going to fry Kalibak with her heat vision right then and there. Her eyes glowed red. Harry always found this simultaneously hot and scary at the same time.

"Yeah, I invite him to try," Kara responded in a confident voice.

Harry looked at the security system. He performed a few scanning spells on it while Mister Miracle and Big Barda showed up to join them.

"A good battle?" Harry asked.

"They weren't a problem," Barda answered, cracking her knuckles. She turned her attention completely to Harry, and took a look at his progress. "So any luck in busting him out?"

"We'll have him a minute," Harry said.

Suddenly a voice had broken Harry out of his concentration.

"Hi, Harry, fancy meeting you here of all places."

Harry spun around at the dreamy voice. He could hardly believe who he had just seen. Yet, she was there before him, sitting in the cell. It took a moment, before Harry found his voice. Shocked did not begin to cover what he felt.

"Luna?"
To Be Continued in "Rescue Part Two."
Chapter 32: Rescue Part Two.

Luna thought if nothing else in this doomed world, she would have the hope that one day someone would rescue her and she did have that hope fulfilled on this day. Harry was outside the cell, dumbstruck that she was there. She supposed that he would have just cause to react in such a way and had no doubt in her mind that Harry only found her when the time was right, so there was no cause for complaint. This place was the last one she would expect herself hanging out if Luna was in Harry's shoes.

Yet, here she was, and there Harry and Kara were. The two Potters looked at Luna, confused and bewildered.

"How did you get here?" Harry asked when he found his voice.

"That's a long and rather fascinating story," Luna said, as she looked up at them. A dreamy smile crossed the girl's face. "Why don't I tell you a little bit of it while you try and break me out?"

Kara and Harry both nodded, and went to work to try and figure out the lock. It might take a couple minutes to get open as Barda watched their backs and Luna decided to elaborate on what happened on that day about fourteen months or so ago.

After her fourth year of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Luna sat in her room, with her legs crossed over each other. On her lap, there was a journal, which she jotted out several of her thoughts over the past year of Hogwarts; it was a far more interesting year than most for her. It was almost like she had made friends, through Dumbledore's Army. Harry was particularly interesting, and he had a grand destiny. It was a grand destiny that would grow beyond this world, and Luna hoped that she would live to witness a bit of it.

However, living was not assured because quite frankly everyone was subject to death. From newborns to the elderly, death did visit people at an astonishing rate whilst it claimed them when it was least expected. Luna folded her arms across her chest, and inclined her head. The blonde girl heard a crash from downstairs. She decided that it would not be best to jump to conclusions. Still, it would be prudent to keep her wand on her at all times; her favorite teacher last year taught her that particular lesson.

Luna made her way down the stairs, and held her wand out before she saw three figures down at the bottom of the stairs while she peered through the banisters. One of them was a crazed woman with green hair and claws, the second of them was a large woman dressed in red, with a helmet on, and the third of them was a dark haired woman, with various bandages wrapped around her face. Luna was tense as she had no idea what they were up to.

Suddenly, they had her father on the ground and with that action things got personal really quickly. Luna clutched the wand, and took a step forward. Ever the Ravenclaw, Luna calculated the situation to see what she needed to do.

"Where is it, old man?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"The master desires to know it. If you are keeping secrets from the master, the consequence for
such a crime is that of death. Do not lie to us."

The woman with the whips slashed the man in the arms. Luna saw her father, and immediately, she rushed from the stairs as she sent three spells in quick succession chaining them together.

Magic appeared to barely affect whoever these people were as the spells just bounced off of them without any effect. This might complicate things. The three women turned around, and faced Luna. Luna tried to send a cutting curse towards her enemies, but the green haired woman grabbed her by the wrist.

"You know, that's rude to do that to someone," Luna said in a nonchalant voice.

Luna sent sparks from her wand and true to form the sparks had blinded them, and staggered them for a brief moment. Hopefully a brief moment was all that the Ravenclaw needed. Luna rushed over to her father, kneeling down before him.

"Dad, we need to get out of here," Luna said as concern washed over her face as the young girl saw that her father was bleeding. There was no need to sugarcoat what was going on, things did not look good at all.

"No, they'll just find us, they were able to pop in through the defenses, with some kind of technology," he said in a frustrated voice and this caused Luna's eyebrows to raise up.

Luna just frowned. "Muggle technology couldn't…"

"It isn't Muggle technology, this technology is positively alien."

Luna dodged the whip that the dark haired girl had sent towards her but she had dodged the attack quite nicely. She had some reflexes from her training in the DA. It had done her well. It was more than a social thing; it was useful for practical things and there was nothing more practical than fighting for her life.

'They might be immune to magic, but I wonder if they're immune to a ceiling falling on them,' Luna thought to herself.

Luna jabbed her wand, and the ceiling shifted as the blonde had kept moving. She knew of a secret passageway out of this room, and slid out. She had to go back around and get her father. The three of them put their arms up, and tried to block the falling debris from landing on their head. Luna moved around, and the doors clicked open.

The three woman had fought their way out of the prison, or maybe they used that technology to teleport themselves away. The larger woman grabbed Luna, and held her up. Luna tried to fight, but she found that attempt to be rather futile. The largest woman held Luna, while the green haired woman held her clawed hands at Luna's throat.

"So how about it, old man?" one of the women asked in a sadistic voice. "Either tell us, or your little girl gets it."

"I don't know!"

She raised an electrified whip before it slammed against the back of his head with a sickening crack.

"Grab the old man, and take his daughter for insurance!"
A swirling vortex was opened as Luna watched her father be dragged off. Annoyingly, they had removed her wand from her hand, not it would do much good against people who had an immunity for magic. Still it was the thought that counted. Luna felt quite naked without her wand and not in the good way either.

The vortex was open, and the three of them carried Luna and her father.

"This is a dreary place," Luna commented idly.

"Shut your mouth!"

Luna thought they were being rather rude. Between the kidnapping and their abrasive personalities, they were rapidly becoming her least favorite people. Luna tried not to be bitter towards people. It was something that she found was rather rude, and really life was too short to hold grudges. Unless it was people like Death Eaters, who killed children and that fact made Luna very upset, so they deserved all of the rudeness that came her way.

These people were pushing her kind personality along with her patience. Luna looked up, and came face to face with a mannish woman that was dressed in green. The false kindly demeanor did not fool Luna. In fact, the blonde Ravenclaw had a feeling that she made Umbridge look like a sweet and kind woman. Call it a gut feeling, but that's what Luna's initial impression was.

She also thought she would be in for the long haul. Perhaps that was a hunch, but it was very likely.

Luna's mind had returned back to the present time, after she had concluded her story. Perhaps it was not as exciting as she remembered but it was not like she could lie to spice things up. Harry and Kara both figured out the security lock in the meantime. It cracked open, and the energy bars disappeared from the cell. Luna took a step forward, and shook her head to regain her bearings.

"Are you alright?" Harry asked.

Luna shook off the cobwebs, and looked towards Harry with a smile.

"Well, I'm better than most would be in this place," Luna said in a calm voice. She looked around a bit of frustration appearing on her face and tried to regain her thoughts to be more like the Luna that was there before she got sent to the X-Pit. "There are a lot of people here who aren't having a very good time. Granny tends to enjoy her work a little too much. I really think she gets off on it."

Harry and Kara shuddered at the thought, that was not a pleasant one to have, and they would need to be taking steps to get it out of their collective minds. Luna stepped out, remembering that without her wand on her, she might not be as useful if worse came to worse. Of course, she did practice a bit of magic without her wand, but would it be enough for her to find out?"

"Yeah, this is a cozy little reunion, but you did come here to bust me out," Kalibak said in an abrasive voice as he gripped the wall of his cell impatiently.

Kara turned her attention to Kalibak, and her eyes narrowed at him. The blonde Kryptonian seriously weighed her options, and thought about pummeling the brutish man. Barda and Mister Miracle stepped in and the two of them just seemed to be agitated.

Mister Miracle decided to try to pacify the situation, the best he could. "Just hang in there tight, and we'll get you free."
Kalibak just snorted.

"Well this is just great, being busted out by my bothersome little brother and Superman's bratty cousin, I can't tell you how thrilled I am," Kalibak growled in a sarcastic tone as he clutched the cell.

Kara's patience was really reaching an end. The blonde Kryptonian slowly turned around to face Barda and Mister Miracle. There was question that was on the tip of her tongue that she just had to ask.

"Do we have to give him back to Granny, alive? I mean, she never said he had to be given back alive, did she?"

Barda gave Kara a sympathetic smile before she responded.

"I know, I know, but we better bring him back alive," Barda said before she added as an afterthought. "Whatever happens to him later, trust me, I sympathize and won't complain. This is a war, accidents happen."

"You don't have the guts to kill me," Kalibak taunted them. He was completely secure in that fact. They were the good guys, this group was too soft, and too weak. Plus this was Superman's cousin, and Kalibak had no doubt that she was the biggest girl scout of them all.

"Don't tempt me," Kara replied as her eyes glowed for a moment with the hints of heat vision.

The cell lock was broken, and Kalibak was busted out. The son of Darkseid stepped out, but Barda stood at his side as the former female Fury cast Kalibak a warning gaze. In the mood she was in, she was not one to be trifled with and even Kalibak knew this.

"One false move, and we'll be giving you back to Granny Goondess in pieces," Barda warned him.

Kalibak gritted his teeth but Luna just hummed happily, and stood on her tip-toes to peer into the distance; she thought that would lighten up the mood just a little bit. The group made their way forward. They had to keep moving no matter what, and once they reached a certain point in the prison, they could teleport out. Harry and Kara flew ahead to see if there was any trouble.

"The coast is clear!" Harry yelled.

No sooner did these words leave Harry's mouth, did they have a cause to amend it.

"Correction, we might have a problem," Kara said as the blonde stiffened, and waited for what was about to happen.

The entire group winced, and the footsteps approached, that grew louder with each passing step. There most certainly would be a bit of a problem coming around the bend.

Virman Vundabar sat at the edge of his desk as he saw the arrivals who had busted out Darkseid's dimwitted son. The man sat, his arms folded and a narrowed expression was on his face from behind his monocle, and he continued to stare everything down. His arms folded over, and he managed to get the backup security system back online. Someone had fried the first security system.

It was a Kryptonian. This bit of news caused the man's teeth to gnash for Vundabar hated Kryptonians; he hated them ever since that egotistical general had told him to kneel before him all
of those years ago. The fact that he had a chance to hurt one of them appealed to him.

"Very, very, interesting," Vundabar said before he twisted a nob, and pressed some commands onto the computer system. "But ultimately futile. You are in the X-Pits and I am in control."

He sent his legions of followers to engage the enemies.

"Now to sit back, and enjoy the show," Vundabar said, with a sadistic twinkle in his eyes, before he paused, and then added as an afterthought. "Or maybe, the slaughter."

Vundabar's white teeth twisted into a malicious grin while the entire group of robots he sent off had marched forward. He looked forward, and waited for his favorite entertainment to start. The pain and suffering of others was his favorite form of entertainment. Given that there was nothing on television, despite having thousands of channels throughout the galaxy, this would have to serve nicely.

Harry and Kara spotted the miniature surveillance drones before they took them out with a combination of heat vision and magic. However, the robots showed up once again in mass.

"Finally, something to take my aggressions out on," Kalibak said, and the son of Darkseid cracked his knuckles, before he went to work.

Kalibak rushed forward, and began to ruthlessly pound robots. He knocked them back and forth. They crumbled underneath his efforts. Barda joined the battle, and began smashing Vundabar's robots with great fury. Kara and Harry joined in, and began blasting robots with magic and heat vision. They might have won the battle in numbers but they were rather cheaply made. There was a lesson to be made about going with quality over quantity.

Luna stood, and Mister Miracle watched with her while the battle continued to get intense, and rather violent. They watched the four of them lay utter waste to Vundabar's robots. Luna turned slowly to Mister Miracle, and decided to ask him a question.

"So are you going to get involved?" Luna asked, raising an eyebrow in curiosity.

"And ruin their fun?" Scott asked as he watched the battle in amusement.

"I see your point," Luna said, and she tapped her foot on the ground. Her body swayed back and forth. She debated about whether or not to add her hand in the battle. Although the four of them were doing a magnificent job of cleaning house. Luna had never seen so many destroyed robots. Luna hummed, and continued to rock on her feet before her attention was returned to Scott. "So, what do you think of this weather?"

Scott looked at the weird girl like she had grown two heads for asking such a casual question in such an insane and serious situation. He just shrugged his shoulders, and watched the show but as it turned out the show was wrapping up and the robots were flying in every single direction. The parts had crumbled, and Barda had stomped ruthlessly on the final robot to make sure it was down and non-functional.

"Robots can be fun, but they're so easy, because they blow up," Kara commented casually.

"Yeah, that's the thing, isn't it?" Harry asked before the two of them looked around to see nothing around. "Looks like we might be out of the woods. Or at least we can only hope so."

"Don't get too cocky," Kalibak warned them. "Vundabar isn't going to give up just because you blew up a couple of his robots."
"A couple, looked like more than a couple again," Kara said. "Then again, I wonder if Daddy Darkseid bothered to teach you how to count past three."

Kalibak growled, but Luna just stepped forward. Her expression was calm and serene despite the situation at hand. How she kept so after spending so much time as a prisoner of Granny Goodness, Harry had no idea. Yet, he did admire her for her optimistic attitude that the girl kept despite the situation. Luna could teach a lot to people about keeping calm under the face of fire.

"We better keep moving," Luna said. "You can apparate us out of here, can't you Harry?"

"Yes, but we have to go a little ways, there was some kind of field that bounced us back," Harry said.

Luna nodded, of course that made a lot of sense. It was a prison, so there would be defenses against them suddenly leaving. Of course, no defense was absolutely foolproof, and they had learned that time and time again as the group continued their movements. They did not go too far before the taunting voice of Vundabar popped up.

"You really think you have won, but you really have just delayed the inevitable."

"What is the inevitable, your funeral?" Kara inquired in a mocking tone.

Vundabar offered a taunting round of laughter and it was at this point where Harry knew that they had to find a way out. Vundabar seemed both desperate and insane in his obsession for victory. That was never a good combination for anyone to have such qualities within them. It was a lesson that had been learned the hard way.

"You dum-dums don't get it. I'm in control, and you won't make it out in time. I can just blow up that prison with everyone inside. In fact, no one will miss anything. Say farewell!"

Vundabar had a similar Achilles heel that many criminals had and that was he tended to talk way too much when he should be doing. The explosion rang out throughout the prison as the walls of the prison began to crumble. Harry and Kara flew forward while Luna helped them block the explosions with magical shields, as feeble as her wandless efforts were they kept things at bay for a few moments but they could not hold out forever.

All they needed to do was just hold out long enough to get out of the prison. Everything exploded around them. From the outside, it appeared that the prison had exploded, killing every single person inside.

Vundabar raised a hand in the air as he realized that his hour of triumph was at hand. A sadistic expression once again spread across his face, the glory that he had caused his expression to grow, and he knew he had likely had taken them all out. While Kalibak would be an obvious resource for him, someone like Vundabar had many plans. Everyone had a backup, at least everyone with half of a brain.

Kara and Harry appeared in front of Vundabar at that moment an action that caused the general staggered back, completely and utterly thrown off guard.

"What, how did you get out?" Vundabar asked when he finally found his voice.

Kara floated in the air. She had a smug expression on her face and her arms folded across her chest. "Magic, naturally."
Vundabar tried to shoot Kara with but this was futile with the laser blasts bouncing bouncing off of her. A blast of heat vision had destroyed his gun. Harry zoomed out, and knocked Vundabar for a loop. Kara flew in next, and grabbed Vundabar by the head before there was a large crack, and Vundabar dropped to the ground. The eyes rolled in the back of his head, and the sadistic general dropped to the ground.

Blood splattered on the ground, and he breathed no more. Harry and Kara checked to make sure he was dead, and then zoomed off. They met the group outside of the Fortress before they prepared for their next move.

Granny Goodness popped up at that moment to join them. A sadistic expression appeared on her face. She saw Luna standing beside Kara and Harry, which was an annoyance, but she recovered quickly. Barda and Mister Miracle popped up at the next moment before they stared down Granny with absolute malice in their eyes. Kalibak was pushed into the scene in front of Granny.

"Ah, dear sweet Kalibak, Granny is so pleased to see you again," the sadistic old woman said.

"We've held up your end of the bargain, you demented harpy," Barda answered in a harsh voice. "Now where is Oberon?"

A look of mock remorse appeared on Granny's face. "I'm afraid Oberon is very nearly at his end. He was a mouthy little pipsqueak and quite rude to dear Granny. Therefore, I took care of him."

Harry and Kara looked around, and turned to Kalibak before Kalibak nodded, and he turned into the Martian Manhunter. The two of them had zipped back to the Watchtower, after they disposed of Kalibak, and had returned with the Martian Manhunter to pull of this little bit of deception.

"Figured they'd act like this," Kara remarked knowingly.

"It's only predictable," the Martian Manhunter agreed before he turned and looked at Granny. "Try not to think about where you have Oberon hidden."

Granny strained not to think about this but The Martian Manhunter was too powerful for her. The images flicked through her mind. The Martian had what he needed.

'Darkseid's palace, in the basement."

Harry nodded, and popped off when the Martian Manhunter had fed the coordinates into his mind.

Oberon strapped to the table with several razor sharp objects were about to cut through him. Sweat rolled down the face of the older man. He breathed in and out carefully as the kiss of cold steel got closer to him still.

"No need to panic," Oberon said before he took a deep breath. "He always comes through at the last second. No need to panic, no need to happen."

The sharp objects were inches away from him and it was this moment where Harry popped in. before he disabled the torture device, and sliced the straps with one fluid motion. It was done in a matter like this was an everyday occurrence.

"Who in the hell are you?" Oberon asked in confusion

"Your fairy godmother," Harry said in a dry voice before he got the old man out of there.

Granny Goodness fell to her knees as she felt that the Martian's probe had drained her. Yet Granny
somehow struggled back to her feet, for what it is worth. Kara saw Harry arrive, and turned to her husband with a smile.

"So, he's safe?" Kara asked. Harry nodded and Kara responded with a nod. "Good."

Kara advanced on Granny Goodness; she had been waiting a long time to enact this revenge. Granny took a step back, and felt a bit of something that she had not felt in the longest time come onto her. Fear flooded through her body as her breath heightened.

"Now, darling, let's not be so hasty, it was…"

Kara grabbed Granny by the throat, and slammed her against the ground hard. The back of Granny's head cracked, and her head snapped back.

"Supergirl, wait!"

This statement from the Martian Manhunter had been cut off as Kara was pounding Granny Goodness with fury. Her punches connected to the head of Granny, time after time, punch after punch, shot after shot. This was her revenge for everything that had happened. Granny had kidnapped Kal and brainwashed him. The old woman’s flunkies had tried to kidnap her husband, and had done horrible things to Luna, keeping her imprisoned on this planet for months.

Kara felt the blood splatter from this old woman's mouth while she imagined justice for every single person Granny Goodness tortured.

"If you kill her, you'll be as bad as her," The Martian Manhunter said in a pacifying voice.

"If I let her live to hurt more people, I'll be worse than her!" Kara countered in a fierce voice.

Granny could barely move because Kara was not pulling her punches, not this time. Yet, she wanted to make sure and with another Kara lifted up a huge rock with super strength. Barda looked at it, captivated as she realized that the young blonde Kryptonian was very fierce, and had a warrior spirit. She would also not step back, and let her loved ones get hurt. The rock smashed down on the face of Granny Goodness before every bone in her body had been shattered.

Kara stepped back with the blood of this foul woman was on her knuckles. The Martian Manhunter was looking at her, and took a step back. Granny Goodness was not a woman that would be missed by anyone but the ramifications of what happened to Granny, Kalibak, and Vundabar could be disastrous. This was not something that he relished having to report back to the League.

Silence was something that filled the air throughout Apokolips.

Luna broke the awkward silence.

"I'm ready to go home," Luna replied in an innocent tone of voice..

Harry smiled at this innocent, yet accurate statement.

"Of course you are," Harry said before something had hit him. "What about…"

"Dad was killed a few weeks after I got here, Granny forced me to watch," Luna said with a sigh. This was the most depressed that Harry had ever seen Luna which caused Harry wrapped his arm around Luna. Luna turned her head for a few seconds, perhaps to hide the tears. The girl turned around, with a strong resolve.
"I'm sorry," Harry whispered to her.

"She paid for it in the end, the only kind of justice that sticks," Luna remarked as her voice was flat at this moment. "And I can sleep well knowing that countless more will not suffer the same fate under her tender watch."

"So you have no problem with what I did?" Kara asked.

Luna shook her head. She had no problem at all. They checked the broken and battered body of Granny Goodness before it was time to depart.

"I do hope that you're prepared for the consequences," Barda said in a solemn voice as she turned to the heroes. "I'm not about to shed any tears for Granny, but Darkseid will return eventually, and find out what you did to one of his chief aides, and his son. And he may set his sights on you."

Harry and Kara had a feeling that Darkseid would have set his sights on them anyway. Just call it a hunch they had. And they would be ready.

Harry had the Boom Tube Generator that he had taken from Darkseid's palace. He pressed the button, and allowed them to return home. It would be rather useful for them to return, and perhaps go raiding at a later date. Although the Boom Tubes was not Harry's favorite way to travel by far.

The Justice League was sitting around the conference table after the Martian Manhunter had just been briefing them on the mission. The entire group remained calm, and the Martian Manhunter concluded his story.

"Their actions did show a remarkable lack of foresight," Martian Manhunter concluded with a sigh.

"That's putting it mildly!" Green Lantern yelled. John Stewart had always weighed the consequences, and was rather agitated with what hand just transpired. "Do those two even know when they could be causing some kind of intergalactic incident?"

"And what do you want them to do?" Hawkgirl argued. She really could see where Supergirl and Arcane were coming from. "Leave Granny Goodness to torture more people."

Flash was the next one that piped up. "Yeah, I've never met the woman, but from what Big Blue said, I wouldn't want to. However, they're kind of taking things a bit extreme."

"Just a bit?" Green Lantern asked in a rough voice.

Batman sat on the table silently and he offered no comment. Without all of the information at his disposal, it would be unwise to offer his opinion in any way, whether it be good, bad, or neutral. Batman also did not like relying on second hand reports, even when it was from people who he trusted.

"Kara did what she thought was right, and Harry did as well," Wonder Woman offered. "I'm not sure what I would have done if it was Donna who got kidnapped and tortured, but I can tell you that I wouldn't have played nice with the person."

Superman was oddly quietly as well. The Justice League all turned to him, with inquiring eyes and they wanted his take on the situation. Whether that opinion would be good, bad, or indifferent, they all valued the opinion of the Man of Steel. Superman took a deep breath, and took a moment to regain his bearings. Then he decided to offer what he thought was the best answer.
"No comment," Superman said briskly.

Granny Goodness would not be someone that Superman would be mourning on sheer principal. Kalibak either to be honest, and Superman had assumed that the universe would be a far better place without them. He understood why Kara acted the way she did. It was more about avenging what happened to him, then anything else. Superman still felt a bit guilty about being captured, and thus felt guilty for that blood forever staining Kara's hands because of his carelessness.

"We could leave the Earth right open to an alien invasion," Green Lantern offered, thinking of the worst.

"I don't think that's going to be much of a problem," Superman said. "There is still the treaty between New Genesis and Apokolips, and we're under the protection of New Genesis."

"How long is that going to last?" Batman asked.

No one answered that question, by now they knew that Batman did tend to bring up the most uncomfortable points. That was just who he was. He decided to bring up another point that the entire group would rather not think about.

"What are they up to?" Batman asked. The Justice League remained quiet, and Batman took that opportunity to press forward. "They seem to be working on some top secret project."

"I don't think any of them would do anything malicious," Superman spoke up.

"The worst things that could happen are often cloaked in the best intentions."

Batman's statement did have some degree of truth. And that got the League thinking, even those who sympathized with the stance Harry and Kara took.

"And the World's Greatest Detective doesn't have an idea what is happening," Flash suggested.

"I'm working on it."

It was Hawkgirl who shifted, and looked off into the distance. The truth was all she could gather was that Patronus Incorporate was creating some kind of defense network against alien invasions. They made her mission here rather problematic. It was a mission she wondered if it was necessary more and more with each passing day. Yet, she continued to gather intelligence. Even Batman had no idea what she was doing and that was an accomplishment that made her life complete.

The one computer network she could not seem to crack was Patronus Incorporated. There were no questions she could ask about it, without the three of them getting automatically suspicious.

"Well whatever they're doing, that can wait until later," Superman said, and he noticed a blip on the screen. "There's a situation that we have to handle."

The Justice League knew the necessity of being on call. The seven of them worked in rotating shifts, to keep the villains from guessing which combination of members would show up. It was only with the biggest of problems where the seven members of the Justice League could show up.

The entire group began to move off for the Justice League had work to do; they could figure out what was needed to be done with this situation, and with their associates at a later date. There was going to be no easy solution sometimes, and this was one of those situations.

The members of the League could debate all day and all night what they would have done
differently. However, that doesn't change the fact that the situation was going to have consequences. Still in the end, what was done was done. Those were the thoughts as the seven founding members of the Justice League boarded the Javelin to deal with the latest crisis.

Luna's eyes widened, with Harry and Kara walking her outside of Patronus Incorporated. The former Ravenclaw only had one thing to say.

"I see a lot has changed since the last time I've seen you."

Harry responded with a smile. "That's putting it mildly. The world as we know it has changed."

"That just goes to show you that a lot can happen in a year," Luna answered in a serene voice.

Kara and Harry exchanged a smile. If that was not the truth, they did not know what was. A lot could change in a year, or even six months. Or even a matter of weeks, that much was for certain. They arrived outside of the doors, and saw Karen sitting there before she looked at them with a teasing expression.

"You know, the next time the two of you want to go raiding an alien planet, could you do me a favor and wake me up?" Karen asked. She greeted Kara and Harry with a hug. The blonde Kryptonian kissed both of them.

Luna just stood there, and acted like this was the most natural thing in the world. Why would it not be? Harry was a young man of great power. Therefore, it would just stand to reason that he would have multiple partners, who loved him. Luna could tell that he treated both of his wives with respect, and that really was something that many men in multi-partner relationships lost sight of.

"Luna, this is Karen, my second wife," Harry informed her.

Luna nodded. She resembled an older version of Kara, and looked like she could be her older sister. Of course, Harry did seem to have a type, not that there was anything wrong with that. As long as people cared for each other, why should anyone complain too much?

"Guys, I just got back…Luna?"

Hermione stopped at the foot of the stairs, and nearly dropped the papers in her hand. Her hands began to tremble in absolute shock and astonishment. She rushed over, to see that she had not been in fact hallucinating things but sure enough Luna was there before her in the flesh. Hermione was struck speechless, something that was rather hard to do. A shadow of a smile crossed over Luna's face, as she looked at the speechless Hermione.

Hermione's mouth was open for a moment, and Luna stared back at her, before taking pity on her and breaking the silence.

"Hello, Hermione, it's good to see you again," Luna said in a casual voice.

Hermione seemed rather numb in shock.

"Where have you been?"

"Oh, on the planet Apokolips, being held by Granny Goodness, who tried to torture me for information that she thought I had," Luna offered.

Hermione did not really know what to say.
"So she was wrong then?" Kara asked. "You didn't have the information that she wanted."

Luna offered a smile. "Actually Granny was right. I did have the information. Telling her about the information was another matter entirely."

Hermione wanted to ask more, but Kara cut her off.

"We can talk about everything later," Kara said.

"For sure, Luna's been in that prison for fourteen months," Harry said. "I'm sure she needs to be checked out, and get a good hot meal."

"Yeah, I wouldn't want Granny to have left any surprises behind," Luna remarked calmly.

Luna was lead off, to be scanned, and checked out for any surprises. Then the blonde was sure that she had much to discuss with Harry, Kara, Karen, and Hermione about certain matters. Luna was certain that they had questions, and she might have answers for them.

Plus it would give her a chance to catch up on what was going on over the past fourteen months. Luna had a feeling that she missed a lot, given that Harry was married to two people, had his own company, and Hermione looked a bit different. Maybe it was something she did with her hair?

To Be Continued in "Hallows."
All in all, Luna thought it was a relief to be home. Even if it was not quite her home, the thought had still counted although to be honest, Luna was just glad to be off of that planet, and back somewhere safe. She had thought about escaping, even if it would be at the peril of her life. There was one thing that was holding her back. Patience was a virtue, and it was good that Luna really decided to exercise it. Good things come to those who waited, and Luna waited until Harry and Kara rescued her, and everything was good.

There was a bit of a problem with this situation as Luna had assumed that she was completely healthy, and without any complications. However, there was a statement about those people who assumed that Luna had taken to heart time and time again. One should never assume.

With that question in mind, Luna sat in a room off to the side at Patronus Incorporated. She sat still and calm, a pair of shorts on and a black tank top, with sandals. She decided that it would be best to blend in with mostly Muggles in the building. Although from what Harry and Kara said, there were magical users working in the building. Perhaps Luna would recognize someone, although most of the world had assumed that she was dead so that fact would take some explaining to do.

Harry shifted his feet, and watched Luna as he thought it was really hard to figure out what to say. Kara was the one that decided to break the silence. A smile spread across her face, which Luna returned before the blonde Kryptonian addressed the blonde Ravenclaw witch.

"It took us a long time to find you Luna. I guess we should have known that if you did not seem to be anywhere on Earth, then you weren't anywhere on Earth. We really left no stone unturned when we were looking after you."

A sad expression shifted across Luna's face as her arms were folded, and she addressed both of them. "I'm sorry if I caused you too much trouble. I try not to do that whenever I can. It can be a lot of trouble when you're looking for someone who is not there."

"Luna, it's not a problem at all," Harry said before he gave her a smile. "We were friends."

"I'm glad you thought of me that way, Harry," Luna remarked before a smile crossed her face. "In fact, your mother was my godmother and my mother was your godmother. So that would make us practically family. Some might argue because we aren't related by blood, it doesn't matter. However, isn't what's true in our heart what matters?"

"I couldn't have said it better," Harry replied, knowing that Luna had things in perspective.

Harry walked around. While he tried to remain calm, secretly he was a bit worried and rather concerned. Luna had been off world for over a year. While she did seem fine, Luna just seemed like one of those girls who just seemed to hide her pain so the rest of the world did not see it. Harry could sympathize but right now they had to focus on the problems that Luna had suffered and hoped that nothing was rather wrong. Kara helped Harry scan for anything nasty. Luna sat perfectly still, and her shoulders shifted, relaxing with each passing moment.

Luna held her breath but she was trying not to remain worried herself. Worry was counterproductive to productivity. Naturally, not being worried would be something that was difficult to do given the circumstances. Especially when a person was being scanned to make sure
there was nothing wrong with them. Luna shifted immediately, and blinked at what Harry was doing. Time stood still with Luna taking a few breaths to calm herself.

Harry stopped the spell scanning as to his relief the scans had come up as positive but Luna was just rather weak with the poor diet that she had as a prisoner. This was one thing Harry expected and prepared for; it was a common tactic used to break down people in prisons and make them more docile. Harry almost wished that Kara had made Granny suffer a bit more. The two of them exchanged a look, before they communicated with each other.

'Everything's good on your end?' Harry asked her.

'Everything is perfect on my end,' Kara thought back to Harry. 'Luna could have been far worse off than she is right now. The only way we'll know if she was really and truly affected would be time.'

'So all we have to deal with is some kind of waiting game,' Harry thought back to Kara.

'Pretty much yes,' Kara agreed.

Luna could tell they were communicating silently but that was part of the bond that they had shared. Luna could feel the powerful magic radiating from the two of them. Karen was in the other room, analyzing her blood from the physical test results. The busty blonde in question shoved the doors open, and entered the lab. A broad smile spread over her face, and Karen looked at Luna, a reassuring expression crossing her face.

"If everything is good on your end, than everything is decent enough on mine," Karen said. Harry and Kara both nodded in affirmative.

"That's a relief," Luna said. She yawned a little bit before a smile spread across her face. "You know, there's so much for us to talk about, based on a lot of things. After what happened and what might end up happening. In many ways, this is the beginning. The beginning of the end or a new beginning, I cannot really say. I do wish we can get to that right away, but I'd like to be of sound mind."

'Or as sound mind as I'm going to get,' Luna thought as the quirky blonde smiled, fully aware of her mental state. If you could not poke fun at your own flaws, then whose flaws could you make fun of?

Harry decided to break in with his comments but he tried not to seem too curious. "That wouldn't have anything to do with a certain letter your mother sent mine, would it?"

Luna offered a smile and a nod, pleased to know that Harry discovered that letter. At the very least, it would cut down on the amount of explanation that was required for her. "Yes, that would be something that we would need to discuss. Among many other things, I'm certain. However, there are just as many things that would have to wait."

Harry understood everything before Luna got up to her feet, stretching and yawning.

"We can discuss everything tomorrow, or whenever you have some time to settle in," Harry told Luna gently.

Luna waved Harry off, and she had a thankful expression on her face.

"A nice warm meal, and a bed really is in order," Kara chimed in.

Luna replied with a smile. "Actual food and sleep in an actual bed, those were two things that was
much missed, I can tell you that much."

"I'm sure," Karen chimed in. "We'll get you the meal first, and there's a guest room at our house that you can use until you can get back on your feet."

Luna appreciated that. Harry, Kara, and Karen had discussed it. The truth was they had a couple of different rooms that they could use if they had any guests. The house did not have countless bedrooms like many did, but it would allow the three of them to have guests over to spend a few days if need be. Luna had got up to her feet as her stomach growled, the promise of food was something that she looked forward to.

Kara, Karen, and Harry watched her leave as they knew they should give her some time to settle in.

"Something tells me she'll be okay," Kara said.

"She will be," Harry said in a confident voice. People did not give Luna that much credit. She was far more resourceful than many people thought that she might have been. Surviving all of those months on that place without cracking was something to brag about. Of course, Harry knew all about that.

Karen, Harry, and Kara had a few things to take care of, although they kept a close watch on Luna. Fourteen months was a long time to be gone, and it was going to be difficult to settle back in. Harry, Kara, and Karen all hoped that Luna would be able to settle back in, despite everything.

Luna Lovegood if nothing else was a survivor as she would adapt to the changes in the world.

A few minutes later, Hermione was waiting in her office while she had been thinking about everything that had happened. The Minister election had been heating up. Sirius might not win, but all they cared about was making sure that Lucius did not win either. It would be a return of more of the same if that man had gotten any kind of power. Hermione crossed her arms, and waited for Harry, Kara, and Karen but did not have to wait for long as the three Potters walked into her office. Hermione offered them some chairs.

"I'm glad to see Luna is one piece," Hermione said. She paused, and then added as an afterthought. "Physically at least, mentally and emotionally…"

"We'll find out when we find out," Karen answered as she offered a sigh. "Luna is in good spirits, despite the situation. She seemed function well all things considered, nothing beyond her usual quirkiness. Everybody assumed her to be dead, then she lost her father. After already losing her mother, and that's not something that you could get over with that quickly."

"Luna seems to be coping in her own way," Kara added with a bit of a fond smile crossing her face.

"Yeah, everyone marches to their own beat," Harry remarked to them.

The group could agree with one thing. Luna was someone who had a strong will, and would continue to focus on the positive things in the world. Harry honestly hoped that everything would be okay. In the meantime, they decided to switch to another problem.

"There was a civil war on Apokolips," Harry remarked, and Hermione's attention was grabbed. She had heard enough about Darkseid and that world that made her concerned on sheer principal. "We swooped in there, and killed the leaders on both sides."
Hermione offered one simple statement that summed up what everyone wanted to know.

"Where is Darkseid in all of this?" Hermione asked.

It was Kara who piped up with a slight shift of her lips indicated that she was deep in thought. She crinkled her little nose, before she began to speak. "That is a good question actually. From what we were able to find out, he was off looking for something."

"It couldn't have been that Anti-Life Equation that he's obsessed over," Karen offered.

"Oh, he was looking for that in your universe, too?" Kara asked as she was caught off guard by this declaration from Karen.

Karen nodded when a smile crossed over her face. "Yeah, but he never found it. Darkseid was a presence, however he never really went after Earth. Of course, Earth had enough problems in that world."

Kara and Harry would have to agree for they had been there, and seen every single problem with that world. Darkseid would have likely disturbed everything even more than it already was.

"Well, we should worry about the Darkseid in this universe," Hermione chimed in.

"He was off world," Harry informed her. "We took out Vundabar, Granny, and Kalibak."

"Darkseid's son?" Hermione asked.

"The very same," Kara confirmed.

There was a long pause with the four of them sitting around Hermione's office but they knew that there was going to be a problem with Apokolips sooner or later. The one thing they did not know was when it was going to happen. They worked hard to get prepared for the inevitable. Darkseid's use of intermediaries had made them a bit careful of anyone suspicious. There was always a chance of invasion. The recent invasion leading to the formation of the Justice League had proved that was a possibility.

Hermione sighed. There was a bit of worry crossing her face, and she decided to put her thoughts in on the subject. "Let me say first of all, I don't blame you for taking them out. Especially given all that the innocent lives that have suffered, but we're opening a Pandora's Box on everything. The wrath of Darkseid could be coming."

That was the one fact that gave Kara a brief bit of pause. She did not fear Darkseid, well maybe a little bit because it would be hard not to fear an imposing figure like that. The thing she feared the most was what Darkseid could do to others. He had already done much to her cousin, and Kara's heart beat a little bit. Harry sensed his wife's sudden spike of discomfort. Reaching over, Harry placed his hand on Kara's hand.

"Everything will work out in the end, exactly how it should have," Harry said.

Kara nodded before she bit her lip as Karen placed her hand on Kara's other hand. Karen reached across the table, and her hand was put on Harry's. The three of them exchanged an expression of determination.

"No matter what happens, we have plans to deal with it," Harry offered before he turned his attention to Hermione.
"I've seen some of the things you've got in production," Hermione said. "I'm not sure if there are going to be many people who were going to be comfortable with it."

"There will be some people who won't be comfortable with it," Harry agreed but naturally that was something that had gone with the territory. The lack of comfort with a lot of things that he had planned was evident as Harry hoped that he would never have to enact any of these defense protocols. Seeing that they were there, it gave them enough hope.

Harry, Kara, Karen, and Hermione sat in the office, and just pondered everything in silence. There was a high price in protecting the world from any threats. Darkseid was the biggest threat. There were a number of factors that would determine whether or not he turned his attention to this planet. The treaty with New Genesis would keep him in check, somewhat but for how long.

"Whatever happens, we'll be ready," Karen said.

"Whatever happens, we'll be prepared," Kara added.

"Whatever happens, we'll find a way to win," Harry concluded.

The three Potters fixed their faces into determination but Hermione found it rather hard to argue with their confidence. The truth was that she would have to agree with their determination. Patronus was getting more powerful with the technology that was on the market would make them a boatload of money, and open the doors for even further growth. The technology they worked on to help prepare the Earth for incoming threats would be something that was much more useful.

"I better go check on Luna," Hermione said.

Kara, Karen, and Harry offered knowing smiles before Kara waved Hermione off.

"Go, I'm sure she would appreciate the company," Kara said.

A smile spread across Hermione's face as she was sure that Luna would appreciate the company, after all that happened. The two of them might have clashed on a philosophical level, but that did not prevent Hermione from being worried.

"And the League seems to be very uncomfortable with what you two did," Karen said. Kara and Harry just sighed. "Well some of them, not all of them."

"We didn't intend to divide them on this," Kara said. "One day they'll understand."

The three Potters understood this to be true. One day, everyone would understand. Kara slid over, and made sure that there was no one outside. Then the doors were secured.

"So, we're all alone in this big office," Kara suggested before a smile spread across her face.

Karen wrapped her arms around Harry before she straddled him on the chair and then her lips met Harry's with passionate fury. Kara kissed the back of Harry's neck from the other end before the two girls ran their hands over Harry's clothed body, and Harry decided to just go with the flow. He had to admit, there was a certain amount of kinkiness having a threesome with his two wives in his best friend's office.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Kara and Karen kissed Harry in turns as Harry's body felt the pleasure of both of his wife's hot mouths on him. Karen slowly worked Harry's shirt off of his upper body, and rubbed her hands
over his muscled body. Kara slid down beneath the table, and unbuckled Harry's pants while she slid her hands over his covered member. Karen gave Harry a series of kisses, and Harry reached around, and squeezed her ass. The busty blonde Kryptonian moaned, as Harry fondled her ass.

Karen pulled herself onto the table before she unbuttoned her blouse to show a generous amount of cleavage and then Karen kicked her shoes off. Kara was beneath the table, and rubbed Harry's leg muscles an action that gave the dark haired wizard pleasure, and his cock swelled under Kara's efforts. Harry reached down, and played with Kara's clothed breasts from beneath the table as Kara's nipples got hard from underneath the table, with Harry's motions. Harry's thumbs traced patterns underneath her shirt.

Kara shivered, with Harry working over while Harry played with her breasts. She always enjoyed her husband playing with her tits, working them other. Her nipples poked from beneath her shirt, and Harry twisted them before Kara moaned in delight, and could see Harry's cock bulge out of his pants.

Meanwhile, Karen sat on the table, and wiggled her sexy feet in Harry's face.

"I'm going to suck your toes, while Kara sucks my cock," Harry told Karen.

On cue, Kara tugged down Harry's boxer shorts before she grabbed Harry's cock, and stroked his length a few times and then her moist lips had been placed on Harry's cock, and sucked the tip of his cock. Harry grabbed her head, and pushed his cock into her mouth. He felt good when his cock was placed inside of Kara's beautiful mouth. She bobbed up and down on Harry before he switched attentions to Karen's feet. Harry slowly licked the soles of Karen's face before Karen shivered with delight, and Harry got some pleasure of his with Kara's masterful blowjob.

"So good," Karen moaned as Harry rubbed the bottom of Karen's feet. Karen moaned and began to play with herself. Getting a foot massage is one thing, but getting it with someone with magical fingers drove her absolutely wild. Harry placed his mouth on Karen's feet which caused Karen to warm up with desire. "Suck my toes, and suck his dick Kara!"

Harry continued to pump into Kara's mouth. While Kara's mouth worked over him, Harry held Karen's foot in his hand as he ran his fingers over it, and Harry placed his lips on her big toe. Karen moaned, and Harry sucked on Karen's feet. That caused her great pleasure. Karen's moans of pleasure, and the pleasure she channeled through the mental link spurred Kara to bob up and down on Harry's cock more and more. Harry pushed his cock deeper and deeper into Kara's mouth.

Kara slurped and sucked at Harry's cock happily; she could suck this cock all day, and all night, but at the same time, she wanted more. She had to have more. The meat in her mouth caused her pussy to burn with desire, and Kara reached down before she diddled herself between her legs, and continued to deep throat Harry's cock. Harry's groaned in pleasure, in between sucking on Karen's feet and toes.

Both of Karen's feet were propped up, and Harry alternated kissing them, sucking on the toes, the ankles, the heels, just every inch of them. Kara shoved Harry further down her throat. Harry licked Karen's soles, and Harry reached underneath Karen's skirt before his thumb brushed against her clit.

"Stop teasing me!" Karen encouraged him.

"As you wish," Harry said. He switched from playing with Karen's feet, and pulled her panties down. Harry got a look at her super powerful snatch, and his cock twitched in Kara's throat. Karen floated up so her pussy could meet Harry's mouth before Harry lowered his head down, and began
to go to town on Karen's vagina.

Harry's tongue pumped in and out of Karen as Karen moaned, and thrust her hips up. His tongue working her over was a great feeling, and like nothing she had ever felt before.

'**Cum for me Harry,**' Kara projected to Harry, and she went down on Harry's cock with expert skill. Kara snaked her hand around Harry's balls, and rubbed him furiously. She wanted Harry's cum, and wanted it now.

Harry buried his tongue deeper and deeper into Karen's pussy before his tongue hissed as he explored the walls; Karen grabbed Harry's hair, and shoved his face deep within her moist center. Harry inhaled the lovely aroma, and ate Karen for all she was worth.

'Suck my dick,' Harry managed to project to Kara. 'Make me blow my load into your throat.'

Kara rose to the occasion. She exhaled, and pulled Harry deep into her before Harry's hip bones thrust against Kara's face. Harry continued to thrust into her time and time again as his balls began to tighten, and the blonde Kryptonian going down on him drove him to new heights of pleasure. He buried himself in Karen's cunt, and waited for the explosion to come.

Harry spurted his seed down Kara's throat. Kara squeezed Harry's balls, and tilted her head back, to drain him into her throat. Her eyes rolled back, and Kara felt her body size up with desire.

It was at this point, Karen had her powerful orgasm from Harry going to town on her cunt. Karen soaked Harry's face with her juices before Harry fell onto Karen's pussy, and Karen and Kara pulled themselves up to a sitting position on the table.

Kara reached forward, and grabbed Karen's blouse before she ripped it off, and freed Karen's large, firm, breasts. They stood perky, and Kara immediately placed her mouth on Karen's standing nipple. Her mouth slowly and selfishly began to suck up and down. Kara's tongue trailed on Karen's nipple before with another motion Kara inserted her finger into Karen's cunt, and pumped into her. Karen moaned, at her younger self's actions. It felt so pleasurable to have Kara suck on her breasts, and finger her cunt like that.

Harry had just come back to life, and he waved his hand. Both girls were completely naked. Harry crawled back onto the desk, and Kara and Karen found themselves down on their backs and they were bound in ropes. Both of them tingled between their legs at what was to come.

"Oh, you've got us now Harry," Kara said. A seductive smile crossed her face.

"We've been naughty girls," Karen added in a low and sensual voice. "We've been very naughty."

"Yes, you have been," Harry said, and he slapped both of their asses for emphasis. The two nearly had an orgasm from Harry slapping their asses. "I'm going to tie you up, and have my way with you."

Those ropes bound both of them even together as Karen and Kara both got wetter yet. Their husband was about to have his way with both of them. Harry reached over, and squeezed both of their breasts. Kara and Karen both moaned, and sensual sighs escaped their lips. Harry trailed his fingers down their sexy bodies, and switched between kissing his way down both of their bodies.

His mouth trailed kisses around their angel faces then Harry briefly switched off sucking on both of their necks. Harry's mouth kissed their collarbones sending shivers down their spines.

"Like that, look how wet you're getting," Harry said, and he cupped their pussies. They were
completely soaked, and he played with them a bit more before his fingers brushed their clits, and caused them to whine.

"Wet for you babe!" Kara yelled.

"Oh, suck my tits, Harry!" Karen pleaded.

Harry proceeded to suck Karen's large tits, and then switched to Kara's also well endowed, but slightly smaller, breasts. He stroked their clits at the same time, and the two girls bucked their hips upwards. He placed fingers in both of their cunts, and thrust his fingers into both of them. The two girls thrashed, unable to break free from their bindings.

Harry felt their juices on their thighs and with a swift motion, Harry licked their thighs dry. His tongue scraped the juices off of them, and the taste of both of them was divine. The dark haired wizard kissed the legs of his Kryptonian lovers. He smacked his lips on them, and two of them moaned. Their nipples were erect and their pussies soaked with wetness from their husband's actions.

"I wonder if I should leave you tied here," Harry said with a grin.

"No, Harry!" Kara yelled as her pussy was dripping with desire, and she needed her husband's cock in her now. It was killing her after all of the teasing. Her pussy burned with desire as she could not wait any more.

Karen looked like the same. "Please fuck me!"

"No, fuck me!" Kara yelled.

"Fine, fuck us!" Karen shrieked before Harry's hands were now on her breasts, and his penis rubbed against her entrance. Karen groaned.

Harry then switched over, and rubbed his length against Kara's entrance. He spent a couple of minutes teasing his length against their hot openings. Eventually Harry closed his eyes, floating around, and stuffed his cock into Kara's waiting pussy.

Kara screamed in triumph. Her pussy was tingling, and now Harry was slamming into her. Kara did not care how rough Harry was going. In fact, the rougher Harry was going, the better. He speared his thick length into her tight pussy, and Kara screamed at her husband having his way with her.

"Like that," Harry grunted.

"Yes, I love that," Kara breathed as his thick length punished her quim. "Punish my Kryptonian pussy for being such a bad girl!"

Harry worked into her over and over again as Kara wished she could use her hands to wrap herself around Harry. The dark haired wizard rammed himself into her. Kara was only able to lift her hips to meet Harry's strokes. Harry reached over before his hands found Karen's breasts, and fondled them; he massaged them, and his palms ran over them. Karen's nipples poked into his hands. Karen's breathing got deeper, the more attention Harry paid to her large breasts.

Harry's hands ran down her body whilst he continued to bang Kara on the table. He added his fingers into Karen's cunt on the other end, and pumped into her with them. The motion continued for a minute, until Harry switched. Kara whined when Harry left her, but quickly forgot her dismay when Harry slid his fingers into her. Karen felt pleased, when Harry's cock entered her hot pussy.
Karen wanted to make Harry cum before her time was up, and summoned all of her Kryptonian strength into her cunt muscles. She wanted to make Harry pop, yet much to both her dismay and pleasure, Harry was of stronger resolve. He planted his cock into her again, spearing her pussy with rapid fury. Harry fingered Kara on the other end, and Kara mentally ticked by the seconds where she would have Harry's cock in her again.

Harry switched back and forth between the two of them as the two girls tried to up their games, being brought to several orgasms into the process. The time ticked by, moments became hours. They had moaned, and thrashed. The entire table had been soaked by their juices. Harry scraped the juices off of the table, and shoved them into their mouths. The two girls sucked the juices off of Harry's fingers.

After switching back and forth, with Karen and Kara both breathing sexily on the table, their bodies soaked in their juices, Harry looked at them.

"I'm going to cum soon, but in which one of you beauties?" Harry grunted.

Both Kara and Karen managed to summon all of their strength. They pushed themselves beyond their limits but the real winner of this contest was Harry, with the two of them rubbing his length with their pussies. Their tight openings really pushed Harry to make this last for as long as he could manage. It was a long time before Harry was done.

His thrusts got more powerful, and eventually he unleashed his cum into Karen's womb. A grin spread across Karen's face, as she was the one to get Harry’s seed into her pussy after this intense and extremely session of sex. Her pussy convulsed, and Harry drained his cock into his second wife. He kept pumping until his cum was drained into his lover.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

The two Kryptonian girls were untied before Harry wrapped an arm around each of his girls, and pulled them in closely to him. Karen looked rather pleased, but Kara's gaze flickered to her.

"Don't get too cocky, love," Kara said. "I just softened Harry up, and you moved in for the kill."

"Yeah, of course you did," Karen retorted as she playfully rolled her eyes.

Harry just smiled, and wrapped his arms around them more tightly. It would be a couple of minutes before they would get changed. Right now, he just allowed himself to rest with these two beauties in his arms. The two of them rested their heads on Harry's broad chest.

"Next time, we should just tie you up, and Harry can fuck me while you watch," Kara told Karen. There was a teasing grin that spread over her face.

Karen gave Kara a mocking pout. "You wouldn't deny me my husband's cock in me."

"Well, depends on if you're going to act like a smug slut," Kara said, but the banter was teasing.

"Well, I should spank you for acting like a little brat," Karen replied.

"Ladies, save it for next time," Harry said. He stroked their hair lovingly. The two of them looked at Harry with adoring eyes and fond smiles.

"Yes, Harry."

The two of them looked lovingly at Harry, and snuggled into his chest. Harry placed his arms
around the two beauties. The three of them sat there, basking in the afterglow. Harry thought his life was pretty good as the two girls ran their hands down his body. If they did not cool it, he would be ready to go again.

Judging by the mischievous expressions on the faces of these two Kryptonian beauties, Harry suspected this was their intentions all along. He could go all day, but they might have to switch venues. Hermione could come back at any time, but Harry did admit she was having a rather long talk with Luna.

Astoria Greengrass twirled her hair around a quill she held. Everything was slowly falling into place as per her plan. There were a few books out in front of her. Hindsight being what it was, this should have been the first rune stone that she should have looked for. The Stone of Ravenclaw was rumored to have spiked the brain power of the one that wielded it so that would allow them to draw conclusions that many would not have been able to normally draw without any aid.

The golden haired Slytherin bit down onto her lip. The plan she had formed was slowly becoming undone, but she could salvage it. There were strands that had snapped in her attempt to get something workable and at these thoughts Astoria gave a long sigh. The Stone of Hufflepuff was something that she had given up finding for now. She still had the Stone of Salazar Slytherin in her hand. Once the four stones had been found and put together, there would be riches beyond even her wildest dreams at her fingertips.

Any progress at this point was encouraging but Astoria mapped together every single reference. Every place was checked out. There were many potential locations where Rowena could have stored her final gift once she had perished. Astoria also kept an eye on the process of Cadmus, even though they were only a minimal part of their plans. The Justice League would be a nuisance at best for someone of her prodigal skill and intelligence.

The one person she trusted the least of them was Lex Luthor. Astoria had never met a more selfish person in her entire life, but she would have to play along for now. Until the time was right for Astoria to cut her ties loose with the rest of Cadmus.

Astoria only did what she did because she felt the need to save the entire world from themselves. As a result, the former Slytherin mapped out about five or six potential locations for the stone. She would have had to keep it guarded from everyone. Already, even Neville was getting suspicious.

The quest for knowledge and power would have many sacrifices but that was a step that Astoria was willing to take. She scratched off another location off of the list. Tonight, she would make a trip to scan out the area, when Neville was asleep. Providing her partners in Cadmus did not show up requesting a meeting.

Astoria only paid little attention to Neville. Neville on the other hand, was paying a bit more attention to Astoria at this point. The fact was she was getting a bit obsessed with this entire treasure of the Founder's mess, and this kind of scared him. Neville thought that Harry had his reasons for wanting the stones to stay out of the wrong hands. However, there was no reason why Astoria seemed to spend every burning moment of the day and the night searching for answers in her demented quest.

Neville took a deep breath, and allowed himself a moment to consider it in his mind. Everything had gone from bad to worse in nearly record time. Astoria had continued to pour in endless hours on her work. Neville noticed it; it was hard not to notice what had been going on around him.
His grandmother had always said that obsession tended to be the downfall of even the greatest minds. That being said, Astoria might have been in way over her head. While Neville had been a fairly average student grade-wise, he was in fact capable of doing some research. He took a step forward, and pulled out his notes. For some reason, Neville thought that for now it would be best to hide the results of his findings from Astoria. At least until the moment where he was a bit more confident where she stood.

While Astoria was obsessed over the Stone of Ravenclaw, Neville had his sights set on another treasure. The Stone of Godric Gryffindor, and the stone would amplify the strength of spells by a factor of twenty, something that would be very useful. Then again, that kind of power had the potential to corrupt. The powers of each of the stone had the potential to corrupt.

There was the stone of Slytherin, which contained the power to pull off the ultimate deception. Switching minds with another could allow a deceitful enemy to pull off the ultimate identity theft.

The Stone of Hufflepuff would command loyalty to others. It would be unquestionable loyalty as well. Essentially, Neville gathered that the stone would allow a deceitful party to create mindless puppets. This fact Neville found interesting. Hufflepuff was one of the more kindly founders, and to have such a rune stone to her name, suggested that even the brightest had a twisted past. Then again, loyalty posed a question for some dangerous people. It might have been the most dangerous out of the stones.

The Stone of Rowena Ravenclaw spoke of a boost of brain power. One would say that knowledge was power. The other saying Neville learned from the Muggle world was that absolute power corrupted absolutely. Therefore, the obsessive quest for knowledge would be one that could potentially lead down a dark road.

The Stone of Gryffindor was just power personified, nothing more. One could argue that being just raw power, it was actually the weakest of the four stones.

The four stones combined made for a deadly set of qualities, and weapons. Neville continued to research. It was something that he had to look up, and find, and soon.

Neville had heard Astoria talking with someone but the voices were faint. There were times where Neville got the impression that Astoria kept talking to someone, and that someone was feeding her information. Neville's arms folded, and he listened in, just a little bit.

Yet, he could not find out anything. Astoria was evasive every single time Neville tried to get a bit of information out of her. The girl only told him that this was a project she worked on for Harry.

'Sometimes I wonder,' Neville thought. 'Just like if I wonder if the real treasure is the stones, and this treasure of the founders is a myth.'

There was only one way to find out. Neville did an obsessive amount of research that would hopefully make Hermione proud. He thought about one of his former classmates. The last time they had met, it had not been a rather fun meeting. After what Hermione might have been through, Neville thought it was a wonder that she did not crack much sooner.

Neville continued to pore over to his notes, and studied. He would have to slip out, and check on anything. The Stone of Gryffindor could be somewhere. Then he might be able to meet up with Harry. Astoria seemed to be keeping a close eye on him, which she claimed was for his own protection. Sometimes Neville wondered.
Luna settled back in after the next couple of days. It was nice to be in a place that was far friendlier than the place that she had left. An inviting place had been far more enjoyable than Apokolips, and Luna sat back in the chair. There was a time where Luna paused, and thought about everything. One thing that she was certain about was her life had been an interesting one. Harry, Kara, and Karen sat down on the chair across from her. She suspected that all three of them would have to know but it would be best to give her this conversation once.

"I understand that you have something to share with us," Harry said.

"So what is it?" Kara asked.

Luna took a deep breath. "I believe I told you, Harry, that my mother died when I was nine years old."

Harry offered a nod in affirmation. "You did in fact tell me that, Luna. And it must have been hard for you."

"Life goes on, even when people die," Luna told Harry as she gave a brave expression. "The point was that my mother was working on a number of things during her life. One of them was trying to find out more information about the three keys, or the Deathly Hallows. My father and others were interested in the Hallows, but my mother was someone who dedicated her entire life. In the future, the Hallows had been mastered by an evil force."

"Wait the future?" Karen asked.

"My mother was out of this time," Luna offered. "It's a long and detailed story, and one that I will have to discuss with you at a later date. But since we are short on time, I'll offer you an abridged version. She came to this timeline to make sure that certain things did not happen. It was actually to correct a previous time traveler and their events which disrupted the timeline into a nightmarish future. I shudder to think what might have happened had things not been set right. But we are not out of the woods yet."

"What are the three Hallows?" Harry asked.

Luna ticked them off on her fingers.

"There is the Cloak of Invisibility, which can make the user truly invisible. There is only one thing that can be seen through it. There was an artifact made of a rare material, shaped into an eye. I believe that Mad-Eye Moody acquired it. Naturally though, being invisible does not make people around you deaf or unable to smell you or unable to touch you. Then there is the Stone of Resurrection. In theory, it would resurrect people from the dead."

"In theory, but not in practice?" Kara asked.

"I'm sure it works in its own way," Luna replied. She bit her lip, and decided to press on. "The problem is, returning from the afterlife is not pleasant. The only time the stone had been used in that matter, the woman that was recalled remained in pain and thus said pain was reflected back on the user. The only way to break the curse is to kill yourself. The third artifact is the Wand of Eternity. It is often also called the Elder Wand, the Wand of Destiny, the Deathstick, or any other names. It has dozens of different names throughout the generations."

Luna paused, and offered a smile.
"It's supposed to be unbeatable."

"Nothing is unbeatable," Harry said firmly.

"We would be in like minds about that," Luna agreed. "It is more likely that the wand is of great power. However, there is a curse to it, as it causes the users to become lazier and more complacent. We must ask ourselves a question. Is something truly unbeatable if it has changed hands many times throughout history?"

Karen, Harry, and Kara would have to agree, if it could be won, then it was not unbeatable.

"Whether or not these artifacts have true power, that doesn't matter," Karen said. She paused, and frowned. "There is the fact that people think that they have power. I shudder to think what people are going to do with their obsessive quest for the power."

Kara nodded in agreement. "It's not the power of the artifacts that something that we should be concerning ourselves with. But, rather the ambitions and the goals of the people who are after them, and how dangerous they are."

"I would have to agree," Harry said.

"Same here," Karen inputted.

"You have one of them," Luna offered in a casual voice. "Your cloak is the cloak. Mum wasn't happy when your father loaned it out to Dumbledore so casually. Dumbledore may have a small hint what kind of power he had in his hands, but he could not have fully comprehended what he truly held in his hands."

This was a statement Harry took pretty much in stride. There were so many revelations made in his life that he expected everything. The way the cloak reacted to the ship was also something that was curious. These other two keys would react the same way to the ship.

'Should we tell Luna about the ship?' Kara asked.

'Wait for a little bit,' Harry thought to both of them.

'Yes, if she brings it up, we'll tell her about it,' Karen said.

'I was thinking the same thing,' Harry thought to both of them. 'Luna's a valued friend, but the fewer that know about the ship, the better. Perhaps we'll share the secret with her in time.'

The three Potters agreed. Luna stretched out. There was so much to do, and only a short amount of time to do it.

"We're actually working on a number of projects at this point," Harry replied. He took a moment to survey everyone around him. "However, it does seem like we're just looking for things everywhere to find."

"Well, I wouldn't want to burden you, but I should add one more thing to the list," Luna said. "My mother had a ring. It brought her back to this time. Unfortunately, in the wrong hands, it was a highly dangerous artifact that could cause all kinds of havoc with everyone. It can allow her to travel back and forth with her timeline."

Harry, Kara, and Karen paused, and it was Kara who asked.
"We found many rings in the Department of Mysteries," Kara said. "Perhaps one of them was your mother's?"

"We can take you to have a look at them," Karen offered.

"I'd like that, and thank you for hearing me out," Luna said.

Harry looked at the girl with a smile. It was a shame that she had to suffer on that planet. Yet, remarkable enough, Luna was in rather good spirits. Harry admired her for that. There were times where he thought any person would crack. Even Harry would have to admit he would have had a lot of trouble keeping everything together.

"It is good to have you back Luna," Harry told her. He spoke that statement in all honesty.

"It's good to be back," Luna remarked at this point with a bright smile on her face. "So lead the way to that storage room."

Kara, Karen, and Harry did lead her away to that room. All three of them were hoping the same thing. They really hoped the ring was there, because if it was not there, then there was no telling where on the Earth it might have ended up.

**To Be Continued in Chapter 34 "Assassination."**
Chapter 34: Assassination.

Luna stepped out of the light, with Harry, Kara, and Karen leading her into a room that looked more like a museum than anything else. The blonde looked around, impressed for she understood it had to take a lot of time cataloguing all of these items, and likely a lot of careful work. Given the volatile nature of several magical objects, care was something that was needed, and required. Luna's eyes looked over everything, and she was curious about what treasures that this particular room held.

"Mind what you touch," Kara said and Luna's eyes snapped over towards the older woman at these words. "Some of these objects are fairly dangerous."

"Yes, but there is a fine line between dangerous and misunderstood," Luna replied serenely. Kara, Karen, and Harry all looked at her as Luna's shoulders just shifted, and the girl smiled. "Then again, given that you raided the Department of Mysteries, perhaps it would be acceptable to go on the side of caution."

Harry would have to agree. They looked over the objects whilst Luna whistled merrily, and did not take her gaze off of any of the objects. The blonde continued to keep her attention on the objects, and studied them intently.

"We've got some of the more dangerous items locked in the next room," Karen informed Luna. Luna responded with a small nod of her head, to show that she understood. "We'll look in here for your mother's ring first. And if it isn't in here, it might be on there. It might have gotten tagged as a dangerous object."

Luna shifted, and a mysterious smile appeared on her face. The girl added in a misty voice. "Well, strictly speaking the ring is not dangerous. However, it is dangerous how it is used more so than anything. If the Department of Mysteries found it, we should feel fortunate that time and space has not been, pardon my French, buggered beyond all recognition."

Harry, Kara, and Karen all shifted through the items on the shelves while Luna helped them by keeping an eye out for anything familiar. Then again, given that they were more familiar with what they had to deal with; Luna thought it would be prudent for them to do the actual touching. She twirled her blonde hair, and could not resist the urge to comment.

"It must have taken ages to catalogue all of these things. Even with your super powers."

"Tell me about it," Harry replied as he remembered the painstaking hours he took, and Kara and Karen did as well. "Hermione helped out some, and we had other people. Nearly two months, although when Karen got here, the job got quicker."

There was a box on the shelf, full of rings. Harry took it off of the shelf before he had presented the box to Luna.

"Do any of those rings look familiar to you, Luna?"

Luna clutched the box in her hands, and shifted through the rings. There were no doubt any number of dangerous rings in this box, some of them looked particularly nasty. The girl was careful not to touch them but in an instant Luna found what she was looking for. A triumphant smile spread over
her face.

"That's a handy stroke of luck," Luna commented, and the three Potters looked at her.

It was a moment before they had caught onto what had happened.

"You actually found it?" Kara asked in surprise.

"Yes, believe it or not, I have," Luna remarked in a happy voice, and she placed the ring between her fingers, analyzing it with a smile on her face. "I best keep this one safe, better run a few charms on it, to see if the Ministry tampered with it. I'm pretty sure they didn't damage the ring, but it's best we check for certain things like that to make sure."

Harry would have to agree as he recalled the Ministry often messed with things that were far beyond their comprehension.

'I'm really glad we found that ring,' Kara thought to both Harry and Karen as there was a certain amount of relief projected through her thoughts.

'I would have to agree,' Karen thought to both of them whilst a smile spread across her face. 'Isn't it normally like we have to look for things like this for months and months, hitting dead end, or at least it is for you guys.'

'That's normally how things go,' Kara thought back to them with amusement.

'Well we had to catch a lucky break sometime,' Harry thought to them both. 'The law of averages would have to be in our favor.'

'For sure,' Karen agreed to them.

Luna waited, and tapped her foot before the blonde girl rocked on the heels of her feet, humming all of the way. Patiently, the girl waited for them to conclude their mental conversation. The girl folded her arms, and waited for them to actually speak out loud. Luna could feel the mental link they had, although she was not in the loop about what was being said. Of course, there were some thoughts that remained private, and Luna had to respect that. She waited rather patiently before Harry turned to her.

"We're just glad that we found the ring, and didn't have to jump through hoops to keep it back," Harry remarked in a relieved voice.

Amusement crossed Luna's face, and the former Ravenclaw stared back at Harry.

"Indeed, there are times where things in life are extremely easy. It's rare, and once in a blue moon, but it happens. I have much to do, and I thank your hospitality, but I must be on the road, as they say."

Harry was surprised at this and moved to protest but Kara spoke up first.

"Where are you going?" Kara asked.

Luna looked at both of them.

"Nowhere, yet everywhere," Luna said in a mysterious voice. "I don't want to intrude on your lives for much longer. Guests tend to be like garbage. If they stick around for too long, they start to stink."
Harry looked at Luna, and a frown appeared on his face. He took a step towards her.

"Luna, you'll always be welcomed," Harry said to the girl.

"Yes, don't ever think you need to leave," Kara said.

"I would have to agree with both Harry and Kara, you can stay as long as you want, and as often," Karen remarked.

Luna appreciated the sentiments, she really did. The girl had many secrets, and her life had been an interesting one. However, the time she spent in that prison had given a certain amount of clarity, of what the girl needed to do with her life.

"Thank you for everything, and thank you for the invitation," Luna said. The girl's face spread into a smile. "Who knows when I will roll into your lives again, and find cause to take you up on your offer."

"Stay safe out there," Kara told her.

"Yeah, take care of yourself Luna," Harry said. He looked at the girl. "You said it yourself, we're practically family in a way."

"I will endeavor to keep myself out of trouble, even if you do lead a poor example," Luna replied, and a teasing expression was on her face. Kara and Karen both laughed, and Harry had an expression of mock outrage. "Farewell Harry, and may your life be an interesting one. Although I will have to ask one favor of you."

"Anything, Luna," Harry offered with a smile as he wondered what she had in mind.

"Since you have stopped using the codename Spanner, I was wondering if I could ask for your permission to use it," Luna offered in an innocent voice. Hermione had told Luna about Harry's brief time under that name and Luna thought that there was potential for adopting that name for her own.

Needless to say, this was a request that Harry did not expect to hear but he recovered quickly.

"Sure of course, I guess."

"Thank you," Luna replied in a gracious voice before she gave her goodbyes to all of them. She looked rather grateful for everything, and turned around to walk off into the night. Kara, Karen, and Harry watched her leave.

'I wouldn't worry about her,' Kara thought to them seriously as she decided to think to them what was the obvious answer. 'She survived all those months on that alien planet, actually the worst of the worst.'

'Do you think they'll come back for her?' Karen asked.

'The monitoring spell I put on her should be able to prevent that this time,' Harry thought as he saw it functioned as it should.

Harry's two wives looked at him, and identical grins spread across their faces. They looked at him with their bright blue eyes.

'It's scary how if you've been trained by Batman, you become him,' Kara thought to them, with
Karen expressing her amusement over the mental link. 'But I would have done the same thing, if I had thought about it.'

'Well, I suspect Luna has a good idea what we did, she's oddly perceptive about everything,' Harry thought to them before Karen and Kara made eye contact on Harry. 'She'll be fine, but at least we're keeping an eye on her. And make sure that she's safe.'

Both of the girls nodded; The three Potters decided it was long overdue to have some lunch. A thunderclap echoed from outside, and the rain began to pour down from the sky. A storm looked like it was coming but they hoped it would not be too problematic.

A group of robed figures sat around a torch lit room with a short figure sat at the head of the table. His beady little eyes peered at the rest of the group. While he was the smallest member of the team, very few could doubt that he was the brains of the operation. The fingers tapped on the table, and the little man stared down at his associates. There was an eerie chill in the air, before he spoke.

"Thank you for coming. Metropolis used to be a playground, but there has been one person who has humiliated us one time before. It has made our playground less safe and less secure. We can't have the fun we used to. This person hurt us. And who was the person that caused us harm?"

"Superman!" yelled the robed figures who sat around the table.

"We are in like mind, then. The Man of Steel is worshipped as a hero for this town. However, what is he really?

"A menace in a cape!"

"A pest who will be crushed!"

"Some dork who will be fried to a cinder!"

Loud sounds echoed throughout the chamber as the short figure at the head of the table lowered his hood. The man sat at the table, in a blue suit with a red bowtie. He had a mask on that had the creepy and idealistic version of a face, with brown hair. His name was Winslow Schott, but he was better known as the criminal Toyman. He had been around the block with Superman a few times.

Toyman, as his name might have indicated, used toys to a deadly effect. His creative mind had caused Superman many problems.

The second figure lowered his hood. He was a dark haired man, dressed in a black and orange bodysuit. His name was Edward Lytener, but he was better known as the super criminal Luminus. Lytener once worked for LexCorp, and tried to blow the whistle on them, in an attempt to woo Lois Lane. However, that was not quite what happened so Lytener became Luminus. The criminal utilized hard light holograms to great effect and in fact at one point he once filtered the sunlight on Earth into red in his attempt to defeat Superman. It had failed, but it was a good effort.

The third hood was dropped. Leslie Willis, better known as Livewire, sat at the table. Over a year ago, Livewire had a battle with Supergirl and Arcane in Vegas, where she ended up on the short end of the stick. Eventually, she recharged herself, better than ever. While Livewire wanted to gain some revenge on those two young heroes who caused her to lose a year, the hatred for Superman was much stronger. Livewire blamed Superman for her state, and vowed to kill him.

Another hood dropped, revealing the glowing head of Joseph Martin, or the Atomic Skull. The Atomic Skull had been a lowly young man who had suffered radiation poisoning. He had tangled with Superman more than a few times in the past so he was ready to settle the score after past
defeats against Superman.

Another hood dropped, to reveal John Corbin, or Metallo. Metallo blamed Superman for his condition, along with Luthor. Luthor could wait, his revenge on the Man of Steel would need to happen right now. Metallo's previous battle with Superman had left him wrecked, and the Kryptonite was no longer a factor. However, the crafty mind of John Corbin was still an asset to Toyman, and thus was recruited into this Superman Revenge Squad.

A silver haired man dressed in green removed the hood of his robe next. His name was Mark Mardon, or the Weather Wizard. The Weather Wizard manipulated the weather with a highly advanced piece of technology called the Weather Wand. He had previously encountered Superman when the Man of Steel had raced with the Flash over the title of the Fastest Man Alive. The Weather Wizard itched to settle that grudge with Superman.

The final member of the Superman Revenge Squad was an ugly man with dark hair. The man was large, and had grotesque muscles. At one time, he was a celebrated scientist by the name of Mark Desmond. Desmond was extremely intelligent, but not a threat. However, Desmond drank a formula which turned him into the hulking brute known as Blockbuster. Desmond's muscles grew as Blockbuster and his brain shrank.

Toyman recruited him as some needed muscle. He would have preferred Bane to be on his team, to combine both brains and brawn but Bane's price was a little too high for Toyman's budget. The demented toymaker's expression narrowed from behind his mask, even if the group could not see it.

"We are all here for a common goal," Toyman remarked crisply. "What are we here for?"

"To gain revenge on Superman!" the group chanted.

"And what are we going to do to Superman?" Toyman asked.

"We're going to annihilate him!"

Toyman folded his arms, and he pulled off the table cloth. Etched on the table was an "S" insignia, glowing in the light. Each member of the Superman Revenge squad held a dagger in their hand. The daggers stabbed down onto the "S" in a symbolic manner of what they were going to do.

"We have our plan. And I have some playmates to get Superman's attention."

Toyman clicked a remote control which caused the doors to slide open. Giant robotic toy soldiers stood before them, with guns and glowing eyes. The demented toy maker looked at the group, who all nodded with glee. This would be a delightful event.

"Let's play," Toyman said sinisterly.

The Superman Revenge Squad gave a raucous round of cheers. They prepared to step in for the kill, and finally have their day against Superman. The Man of Steel would not stand a chance against their sheer numbers. And what was a better time to start than the present? Toyman's soldiers marched out, mobilized for battle.

This would be the beginning of the end of Superman.

The Daily Planet bullpen was busy with activity and Lois Lane in particular had just filed a story about the reduction of mob activity in Metropolis. She speculated that it could be a sign of good things to come, or it could be some kind of calm before the storm. Regardless of the reasoning, this
type of story was a human interest story that people ate up. Morgan Edge was sweating bullets, between Supergirl, Arcane, Power Girl, and Superman. The criminals in general shook in their boots when they found out another super powered Kryptonian had showed up on the scene, and she was not going to ease up on them.

The very thought of it had made Lois smile as she gave her article one last check. The past few weeks had been busy for her. On a laugh, Lois was researching her family tree. As she suspected, the Lanes had their share of nuts, and just oddballs. However, Lois had located a long lost cousin that she got back into touch with, and might be flying into Metropolis for a visit. Lois was rather curious about that fact, and wondered why General Lane had not mentioned that particular side of her family tree. This cousin had been going to a boarding school overseas since she was eleven, and had just returned last year.

Lois's mind was elsewhere as it tended to be, and she bumped into Clark, who was just walking around the desk.

"Hey, Lois, your mind elsewhere?" Clark asked.

Lois waved off his words with a shrug. "Just everything that's been going on as of late, but hey Metropolis is a better place to live. It could be the calm before the storm, but Morgan Edge hasn't made any trouble."

"Now, Lois, be careful who you decide to stab with that poisoned pen," Clark said with a bit of concern was in his face. "Edge has made reporters and other people disappear for far less. The League can't prove anything yet, but there's plenty of circumstantial evidence and we're closing in on more."

Lois just shifted on her feet, and a grin spread across her face. Her voice dropped to a whisper that could only be heard by those with super powered hearing. "I'm not worried about someone like Morgan Edge. If I get in trouble, all I have to do is scream really loud. And then you'll swoop in to save the day, faster than a speeding bullet. What's the harm in rattling a few cages?"

"Lois, don't assume that I can always get there in time," Clark told her in a warning voice. Lois just rolled her eyes. "I'm serious; the next time might be the last time."

"Lighten up, Smallville," Lois said, and she lightly tapped his shoulder. "Every single time, you've been there to save the day like clockwork. There have been a few close shaves, but hey, we've done alright. I'm still here, and still breathing."

"Sometimes I wonder if you think I'm a boyfriend or a babysitter," Clark said, but in a good natured way.

"Well, you spend a lot of time watching me anyway, so let's expand your responsibilities," Lois said. She looked around the office, and back at Clark with a smile. "Things are done at the office early for me today. So, are we still on for lunch?"

Clark replied back with his Kansas farm boy grin. "Lunch is still on."

A loud explosion echoed from outside of the Daily Planet office. The explosion startled Lois just a little bit before everyone around the office moved over to see what had happened. Whatever it was, it certainly sounded like news. While others smelled news, Clark had smelled trouble.

"And now I guess lunch is off," Lois said but she tried not to sound too bitter about it. The dark haired reporter knew what she was signing up for when she dated Clark. She had to share
Superman with the city and with the world. It was like some weird threesome, only without the threesome.

Clark looked honestly apologetic at the situation. He sighed, looking at Lois. "Yeah, I have to take a rain check."

"We seem to be racking those up by the bulk," Lois said. She then heard the explosions rang out even more, and winced at what she was hearing. "Never mind, go, I understand. We can always do this some other time, when some idiot isn't trying to tear up half of the city. This looks like a job for Superman, and all that stuff."

Clark gave Lois a quick kiss goodbye.

"I'll see you later," Clark told her.

Clark moved off in the chaos, and made his way out to change. His League communicator was going off so Clark snapped the communicator open his hand and placed it up to his ear.

"Yeah, I hear the explosions, what's the situation?" Clark asked.

It was Batman who answered. "There is a giant army of toy soldiers, led by Toyman in a pod, that's shooting laser into the city."

"Wonderful," Clark said in a dry voice.

"That's not the only thing that is happening," Batman said. "There are several other criminals. Metallo, Weather Wizard, Blockbuster, Livewire, Atomic Skull, and Luminus are also causing a disturbance. The rest of the League is on route there, and I'll be joining them momentarily. Supergirl, Power Girl, and Arcane are in the area, and likely will have learned about what has happened."

"Looks like a rogues gallery reunion," Clark said, and he changed into Superman. "I'll be right there momentarily."

"Be on your guard, Kent," Batman warned him.

"Do you think I go around flying into walls?" Superman asked. He tried to lighten the mood with this statement but true to form Batman remained stoic as always.

"Sometimes I wonder," Batman responded dryly.

Superman moved out, and caught a glimpse of the situation. It was about as bad as Batman said it was. Like a red and blue blur, Superman zoomed into the air, up, up, and away to engage some of his most deadly enemies. Superman flew, confident that he could save the day, like he had many times before.

The explosions continued to ring out and Superman hastened his movements. He had to save the day, like he did every day.

Kara never did like when someone interrupted the private that she had with either of her spouses. It got her rather angry. Explosions rang out, as it rained outside in Metropolis. The panicked population rushed around as Karen and Harry arrived, and the three of them used their rings to scan for heat signatures.
"Livewire," Kara growled when she noticed the woman in question.

"I thought we got rid of her," Harry said when his eyes narrowed in agitation. Kara looked at him, and crossed her arms over her chest.

"Yeah, well let's just correct that now," Karen said in a firm voice.

Arcane, Power Girl, and Supergirl all shot up into the air like corks. The three of them dodged the electricity that Livewire gave off. Kara flew up, Harry flew to the left, and Karen flew from underneath before they circled Livewire, forcing the woman to send her attacks at them. Harry deflected the attacks back at her, and amplified them.

A loud sizzling sound echoed throughout the city while Livewire screamed at the top of her lungs with blood curdling agony, and then Kara and Karen punched her out to the ground. Livewire flipped down, not breathing, and not responding at all when sparks flew from her body.

"Now, I think we got rid of her, this time" Kara said, to break the silence.

Kara and Karen locked hands, and shot forward. The Justice League had arrived from below. Luminus twisted a dial on his suit, and several hard light holograms erupted out of him. The Flash stopped, and looked around. He shrugged his shoulders when he continued to turn his head from side to side.

"Holograms, really?" Flash asked. The holograms began to pummel the Flash with reckless abandon. Shot after shot nailed him hard, but Kara zoomed down, sensing the real one.

Her heat vision disabled the hologram generator, and Karen flew the criminal high into the air.

Wonder Woman engaged the Atomic Skull in battle. He blasted at the Amazon princess, but she dodged every single attack.

"Careful not to let that radiation touch you," Martian Manhunter informed her gently.

Wonder Woman ducked her head, and rolled out of the way before she kicked the Atomic Skull in the back, and bound his wrists with her lasso. With a tug, she sent the Atomic Skull flying through the air. "Got the message, loud and clear."

Hawkgirl smashed Atomic Skull hard with her mace. Suddenly the toy soldiers marched in, and began to fire lasers at the Justice League. The League scattered, so Arcane could fly in as he pivoted and ripped through the toy soldiers.

Toyman watched from high above, and a scowl twisted on his face.

"That's not nice. Naughty Spanner is breaking all my toys. He never could play fair, could he?"

Toyman directed the second wave of toy soldiers in, and they engaged the Justice League in battle. Green Lantern used a drill to blast through them. Metallo staggered so Flash sped in, pulling the Kryptonite heart out of him.

"Yoink!" Flash said as he held the chunk of Kryptonite in his hand.

They knew that Metallo had an hour of backup power in him. He could not move without it. The metal man dropped down to the ground. Blockbuster rushed forward, and knocked Flash down with a beefy arm. He picked up a large piece of debris, and flung it at Wonder Woman, who caught it in her hands. The rest of the Justice League engaged the toy soldiers in battle before
Batman dropped down to join them in battle.

"I was wondering when you would show up," Hawkgirl said.

"Superman's on his way, delay them!" Batman called.

Weather Wizard had his wand, and he caused a hurricane to knock the Justice League off balance. His storm was then propelled back into him by Arcane before the wizard summoned the weather wand away from him.

Toyman sweated a little bit, but he was not out of the running yet. The third wave of toy soldiers were in, and these were the nastiest of them all but the energy shields should protect them.

"Caution, could contain choking hazard," Toyman commented, as one of the toy soldiers reached forward, and grabbed Flash by the throat, to try and strangle the life out of him. At the speed of light, Flash began to vibrate his hands, and broke free from its grip.

Hawkgirl slammed her mace into the solider in question.

"Any ideas onto how to get the little twerp who's behind this?" Hawkgirl asked, fiercely, and she began to smash the enemies with her mace. Oddly enough, it was a great way to relieve some stress.

Blockbuster rushed forward, barreling into the heroes, and knocked them back with brute force. Green Lantern used a barrier to fight them off. Kara, Karen, and Harry caused the ground to rumble, to break apart several of the toy soldiers.

"We can worry about that later," Green Lantern grunted. His energy construct held Blockbuster at bay. "Tiny here still wants to dance."

"I've got it," Kara said, and with a swift motion, she hoisted Blockbuster in the air and flung him with immense strength. Blockbuster was hurled into a bus. He was down, but not out.

Several lasers cut through the air, and pointed towards the heroes. They dodged, and shielded themselves from attacks.

Arcane's gaze looked up into the sky as he squinted. Flash noticed him looking.

"Looks like the cavalry is here," Flash said in an appraising voice.

Superman assisted in knocking out several of the toy soldiers with one fell swoop. Supergirl, Power Girl, and Superman did heat vision in synergy, which fried through the robots like a hot knife through butter. The three of them dropped to the ground, and Harry added his own input. Hawkgirl, Green Lantern, and the Martian Manhunter assisted, and the troops had been taken down.

Atomic Skull was back up to his feet but Superman blocked a punch with his hands, and hurled Atomic Skull into the air, and punched at him. Superman landed back on his feet before he sent a lone soldier flying with a super powerful punch.

"Toyman's behind this," Kara informed him.

"Yeah, I notice that," Superman remarked dryly as he continued to smash the toy soldiers with reckless abandon.

Harry was next to chime in. "We'll take care of the troops on the ground, you'd go for the general."
Superman nodded, and understood what he had to do. Kara stopped her cousin, and looked at him. A serious expression lingered in her blue eyes.

"Kal, be careful," Kara told him.

Superman appreciated the concern, but doubted that there were very few things that Toyman could do to hurt him. With confidence and determination, Superman shot into the air; he was ready for the battle with Toyman. Blockbuster was in his way, but Superman knocked the large man through the building with a huge punch.

It was now time for Superman to go head to head with an annoying, but rather persistent enemy.

Toyman sat perched in his pod, and pondered his predicament. He just waited for his moment for it had been a long time coming where he would have this reckoning with Superman. There had been many humiliating defeats that he had suffered to that clod in a cape. The man twisted a nob, and pointed the scope down at Superman.

Superman shot into the air up towards him. Toyman saw his toy soldiers falling on the ground, but they had been decoys to allow himself a bit of one on one playtime with the Man of Steel. Toyman shifted in his control seat, and made sure the controls of his pod were all ready. He spoke in a sadistic and somewhat childish voice.

"Can Superman come out and play!" Toyman sang. Superman's eyes narrowed, and he approached this pod carefully. Toyman might not have been able to engage him in a physical fight, but he was a crafty little guy. The Man of Steel remained on his guard for potential skullduggery.

The sounds of battle continued to occur from above but as of now Superman began to scan the vessel with his X-Ray vision.

"The game's over, Toyman," Superman said in his usual commanding voice.

"You're nothing, but a party pooper Superman," Toyman remarked in a whiny tone of voice.
"That's why we're going to play a new one."

Toyman armed his pod, and several miniature red balls shot out at Superman. Superman punched them back, and used his body to block the explosions. Toyman switched tactics, and lasers began to fire at the Man of Steel. Superman deflected them.

"Really, you're going to have to do better than that," Superman said.

Toyman's grin twisted into a pure grimace. "We're going to have to do better than that indeed. I'm going to bring out the big guns!"

Toyman armed a laser cannon. Superman reached forward, and grabbed the pod and with a swift motion he ripped it open before Toyman could fire. The crazed toy maker pressed a button, and ejected from the pod. He rose up before he threw some jacks down onto the floor. They exploded, but Superman barely flinched.

"Really, that's your last ditch effort?" Superman asked.

"No, but this is," Toyman said, and he pulled a laser cannon form behind his back, and pulled the trigger.

A green vortex of energy shot from the cannon. Superman rushed forward to disarm it, thinking
that he could take this shot like he did everything else that had been fired at him. However, the shot nailed him hard. The pain was unlike anything he had ever suffered as his molecules got ripped apart, and scattered.

Kara looked up, and heard the pained grunt of her cousin. The blonde Kryptonian watched in horror as Superman appeared to have been vaporized right before their very eyes. Horror did not even begin to adequately describe what went through her. Numb shock was something that would be a very good description, and Kara was not the only one who had felt this. The Justice League could not believe their eyes.

"I think I broke Superman," Toyman taunted as he clapped in pure joy.

Wonder Woman's eyes narrowed at his casual dismissing of the brutal assassination of a teammate. "You're the one that's about to be broken you sick little…"

"Hey, Diana, cool it…" Flash started, before he trailed off when two figures blew past him, and nearly knocked him to the ground. The Scarlet Speedster looked up, his eyes widened in absolute surprise.

Kara had only one thing on her mind and that was "Toyman must die."

Supergirl and Power Girl had both already taken off into the air. Toyman tried to point his energy weapon at them but in a blink of an eye Power Girl magically yanked it out of his hand. The demented toymaker grunted, and stepped back. He never liked to play with girls. They never played fair.

Kara saw nothing, but pure red rage at what this sick monster did to her cousin. The blonde Kryptonian grabbed Toyman by the throat, and hurled him off of the edge of the building to the ground. Power Girl dove down at him, and cracked both his stupid little facemask along with his skull. If Supergirl hurling him off of a building did not kill him, that attack by Power Girl most certainly did. The broken body of Toyman was on the city streets. Reporters filed in, and the League looked, blinking. No one called Kara out on what she did, because of the circumstances.

Kara's rage faded now that the person behind the attack was gone. Shock had really set in right now, and then grief soon followed. The last daughter of Krypton took a deep breath, and began to nearly lose her grip over the situation. Karen flew over and joined Kara on the ground, and Harry walked over. He tried to console both of his wives without words. Harry was about to assure them that everything was going to be okay.

Yet, those words just rang so hollow in his mind. They were so petty. It had started out as a romantic lunch date between the three of them. Then it turned into a routine attack.

The broken and busted body of Toyman remained prone on the ground, but no one from the ground paid him any mind as of yet. All they looked at was the spot where Superman once was. A tattered piece of his cape was on the ground, before Kara gingerly picked up the cape in her hands, and clutched it angrily.

She had failed Clark. He went up there and fought Toyman, and got himself killed. She could not save him at time and her mind was buzzing with guilt. Kara sank into Harry's embrace, and the press swarmed in, the vultures they were. Kara buried her face into Harry's shoulder, as Harry embraced her.

The press asked their questions, uncaring about anybody's feelings after the situation had caused Harry to get a bit peeved.
"Give her some space!" Harry yelled at the top of his lungs.

Several other pieces of debris have been caught in the accident, and vaporized as well. Batman stood in the background, calculating everything as only the Dark Knight could. He was the only one who could think straight despite the circumstances.

The circumstances were that Superman was dead, and when the criminals found this out, they would get ideas that it would be open season on Metropolis. Or so it seemed, but Batman was not completely convinced.

Harry cradled Kara in his arms, and kissed her gently, trying to console her. Kara draped her head on her husband's chest, and he gently flew her away. Karen was distraught as well, but not so much so as Kara was. She followed them numbly in the sky.

The Justice League all stood around, none of them wanting to say anything. They had no idea what to do next.

To Be Continued in the Next Arc "The Battle for Metropolis."
Chapter 35: The War for Metropolis Part One.

Numb shock was a good classification of what the people of Metropolis felt, when the death of Superman had occurred. A hero that many of them had taken for granted, that would always be there, had been killed on the spot by Toyman. Some of them could hardly believe the news. The news that Toyman was slaughtered really did not even register with them, all they understood that Superman was gone.

Several people filed into the funeral scene for the Man of Steel. Superman was gone, and there was no really bringing him back. The Justice League members stood, and acted as the pallbearers. Even though all that remained of Superman was a few tattered ashes and a torn piece of his cape. It was hard to believe that was all that remained of one of the mightiest heroes in the world.

Kara was distraught. Harry sat with her in the front row, and Karen sat on her other side. Both had their arms wrapped around Kara. The three tried to offer each other consolation. In Kara's mind, she had failed to protect her cousin. Her mother would have been so disappointed in her, and Jor-El and Lara might have not been pleased as well. Kara's eyes were red. She had stopped crying, mostly because she had no tears to cry. Karen and Harry both looked very solemn.

"Kara, I'm so sorry," Barbara whispered, when she walked in. Her father was right behind her. It was really unknown how much Commissioner Gordon knew about the various secret identities of the heroes he worked with. Harry suspected he had pieced together many of their identities, he just did not say, due to the fact that it would compromise his role as police commissioner. Barbara turned to Kara, looking at her. There was a moment of time, before Barbara spoke to her friend.

"Are you holding up?"

Barbara realized that this was likely a stupid expression.

"I'm trying, but I can't help to think that I've failed him, and the entire House of El," Kara whispered.

"It wasn't your fault, it was that bastard Toyman who killed him," Hermione said, showing up at this point. Queen Hippolyta also followed. She would pay her respects to what had to be one of the more shining examples to come out of man's world, with her daughter's best friend being the other one she could think of.

Diana walked over, to greet her mother and sister. All of what was happening around Kara was like in a tunnel. Everything she had felt was numb, it was like she was in a funk, and it was hard to even keep her head above everything. Harry's arms never left her, and Karen sat close to her. Kara appreciated the comfort her two spouses gave her.

Everyone saw more people file in. Perry White and Jimmy Olsen walked in. Lana walked in, trying not to look too depressed, even if Kara could tell that she was really grieving over the death of her oldest friend. Lois walked in as well, with Clark Kent by her side. Yet she was not really paying an attention.

Clark was really Tonks in disguise at this point, as they all thought it would be prudent to keep up the secret identity thing for a few weeks longer. Batman had suggested it, and Harry had agreed. Lois was greeted by a young woman with short blonde hair, who had given her a consoling hug. The two of them sat down next to each other.
The dignitaries that had shown up had been many, and Kara rested her head on Harry's shoulder, shifting and sighing. This was like a nightmare where none of them would ever wake up from.

"I wish I could say it will be okay," Harry whispered to Kara. He offered her light kisses on the face.

Aquaman and Queen Mera stepped in at that moment to join the funeral, with their young son. Dick Grayson and Tim Drake could be seen sitting by. Oliver Queen also sat in the background, watching everything. Roy Harper was a few seats away, and between them was another girl with dark eyes and blonde hair, dressed in a green sweater, and jeans. Her hair was tied back in a ponytail. Harry understood the girl's name was Artemis and she was Oliver's supposed niece, even if that story did have some holes in it.

Raven sat way in the background, inconspicuous, to pay her respects. The Kents were off in the corner, trying not to break down, even if both were grieving on the inside. Hal Jordan and Carol Ferris also sat watching, having flown in from Coast City. Barry Allen, the second Flash, and Wally's uncle, sat, along with his wife Iris. The original Flash, the long retired Jay Garrick also was in attendance. Blue Beetle, or Ted Kord, and Booster Gold sat there as well, looking oddly somber for the two of them. Booster Gold in particular thought that this didn't make any sense, given that Superman was not supposed to die. Guilt racked the time traveling superhero as he wondered if his time meddling had caused the future to change.

There were many more guests, it was a packed house, to say farewell to a friend.

There was one person who was conspicuous by his absence. Batman was not there either as the Dark Knight or Bruce Wayne. Kara had no idea why that was. To be honest, she was in a complete funk, just barely paying any attention to anything that had gone around her. As such, she did not question Batman's lack of presence. The blonde Kryptonian clutched onto Harry tightly, her bright eyes bloodshot and tired. It did take a lot to give this effect to a Kryptonian.

Diana walked up to the podium, and cleared her throat. The entire house had their attention on Wonder Woman.

"Thank you all for coming here today, to say farewell to a friend," Diana announced to the assembled mourners. "There is really no way to do justice to someone like Superman in a short speech. His history speaks for himself, and the lives that he has touched, and saved. He has inspired many of you here today, in different ways. I see no reason why that even in his death, his inspiration could not continue to shape us all. I would like to offer a moment of silence for this pillar of heroism, and let it be known that even since Superman is long gone, his memory lives here and beyond, especially in our hearts."

Everyone bowed their heads in silence. The service for Superman had gone on. Soon, he would be laid to rest for everyone, even if there was no physical body to do so.

It was like one era had ended, and another had begun.

Kara stood outside of the monument that had already been erected for Superman in the middle of Metropolis. It was truly beautiful, and she looked up at the statue before her. The blonde Kryptonian just stood resolved to say something, there were many things she wished to say, and not enough time where she could have said them.

"Kal, I really don't know what to say," Kara remarked in a soft voice. Her eyes were red, and her face was firm, an expression of fierce determination crossing it. It took her a moment, where Kara
found the courage she needed to press on. "We had a lot of disagreements, and we would have had many more had you...had you survived."

Kara took a moment to regain her bearings. The Kents walked over to join her. Harry and Karen also stepped into the scene, and stood around the monument.

"I can't believe he's gone," Jonathan said in a somber voice. Martha said nothing. She was mostly in shock at what happened. "I just...hoped that this would be a bad nightmare that we would all wake up from, and he would be there."

Kara's eyes fixed on the statue of her cousin. There was really nothing more she could say. She wished she could give the Kents more comfort. However, the fact of the matter was that she had very little comfort to offer herself. Kara took a moment to compose herself, and stood at the statue.

"Kal, I swear that even if you're gone, Metropolis will remain a safe haven for everyone who lives in it. I won't rest, and I vow to make sure that I watch over the city, just like you did. This I swear on your grave!"

Kara said this last statement with such fierce determination that it was hard not to get inspired.

"We all will," Karen added in a solemn voice. "Kal-El, I didn't know you for long, but you seemed like a decent person, and Kara thought the world of you. I just hope...hope that you're in a better place."

Harry stood. He had no idea what to say. Words had failed him.

"We'll keep Metropolis safe," Harry said in a low voice, and he turned around. He could have sworn that he heard Batman. Sure enough he was right.

Batman dropped down, and walked over to face Harry. As usual, Batman was abrupt and to the point.

"We need to talk."

"Can't it wait?" Harry asked, not wanting to really be bothered with whatever conspiracy theory Batman had come up with right now.

Batman offered him a stoic expression, and Harry got the hint that no it could not wait at all. He sighed, and invited Batman to continue.

"I've done some studies on area where Superman disappeared. I believe there's a chance that he's not dead."

"Bruce, you're mourning, I know," Harry told him in a low voice.

Batman ignored that statement, and pressed on with more.

"And I know you've done your own scans as well," Batman said.

Harry paused, and nodded slowly.

"I have, yes, we have to be sure of these things."

Harry could not deny that fact. He wanted to make sure, without a shadow of a doubt that Clark was gone. Karen had offered Kara some comfort, while Harry had popped out the other night. The energy readings were strange, and quite frankly inconclusive. Harry did not want to get anyone's
"Do you have any theories on what happened?" Harry asked.

"I'm working on it," Batman told him crisply. "Send me your readings when you can, and be with your wife. She needs you. I'll handle the investigation, and let you know if anything breaks."

Harry nodded, and rejoined the Kents, Kara, and Karen. The media moved in, and quickly the Kents decided to take it as their cue to leave. As far as the world knew, Clark Kent was still alive. They would have to be faking that death in a few weeks. Right now, Tonks would be posing as the mild mannered reporter for the time being. Lois was the one at the front of the line, to take a look at the monument of Superman. A sigh escaped her lips, and Lois pondered.

Her mind flashed back to what happened, and shuddered. She had assumed everything would be okay. He was always okay. Lois stepped over, and looked. She took her phone, and took a deep breath.

"Yeah, I'll be fine, you just drive back, yeah I can't believe it either, but...I'll hold up," Lois said in her cell phone. "Thanks Chloe, talk to you later, maybe we'll catch up sometime, bye."

Lois turned and turned around, to look into the sky. It wasn't a bird, it wasn't a plane, it wasn't even Superman. He was not coming back.

One tear rolled down the cheek of the hard as nails reporter, and daughter of General Sam Lane. Lois never cried, not even when she was a young girl, and someone had stolen her toys. Rather she just slugged the boy in question in the face.

This funny memory was what she needed right now, to heal.

The funeral of Superman broadcasted all over the United States, around the world, and there were people watching it on the World Wide Web. Even those who lived underneath a rock knew who Superman was. It was difficult to believe that the Man of Tomorrow would not be living to see tomorrow. Everyone mourned in their own ways, thinking about the hero that had touched the lives, and the hearts of many. It was truly a sad day, and the broadcast of the funeral would be one that many would remember as long as they would live.

One man absolutely refused to believe that Superman was dead. His fists clenched angrily, as he watched Superman's few remains be laid to rest, and the camera focus on the statue. Bloodshot eyes stared at the screen, and deep, nearly psychotic breathing followed that moment.

"You son of a bitch, you weren't supposed to die like that!"

With his remaining strength, Lex Luthor hurled the chair halfway across the lab. He sank down, breathing. The cancer eating away at him seemed to be affecting him more so than usual. That put Lex in an even worse mood than before. The man's jaw was set, and his eyes had been narrowed, when he watched the screen. Every single image of the death of Superman appeared before Lex's eyes. The image where Toyman vaporized the Man of Steel with the cannon would be burned in Lex's mind for the remainder of his days.

It was not supposed to end like this, Superman was not supposed to die; Lex was not finished with him yet. It was supposed to be his moment to expose the alien menace like the charlatan and the false idol that he was. The world would hail him as the true hero, and Superman would be disgraced, while being sent off to some lab for research. Yet, because of that one moment, Superman would be forever been burned into the minds of the collective population as a martyr,
and Lex was robbed of his satisfaction.

What really burned up Lex, even more so than his cancer, was the person who killed Superman. A complete nobody like Toyman was the person who pulled the trigger. Lex saw him as a joke, and a disgrace, yet forever he will go down in history as the man who murdered Superman. Not to mention that Lex could not have the satisfaction of killing the man who had robbed him of his moment of glory. Supergirl had stolen that moment away from him, and Lex's teeth gritted, while the bald man seethed.

Project Cadmus was pretty much an afterthought in Lex's mind at this moment. The point had been lost. Superman was gone, and would not be coming back. One of the main reasons he signed up was now dust. Lex was in deep denial, and his entire life, the past five years of his life had been wasted. For all that time, he had envisioned different ways where he would have Superman on his knees, humbled before him. Yet, that would never happen, all thanks to some filthy little man child in a plastic mask.

Lex felt the need to smash something, yet his weakness would not allow it. The cancer continued to eat up at him inside, but really what ate up Luthor was that he had been denied Superman. This would burn a hole through him. Lex collapsed on the desk.

"Why?" Lex grumbled. "Why didn't you move, you idiot? It was supposed to be me and you in the end, Kal-El. WHY?"

Lex felt his rage continue to simmer to the surface. After the disastrous episode with the stone he lost, and his narrow escape, Lex decided to step back and remain secluded in his lab in his attempts to find a cure for the cancer. Yet, Lex wondered what the point was. He barely even read the recent reports. Cadmus had apparently come into the possession of two white lab rats, but Luthor found himself hard pressed to care.

All because of Toyman, and the image burned into Lex's mind's eye. The bald man would not let it go any time soon. As of now, Lex was secluded in this building, and safe from anyone. There were any number of magical charms around the building that would prevent even Arcane from finding him. Or so that's what Astoria Greengrass said. Luthor had taken steps for his own safety and security. He took what that girl said with a grain of salt after all. It was only a matter of time, before Lex thought Astoria would stab him in the back.

If truth be told, Lex had never seen a more greedy and selfish person in his life, than when he met Astoria Greengrass. She had her own agenda, and Lex had a feeling that when the time was right, certain members of Cadmus would be learning that the hard way. He wondered if they had the foresight and the ability to plan. Something told him they he should doubt it. Luthors always planned, and looked for an opportunity to turn a negative into a positive. That was one of the lessons that Lionel Luthor had pounded into Lex's head all throughout his childhood and teenage years, before Lex shot the man in the head to celebrate his eighteenth birthday.

Lex continued to replay the image of Superman dying over in his head. It flickered in his head, again and again and again, over and over. The fact that it was not because of his own hand really agitated him.

The bald man switched gears to his latest project. The combination of DNA was coming along nicely, and soon Lex would have a vessel that he could transfer his mind into. He had combined his DNA, along with Superman's, and that seemed to be the perfect match. The shell was not fine-tuned yet. Getting his hands back on the stone would be the harder thing, given that it was likely in the hands of Arcane.
For right now, Lex continued to obsessively watch the coverage of the funeral of Superman. He replayed Superman getting blasted by Toyman in his mind. That image must have flickered through his mind hundreds of times. Obsession was the name of the game for Lex, and he continued to obsess over this image. Once he found a video clip, the disgraced billionaire played it until his eyes were bloodshot.

Rage did not adequately describe what Lex felt now.

"Now that Superman is out of the picture, it's time for us to roll in, and own this entire stinkin' city!"

There were many cheers at the sound of this. The voice came from one of the time crime bosses in Gotham City. His name was Black Mask. To his gang members, and to the police, he was an enigma. There were no known prints for him on file. The truth was that there were no distinguishable markings on him whatsoever. His face was covered in a black mask, and his eyes stared hatefully at anyone who opposed him from beneath that mask. Anyone who questioned him was shot and killed on the spot.

Some people had speculated that the mask covered his face, and others had speculated that the mask truly was his face. The fact of the matter was that no matter what the theory was, the fact was that Black Mask was a truthfully dangerous adversary for all of the people in Gotham City, and now he decided to expand his operations into Metropolis. While the city was mourning Superman, it was time for him to step in and take control.

There was just one tiny little problem, that Black Mask hated to even think about. That problem was Intergang. They had high end technology that even gave the capes some trouble, so some strategy was in order.

"Intergang and Edge thinks they can run Metropolis, but we'll show them that they're nothing compared to us," Black Mask told his troops. "We're going to bust into the city, and own that town."

There were more cheers from the gang members. Chants for "Black Mask" erupted, and the crime boss stood. Had they been able to see his face truly, the twisted grin that appeared over it would scare even the most hardened of men and women. There were a few more steps taken forward, and Black Mask continued to plot, and plan.

The entire city was wide open for the taking. Intergang had been crippled from their peak, even though they hung around like annoying cockroaches.

"Its open season on that city," Black Mask continued, to pump up his troops. "Metropolis has a rich history, and rich resources. Superman won't boss us around, and even if his bratty little cousin gets in the way, I've got some insurance."

Black Mask reached into a briefcase, and pulled out a large chunk of Kryptonite.

"It's amazing what you can find on the Internet these days, boss," one of the gang members said.

There was just a stoic nod given from Black Mask. It was time to officially get to work. Metropolis would be under their control by the end of the week. The Justice League had other issues, and they made arrangements to bust several criminals out of Ryker's Island prison. Some of them had super powers, while others did not. Regardless, it would serve as a handy distraction for any capes who were stalking around their turf.
Black Mask and his false face society grabbed the mini-armory that had taken hold of. They were going to rule everything in the name of themselves. Metropolis would be theirs, and soon they would also complete their control on Gotham City. They would own more turf than any other gang in either city.

To be honest, Kara welcomed the massive amount of work she had to get done at Patronus Incorporated. There was just something about it that kept her mind off of other matters. Kara had thought about the vow that she made at her cousin's grave, about trying to take up the slack that he was now unable to. To be honest, she was glad that Harry and Karen were going to help her. The three of them should be able to handle Metropolis for the time being.

For now, Kara kept an ear glued for any signs of news, and also thought about what had happened. It had gone over her mind, rewound and replayed time after time. The doors opened, and Kara only barely heard the arrival of Karen and Harry. She could sense a little bit through the mental link that the three shared that Harry had some news, and it was not good.

"Spill," Kara said in a stoic voice. She was not her usual cheerful self today, and her confidence had been severely shaken thanks to her inability to protect her cousin.

"We've got a problem," Harry replied, and Kara waved her hand, offering him the chance to continue. "It's a big problem actually. There has been a spike of gang activity in the city since the death of your cousin."

Kara thought that would be the case. Apparently, Harry and Karen were not done giving her the bad news. Once again, the blonde Kryptonian had braced herself for even more news.

"There has also been a mass prison break in Metropolis," Karen added in a flat voice. "There have been several criminals that have been busted out. Not all of them have powers….

"But the sheer number of them are making people very uneasy," Kara supplied in a flat voice. "This looks like a job for…us, I guess. It'd give me something to do, to take my frustrations out on."

Kara got up to her feet, hovering above the chair. Harry stopped Kara from taking another step forward. He grabbed his wife firmly around the wrists, and stared directly into her bright blue eyes. Kara could sense a bit of reassurance coming along from Harry. Quite frankly, that was something that she could really use right about now. Her spirits were at a low.

"Kara, nothing that happened, was your fault," Harry told Kara. He realized how much this sounded like something that he was automatically saying. The truth was that Harry did not want Kara to wallow in her misery. "Remember what you told me. Angst brings everyone down. Despite everything that happened, you've got to live. Clark wouldn't want you to put your entire life on hold, just because he's gone."

Kara relaxed, and buried her head into Harry's chest for a moment. She just needed this contact from the man she loved. The girl was patted on the back. Harry was completely right about everything. It was hard to move on and beyond everything that happened. The blonde Kryptonian thought that she would have gone mad had it not been for the support of Harry and Karen over the past couple of days. Kara backed up, and took a deep breath.

"Kara, Harry's right, be a credit to Clark's memory, and live despite what happened," Karen replied. Kara readjusted herself, and reigned herself in. This was not a credit to Clark's memory if she had
just gone to pieces.

"Thanks to both of you for that," Kara replied, and Harry brought Kara into his arms tighter. Kara accepted a deep kiss from Harry. The two lips mashed together. Karen took Kara from Harry's arms, and pulled her double into a loving kiss. Kara felt a bit more confident, and more like her old self thanks to the loving actions from both of her spouses.

"Now, are you going to be okay, or do you want to bury your head in my chest too?" Karen asked, trying to lighten the mood.

Kara offered a slight smile, the first true one she had. It was not going to be easy to recover from what happened. She understood that, and the city needed heroes that they could count on. This was not something that they had to do, but they chose to do.

"Let's show them that just because Superman isn't around, it doesn't mean that they have to make Metropolis a War Zone."

Karen and Harry could agree to that. The three Potters exchanged a three-way hug. They understood the hardships that came with married life. The three of them shared the pain with each other, along with the triumphs. Even though Karen did not know Clark that long, in many ways, he was family. And Harry thought that despite all of the times he clashed heads with Superman over how to do things, he would be missed.

There would be plenty of time to mourn later, but right now they all had an important responsibility. The three of them were in this together. There would not be any way that they would allow this city to fall into ruins. If not for Superman, then it would be for themselves, and the fact that the strength of the city did cut into their profit margin. And if something cut into their profit margin, it affected both themselves and their employees. It was all a mess all around, and the sounds of violence outside could be heard.

Whatever storm was brewing, it had already been started. Supergirl, Power Girl, and Arcane all suited up. The three of them were ready for battle, and ready to ensure that the city of Metropolis still stood by the time morning came.

The three flew out, ready to deal with the situation, and to make things a bit tougher on those who would bring chaos to the town. It was time to show the city that just because Superman was gone, they still had protectors.

"So then the missile blew past us, and nailed Big Blue in the back. He turned around, and shrugged it off."

Flash had just concluded telling a story about Superman, and the Justice League looked highly amused, well the four other members that sat at the table. Hawkgirl, Wonder Woman, Green Lantern, and Martian Manhunter all crowded around, listening and chuckling about what happened.

"And then when we asked him if he was okay, he was all like, it barely tickled," Flash said.

The group offered a hearty laugh. Those good memories brought them back down to Earth.

"I still can't believe that he's gone," Green Lantern remarked. He turned around. Who knew what the world would have been like had Superman not been sent from Krypton all of those years ago.

"None of us can believe it," The Martian Manhunter responded in a quiet voice. He had looked out
into the distance. "As hard as it is to do this, we must consider a potential replacement for the group."

"Replace Superman?" Flash asked. "I don't know, that's a pretty tall order."

"I suppose the obvious three ideas would be out," Hawkgirl commented.

"You know what their answer will be," Wonder Woman responded. "What about Aquaman?"

"He could work," Flash admitted, but Green Lantern shook his head.

"No, too much of a loose cannon, and I'd imagine his first priority would be to Atlantis," Green Lantern answered.

"I suppose one of the other Green Lanterns might be out of the question," Wonder Woman responded.

"None of them could be relieved of their duties," Green Lantern said. Hal and Kyle were off on their own duties in space, and Guy was, well Guy.

"What about that magician chick Batman knows?" Flash asked.

"Zatanna, I believe her name is," Martian Manhunter inputted. "She's on the short list of potential recruits. Other recruits we've looked into are Blue Beetle, Green Arrow, Captain Atom, Nightwing, Doctor Fate…"

A rumbling from outside of the Watchtower had got the attention of the Justice League. There was a pause as the members sitting around the conference table looked up. A pale man dressed in biker garb was riding around the Watchtower on a motor cycle. He waved them and rapped on the door.

"What about that guy, is he on your shortlist J'onn?" Flash asked.

Green Lantern's expression darkened. "I most certainly hope not. His name is Lobo, and he's nothing but trouble."

"How much trouble are we talking about?" Wonder Woman asked slowly.

Hawkgirl had heard of this particular menace as well, and grimaced at the thought. "More trouble than you could ever…"

Lobo crashed through the windows of the Watchtower. The force he had to do that with was stronger than most, given the windows were magically reinforced. Before the oxygen could be sucked out, the windows sealed themselves.

"Hey, self-repairing windows, very nice," Lobo replied as he circled the Justice League on his motorcycle. "I heard that the big blue boy-scout met his maker, and you guys are needing a new recruit. Well the Main Man is your man."

"We don't need someone like you, Lobo," Green Lantern said. The notorious bounty hunter sat on his bike, a shit-eating grin spreading over his face.

"Nah, you need me," Lobo replied, with a grin, and he circled the Justice League. "Getting kind of testy, but the truth is, me and Supes go way back. I bailed his ass out of trouble once, from some alien zoo."

"That's not quite how he told the story," Green Lantern responded.
"Well, a few of the details might have been missed," Lobo replied with a shrug. "Anyway, you looking for someone to bust some heads, you look no further than the Main Man."

The Justice League stood underneath Lobo and stared down the rowdy biker. None of them really knew what to do at this point. Flash tried to catch his motorcycle, but he dodged when the Main Man stopped suddenly.

"You can clear out of here right now," Hawkgirl yelled, and she swung her mace. Lobo dodged it, but the mace dinged the edge of his ride.

"Hey, watch the hog, bird girl!" Lobo yelled.

Lobo spent many more minutes using a series of evasive moves. Despite his crass appearance and attitude, he was skilled on a bike, and could dodge an attack.

Suddenly, Green Lantern utilized an energy construct, and yanked Lobo off of his bike. The Main Man fell to the ground, calling a time out. His black eyes looked up at all five members of the League, who surrounded him.

"So, how did my audition go?" Lobo replied. "Did I blow you away? Am I worthy of being Superman's replacement?"

"You're no Superman," Wonder Woman said fiercely.

Lobo gave a long leering look at Wonder Woman, that made the Amazonian Princess feel the need to take a shower, in acid.

"The ladies say differently. Why don't we find a bed somewhere and I'll...."

Wonder Woman grabbed Lobo by the throat, and tightened her grip around the biker's throat. Lobo twitched from the grip. Once again, he called a time out, and slumped down, breathing heavily.

"Kidding, kidding," Lobo whispered. "Some broads these days can't take a joke, I swear."

Wonder Woman clutched her fists, imagining beating Lobo's skull in with them.

"How much longer do we have to put up with him?" she asked.

"We'll come up with something to deal with him," The Martian Manhunter stated.

"Might I suggest rewiring his brain to make him think he's a five year old girl," Hawkgirl replied.

Martian Manhunter nodded carefully.

Before the Justice League could figure out what else to do with Lobo, the radio came to life.

"Keep an eye on him," Green Lantern told Hawkgirl. "Do what you can to keep him in line."

"Gladly," Hawkgirl replied, and she clutched her mace for emphasis. Lobo looked up at her.

"Normally, I might be into that sort of thing but don't you think....ow!"

A loud smack echoed that knocked Lobo to the ground. A mace shot to the head would not kill him, but it would shut him up, at least for a couple minutes. Hawkgirl offered a slight smile at his discomfort. The winged woman listened for the voice of Batman to come up onto the loud speaker at that point.
"We have trouble in Metropolis, it seems like the criminals are taking advantage of Superman's demise," Batman said. "And one of the top crime bosses in Gotham City, Black Mask, is also trying to take advantage."

"Great," Green Lantern replied dryly.

"Supergirl, Arcane, and Power Girl are fighting the best they can, but even with their powers, they can't be everywhere at once," Batman replied. "I'm currently tracking a lead on Black Mask, but his men are engaged in a battle with Intergang, and civilians are the first priority."

The Justice League knew what they had to do. Never one to admit defeat, Lobo stumbled to his feet.

"I guess you need my help after all," Lobo crowed.

All five members of the Justice League exchanged looks. It was the Green Lantern who spoke.

"We better allow him to come along to keep an eye on him. The alternative would be to allow him to roam free unsupervised."

The Martian Manhunter grimaced at the thought. "Agreed."

"You're coming along with us, to assist," Hawkgirl replied harshly. "Don't touch anything inside the Javelin."

Lobo threw his hands up. It was almost like people did not trust him, or something. The Justice League did not keep their eyes off of him, as he was ushered into the ride.

A loud crack echoed for miles around, and Lobo cursed.

"I told you not to touch anything."

"Sheesh, lighten up."

The desert offered baking heat, and uncomfortable weather. The figure who had stirred in the desert had understood that more than anyone. A pair of blue eyes flickered. A man dressed in a blue outfit, with a yellow and red insignia on his chest, and a tattered red cape rolled over. Superman lived, if that's what he called it.

The Man of Steel looked around, and saw everything around him. His hands were scratched up, and not healing. The cause of it was discovered, when a red sun was beating down. Clark took a step forward, and tried to jump to fly. He realized that he could not even get off the ground. Flight had come so easy to him, but now that it was gone, he struggled to even get off the ground. He stepped forward, and gave his head a slight shake. Clark tried to gain some sort of assessment of the situation.

The last thing he remembered, he fought Toyman, and his group of villains as they tore in Metropolis, with the Justice League, Karen, Kara, and Harry by his side. The battle was nearly won, yet Toyman had got off a lucky shot. Clark had bemoaned his fate, and the fact that he was so careless. It was Toyman of all people who got the lucky shot in on him, Toyman. Clark had never been so humiliated in his life.

Clark looked around, he had been transported to some planet with a red sun. He tried to contact the League, but his communicator hissed and sputtered sparks.
"Harry designed these things to withstand anything, I must have been blasted really hard," Clark mumbled to himself.

Clark took a deep breath, and stumbled forward. He had to use the one thing that the red sun could not sap his mind. The Man of Steel had been finally taking both Bruce's and Kara's lectures to heart, and tried to engage his mind a bit more, and his fists a bit less. That would allow him to survive. Clark remained rigid, and tried to strain his hearing. While not super, Clark still had remotely good hearing. The sounds of howls echoed through his ears, and that caused Clark to pick up the pace just a little bit, and hasten his steps. The Man of Steel was prepared for anything. The red sun continued to beat down on his head, and Superman took a deep breath. There was no question in his mind how tense the situation was. He felt rather weakened, and he took a step forward. Clark pulled out the communicator, and tried to do what he could to salvage it.

There was nothing but sparks flying out of the communicator. This made the situation rather difficult, so Clark had to find another way. Perhaps the communicator was busted on his end, but still workable. Clark was able to trace some kind of signal, a good sign, and one that he could follow on. He stood on his feet, and saw several large, mutated, wolves surrounding him.

It looked like it was dinner time for them, and Clark was the number one course on the menu. They stalked Clark, smelling blood. One of the wolves charged at Clark. Clark managed to have some amount of powers left in him, so he dodged it with super speed. Clark turned, and pivoted, before he fired off a blast of heat vision. The wolves continued to surround Clark. It was just their way, their instincts, and their pack mentality.

Clark had to show them who the Alpha Male was, that was the only language these creatures would understand. He dodged their attacks, and used a hearty super breath to knock the wolves off balance. The wolves rolled over, and Clark took a step forward, with the wolves looking up at Clark, growling.

"Heel," Clark said in a commanding voice.

By some miracle, the wolves obeyed him. The wolves rolled over, and whined. Clark took some equipment he found, and forged a makeshift sled, and tied the wolves to them.

"So, mush, I guess," Clark said, trying to find some amusement in this situation. The wolves had dragged him as far as he was going to go. Clark picked up the communication device he dropped. "So if you can hear me, any of you, I'm going to see what I'm going to do to track your signal. See if you can find me, I'm on a planet with a red sun, with no vegetation, or plants of any kind."

Little did Clark know that he had never left Earth, and he had been transported three thousand years into the future, where all human life had been wiped out by a pair of mad men. One of them had long since died, centuries ago, succumbing to the cancer in his body. The other had still lived, being the only human survivor. Given that he lived since the days of the cavemen thanks to his magical meteor, his longevity would be expected.

It would be a lesson that Clark Kent would learn all too soon.

To Be Continued in "War for Metropolis Part Two."
"The citizens of Metropolis are hereby advised to stay off of the streets, and not to answer their doors. The Metropolis Special Crimes Unit has claimed that they are making every attempt to maintain the peace. However, until everything cools down, and all of the escaped criminals are ushered back to prison, then the entire city of Metropolis is hereby under a state of emergency."

That was the announcement that echoed throughout the news. Everyone felt the stone cold reality of everything. The Death of Superman quickly got brushed to the side, but in many ways, the current events in Metropolis were something that was a byproduct of that unhappy event. There were many deaths and several injuries. The toll was mounting. It seemed like the demise of the Man of Steel had opened up the flood gates. While there was not a panic as of yet, there could have been soon.

It was to the point where even the most hardened of individuals were afraid to go on the street, yet some refused to allow this to uproot their lives. The loud sirens could be heard, with the police being called. Explosions and gunshots through the city was not an uncommon occurrence. In fact, such an event was practically expected when the situation boiled over at its most ugly level.

"The actions of Arcane, Supergirl, and Power Girl have somewhat tapered the peace, but even those three remarkable heroes cannot stop the swell of gang violence from consuming Metropolis. The events on this day have been dubbed truly War for Metropolis. Do not panic, we repeat do not panic."

It was funny how telling someone not to panic was often the main element that led to mass panic. There were screams of terror, and groups of citizens taking up arms themselves, with a rush of vigilante activity. That was not to discount the mass rioting on the streets, which made the jobs for everyone quite easier. It seemed as if the death of their favorite son had caused the entire city to go completely haywire.

Lois looked out of her office window, and wondered what was going on in the world. Actually, she had an idea; the entire world had gone nuts. It was hard to maintain the illusion that Clark was still alive, because she knew the fact that he was not. There was almost a sense, a hope, that Lois thought that he would walk into her office, and think that this was some kind of April Fool’s gag. Despite it being in October, but it was the thought that in fact counted.

Lois tapped her foot on the floor, and drummed her fingers on the desk. If she had gone out there, chances are that the next front page story could be her own obituary. Not that Lois was one for self-preservation, she lived on the edge of insanity every single day. It was all for getting the news.

‘He’s not coming back,’ Lois thought, struggling to keep ahold of herself despite all that happened. ‘He’s really and truly gone.’

For some reason, Lois thought that saying it out loud would make it truer. The woman had been to his funeral, and had visited the monument. The monument which could be destroyed at any minute by the rampant gang violence and Lois closed her fists at the very thought. It was a dedication for the hero of tomorrow, but they did not care.

Lois stepped forward into the hustle and bustle. Jimmy stared out into the distance, really half distracted by everything that was going on. The other reporters half expected a rocket launcher or
something crazy to blast through the windows of the Planet, and kill them all.

The dark haired reporter busied herself with the latest news. Arcane, Supergirl, and Power Girl had busted up another battle between Intergang and the False Face Society. There were several other warring factions, but those were the main two. Black Mask was more ruthless than anyone, given that his gang members had led to the death of many civilians, mostly women and children.

It was hard to be sickened by anything, given that she was in the news business. Not to mention, hearing about the atrocities committed in war from her father, but Lois saw some of the reports, and the graphic news, as an opportunity to test that. It was very much a body count.

The only thing Lois took some amount of solace with was the fact that there was a body count being racked up on the criminal side. She could actually see a few images of battle. Supergirl had just smashed into a giant robot from outside of the window, her eyes glazed over with fierce determination. The girl's heat vision sliced through the robot, and utterly decimated.

'Looks like she's taking out her frustrations on what happened,' Lois thought, grimacing when she watched what happened.

The dark haired reporter had a sense that Kara blamed herself with what happened to her cousin. Not that it was any of her fault, but that was a complex of heroes.

Lois took a moment to listen for the latest news, and sure enough there were reports that Batman had been sighted. The interest was heightened by even more reports coming in that the Justice League may be touching down momentarily. Lois weighed every single one of her options, and decided on the best course of action.

She decided that it would be doing a disservice to both herself, and the rest of the city if she was not out there in the thick of things. Lois Lane would cover the story, until the bitter end, no matter how long it took or how bitter the end would be. The woman bit her lip suddenly, and hoped that the end would not be as such. Right now, all she could do was grab her notepad and pen.

No one had even batted an eyelash at her reckless actions. The sounds of gunshots from not too far had given Lois a bit of pause. It almost had her hesitate to head out. The woman bit her lip, and then looked up at the poster of Superman hanging in the basement.

Even in death, Clark was her inspiration and her muse, and somehow Lois thought it would do his memory a disservice if she did not recklessly risk her life. Somehow that made sense, to her, in her moment of grief.

The war zone that was once the city of Metropolis was absolutely crazy, and the riots continued to escalate in the streets. The tension snowballed into an inferno of chaos. It seemed like every time one problem was solved, about three more came up. The criminal element in the city declared open season. Despite their great powers, and the fact that tempered the situation somewhat, Supergirl, Power Girl, and Arcane were being ran ragged.

'What are we going to do now?' Karen asked them. Her head looked around, but bright blue eyes were determined with what they had to do. 'We took out that huge pocket outside of the city.'

'Yeah, but there are many more coming,' Kara thought, and her fists clenched together with fury. 'Did every criminal on the East Coast just decide to throw a party?'
'It does seem so,' Karen thought to herself, sighing at the very thought.

Harry used his energy ring to scan the scene. He saw a great glowing energy signature.

'We better take out that bomb,' Harry thought to both of his wives. The two of them nodded, and waited for more advice. 'You two get the people around the bomb, I'll get the bomb itself.'

'Right,' Kara and Karen thought to Harry, their posture straight and proud while they hovered in the air.

Like a super nova, Arcane blasted through the front lines of the attacks. With a quick motion, he absolutely annihilated the bomb, and the two tripods that had been around it. The mobsters tried to use their guns on them, but Supergirl and Power Girl had yanked the weapons from their hands. The weapons clattered onto the ground with a thud, and the two Kryptonian blondes blasted forward, knocking them down. The loud cracks of the bones, and bodies of the attackers could be heard.

Kara and Karen spun around on their feet, and there was a sniper on the edge of the building, trying to take a shot at some civilians who were trying to get away. Supergirl shot into the air like a bottle rocket. She intercepted the bullet, and threw it back into the head of the sniper. The sniper was struck down, and fell off of the edge of the roof.

'Okay, I got those guys down, get this one,' Harry thought to them.

More explosives had been found, and deactivated. Supergirl and Power Girl took out the snipers with their heat vision before they could fire. They were then blasted off of the building. The police arrived to try and pacify the rioters, but they were fighting what seemed to be an uphill struggle.

Batman popped up out of nowhere, and several ice pellets had been flicked on the ground. It froze the attackers in place. Batman dodged a shot, and pulled out a Batarang. With an expert throw, he knocked the guns out of the hands of one of the attackers. The Dark Knight stood back to back with Arcane.

Batman continued to fight and analyzed the dire situation.

"So, just another day at the office?" Arcane asked to him coolly.

Batman offered a swift nod, and had knocked several of the mobsters back. Power Girl picked up an armored van and had swung it, knocking several of the attackers back, including another giant robot.

"Where do people find all of these giant robots?" Supergirl remarked, before she sent a blast of heat vision out, disabling it.

"Your guess is as good as mine," Power Girl responded in a dull voice. The busty blonde bombshell swooped down, and raised her arms up, before cracking it down onto the pod. The blast echoed throughout the entire city.

Power Girl and Supergirl locked hands, and the two Kryptonians swung around, creating a huge gust of wind. Their momentum propelled each other off in either direction. Kara caught the members of Intergang and knocked them off of the roof. Power Girl caught the members of the False Face Society, and sent them flying off of the roof on that end.

Arcane pulled another person out before he blasted him. Suddenly, there was the sense that people were around them even though they could not be seen. And they were smart enough to line
whatever cloaking suits they had with lead to block out the X-Ray vision.

"Great, people are invisible," Arcane said. He tried to listen closely for them, and blasted two more cloaked thugs down.

"Likely some kind of cloaking technology, there was a theft of it three days ago in Gotham City," Batman replied, and he back handed a thug in the face that tried and sneak up on him.

"So, this was premeditated," Arcane offered, and he stopped the attackers, in their tracks with a paralyzing curse before he put them down further.

"Black Mask has his schemes, and he's always able to think a few steps ahead," Batman advised Arcane. He had fought the criminal in the past. Black Mask was not the usual brand of criminal that Batman had found. Or to put it bluntly, he was not one of the Arkham crowd. He was completely sane, and sadistic, a dangerous combination.

The sounds of the Javelin arriving, and several members of Intergang stormed the street. The doors of the Javelin opened, and the Main Man himself had exited, eyes widened and guns blazing.

"Alright you plebs, you're about to get fragged for the Main Man."

Lobo rushed forward, and sent his guns blazing, blasting at everything that moved. Harry cursed, because one hand, this guy was taking out the members of Intergang and the False Face Society. On the other hand, his psychotic attitude, with no planning, had caught several civilians in the crossfire. Harry, Kara, and Karen worked damage control, and protected the people from the flying debris.

The one thing that they would praise Lobo for was his take no prisoners attitude. That was a good thing, but what was not such a good thing was the wanton property damage he caused without any way to mitigate it. Arcane stepped in when he could, and some of the members of Intergang slipped away. Harry let them go, with a tracking charm. With any luck, they would lead them to the stronghold of Intergang.

"I thought I told you to wait!" Green Lantern yelled, nearly getting up in Lobo's face when he said that.

Lobo took a step back, and stood before Green Lantern, brazen as ever.

"Nah, I didn't need to wait, and man I sure smoked them," Lobo said, shrugging off.

"Part of being in a team, is listening to each other, and you didn't listen," Hawkgirl yelled, eyes flaring and her mace held.

Lobo took a step back, and held his hands up, in mock surrender. The Main Man stood across from the members of the Justice League, and their associates. He tried to pacify the situation, only as Lobo could.

"Hey, no sweat, we really just took them all down," Lobo said, a twisted grin over his face. He dusted off of his hands to emphasize this point. "We took them out, and if they're all that easy, who really needs a Superman? I mean, the guy was decent and all, but he got himself blown up and all."

Kara immediately reached forward, and grabbed Lobo by the throat.

"What the hell is your problem, woman?" Lobo asked.
"You aren't to say one word about my cousin, Czarnian," Kara growled through gritted teeth and glowing eyes. "After what you nearly did to him last time you met, getting him captured…"

"Hey, that was just business, nothing personal," Lobo said, and Kara relaxed her grip, only slightly. "So, cousin, eh? Are you legal?"

Kara felt absolutely repulsed at what Lobo was implying, and felt the need to take a shower in acid.

"Yes, but I'm married, to my husband," Kara said, and Harry put an arm around her.

"Oh, the Main Man knows not to nose around in a married man's domain, no money in the world will get me to do that," Lobo said, throwing his hands up, and he turned to Power Girl. The Main Man's eyes lingered on a certain part of her body, and the older blonde Kryptonian felt a bit angered at this action. "How about you, babe? Are you single?"

"No, I'm married, to my husband," Karen said, and Harry put an arm around her.

Lobo's eyes widened.

"Wait, you're married to both of them?"

Harry just responded with a swift nod. Lobo gave a hearty laugh, and looked at him.

"I don't know whether to pity you, or to buy you a beer for that one kid. Especially this one, she's got quite a pair of…"

Karen was not about to hear about it. Lobo had been crude, rude, and socially unacceptable her in her dimension as well, and they had crossed paths more than a few times. To her, that gave her just cause to pick up this version of Lobo, and hurl him halfway across Metropolis. The members of the Justice League watched with a smile, even if some of them tried to hide their efforts. Lobo screamed, and landed with a thud.

"Karen, was that really necessary?" Harry asked to Karen, looking at her.

Karen just smirked. "No, but you can't deny it wasn't entertaining."

"No, none of us can deny that," Wonder Woman chimed in.

"Well, if she wouldn't have done something, I would," Kara remarked in a fierce voice. Lobo would be returning any moment now. "Why did you bring him along?"

"Would you have rather us left him in the Watch Tower?" Green Lantern asked, and everyone grimaced at the thought.

"Good point," Kara agreed, and Harry and Karen also seemed to be in like minds. The two of them nodded, and smiled.

Lobo walked forward, and Hawkgirl stepped in front of him.

"Hey, no broad gets the better of the….FRAG!"

Hawkgirl just nailed Lobo in the shin with her mace.

"Behave," Hawkgirl said, like she was scolding a small child, or maybe a dog.

"Trust me when I say this, but you better quite while you're ahead," Flash told Lobo, the most
serious that he had been in his entire life.

Lobo just grumbled, and shifted his weight. Batman turned to the three Potters, and Harry was prompt to give an assessment.

"Intergang is being tracked, and hopefully we'll be able to shut them down for good," Harry told them.

"And then we can worry about Black Mask and his gang," Kara added.

The Justice League and Lobo all stood by each other.

"Well what are we waiting for, an engraved invitation?" Hawkgirl asked. She looked ready and raring to go. "Let's go bust some heads."

Lobo nodded, now these plebs were speaking his language. He preferred busting heads. Green Lantern kept an eye on Lobo. It had been his turn on the babysitting Lobo.

"Stay with us, and do everything that we say," Green Lantern ordered. This tone left absolutely no room for contradiction.

"Remove the stick from your ass already," Lobo grumbled.

There was no more time to talk; rather there was time for action.

'Tracking charms indicate that Intergang's stronghold is downtone,' Kara thought, when she, Karen, and Harry determined what they were up again.

They prepared to track down Intergang, and shut them down, once and for all.

After traveling for nearly a day, there were many things that Clark found weird about the world that he was in. There were two burning questions that went through his mind that the Kryptonian resolved to answer before too long.

How long was he out?

Where was he?

And how could he find a way to get home?

Technically that was three questions, but Clark shook his head to clear the cobwebs. The mutated wolves had started to get tired, and Clark decided that it would be prudent to set up camp. Pretty soon, he would have to eat, especially without the yellow sunlight sustaining him. The problem was that there was nothing edible around. Clark wished he had packed something to eat in case of an emergency.

He sat on the ground, on a rock. It was not the most comfortable seat in the world, but it would allow him a few moments to sit down, and reflect. Clark also tried to get a spark, anything for the communicator to work. He was still unsure what happened to it. There would have to be a great deal of energy to fry such advanced circuitry.

'None of this makes any sense at all,' Clark pondered to himself. He tapped on the device, and strained his hearing. He still retained some degree of his super senses, although the longer he
lingered underneath this red sun, the more he would become mortal. And then he would be susceptible to hunger or death.

Clark needed to locate a sustainable food source within the next day. The problem was that there was no civilization, and no one around who would be able to provide him with anything. His wolf companions snored away, and Clark rubbed his face. The Man of Steel felt amusement at the growth that he felt. There was no way for him to shave it.

He sighed, and once again tried the communicator. It just felt like he was going around in circles, yet the stubbornness of Clark Kent was not something that would be denied.

"Superman to Watchtower, if you can hear me, if you can hear any of this, I'm setting up camp. I'm going to try to send a signal, if you can reach it. I have no idea where I am, but time might be running out. If you can hear this, please respond."

Clark honestly tried to keep all of the desperation out of his voice that he could. Yet, given the circumstances, desperate times called for desperate actions. His shoulders slumped, and he took a deep breath. Clark shook his head once again.

The moon was also eerie for some reason. It resembled Earth's moon in many ways, but also gave a faint purplish glow. Clark scratched his arm. It had been a while since anything as petty as an itch had bothered him. It actually gave him a dose of the normality that he had sometimes craved for, but this was done in the worst way.

A cold wind blew, and Clark also felt the misery of coldness for the first time ever. Clark took a deep breath, and gathered up a few broken branches and twigs he managed to salvage. With all of the energy he mustered, Clark used his heat vision to light a fire. Hopefully that would keep him warm, at least for a little while. As Clark thought this, winds threatened to blow out the fire.

Morning would come, when Clark did not know. All he could rely on was the sun coming up. The red sun that sapped him of his powers, and Clark shook his head. It was hard to believe that all of this started with a simple battle with Toyman. A foe that sometimes Clark took for granted, even if he admitted deep down that he was dangerously resourceful. That battle proved that much, and here Clark was marooned in this hopeless world.

He gave the League communicator one futile tap. If he had the proper tools, it might have been fixable. With Clark stranded with no resources, then fixing such a device was an uphill battle.

The winds blew, the wolves snored, the fire burned, and Clark Kent waited, impatiently, to see what would transpire. Time was not on his side, and the scratches and bruises on his arm proved that he was more normal than he ever had been. And dare Clark admit it, he was very vulnerable. The wolves had been tamed, yet Clark could potentially encounter other threats.

'The lack of civilization is quite strange, but this planet might have been dead for hundreds or even thousands of years,' Clark thought, and grimaced at the thought. 'Wiped out in an instant, just like the people of Krypton was.'

Clark tried to get some sleep on that note, but it was troubled. If nothing else, the Last son of Krypton slept with one eye open, and realized that he would be sore in the morning sleeping on rocks.

Morgan Edge slammed his hands down on the desk of his office with absolute fury. His men had
just gotten through giving him a report that had been utterly dismal. The fact of the matter was that Edge was enraged about everything that was going on.

"I give you technology that will make you masters of the city, and you get stopped," Edge said in a towering temper. He stood on his feet, and the men backed up, trembling in fear.

"Hey, cut us some slack boss, some of us got away."

Edge felt his blood pressure boiling, and the mob boss took a moment to take a deep breath. He began to rock from side to side. It was days like this where drinking was not only a requirement, but absolutely needed. His bloodshot eyes fixed on his gang members, and his breath grew rather faint. Crossing his arms, Edge looked at them, and spoke in a crisp, dangerous, and quite sinister voice.

"You got away, which means they let you get away. And if they let you get away, and you came here, that means they could be blowing down my doors any minute!"

Edge reached underneath his desk. The doors of the office bust open, and Edge half expected the Justice League. Instead, Black Mask walked in, flanked by several of his bodyguards. They all wore masks. Black Mask stood in front of Edge, dressed in a white suit. Some had said that the only reason Black Mask wore a white suit was so he could see the blood of his enemies when it had stained the suit.

"What do you want?" Edge demanded, standing with a twisted expression on his face.

Black Mask held his hand up, and spoke in a calm and crisp voice. "Mr. Edge, I understand that you've been having problems with many of your men dropping dead. A few of my best men have been caught in the crossfire as well. What I propose is a partnership, with Intergang."

Edge could hardly believe that these words came out of the mouth of Black Mask. It took him a couple of moments before he regained his composure. Cracking his knuckles, he stared down Black Mask, and there was no fear whatsoever in his eyes.

"Forget it," Edge said, and he reached underneath his desk. "I don't make deals with Gotham trash like you."

Edge tried to shoot Black Mask, but the gang leader was a bit quicker on the draw. With three sickening shots, two the chest and one to the head, Black Mask had gunned Morgan Edge down in his own office. Edge's own men could not help him, on the account that they had been executed gangland style as well.

The bullets riddled their bodies, and blood splashed onto the office floor. Black Mask stood, and shot Morgan Edge in the head several more times, just to ensure he was dead. He left nothing to chance.

Black Mask surveyed the entire situation of the office. He had his men clear out quickly, and take the back way out. With his hostile takeover on Intergang completed, now he could take all of their resources. Edge's laptop was taken as well, it would be a valuable list of resources. Black Mask snapped his fingers, and his men poured gasoline in the office.

With a flick of a match, the office with Morgan Edge, and his men inside went up in flames, as they exited through the window, and to the roof where a helicopter awaited.

Black Mask departed from the hideout, leaving everything burn behind him. He had the resources that he needed, everything else would be torched. This would lessen the chance of fingerprints.
The Justice League was on their tails, but Black Mask checked his laptop. The score he wanted would be theirs by nightfall. The city continued to be somewhat chaotic, even if the rioting had tampered down. Black Mask had sent an announcement to all the television stations, to report the huge explosive device he had planted inside the city. It would vaporize everything within six blocks on all sides.

That would keep the Justice League off of his tail, and Black Mask would be able to clear out the Metropolis Gold Reserves. Then he could blow the town, having gotten what he came for.

Harry had arrived, following the tracking spells he had placed on his enemies. However, he had arrived to nothing, but a scene of a burning building. Kara and Karen followed behind him. Batman also was behind, with the remaining members of the Justice League and Lobo following in the rear. The two blonde Kryptonians took a deep breath, and managed to blow out the fire, with Harry contributing a little magic while he could to help douse the flames.

"So, I'm guessing that this was Intergang's hideout," Hawkgirl remarked, breaking the silence.

"Ain't any hideout anymore," Lobo said, surveying the situation. "My Saturday Night's don't even get this wild."

Flash shook his head at this, he didn't really want to know. He really did not want to know. The Fastest Man Alive sped in, and saw that everything was torched. Batman stood behind him, with Wonder Woman, Martian Manhunter, Green Lantern, Hawkgirl, and Lobo.

"Black Mask has been here, and got what he came for," Batman replied, getting down to business as usual. "He's never one to leave behind much evidence."

Batman knew that better than anyone else regarding the criminal. There were no finger prints, no identifying marks, and Black Mask had never been caught. He was a tactician who was a few steps ahead. His fast network of criminals caused Batman more than a few headaches, and even when captured, they refused to divulge any information regarding the whereabouts of Black Mask.

"The gang war part is over, at least," Flash commented.

"Maybe," Green Lantern said, in a skeptical voice.

"Black Mask and his gang are still out there, and given the vast network Intergang operates with, I would not be surprised if there were many more pockets of them operating in this city," Batman informed them.

The Justice League all nodded, and understood what need to be done. Green Lantern tried to scan for anything. Even the Lantern Ring was unable to pick up anything. Whoever, this guy was, he's good.

"Man, we came all of this way to bust some heads, and there was no heads to bust," Lobo grunted.

"Stay focused," Green Lantern warned him.

It was at that point where Harry gave a cry of triumph.

"There might not be anyone to bust, but I found a clue of what Black Mask might be after."
The Justice League hastened to scramble over, and see what Harry had uncovered. Kara and Karen hovered in the air, and both blondes had a fixed expression on their faces.

'Are you thinking what I'm thinking?' Kara asked Karen and Harry through their mental link.

'Black Mask's entire operation is merely a diversion,' Harry thought to them.

"So, Black Mask is after all of the gold at the Metropolis Gold Reserves," Wonder Woman summarized.

"Can't say I blame the guy," Lobo added.

Lobo got his share of cross expressions from the members of the League.

"You'd blame him, when you realize what has just come through," Batman answered, and he zeroed in on Black Mask's frequency so the entire team could listen in closely.

"To any capes out there, my men have placed a bomb in the heart of Metropolis, and make no mistake about it, it will be detonated if you try and stop my men again. I'd worry about defusing it before you try anything funny. I've got a detonator in my hand. And if you get one of my dupes instead, well that automatically sets off the real deal."

Harry tried to close his eyes, and his three wives did likewise. All three of them focused on what they had to do to locate the bomb. The bomb could have been in one of six points, but it was obvious that five of them are dummies.

"See what you can do about defusing the bomb Black Mask put in the city," Batman suggested to them.

"Will do, and the League will handle Black Mask and his men," Arcane replied.

"Yes, we're all in agreement," Green Lantern responded, and was glad he had the foresight to recharge his ring before this mission.

"Certainly, he won't be able to hurt anyone else," Martian Manhunter remarked.

"So, again, what are we waiting around for?" Hawkgirl asked, impatient as always.

The Justice League went off, with Lobo following. Harry, Kara, and Karen turned to each other. They had a bomb threat to deal with. They isolated the signal for the bomb and pinpointed what the real McCoy was.

This type of bomb would take hours to defuse without magic, and thankfully it would only take a minute or two. The bomb was simple and deadly in its design.

'Okay, Harry, lift the top of the bomb,' Kara thought to them, analyzing it carefully. 'Karen, time your heat vision with me so we can cut the wires.'

Karen agreed with this, and the two of them began to slowly cut the wires. The bomb would be defused before too long. It was a delicate process, but at the very least, Harry was able to put up some shields so if they sliced the wrong wire, half of the city would not go up in flames. They would be able to survive the explosion, even if all three of them would be sore in the morning.
Clark had continued his journey, and finally he had made his way to some form of civilization. Or at least what was once a civilized area. Given the fact that it had been utterly decimated, and torn down, it was highly likely that no one lived here any longer. Clark took a few steps to take a look at everything. Then one horrific realization struck him faster than a speeding bullet.

He was standing right at the edge of the Metropolis city limits.

Clark stared, dumbstruck and unable to believe it. Instinctively, he tried to fly in, but remembered in an instant that he could not even jump that far off of the ground. Metropolis was not what it used to be. Clark now took a few tentative steps. This had to be some bad dream, some nightmare that had taken ahold of him.

If this was a nightmare, than Clark most certainly was not waking up from it any time soon. Eyes shut, breath heavy, and feet planted firmly on the ground, Clark continued to step forward. He opened his eyes, and the chaos was there. There was not a creature in the city. Even the rats had left, and Clark stepped forward, walking into the city. The globe of the Daily Planet laid in the middle of the city street, cracked and decayed, not at its original luster.

"How long was I out?" Clark thought to himself. His breath grew so very much frantic, and his head shook from side to side. 'It must have been more than a few hours or days. It's almost as if…no it can't be.'

Superman stepped forward, and saw a huge statue of himself toppled on the middle of the town. It was part of a monument of some sort. The world had believed that he was dead, or at least gone. Clark's hands curled into balls, and his blood ran cold at the next sight he saw. His blue eyes stared forward, transfixed. The cold wind blew through the air, making the dust in the city water his eyes. However, Clark blocked every single sensation out of his head, and saw one thing in particular.

The Watchtower had been toppled in the middle of the city. It was almost as if the Watchtower had fallen out of the heavens, and crashed straight to the ground. Again, it would have taken quite a force to knock it out of the sky. Harry had said as much, and Clark wondered how long he was here. He looked for something, anything, a newspaper to give him a hint of the date.

Yet, there might not have been a newspaper around. Everyone had perished. Clark stood out on the ground, and the red sun continued to ominously hover over his head. Everything Clark knew and loved was gone. There was only one structure that stood secure in the middle of all of the chaos. The Patronus Incorporated office building remained standing. Clark had hoped against hope that Kara, Harry, and Karen were still there, and could make sense of what was going on.

Clark walked inside. The hustle and bustle of the office building had long since ceased. In fact, the building was like a ghost town, silent and still, and to be honest, Clark half expected a tumbleweed to roll by like in a cliché Western scene. The Kryptonian took a few more steps, and the elevator did not even work. So Clark had to take the long journey up the stairs, and found where Harry and Kara's office had been located. The doors were already unlocked, and there was one thing on the desk.

A glowing white crystal sat on the desk. Clark took a step back, and reached forward to interact with the crystal. It lit up, with Kara standing there.

"If you found this crystal, first I'd like to say congratulations, and I'm sorry," Kara remarked, in a somber voice. "Both of those statements were for actually surviving what has happened. More people are dying, and the Earth's sun just died. We have another place where we can go, all of us…the Potter wives, and Harry himself, but never mind that. The fact of the matter is that if you find this, and are still living, you might not be for long."
Kara paused, seemingly unable to look what to say.

"I failed everyone, but that's just something I'm going to have to get over," Kara continued. "I guess without Superman, everything kind of went nuts. And I really failed to protect my cousin, and for that, I'm the sorriest of all."

"Kara, none of that was your fault," Clark said, but then he stopped and felt stupid, that he was talking to a memory.

"Just find a way, anyway to escape, or the roaches will get you," Kara replied before she held up her wrist to emphasize a device that was strapped to it. "This wrist band filters red sunlight into yellow, but it's not needed where I'm going. We thought about sending everyone to the Phantom Zone until we found a planet to recolonize them on, but we delayed too long. So, I'm leaving now, if you see this, you should do."

Clark could tell that Kara was trying very hard not to break up. He took a few deep breaths, and just got an appraisal on the situation. Everyone that he knew and loved had long since ceased to exist, or had left.

He walked down the stairs, and took Kara's warning to get off the planet to heart. How would he get off though? That was the question, and that dogged Clark in his mind. He opened the door, and took a few final steps towards the Watchtower, but paused and turned around.

There was someone else who was there, another survivor.

"I must say, you were the last person I'd expect to see, Superman."

Clark's eyes narrowed with disdain, and he spotted Vandal Savage standing there. Savage was an enemy that the Justice League had gone up against a couple of times so far, while Harry and Kara had been doing their own thing. Savage was an immortal, who had been around since the days of Neanderthal man. His powers were received from a meteor rock that had fallen from space.

"What are you doing here, Savage?" Clark asked, bracing himself for a fight.

"It seems like my immortality has offered me a gift to outlive the end of the world," Savage said to Clark. "And it does seem like you are among the last of a planet once again, Kal-El."

"What happened?" Clark demanded, standing up to face Savage. "I have a feeling you know."

Savage chuckled, and his eyes snapped across Clark's face.

"I do indeed," Savage agreed. "I had no small part in the destruction of the planet, and believe me, I think about it on every day."

Clark narrowed his eyes, and took out his frustration on the only target that was left in the world. With all of the strength that he could muster, Clark knocked Vandal Savage to the ground. Savage did not even bother to block the punch. Clark reached over, and grabbed a large piece of debris. Savage looked up, fearless at Clark.

"Do it, Kal-El," Savage encouraged Clark. "Maybe, you'll be able to succeed where I've failed in ending it all."

Clark paused, was he really a killer? Could he even kill Savage? That was two questions that went through his mind.
Savage got up to his feet, and stepped back.

"I am not the Vandal Savage that you once knew, and I have had much time to think," Savage answered. A reflective look was in his eyes. "And much time to repent on the sins of years past."

"How much time?" Clark asked, skeptical at this supposed change of heart.

Savage's face twisted into a grin.

"Welcome to the year three thousand five zero nine."

This revelation was one Clark had not taken well. He had been gone for over twenty five hundred years.
Vandal Savage stood, arms folded over. His gaze remained locked onto Superman's, and he took a deep breath, before he turned to address the Man of Steel.

"So, I've been gone for twenty five hundred years?"

Savage chuckled when the expression shifted in his eyes.

"Actually closer to fifteen hundred years, but I guess that arithmetic is not one of your super powers."

Superman shook his head to clear his mind and rubbed his temples nice and hard.

"It's funny that I fought the Justice League many times throughout the years. Actually, you weren't the first group of heroes that I have fought. There was one like you that has come along every generation. But you must have been among the most persistent of them. The only other group that was even more troublesome was a quartet of magic users who lived in a castle, but that is beside the point."

Savage kept his gaze on Superman, and Superman stared back, not taking his eyes off of the immortal caveman for one moment. The criminal never knew the Man of Steel to look more human, more vulnerable, and in another life, Savage would have pounced on the ability to rub this latest defeat in Superman's face. However, years and years of clarity offered Savage time to think, and time to repent. He had never thought he would ever be so glad to see one of these do-gooders.

"At one time, I thought that humans had gone soft, and I tried to correct that, to make it survival of the fittest. Well as it turned out, I was incorrect, and the world that you see before is the cause of that."

Superman's face contorted into a nasty scowl. "You were the one who caused this, caused all of this heartache. I should take you out right here and now."

"You should," Savage agreed. He took a step forward, and stared Superman directly in the eye. "But we both know that this will offer neither of us the clarity that we deserve. What's done is done, and you can't change the past by destroying me."

Superman turned around, and looked up at the red sun. It beat in the sky above him. There was just something taunting about that fact.

"It wasn't completely me, it was mostly Luthor, despite Power Girl's constant warnings you should take a stronger hand with him, the Justice League chose to ignore her, until it was too late," Savage remarked. "I did play my role, but Luthor was savagely violent. Those who fail to learn from history are doomed to repeat it; even if it is another planet's history they have failed to learn from."

"So, where are they?" Superman asked. "I get a feeling they would still be around somewhere."

"Oh, you mean your cousin and her family," Savage answered, and there was a long pause where Superman nodded. "They left a few hundred years ago, to find a new home, a new life. That was when the very last people died out, although among those who did get consumed by the roach people."
Clark felt his stomach twist at how casual Savage stated this fact. He took a step forward, and looked him in the eye.

"How could you be so casual about this?"

Savage gave Superman the most brutally honest answer he could. "It's something you grow accustomed to over time."

Clark had been among the final survivors of two planets, and that was a bitter pill to swallow. The worst part of all was that it was hard to believe that he got blasted into the future by Toyman.

"I'm guessing Toyman didn't quite comprehend what he created, when he sent you to the future," Savage added, and Clark responded with a nod. "It wasn't a disintegrator beam; it simply tore a hole through time and space where you stood. The circumstances of that particular meeting sent you here, but it could have sent you anywhere at any time. It was unfortunate it did not send you hours or days into the future."

"Yes, that was unfortunate," Clark agreed, his gaze burning into Savage.

Savage took a moment to reflect. "Your funeral was one of the biggest events I've ever seen, and I've lived through them all. From the initial Olympics in Greece all the way to Moon Landings, and everything else that was in between. I still have the DVD, and watch it from time to time."

"I'm touched," Clark droned.

Savage snapped his fingers suddenly, and looked at Clark.

"So, do you want to come over to my house?"

Clark was caught off guard by this, and Savage looked at him, crossing his arms, and a smile spread over his face.

"I have salvaged much technology from the planet," Savage added at this moment, and Clark looked at him. "What if I could send you back?"

"I'm listening," Clark said in a calm and crisp voice. He was not completely sure about trusting Savage one hundred percent of the time. "You did have a time machine…"

"Yes, and it was stolen by the roach people," Savage agreed, and the two men continued their brisk walk. "However, I may have found a replacement. Deciphering Kryptonian writing has become a past time of mine, but I can only go so far without a reference. And you might be that reference. If we can get the time portal working, then…"

"We can figure out how to send me back, before this all started," Superman remarked, feeling a bit of hope. "And this entire world will never happen."

"My thoughts exactly," Savage answered, pleased that Superman was getting it now.

Clark was visited by another thought, and he decided to ask Savage.

"So, I'm under the assumption that Patronus Incorporated created this device?"

"One of the last before they left the planet," Savage informed the Man of Steel.

Savage decided to keep his mouth shut about the details, especially the entire New Krypton thing. Something told him that was destined to happen regardless of what happened should he send
Superman back, or not.

"Why didn't they use it?" Clark asked.

Savage turned to the Man of Steel with a sad smile on his face. "Kal-El, as much as I would enjoy giving you a lecture of the mechanics of time travel, I doubt that either of us would get much from that. To make a long story short, we cannot travel to a time where we exist. However since you no longer exist…"

"I can," Clark answered, getting it immediately.

Savage nodded, pleased to see that the Kryptonian was getting the message.

"Let's get to work," Clark answered swiftly.

"Right this way," Savage told him, pointing the direction, and the two of them made their way through a set of doors, before they made their way through towards the lab where Savage had kept the final invention of Patronus Incorporated before they left Earth safe and secure.

The Justice League stood at the edge of the tunnel. Batman held a tracking device at the palm of his hand, and turned around. Wonder Woman, Green Lantern, and Flash stood behind him. The Martian Manhunter followed not so far behind, and Hawkgirl followed, with Lobo behind them. Hawkgirl and Green Lantern turned around, keeping a close eye on Lobo.

"We're very near," Batman told them, and the League stood, ready to go at his word. "Stay alert, we're in close quarters. The last thing we need is to cave the tunnel in."

Even Lobo was not going to question what Batman said. Green Lantern sent an energy construct down the tunnel to get the attention of the men. They turned around, and Flash rushed in front of them.

"Hey, how are you doing?" Flash asked. The thug tried to punch, but the Flash ducked it. There were a few more punches, but the speedster dodged them. "Ah, too slow, too slow, and too slow."

Flash knocked the thugs down at super speed. Wonder Woman picked both of them up and hurled them. They continued to move down the hallway. There was a set of metal doors that had been sealed shut. Hawkgirl raised her mace, and swung it over her head. With a huge swing, it knocked through the doors.

Black Mask and his men stood high above them. He had the tech that he stole from Intergang.

"So, Batman, you decided to come after me," Black Mask growled, and he stared down Batman. He tried to use the detonator to blow up the bomb. However, the button was not responding.

Batman tried to attack Black Mask, but the mobster had managed to avoid it. He pulled out a really big gun, and fired at the Justice League. Lobo rushed forward, without any regard. A large robot got up on its legs, and knocked Lobo back with a missile. Lobo caught it in his hands, and flung the missile back, causing the gang members to scatter.

"You fool, you'll collapse the tunnel!" Green Lantern yelled.

"Hey, we'll survive, and we'll take these guys down with us," Lobo remarked, with a shrug.
He slammed himself into the mobsters at the tunnel. Lobo continued to fight.

Supergirl, Power Girl, and Arcane made their way down the tunnel, and stopped at the grisly sight they arrived to.

'And the tunnels are about to collapse,' Kara thought, and she saw the cracking and shifting rock. The blonde Kryptonian curled her fists, and gritted her teeth. 'Great, that's just wonderful.'

'Just focus on it, we'll hold the tunnel up, and clear a path,' Harry thought to them.

'Right, we need to help the League still get out of here,' Karen thought to them.

The three of them used their rings, combined with their inherent magical powers, to shift the rocks back into place. There was a lot of straining on the rocks, from the explosions. Someone had drilled up from underneath, and caused everything to become unstable. The three Potters rushed forward, and continued to hear the sounds of combat. The three of them moved forward, and went further and further into the tunnel.

There were more explosions, and the three had stopped outside. Kara and Karen used their X-Ray vision to scope out the situation. Harry used a scanning spell to get even more information, and they saw Black Mask and his gang use the Intergang tech to really give the Justice League some problems.

Harry waved a hand, and a pulse had taken out the machines. Some of them malfunctioned, and he gave the signal to the members of the League who nodded. He saw Flash knock them backwards, and some of the mobsters had dove down the hole, to escape for another day.

Black Mask took a step forward, and offered a few more parting shots to the Justice League. He tried to find his way down the hole, but found his path block. Black Mask reached into his vest, and pulled out another weapon.

"See that, I'm going to take you with me…"

A blast had knocked Black Mask backwards, and the gun had exploded into his chest. He landed against the wall with a solid crack. Batman walked over to him, and suddenly Black Mask started beeping.

"Run!" Batman ordered, and the League did not need to be told twice.

The Justice League ran, with several shields being put up to keep the tunnels from collapsing. The explosives went off, and caused a shower of rocks to fly everywhere. Harry cleared it with some well placed charms, and the entire group had climbed out of the hole. The gold had been saved, and thankfully the security had been evacuated. The explosion echoed for miles around which everyone heard, and the entire group looked around, breathing in and out. It was a moment before anyone stopped.

"That was too close," Flash breathed.

"That much is obvious," Hawkgirl said, taking a moment to regain her composure.

"So is there any hope that we're actually going to be done for the day?" Flash asked, and there was another explosion that had rung out and echoed through their ears. The assembled group stood tense, and saw that there were still a few pockets of resistance.

There were a few groans, and the fact the situation only seemed to get worse.
"We could only be so lucky," Hawkgirl remarked.

There were more explosions that echoed throughout the city, and Karen, Kara, and Harry looked at each other. They were prepared for anything, and hopefully things calm down soon. What started as the merest trickle had turned into a flood. Normally civilized people had been turned into savages, and the hardest part of all would be to separate the rioters from the criminals.

It was a chaotic scene, and a mess, the police tried to move in, but they had been trampled in the chaos.

"Spread out, and move into teams," Harry replied, taking charge of the situation.

"Since when did he get put in charge?" Green Lantern asked.

"Do you have a better plan?" Batman countered, in a stoic voice.

Green Lantern would have had to grudgingly admitted that Batman had a point. There was no time for argument; rather it was the time for decisive action.

"This could very well work."

Superman looked at the time portal, and analyzed it to the best of his abilities. While he was not the most technologically savvy person in the world, he did in fact have a clear idea as to what worked, and what did not work. This time portal was one of those items that could in fact work, at least in theory. Of course, what worked in theory, might not even work in practice. There were times though where one had to throw all caution to the wind.

"Do you really have anything left to lose?" Savage asked Clark, and Clark suddenly looked at Savage at this point. "After all I've seen, and all I've done, this is a chance to right many wrongs, and to save the world. The Justice League will need you, you are a pillar to them. Learn from the mistakes of the past Kal-El, and don't wait it is until too late to correct a problem."

Clark just stood on his feet; killing should have never been an option. Yet, for some reason, it was sadly the only choice. Not that it was a choice he could see himself making.

"In other words, I want you to take me out like the mad dog that I am, if you get the chance," Savage replied, trying to impart the wisdom on Clark.

"I had assumed that you were immortal," Clark fired back towards Savage. If Clark was going to kill, he wondered what step to take to take out someone who was immortal.

"Then I would offer this up as an exercise of your creativity to find a way to put me down, or there is always that Phantom Zone dimension, should you fail to come up with something, ' Savage offered. He took a few steps forward, and looked Clark straight in the eye. There was just something about that gaze that seemed cold. "If at the very least, we can both agree that Luthor is a menace that needs to be put down, even if he was not one hundred percent responsible for the events you see before you. He did deal a crushing blow. The longer he lives, the more time he has to creatively enable a plan."

"Somehow I don't think that taking Luthor out will solve all of our problems," Clark remarked.

Savage shook his head at this instant, and stood in front of the time portal. The portal had
completely warmed up. Deriving what little power that they could that was left in this dismal world.

"No, but it will solve many. I have given the matter much thought. Throughout history, there will always be those who will destroy the world. And among the most dangerous, are those who attempt to save it beyond all reason. There is much damage that can be done by trying too hard. Remember to choose your battles wisely Kal-El, and take decisive action."

Among the last people that Clark thought he would be getting life lessons from was Vandal Savage. The future was the strange place. Savage was not done.

"On October 30th 2001, I will steal white dwarf star matter from a scientist named Ray Palmer. That would be nearly two weeks from the time I'm attempting to send you back. It is not the fatal blow, but it is one of the shots that will severely impact the Earth and lead to the future that you see before you."

Clark nodded, and filed that information away from later use.

"From there, I cannot give you much more foresight, as the future will no longer be set in stone, should you stop that theft," Savage continued.

"I understand," Clark answered, bracing himself to stop this Earth where he could.

"Delay, and later you will pay," Savage added as an afterthought. "And you should not delay your return trip back through the time portal."

Clark stiffened and nodded. It was time to go back, and change the world one step at a time.

"I should warn you," Savage said, and Clark looked over his shoulder to look at the would be conqueror caveman. "There is a slim chance that this time portal will send you back to a time where you already exist, and thus you will cease to exist."

Clark decided to throw Savage's words back at him at this point.

"What do I have left to lose?"

Savage nodded, and watched Clark take that huge step forward. Time seemed to stand still, and Kal-El had disappeared, to return to the time where he had already meant to be. The caveman could wait, and watch, to see what happened next. Time continued to tick by, and Savage saw the remaining energy fade from around the time portal, before everything went dead. There was no power left in the lab, and Savage had hoped that there would be a sufficient amount to send the displaced Man of Steel back.

Savage waited, and watched. Time stood still, and so did he. Every single moment ticked by, and Savage had thought for the briefest instance that his last ditch gambit had been all for nothing. He would be doomed to live in a world surrounded by past mistakes. Doomed to live in a world where most living things had long since ceased to exist. He had resigned himself to this fact a long time ago. Yet the savage man had hoped, and waited.

Something wonderful happened at that moment. Everything began to change around Savage. The torn streets had been replaced by well paved roads. The futuristic Metropolis, seemingly built by Patronus Incorporated had come into life. Savage watched, and heard the cheerful screams of children. The caveman never thought he would be so grateful to see a bunch of little brats, yet their screams and cheers were like music to his ears.
Everything locked back into focus, and Savage felt himself pulling away. There was hope that the world had changed for the better, and that the mistakes had not been made. It was hard to tell when things turned around, but the greatest healing factor was time and space.

The only bad thing was that he no longer would have had his mistakes to reflect on. So also lost in time would be the redemption of Vandal Savage. That was a small price to pay to ensure that humanity thrived and survived for thousands of years to come.

Savage saw the world shift, as he shifted out. There were three words that he spoke, before he faded off into the distance.

"Thank you, Superman."

Savage had disappeared into the mist. His past self would battle the Justice League in the future, in his past, but thanks to the knowledge that he handed to Superman, there would be a day where he would no longer be a threat.

That was a story for another time, however.

The good news was that the gang war was mostly been dealt with. There were a few stranglers in each faction that had caused some panic inside the city. Harry, Kara, and Karen used their rings to blast through the debris and create a barrier. The Justice League swooped in, and the teams divided and conquered. Every enemy was sent flying. The entire team had been run ragged. It was not from a physical standpoint, all of them were used to that.

Lobo blitzed through, nearly taking out half of the city block in the process. It was events like that, which caused their mental facilities that be ultimately taxed. The explosions rang out throughout the city.

"Alright, let's dance," Lobo grunted, and his punches sent every single person flying in his wake. Lobo decided to pick up two cars and smash an Intergang member who was in a huge robotic battle suit. Sparks flew in every single direction, and the gang member was down.

Lois Lane was in the thick of things meanwhile. Kara had spotted her, and it seemed like she was just there to cover the chaos as it unfolded.

'No regard for her own personal safety,' Kara thought to Harry and Karen.

'Would Lois be Lois if she was?' Karen thought to them, torn between amusement and despair.

'No,' Harry and Kara both thought at the same time, and a combination of heat vision and magical attacks caused everyone to fly backwards with the attacks that had been made. The explosions rang out, and several more enemies had been taken out.

"Hold the line!" Green Lantern yelled over the explosions.

"Believe me, John, we're trying," Flash said underneath his breath, and he looked up. "Wow, that's a big one."

Flash zoomed forward at the speed of light, and began to hammer away at his enemy. There were a series of rapid fire punches, and the robot began to back off, but did not go down even for an instant. The Fastest Man Alive took a step back, and tried to attack the robot again.
Kara, Karen, and Harry all smashed through the attacker at once. The pilot tried to eject himself, but was knocked out by one well-placed Batarang to the head. Batman stood over the attacker, and the entire League moved forward. Things were finally beginning to cool down, and now that the numbers had been heard.

The mercenary known as Deadshot stood in the shadows, a gun in hand. He had spotted Batman on the ground, and knew he could not pass up this opportunity. Deadshot would get Batman as a notch on his belt, even if it was the final notch he would put on said belt. He held the gun and aimed.

"Bang, you're dead."

Deadshot took aim, but his bullet did not make it far. It had been caught. Everyone spun around, and Batman disarmed Deadshot once again. Harry knocked Deadshot off of the ledge of the building, and he fell straight to a grisly fate.

It took everyone a few seconds to realize who hovered above them. The entire Justice League, along with Supergirl, Power Girl, Arcane, and Lobo all looked up into the sky. They had looked like they seen a ghost. Even Lois had turned away, and her mouth opened in shock, opening and closing several times.

It wasn't a bird, it wasn't a plane, it was Superman. The Last Son of Krypton arrived on the scene, in the flesh, so to speak. He hovered in the air, with his cape in all of its tattered glory. The Man of Steel looked down at the entire group, with a wide smile on his face.

"Did you miss me?" Superman asked, suddenly.

"Kal, how did this happen?"

Two more straggling mobsters tried to escape. Superman flew in front of them, and picked them up, before he flew them across the city. He then returned, and dropped right in front of his cousin. Kara stood before him, and there was a moment before she spoke.

"This better not be a sick joke," Kara said in a firm voice.

The two cousins stared each other down, and Kara waited for her answer.

"It's not a joke Kara," Clark replied, a smile crossing his face.

There was a moment where Kara stopped, and paused, before she nailed Clark with a huge punch to the face, to send him flying down to the ground! Everyone was shocked, and Clark landed on the ground with a thud. Clark massaged his jaw, in a great deal of pain.

"Kal-El, you idiot, I told you to be careful!" Kara yelled at him, and Clark winced, before Kara flew over, and hugged her cousin. "I'm so glad that you're alive."

"We're so glad that you're alive," Karen corrected her.

"That's a sentiment that we can all share," Harry answered, looking down at Superman.

Superman just looked at the Justice League, who had walked over to greet him.

"You had us worried for a while," Wonder Woman stated, breaking the silence.

"Indeed, we had assumed that you had perished," The Martian Manhunter offered, relief flooding
"You should have seen your funeral," Flash answered. "It was amazing."

"How did you survive?" Hawkgirl wondered.

"Toyman blasted me to the future with his gun, and caused my particles to get blasted hundreds and hundreds years into the future," Superman explained to the group, and the Justice League were taken off guard by this bit of news. "And I got help from Vandal Savage of all people."

The Justice League members blinked, in surprise at this one.

"You're kidding me," Green Lantern said.

Superman just folded his arms over, and Batman turned to him.

"So how about you? Did you miss me?"

"How could I?" Batman asked. A shadow of a smile appeared on his face. "I never believed that you were dead to begin with."

Superman looked at Batman, and a wide smile spread across his face. He turned to his friend and fellow Justice League member.

"I guess I should have known that you would have faith in me. And know that someday that I would find my way back. And it was thanks to these three that I returned. It was their invention, even if Savage pointed me out."

Superman looked at Kara, Karen, and Harry, who looked pleased that they had allowed Superman a way to return home, even if they technically did not do it yet. And they might never have to, given that he was here. Time travel was rather confusing.

Lobo walked over to the group, a big wide smile on his face, and he looked at them all.

"That's just great, the entire gang is back together," Lobo said, and he put an arm around the waists of Superman and Wonder Woman. Wonder Woman quickly disengaged herself, quite painfully, and Lobo's elbow snapped back. The Main Man grimaced, but played it cool. "All eight of us."

Superman felt it was necessary to correct that notion.

"You're not a part of this team, and if I had to guess, you caused more damage than you helped," Superman replied, and Lobo looked surprised. "So, why don't you do us all a favor, and leave."

Lobo clutched his fists, and looked at Superman. His teeth gritted, a bit insulted by the spurn, but he recovered.

"That's gratitude for you, the Main Man fills in while you were gallivanting around in the future, and you decide to give me the cold shoulder. Well fine, I'm not going to take this anymore. You can consider me quitting this team, and I ain't ever coming back."

Lobo whistled into the air, and his motorcycle came back down from the sky. Without another word, Lobo mounted it, and his ride shot up into the air, as far as he could go. The Martian Manhunter stood on the ground below, and offered a few parting words.

"We never wanted you to join anyway!"
“Yeah, I think he's long gone, J'onn,” Flash replied, and he turned to Superman. “So, I'm loving the beard.”

"Are you keeping it?” Wonder Woman asked.

Kara just pulled a face, and looked at the growth on her cousin's face. "I hope not, because it looks ridiculous."

Clark turned around, getting a good look at himself with the beard in the mirror of a car. He would have to agree with his cousin's assessment. His hair was also rather greasy and unkempt, and there was something to be said about how a nice shower and a meal would be good right about now. Superman walked over, and saw Lois standing there.

"I should have known you would have been in the thick of things,” Clark told her.

Lois just offered a smile, and a nod. "Well you know me, I can't just stay out of trouble, no matter how much I try."

Clark scooped up Lois in his arms, and the two flew off.

"I think it's time we visit my parents, to let them know that the rumors of my demise were greatly exaggerated," Clark remarked, after they had hit the air.

"I was about to say the same thing," Lois told Clark. "Your mother was distraught. It was a good thing that the memorial was beautiful."

Lois had to admit, that she kept looking into the sky, hoping against hope that Clark would return. And now that he did, she found herself scarcely believing what had happened. Yet, seeing was in fact believing.

"Please tell me you're going to take a shower," Lois added, as she wrinkled her nose. "Because no offense, Smallville, but wherever you have been, you reek of something."

"I'll do that, trust me," Clark said, but first he had to stop in and check in on his folks, to make sure they were fine.

A smile crossed over Kara's beautiful face, with the blonde Kryptonian resting against Harry's broad chest in the sitting off at their home. Despite everything, it was good to be back, and one hundred percent. Kara's face contorted into a slight smile. Karen was helping with the clean up crews for Metropolis. Harry and Kara both insisted on helping themselves, but Karen disagreed and sent them home to get some rest and relaxation. The two of them enjoyed the full benefits of that.

"Everything turned out alright after all," Kara said out loud, and Harry stroked Kara's golden blonde locks in his fingers.

"Everything was more than alright, I think,” Harry answered to her, and he wrapped his arms around Kara, and she leaned into him, a bright smile appearing across her beautiful face.

"Batman didn't seem surprised that Kal came back, but then again, I'm sure he suspected what happened," Kara answered with a bright smile across her face. She turned over, and straddled Harry's lap, before looking him in the eyes. Bright blue eyes met Harry's green eyes, and she leaned towards him. "You had an idea what happened, didn't you?"
Harry had to be perfectly honest with Kara, and a smile crossed his face.

"There was always going to be a chance that Clark would survive what happened," Harry told her and Kara nodded. "I thought about what happened, and the death seemed too clean. There wasn't even a sample of blood. In case I was wrong…"

"You didn't want to tell me, to get my hopes up," Kara said quietly. Her hands were on Harry's chest, and Kara just smiled at Harry nodding. "Yeah, I can see why you would do such a thing, and really I understand. Just glad that everything turned out for the better, and I'll be honest, I felt like a failure."

Harry grabbed Kara's wrists, and looked firmly in her bright blue eyes.

"Kara, you can't save everyone, especially your cousin," Harry said, before he added. "He should really have known to duck."

A smile spread across Kara's pink lips, and she nodded.

"Yeah, he really should have known when to duck," Kara agreed with Harry, and Harry pulled her in to a long and deep kiss.

No matter how many times they kissed, Kara always felt it was special as the first time they had ever met. Perhaps it was even more so in many ways. She got so much enjoyment at the touches of her husband, the caresses on her skin, and just everything that went along with a relationship.

The two continued their kisses, and Kara began to work Harry's shirt over his head. She traced circular patterns on his stomach and abs with her fingers, and offered light little kisses to it. She traveled south, and Harry saw down the cleavage baring top Kara wore. He felt himself stir, and he was ready to make love to his first wife.

Kara got the message, and squeezed Harry to get to work.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Kara's lips were firmly pressed on Harry's stomach, and she planted kiss after kiss down it. With a quick tug, Kara removed the belt that Harry was wearing, and pulled it off. She squeezed Harry's crotch through his pants, feeling his thickness and length in her fingers. She smiled when he throbbed in her hand, and pulled away, teasing him just a little bit.

With a sharp tug, Kara yanked down Harry's boxer shorts. His cock sprang out for her, and Kara grabbed it in her hand. She held it her hand, and stroked it up and down, teasing Harry a little bit. Harry arched his hips up into her soft, but firm, hand.

"Kara, stroke faster, really tug on my cock," Harry encouraged his wife, feeling her hand tighten around him as she stroked him.

Kara obliged her husband, and sped up her pumping. Her hand was clutched around Harry's cock, and Kara used her pink tongue to lick Harry's balls. Harry twitched, feeling so good, and Kara continued to pump up and down. Every three strokes, Kara offered a slight lick to Harry's erection, and Harry shuddered from the pleasure. Kara kept up this pattern for quite some time, getting Harry riled up from the teasing.

After a while of this, Harry was ready, and he grabbed Kara by the shoulders, and looked in her eyes.
"Don't you think you're a little overdressed, my love?"

Kara nodded eagerly, and Harry reached over, and pulled her white tight off. She was not wearing a bra underneath, which Harry approved of. Her perky, and large tits bounced out for Harry, to grab and play with.

Harry dove for them immediately and started to suck on the flesh. He tasted every single bit of them, and Kara reached down, putting one hand on Harry's hair to encourage him. Harry took the encouragement well, and trailed his tongue over her large tits. Her nipples were hard, and Harry placed one in his mouth, trailing his tongue over them.

After playing with her tits a little bit, Harry reached down, and pulled her shorts down to reveal her thong clad ass. Kara turned over on the couch, raising her perfect rear at Harry, and wiggled it towards him. There was nothing but a sexy black thong over it, and Harry felt himself throb at her ass.

"Come and get it Harry," Kara cooed, and she slapped her ass, in an inverting manner.

"You're being a naughty girl Kara," Harry told her, and he slapped her tight ass with a huge smack.

"Yes, very naughty, smack me again Harry!"

With a tug, the dark haired wizard pulled his wife's thong dow. Harry spanked Kara's ass several times, and felt the blonde Kryptonian's pussy, cupping it in his hand.

"So wet, so warm, I wonder what I'm going to do?" Harry asked, teasing her slightly.

"Put it in me," Kara begged him, and Harry teased her opening with his fingers. Kara felt her pussy burn with desire for him, and she wiggled her ass. "Stick it in me, and fuck me over this couch."

"I'll fuck you, until you scream so hard that you can shatter eardrums," Harry whispered hotly in her ear.

"Please, do it," Kara begged him.

Harry took aim at Kara, and grabbed her slim hips. He pushed into her from behind. Kara moaned as she felt Harry's cock fill her. Harry pushed Kara down, her breasts pressed against the couch, and he began to plow into her tight pussy from behind. Her walls were very wet, and Harry was about to make them wetter with each passing action. He lowered, and plunged into her, his cock going deeper and deeper into her.

Kara grabbed the couch, shredding the sheets with her finger nails.

"You like that, me fucking your tight pussy," Harry whispered to her.

Kara's heightened moans were the only answer that Harry needed to hear. He pushed his ten inch dick into her tight core, and continued to pummel her, nice and long. His cock stretched out her walls temporarily, although they would get back to normal before too long. Kara's moans got higher, and higher, the longer Harry fucked her.

Kara writhed, and Harry slapped Kara's ass a few times while he had fucked her from behind. At that moment, Harry cupped Kara's breasts, and squeezed them. He alternated efforts to her ass, squeezing, and sticking his finger inside her anus.

"Oh, Harry," Kara moaned, feeling Harry play with her. "Great Rao, keep doing that."
Harry plowed his cock into Kara from behind. His member was being rubbed so well from her. It felt so good to get her wrapped around him, to feel her tighten around him. Her pussy convulsing around him, and Harry held back for as long as he wanted to, with the time ticking by. His balls tightened.

"I'm going to shoot my big hot load into you!" Harry said with no regrets. "Would you like that, my sticky cum filling you up?"

"Yes, do it, blow your load in my tight pussy," Kara moaned, and Harry pushed deep into her. Harry thrust into her a few more times, enjoying the tightness, before he could no longer hold back. His release was at hand, and Harry spat into his seed into Kara. He pumped into her again and again, and Kara writhed and moaned. The blonde Kryptonian felt the pleasure of her husband's seed spewing into her like a fountain.

Harry pulled out of Kara, and Kara dropped onto the couch, cum dripping from her pussy, a mixture of both herself and Harry. Kara scraped her fingers against her thighs, and placed her fingers in her mouth. Slowly, and surely, Kara suckled the juices off of her fingers, and her pleasure was heightened even more.

The dark haired wizard watched Kara, lying on the couch, her legs spread, and feasting on his cum. Combined with her luscious lips, beautiful blue eyes, perky breasts, curvy body, taut stomach, long legs, and perfect feet, Harry got hard quickly. He saw her pussy, and dove at Kara, attacking her breasts, before once again his cock slid into Kara.

Kara felt absolutely delighted to have her husband's cock in her for the second time that evening. Harry pumped into her, and his thick member stretched her Kryptonian pussy more than it would have been stretched by any normal means. Her powerful walls flexed and convulsed around his member, and Kara's eyes glazed over in pleasure, with Harry pumping right into her.

Harry continued his motions, with the time clicking by. Kara moved her hips, grinding them a little bit, as Harry pumped into her more and more, faster and faster. Harry felt her walls tighten around him, and he brought his wife to a glorious orgasm. She was panting, and they had hovered off of the couch. This added to the erotic atmosphere, with Harry's head touching the ceiling, and he plunged down into Kara.

"I'm going to fuck you, until you can't go anymore tonight," Harry breathed, and he thrust down into Kara. She swayed in the air, and Harry grabbed her ass, playing with it, and pinching it.

"Please do, fuck me, fuck me all night long!" Kara screamed.

Harry obliged, and pumped into her. Reaching forward, Harry tugged on her hair, and Kara's pussy tightened around his member. Harry bent down and grabbed her face, before pushing his tongue into it. There was nothing that turned Kara on more than when Harry played rough with her.

Harry slammed down so hard that his balls smacked hard against Kara's thighs. Kara moaned, and grinded up against Harry, with her body arched in the air. She felt herself driven to orgasm after orgasm.

"Lick my tits, play with my ass," Kara encouraged him, moaning and writhing underneath him.

"So delicious, your pussy wants my seed, I can feel it," Harry breathed to Kara.

"Give it to me, baby, pump that cum into me," Kara moaned.
Harry was not quite done letting Kara wait. She was soaking wet, and a bit winded, even if she still stayed the pace. The two lovers hip bones clashed over and over, and the collision was lovely. Kara grabbed Harry around his neck, and pushed her tits into his face. Harry blew onto her tits, and used Parseltongue in between them, sending pleasure up Kara's spine.

"So close," Harry told her. "Going to fill you to the brim."

"Yes, fire it in me," Kara moaned, she needed it, she wanted it.

Harry gave it to her. Several thick ropes of cum splattered. Kara used her pussy muscles to milk, and jerk Harry's cock until every single drop of cum had been fucked out of him. The two landed on the couch, with Harry pulling Kara into a tight embrace, and kissing her.

Harry got up, but he felt another hand on his cock, giving it a tight squeeze.

"Your night isn't quite done yet, lover boy."

Karen stood before Harry, squeezing his package. It did not take long for Harry to get hard at the side of his second wife's naked and flawless body. Her beautiful blue eyes burned into him. Her golden hair, short and shoulder length, framed her face. Her curved body was like an hour glass, with huge tits that he could indulge himself in for hours. Her hips were wide, and sensual, with a pussy that was wet for him, and burned with desire for his cock.

Harry knew only one thing to do. He pushed Karen against the wall, and pressed his lips against hers. Karen eagerly returned the favor, probing Harry's mouth with her tongue. She grinded her pussy against Harry's length to get him excited, as Kara recovered on the couch. Already she was getting horny again, seeing this little interplay between her two spouses.

Having Karen pinned at the wall by her wrists, and looking into her eyes, Harry gazed into her, teasing the opening, slowly brushing the head against her dripping slit.

"Please, Harry, don't make me beg for your cock," Karen told him.

A smile appeared on Harry's face. "Ah, but you look so cute when you beg."

Karen looked at Harry at that moment, and Harry spread her legs, before he shifted his weight. Without any preamble, Harry slid himself into Karen. He felt her tight pussy squeeze him immediately, and Harry started to pump into Karen against the wall. She grinded onto him, and Harry squeezed her tits.

"I love your tits, but your pussy is just as good," Harry groaned, and he buried his face into her massive chest, sucking on her massive tits.

Karen was lost in new sensations of pleasure, with Harry hammering into her against the wall. He seemed determined to drive her nuts. His cock was pure magic into her, and it seemed like every single round, he was getting stronger and had more endurance. Not that Karen minded, she could fuck Harry every day and every night, and not get bored with it. She knew Kara felt the same way, and right now Karen was feeling the pleasure of Harry's delicious cock slamming into her.

She reached around and squeezed Harry's ass, to encourage him. Karen's eyes glazed over, as she moaned. Every single motion Harry delivered to her, it was good. Every time he thrust into her, it was a new pleasurable spot. Karen stroked his hair, and Harry looked at her.

"I'm going to fuck you long and hard into the night," Harry said, hammering his cock deep into her cunt, and Karen moaned at the motions. "I'm going to wear out that tight pussy of yours."
"We'll...see...about that," Karen stammered, and Harry continued to push into her time and time again.

Kara was on the couch, and she was arched back. One hand was buried deep between her folders, and the other hand was playing with her breasts. She was just getting so turned on. Harry had driven her to some rather powerful orgasms, and she had lost track of the time. Harry plunged into her double repeatedly, and not only could Karen feel it, but Kara could feel it as well. The mental link was getting stronger, and Kara could feel the pleasure that was coursing through her doubles body and it was making her twat so very wet.

'Fuck, so good,' Kara thought, riding her fingers, matching Harry's strokes into Karen.

Karen had already been worked up nicely when she felt what Harry was doing to Kara through the link. She could have shut it down if she wanted to, but she did not want to. Karen wanted to feel everything, and her pussy was being hammered by Harry. Every single move he made, it was like magic, even if the term did seem rather cheesy.

Karen's pussy was dripping, and Harry slammed into her repeatedly over and over again. His balls tightened from the pleasure.

"So, good keep working me, almost there, I think Kara is too."

"Yes," Kara moaned, and she rode her fingers, which had been splattered with her juices.

Karen locked her legs around Harry, and held him close, to push him into her. Her pussy muscles strengthened around Harry, squeezing him like a vice. Harry pushed through her, and the friction of two organs meeting had made Karen flush with desire.

Once again, Karen's eyes glazed over, and Harry had hammered into Karen hard. Kara and Karen both screamed out in passion, even though Karen's orgasm was much more passionate, due to actually being actively rammed into.

Harry dropped to the ground, but Karen continued to pull him in, for a long and deep kiss. Kara floated over, and the two of them had pushed Harry onto the ground. The two beauties stroked, and licked Harry's cock and balls. He was once again strengthened. With another motion, Karen and Kara lay back on the carpet, and spread their legs. Both were already soaked in their juices, but were still as horny as hell.

"Two delicious pussies, I wonder what one I'm going to fuck first," Harry told them, and he hovered over both of them.

With another motion, Harry plunged his fingers into Karen's cunt, and his cock into Kara's. Kara felt victory as for the third time tonight, her husband's cock entered her warm and inviting folds. Karen did not complain too much, with Harry fingering her cunt, and she bucked her hips upward to meet Harry's actions.

"Fuck me, Harry!" Karen and Kara moaned at the same time.

Harry obliged both of these lovely ladies, and continued to plunge his cock and fingers into them respectively. The pair of them were losing their minds under his efforts. Kara was trying to wear him down early, but despite cumming three times tonight, Harry was not the least bit tired. Harry's free hand explored every single bit of Kara's body, while his cock had plunged into her tight pussy. His other hand worked Karen up.

After a moment, it was time to switch. Kara whined when Harry pulled out of her, and switched his
efforts to Karen's pussy. Her tight pussy had massaged him immediately. It enveloped around him in his warm goodness.

"So good, wonder if you're going to be the one to make me cum again," Harry replied, and slammed into Karen as he made this statement.

Karen was determined to get a second load of thick seed into her, but in the meantime, she would settle for Harry's cock pushing into her. Kara once again bucked her hips wildly. The two girls turned, and made out with each other, using their tongues to scrape each other's lips, and mouths. Harry did not complain about the erotic sight that had been offered before him.

After switching off a couple of times, he gave himself a short break, and played with their breasts. It went without saying that Karen had a lot bigger set of tits, even though Kara's was quite lovely. He resumed pumping into Kara.

"I'm getting so close, I wonder which one," Harry managed.

Kara and Karen felt the pleasure that Harry both gave them individually and also the other girl. A small hazed part of their brains thought that they likely should shut down the links, to prevent a pleasure overload. However, any rational thinking was out the window, with Harry pleasuring their bodies.

"Your tight Kryptonian bodies, they're all mine, and I'm going to take every advantage of them," Harry told them.

"Yes, Harry wreck us," Kara and Karen cooed.

"Cum in me, Harry," Karen begged.

"No cum in me," Kara told him, with a loving expression in her eyes.

Something had to give, and after nearly an hour of switching off, with long hard fucking to both wives that left them in a pool of their own juices, Harry unloaded into Kara's waiting snatch. She squeezed him nice and tightly, and Harry buried himself into her, pushing into her until his cum had been exploded.

Harry stepped back, and Karen quickly got on top of Kara in the sixty-nine position. She was determined to get a little bit of the cum out of Kara's cunt, and Karen licked her hard, slurping up the combined juices. Kara returned the favor, and this caused Harry to grow hard once again. The two munched on each other's pussies, and fondled their breasts as well. This caused Harry to get in the mood once more.

The fun would continue throughout the night, until the point where all three lovers needed to put some fluids back into their body. It had been worth it however.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

All three Potters remained entangled on the couch. Harry had an arm wrapped around each wife as they rested on his broad chest. He stroked their hair lightly, and the time ticked away. The weekend was here tomorrow, and that meant that all three of them would have the entire time to themselves.

Harry planned an erotic weekend, and they would offer each other nothing, but pleasure.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter "Alternate."
Chapter 38: Alternate.

There were many universes throughout the multiverse, some of them the same from the one that we know, and others rather different from the one that we knew. In this universe, there were many changes. Many meetings did not happen, while some did. There were different choices that have occurred in life, and lead to people taking up very different steps towards what they assumed to be their destiny.

There was a fine line between choice and destiny, and to some that line was crossed with mad glee. This was the case of this universe’s version of Lex Luthor, who had ascended to the highest office of the land. Lex Luthor was the President of the United States, the first ever third party candidate to win. The American People over the past several years had grown rather agitated with the same old politicians in the two major parties, so they tried another choice.

There were threats from the two major parties, some veiled, some more blatant to get Lex Luthor shut down before the election. An election he funded with his own money, and did not accept donations. It was an election he was determined to win on his own two feet. Yet, showing astounding bravery in the face of adversity, Lex Luthor would not back down. Over the first two years of his term, he had single handily eliminated the national debt, put more people in jobs than any other president in history, and gave increased health care benefits to people.

It was all at a price however. Despite the newfound goodwill and optimism in the United States, Luthor still had his share of enemies, both inside the country and outside. There had been at least one shot fired at him, and several more assassination attempts had been foiled before a single shot could be fired. Yet, President Luthor stood tall, and his popularity ranking continued to sky rocket.

For even the most hardened men, the pressures of public office could get to them, and Lex found this out the hard way. He had succumbed to the pressures, and many vices were indulged in. He also felt his temper shorten, and when other countries messed with the greatest country in the world, Lex had gotten trigger happy.

Two countries had tried to ignore what Lex had told them. Several good Americans had died for their freedom, and now they decided to defy him. Truly they should be able to understand that he had their best interests in mind. Lex would not have anything to do with that, so he sent several high range weapons. It wiped out several villages, and for some reason, this was considered controversial. Congress had called for Lex to cease his attacks, but he was the President, and they were beneath him.

A twisted smile appeared on Lex’s face, when he realized that the Flash had been caught in the crossfire. It was one less do-gooder to deal with. The Fastest Man Alive was not fast enough to dodge one of his long range weapons. His chief advisor, Harrison Radcliffe, had given him the advice to take the fight to the League at this level.

There were many things that came with the office of the President of the United States. One of the biggest things was the power, and the knowledge that the citizens of one of the greatest countries in the world were serving him. They were sheep who had voted him into office, and had forgiven them when he offered them promises.

Promises he did hold up his end of the bargain on, unlike many of his predecessors. Lex would not be a liar, like those who had preceded him. It was only a shame that he had two terms to work with,
but six more years could allow him to arrange to bypass that pesky limitation and overturn that Constitutional amendment. He would rule the American People like a king.

It also offered him a vast wealth of knowledge to be used at his disposal. Including the ability to look up the information of all of the heroes, and find out their secret identities. This fact forced the heroes to play along with Lex at several points, although Lex knew when to pick his spots wisely.

Running a country was much like running a business; it was all about taking risk and opportunity. Lex had managed to get this country running again, and now he would settle an old score. Despite the fact that they had stood together, side by side, neither had trusted the other. Superman was someone who Lex still loathed, and now was the perfect opportunity to strike him where it hurt, in the heart.

The saying went that home was where the heart was, and Lex's eyes narrowed, when he grabbed the phone, a sadistic expression on his eyes, and tapped on it, smiling. He prepared to give the order.

"Send our long range missiles to Smallville, Kansas, and blow it off the map," Lex ordered in a crisp voice. A slick smile appeared on the President's face after he gave this declaration.

It was hard to believe that Superman was in fact Clark Kent, a mild mannered reporter. It was a shame, because Lex always thought that Kent was a standup kind of guy, but since he was Superman, that made them enemies. Lex waited for the explosion to go off, and Smallville to be a moment of the past. Superman was halfway across the world, dealing with a crisis that Lex manufactured.

Superman would not be saving the day this time. Lex kicked his feet up on his desk, and just watched, and waited. Soon, he would deal the crushing blow to Superman's heart. Lex's eyes widened, and his mouth widened. Suddenly he snapped, and had another one of his episodes that he had been having ever since becoming President.

"If you can only see what a success I've become now, Dad!" Lex yelled to himself in a crazed voice, looking up at the ceiling. "Lionel, do you hear me? I'm about to save the world, and make sure nothing threatens it again!"

A twisted grin appeared over Lex's face, and he folded his arms. He waited for the end to come, and what an end it would be.

Kara Zor-El existed in this world, but things had changed much from the world we knew. She had gone to Vegas, but she did not meet the man of her dreams, for Harry had never gone. All she got was a stern lecture from her cousin, and she was stuck on the farm for two more years, before she was of age, and could leave, to make her own journey in the world.

Kara had adopted the Earthly alias of Linda Danvers, after a girl that had died in her arms when Supergirl had failed to save her. No matter what, no matter how hard she tried, with her great powers, there were going to be sometimes where she could not save the day. It was a never ending reminder of what happened, and what could happen. She was powerful, but not omniscient.

Right now, there were many people who had been hinging on her to save the day. Linda stepped forward, her eyes widened. She was dressed in business attire, with her hair tied back, and stockings, wearing a pair of high heels. She stared at the screen, and wanted to scream. Lex had launched more of his sadistic weapons, and they were pointed right towards Smallville.
The Kents were there.

Linda was left with a dilemma, she could either bolt to Smallville, save the Kents, but leave everyone else to perish, or she could try and stop the missiles remotely. She had the knowledge to hack into computers, and had to try. She had three minutes; surely she could redirect them safely.

Her role as an intern for the President had given her an opportunity to slip bits and pieces of information to her cousin and his teammates. Even if she had to deal with the disgusting overtures of Lex, who obviously had a sick obsession of trying to get into her panties. Thankfully, she managed to avert that.

Right now, Linda bit her lip, and continued to hammer away on the keyboard. She tried to get in. Surely, there was something that would allow her to stop these missiles before they struck and blew Smallville off of the map. Her breath was getting heavier, and heavier. The palms were getting clammy, and her hands shook. She blinked over and over again, and tried to get in. The missiles were getting closer and closer to impacting Smallville, and she continued to breath in and out heavily.

'Think, Kara, Linda, whoever you are, just think,' Linda thought to herself, and she blinked. She was getting rather flushed. 'No, that's not it, damn it, that's not it, I'll give Lex credit, he's a crafty bastard.'

The time continued to tick up, and Linda felt herself continue to try and hammer into the system, trying to deactivate the missiles, divert them, redirect them back to the source, whatever she did, she could get to them.

There were thirty seconds to detonation, and Linda continued to type into the system frantically.

Twenty, Nineteen, Eighteen, Seventeen, Sixteen.

Linda tried something, but there was no way inside. The blonde Kryptonian felt like she wanted to yank her hair out, frustration mounting as she grew more impatient.

Ten, Nine, Eight, Seven, Six, Five, Four, Three, Two.

For a brief second, Linda thought she got it.

She let out the breath that she was holding.

Then it overrode her signal, and the missiles impacted right into Smallville.

"NO!" Linda yelled, and she ripped the computer out of the wall, and threw it into the wall. That was about all that she could do at that point, and her breathing became more and more heavy. The blonde Kryptonian rocked back and forth, crazed, and absolutely mad, and not to mention frustrated, she was very frustrated.

This anger was to cover up one certain point, and that was that no matter what, she had failed. Her failure was something that would eat way at her for some time to come. Linda closed her eyes, the Kents were always so nice to her, and then they were gone. Evaporated just like everyone else in Smallville.

She could have saved them, yet, she had to save everyone.

Once again, the greatest lesson of a heroine was hammered into her head.
No matter what, one couldn't save everyone, and the deaths of the Kents would be forever on her conscious.

If she could get her hands on Lex, their deaths would not be for nothing. Linda would assassinate the president.

She stopped, and saw her cousin fly past her in the hallway. Suddenly, Linda felt deflated, and defeated. Kal would not allow her to kill Lex, he was too morality minded to do so. Even if all of Smallville had been blown to dust, he would not do that.

Superman did not kill, no questions about it.

Lex waited oh so patiently in his office. It was a calm and tranquil wait, almost like an inmate on death row who has long since accepted his fate. He tapped his fingers on the desk, clicked his pen, and hummed a merry tune. Almost right on cue, the sounds of body guards getting smacked around outside greeted Lex, and Superman burst through the door to face him.

"I was wondering when you would show up," Lex remarked in a cool, calm, and rather tranquil voice.

"The game's up, Lex," Superman told him, bold and fierce as ever.

Lex's face contorted into a slight smirk, and he hovered his finger above the desk. Superman grabbed his hand to block it.

"We've been through this, what would you say, about twenty or thirty times, Kal-El?" Lex asked him a bored voice. He showed no fear, this was the big blue boy-scout, and there was really nothing that the Man of Steel would do to him. "And the result has been the same every single time."

"You murdered the Flash," Superman told him in a cold voice.

Lex just had a smile cross his face.

"You know, he should have ducked, but I guess he's not the fastest thing on Earth after all," Lex remarked, and Clark shifted towards him, his eyes narrowed in sadistic fury. "So, tell me, Kal-El, or would you prefer the name, Clark?"

Superman grimaced; Lex had done his homework, and had uncovered his secret identity.

"All it took to fool everyone was a single pair of glasses," Lex remarked crisply. An impressed look crossed his face. "Both ingenious and simple."

Lex turned and looked Superman in the eye, much like someone meeting an old friend for the first time in a long time. The pause was lengthy, before Lex spoke.

"So tell me, Clark, how are the folks?" Lex asked, but then he snapped his fingers and looked Clark directly in the eye. "Oh, that's right, I regret to inform you that Jonathan and Martha Kent, along with the rest of Smallville, have perished. It was a nasty explosion. But look on the bright side Kal-El, if it was your parent's wish to get cremated, I saved you a bundle on that."

Clark reached over the desk, and snatched Lex by the lapels of his jacket. Lex just once again looked merely bored, and shook his head.
"Let's face it, Kal-El, you couldn't kill me, so don't pretend you have it in you," Lex remarked, sounding more bored by the second.

"I could shut you down right now," Superman replied.

Lex offered him a dry chuckle, and looked Clark dead on in the eyes, with icy fury.

"Yes you could, but you won't," Lex told him, and the doors opened. Batman, the Martian Manhunter, Hawkgirl, Green Lantern, and Wonder Woman all joined the party. "There are about five or six different ways for you to defeat me, but they all involve lethal force. Which isn't what you're going to do, because you're too good for that, aren't you?"

Lex poked Superman right in the chest, in the center of the Big Red "S". Superman's eyes glowed red, but Lex once again showed no fear. The worst that could happen was Superman was going to break a few bones, send him to prison, but he'd be back on the street within the next twenty four hours. That dance had been something that had gone on since the very beginning of their dynamic.

"Isn't that right, Clark?" Lex whispered to him, and he prepared to reach underneath the desk to blow up the White House with all of them inside. If his term as presidency was going to end, Lex was going out of the White House with a bang. "The glowing eyes don't scare me…"

Heat vision cut through the air to cut Luthor off, and the rest of the Justice League looked on in horror. They stood there, and Batman took half of a step forward, but stopped himself. After all Luthor did, his sympathy was lacking. It was almost like there was some kind of compulsion holding them in place. The heat vision burned Lex Luthor to a crisp, and he screamed out in horror, while he spontaneously combusted.

"Consider yourself impeached," Superman said coldly, and he turned around, to see the rest of the League around him, looking at him, mouths agap and eyes widened.

"It…I don't know what to say," Wonder Woman said, finding her voice.

"It had to be done," Batman replied in a resigned voice.

"After everything that happened, Lex deserved it, and then some," Hawkgirl added in a somber voice.

Superman stepped forward, and was shocked. He had never considered taking a life, even as diseased as Luthor's. However, something about it felt liberating. For the first time in his life, Kal-El was completely free. The humanity forged by the Kents died with their death, and the Kryptonian stepped forward, towards the hallway. His cousin was waiting for him, mouth open in shock. Her eyes widened, and she turned around.

Her cousin did it, he actually did it. While she often lectured Clark about not being so soft with criminals, the fact that he actually did something seemed so weird. Linda Danvers looked out into the sky, and no doubt before too long, they would make a stir about the death of the President. The League might have to fight their way out of here.

Superman hovered above the ground in a funk. A figure stood in the shadows, and crossed his arms, looking at the Man of Steel with intense green eyes. His face was mostly obscured, even if Kal-El could see who he was. The Man of Steel just gave a stoic nod, and a serious expression crossed his face.

"You were right all along, and I should have listened. I kept trying to redeem them, but it cost me my parents, and also the Flash died."
"It is always better late than never, Kal-El," a voice said, calm and collected, as if nothing could rattle him. "Today begins the dawn of a new age, where the world will change for the better. It will be an ever lasting peace and utopia, and your team will be at the heart of it. Crime will be abolished, and everyone will be safe. Some people might not agree with the actions, but certain things must be done for the greater good."

"I understand that more now than ever before," Clark told him.

Today was the first of many steps where the world would be changing. Today, the Justice League would transform into the Justice Lords, and the world as they knew it would never be the same ever again. The man in the shadows stood, and waited, the vision he started in his world, the aspirations he had, would soon come full circle.

All it took was the sacrifice of every single magical user in the world, other than him, to accomplish his moment of triumph. They all died, and soon he would achieve his vision throughout the entire world, and eventually a greater multiverse.

The world was in the palm of his hand.

A lot could happen in a period of two years, and that was the case with this world. The world on the surface looked like a sparkling utopia. The air was clean, the water was cleaner, street crime was pretty much non-existent. Not one piece of litter had been dropped on the street. People could leave their doors unlocked at night without any fear of someone breaking and entering. Children played in the park, dogs barked happily, and people walked down the street, with wide smiles on their faces.

All the while, there was a calm and tranquil voice speaking to every single one of them. There were loud speakers set up in every single major city across the nation, with Metropolis being no exception. The voice spoke to them, as people went along about their normal day, with bright smiles on their face.

"Remember, a bright and happy attitude, free of bitterness and hostility is the key to a positive and productive lifestyle. There is no need to fear, crime is no longer a factor. All of you should thank your lord and savior, Harry Potter. He has allowed you to live in this perfect world, and you should take time out of your busy day, to thank him, to pay tribute to this visionary. Harry Potter and the Justice Lords have allowed you to be safe, and secure. He is your best friend, and to him, you are all his children."

The calm and tranquil voice continued to drone.

"Harry Potter is always watching over you, for your own protection. He will always be there, beside you. Kindly stand by, and await a message from your savior, and the greatest hero the universe has ever seen."

A pause was made, before Harry Potter's voice echoed for all to hear.

"We have come a long way in this world, and I thank you all for your cooperation. Let go of your physical desires, and understand that this is only to be done for your everlasting protection. Freedom is a false idol, and it must be sacrificed for you to be safe and secure. Yet, there are those who wish to destabilize our perfect world. If you see anyone attempting to resist what is just, then please report them to any Lighting Squad your city. They are here to help you, they are your friends. The world will be perfect, but only you can allow it. Those who still hope to resist what is just and true will be punished like disobedient children. All who assist will be remembered and
thanked. You all sleep safely in your beds, thanks to my efforts, the efforts of the Justice Lords, and my Lighting Squad, and know this to be true."

Harry paused, and then concluded.

"Remember, I'm always watching over you, for you are my children."

There were many nods of content throughout the city, but one guy turned around. He saw the statue of Harry Potter at the village square, looking at them with bright eyes.

"What the hell is this, are you people going to just stand there, and let him dictate what we do?" demanded the man, and he turned around to face the people, who backed away from him like he was carrying some kind of disease that they did not want to catch. "Mr. Perfect World is stripping away our civic rights, and making you into his drones. Are you going to take it, and are you going to stand up and…"

A blast of laser fire cut off the man in mid-speech. True to form, Lord Potter's enforcer drones were right on schedule. They had targeted anyone who had destabilized the utopia that he had built with extreme prejudice, and right now, the man who had spoken out had played a nice little game of dodge the laser fire.

"Alright, sorry, sorry, Potter is good," the man said, holding his hands in the air.

"Your statement lacks sincerity," one of the enforcer drones stated in monotone.

"You must be punished," another enforcer drone stated.

"All who are in rebellion will be re-orientated," the third drone replied.

The town square citizens all backed up, and held their hands up, to indicate that there was no way they were fighting these enforcer drones.

At that moment, a girl flew through the air, faster than a speeding bullet, and had knocked out two of the Enforcer drones with heat vision, and then blasted the third one with a pulse of magical energy from her hand. They blew up immediately, and a cyclone kicked up where she flew in circles.

Kara Zor-El of this Earth now had officially adopted the name Linda Danvers, and cut her ties to the House of El and her cousin permanently after what had happened. At first, she stood by the Justice Lords. They killed criminals which was warranted. Lobotomizing the patients at Arkham was something that Linda was not sure about, but went with it.

When they started to take away the freedoms of the people, like freedom of religion, freedom of press, and freedom of speech, that is where Linda drew the line. She had ditched the moniker of Supergirl, and had a new moniker, Matrix.

Her bright blue eyes burned with absolute fury in the air. The golden hair she wore had been tied back in a ponytail, to prevent it from whipping it into her face when flying. Her high cheekbones, and rosy lips gave her a vision of beauty. The silver t-shirt she wore hugged around her torso lightly, showcasing her well-developed breasts, and it just stopped about three inches below them. On the shirt, there was a red "S" on it still, but it was scratched out, due to her divorcing herself from her cousin and all he stood for. Her taut stomach was on display.

The skirt snugly hugged around her hips, and flapped in the breeze. Linda wore no panties underneath, she found it was much easier to fly without them. One could get a hint of her lovely
rear underneath the skirt. Her legs were as long and beautiful as ever, adorned with white stockings that fit snugly around her legs. She wore no shoes of any kind.

The Lighting Squad moved out, and Matrix spun around in the air, kicking them in the face. They were a bit distracted from looking up her skirt, and she continued to pivot. The blonde Kryptonian grabbed the stun gun, and jabbed it a bit below the belt into one of the Lighting Squad members.

More enforcer drones showed up, when she was done.

"Great, more robots to smash," Matrix said, a smug smirk spreading across her face after she said that.

Everything came to life, and with it, the voice of Harry Potter

"I don't know why you persist to resist, my dear Kara."

"I'm not your dear anything, you monster!" Matrix yelled at him, and blew up two more of his enforcer drones.

"Don't be so dramatic, love," Lord Potter told her in a crisp voice. "It is not like there would be anyone else out there for you. There is no one like me like me, and it would be hard to deny that you feel a certain physical pull towards me."

Matrix gritted her teeth, she hated him, but he was attractive, physically at least. It was a shame that he was rotten to the core.

"I can never love someone like you!" Matrix fired back.

Harry hummed, and paused, calm as could be, before he responded.

"You will love me, my precious angel," Lord Potter stated. "You will learn to love me, or your life will be a rather barren one. By the time that it is over, you will be begging to have me, and naturally you will be accepted into my heart. Every ruler needs a queen, and you are the perfect one."

"You are evil, worse than Zod!" Matrix yelled, her face contorted with anger, and her fists clenched off to her side.

There was a bit of a dry chuckle given by Harry, and he decided to enlighten his bride to be on a few facts.

"I'm not worse than Zod, and there was one common thing different between myself, and Zod. He failed, whilst I will succeed in my plans. I do admit that he was a visionary in many ways, but a fool in others. And I will make sure there will be none who will oppose me. Your resistance is weakening, and you can't keep up the fight alone, my love."

"Stop calling me that!" Matrix shouted, angrily blasting the statue with heat vision.

"I only say it, for it is true," Lord Potter said. "You shall be mine, and we will rule over everything together. All will be at our feet, eating out of my hand. You are a goddess, and deserve nothing less, and most certainly these mortals should cater to you, and not vice versa."

The Enforcer Drones showed up, and Matrix decided to beat a hasty retreat. She would need more time, but what the world needed was a hero.
Thankfully her shape-shifting abilities had allowed her to blend into the crowd. That was one good thing about that monster experimenting on her, she did get a few new powers, and soon he would be taken down by the monster he created.

Matrix just needed time to regroup, and meet up with the rest of the resistance. All while doubling around to make sure she was not being followed by any of Lord Potter's flunkies.

There were many lessons Harry Potter learned throughout his life. For one, don't wait for someone to do something right, but rather do it yourself. There were times throughout his life where if he waited for those in authority to do something correct, and just, he would have been dead many times over.

Harry also learned something about the false idea of freedom. It was quite elementary; it was a wonder why anyone had not figured it out before.

Freedom allowed people to make choices.

Some people when given the opportunity to make a choice often tended to make the wrong choice.

Those wrong choices lead to people committing a crime.

Those crimes led to innocents being killed.

Therefore, Harry came to one conclusion, and that was he needed to watch over all people, and make their choices for them. He trusted that he would make the right one. They were incapable of making the right decision, as it had been proven time and time again. Harry had grown with power for very simple reason.

He had found a way to travel throughout the vast multiverse and slaughter alternate versions of himself. The sacrifice had enabled him to perform a ritual that would increase his power. Lord Potter stood on the precipice of godhood, all he needed to do was step forward, and take that next opportunity. Keep destroying alternate versions of himself, and it would also enable him to have his ideal woman to rule by his side.

Presently, Lord Potter oversaw a communications satellite being put into orbit. Soon the satellite would extend his will throughout the entire world, and he would tighten his control. The world would know his message, and would be bent to his will. They must all be taught to obey, like the children that they were. A smile appeared on his face, soon they would live in a perfect world, with him and Kara ruling and watching over them all.

Kara would come around eventually, when she realized that it was meant to be between the two of them. It was not like he had given her much of an option with the experiments performed on her. The experiments did have that one loophole, which Harry endeavored to close with the full sale destruction of every single version of himself throughout the vast universe.

The next universe was an interesting one. It appeared that unlike many of the universes, this Harry was in a relationship with his version of Kara, actually two versions of Kara.

Lord Potter felt a small swell of pride at his alternate self for achieving that feat. It was a shame that he must die. Although someone would naturally have to comfort the widows, and Lord Potter felt himself to be ideal for the job. The more, the merrier, after all.

The Justice Lords was still called the Justice League, and existed as well. This might potentially be a problem, but solving problems was what Lord Potter did. He prepared for battle, and to figure out
It was time to pay his friends a visit. They had been doing a wonderful job in helping keep the peace, but it was time for them to understand who was in charge. They were merely figureheads, but Lord Potter was the one that ran the show.

To Be Continued in the Next Arc "Lords."
Chapter 39: Lords Part One

In this universe, the Justice League was called the Justice Lords. Superman was still a commanding presence that this twisted version of the Justice League. Batman was still paranoid as he was going to be, and Green Lantern, the Martian Manhunter, Hawkgirl, and Wonder Woman had not changed that much, with one possible exception. The fact was they were more extreme, and less caring towards criminals. They ruled with a firm hand, and anyone who had gotten in their way would be taken down with extreme prejudice.

Right now, Hawkgirl and the Green Lantern stepped forward, to deal with the protestors who had gathered around Washington D.C. Some of them had not decided that the Justice Lords just had what was in their best interest. The protests got louder, and John Stewart looked down, his eyes flashing in disgust.

"Will they ever learn what is happening?" Green Lantern asked, and he used his energy construct to clear a path. The protestors scattered, but a few of the braver ones had thrown rocks at them. Green Lantern reflected them immediately. "We all sleep much better at night after what has happened. The crime rate is down, what's the problem?"

"There will always be people who will disagree with what is necessary," Hawkgirl replied, and one of the protestors had rushed forward, and began to hurl rocks. It took every bit of her self-control not to knock them around.

Thankfully there was no need to knock them around, as more Enforcer drones had dropped down from the skies. The people were electrified, and taken down, some of them dragged off while others being left to rot. The rest of the protestors stepped backwards, shaking and shaking their fists. There was not that much more than they could do, other than protest, and hope that someone would come to save them. Hawkgirl and Green Lantern dropped down, and there was a communication for the Justice Lords to have a meeting.

Lord Lantern and Lord Hawkgirl flew forward, utilizing their respective powers, and made their way into the situation. The two protectors of the world joined the Lord Martian Manhunter, Lord Batman, Lord Superman, and Lord Wonder Woman, and the three of them were standing around. There was a blinking light, and the two of them saw a beacon. Lord Martian Manhunter stood and waited for the signal to come completely through.

"Greetings, my friends, I have come to you with a bit of a problem," the voice of Lord Potter had stated over the communication device. "As you may know, there would be infinite number of dimensions out there…"

"Would this have anything to do with your constant travels in between dimensional barriers with an Interstellar Portal Device?" Batman inquired, canning the small talk, and getting directly to the point. His tone was calm, and cool.

Lord Potter did not even miss a beat, and responded with another word. "I do admit that I am concerned with some dimensions, that contain those who do have interdimensional portal capabilities. They could destabilize everything that we have worked for, and I for one I'm not about to give up on this. The perfect world that we have worked in and this group of heroes in the other universe are very similar to how you once were. They still call themselves the Justice League, and have failed to learn some of the same lessons. The biggest problem is my own counterpart in that
Lord Superman paused, and looked at the screen. His cousin stood side beside Harry, and was still in good terms with him. That made him wonder if this was the bad thing that Lord Potter was saying at that point, but Superman shook his head. The fact crime still existed, and was a problem was something that Superman could not abide by and accept, not any more.

"They could present a problem," Lord Wonder Woman offered, her hands folded.

"We need to help them, and cleanse their world just like this one," Lord Potter replied, and his voice became calm and collected. They might disagree, but we've got to step up our game, and get them here."

Lord Batman was immediately ready to speak at this point. "Trust me, I have a plan."

"It wouldn't be you if you didn't," Lord Potter responded in a crisp voice, and Lord Green Lantern and Lord Martian Manhunter prepared to step in to run an intervention on this Justice League. They would fight it, but it was their own good. "The portal will be opened in two hours, prepare to do what you need to do."

The Justice Lords made plans, and went their separate ways. Lord Superman had a pressing engagement that he had to attend to at the moment, and his eyes narrowed at that point. Lois was getting to be rather particular and a bit defensive about his activities. The Man of Steel tried to use whatever political clout that he used to keep her out of trouble, but Lord Potter had warned him that his patience was waning.

Trying to explain to Lord Potter that Lois would not be cowed by any threats was not an easy thing. Superman just closed his eyes, and prepared for action. Something told him that he was not going to win, this battle, especially if Lois was her usual stubborn self.

Lois sat at the dining table in her apartment at that moment, and Lord Superman sat across for her. This was a very long and awkward moment between the two of them. She looked at Superman, and saw the security guards standing right behind the Man of Steel. They stared at her like she committed some mortal sin.

This very fact annoyed her to the absolute core, and the dark haired reporter had bit her lip rather nervously. There was just so much for her to say, and she had no fear. Lois had hoped, and prayed that Superman would understand what was happening, and why, with the Man of Steel once being the greatest hero the world had ever seen.

Yet the last son of Krypton had remained rather cold and stoic, completely oblivious about everything that happened. Superman sat across from Lois at that point, and Lois just stirred her soup. Superman once again did not say a word for a bit, and Lois just glared at him. Her eyes remained on him, and waited for him to say anything.

"Is there something wrong with the soup?" Superman asked, trying to break the tense silence. Lois's eyes snapped up to Superman, and looked at him, unable to believe how he was missing the point.

"No, the soup is fine, everything else is just wrong."

Confusion just spread across Superman's face, and Lois just sighed, being absolute oblivious at
that moment. She wanted to bang her face against something after everything that happened, likely the wall. The woman stood, and folded her arms, her eyes burning a hole through Superman worse than his heat vision.

"What is it Lois, one of my powers isn't to read minds?" Lord Superman asked to the reporter, and Lois slid back on her chair, before she leaned forward.

"No."

Once again, Lord Superman had become rather oblivious to the entire situation. He tried to get information. "What do you mean, no?"

"I mean I don't feel too comfortable about talking with you with your security hovering over me," Lois replied, and she looked at the Man of Steel, trying to get him to understand. Her gaze once again penetrated his face. "What happened to you Smallville? You used to be about truth, justice, and the American way, and now you're the opposite of everything that you stood for. What's your deal, Clark?"

"Clark Kent isn't alive anymore Lois, remember its Superman or Kal-El," Lord Superman told Lois, and Lois just bit her lip, wanting to scream to the heavens with the frustration that she was feeling. "I thought that Superman was the one who you fell in love with."

"Yes, but you once told me that Clark Kent is who you are, and Superman is what you do," Lois answered at this point, gripping the edge of the table cloth, and staring right in his eyes. This coldness was actually scaring her a little bit. "I don't think you can even be called Superman, because you just forgot every single thing that you stood for."

Lord Superman sighed, he was afraid that Lois would not listen to reason.

"Did you see the crime rate..."

"Yeah, the crime rate went down, I get it, but our freedom has been sacrificed, and you've become a dictator," Lois told him, and she stood on her feet, but the security guards stepped through, grabbing Lois immediately. The woman struggled, when the guard's grip tightened on her wrist. "Hey, let me go!"

"Sorry, but you've been warned more than one time, Miss Lane," the security guard said, giving Lord Superman an apologetic look all the way, and Lois just looked at him, trying to get him to understand what was happening.

She could not believe that something like this was happening. What the hell happened to this world, and what the hell happened to Superman? Nothing that occurred made the slightest bit of sense, and Lois found herself grabbed by the security guards. If she was going to be arrested, the Lois was going to go down swinging, and sure enough, an elbow had been buried right into stomach of one of her captors.

The security guards reached in, and Lois felt a bit of a shock when a stun gun had been buried into her back.

"I don't think that is necessary," Lord Superman ordered, but the guards shook their heads.

"It's very necessary, sir," one of the guards stated in an apologetic voice, and Lois was dragged off immediately, perhaps never to be seen again. "She was being hostile, and was a detriment to the perfect world. One day, she may be able to see the outside again, but today's not that day."
Lois gave a bit of a grunt, and tried to look at Lord Superman, to get him to realize what he had been feeling was wrong. He hovered a few inches off of the ground, and Lois was dragged off. She had heard stories about reporters, being dragged off, and they had never been seen again. Lois felt resigned to the fate, and once again, she looked at Lord Superman. She was about to yell and scream at him, but was dragged off.

Lord Superman stood by, and his shoulders had been slumped right on the ground. He activated the communication device, and soon the Justice League would have been brought in. This universe's of the Martian Manhunter had sent him a telepathic message to join the Lords at the earliest moment, and Lord Superman hastened at that moment.

Soon there would be a perfect world on both sides of this inter-dimensional curtain. Lord Superman flew forward, his cape fluttering against him in the wind. The black and white had replaced the traditional red and blue of the Man of Steel, and he continued his trek further and further forward high above the sky.

A bit of guilt had entered his psyche, when he thought about what his parents might think, but he blocked it out of his mind. His parents were gone. The old ways worked only to an extent, and it caused Jonathan and Martha Kent, along with all of Smallville to die. Then there was the Flash, and Superman thought about his death every single moment of every single day.

Back in the standard dimension, Harry waited, and felt a sense of foreboding. He could not place precisely what this sense was, just that it was going to end up bugging him in the end. He sat on the edge of his seat, and watched to see what was going to happen. Kara and Karen walked across the lab to see what was happening.

"Did you feel that?" Kara asked both of them.

Karen just numbly nodded, and Harry stared blankly at the screen across from him. He began to punch in the Watchtower, and see what was happening. Suddenly, he saw what was happening before their very eyes. An alternate universe counterpart of the Martian Manhunter showed up right before the Watchtower, and Harry listened in. Batman looked at him skeptically, and Harry would have to share the Dark Knight's skepticism in a matter like this.

"Our universe's are about to collide, and we need your help to make sure they are stable," The Martian Manhunter stated, and the Justice League stood by them.

"What can we do to help?" this universe's version of the Martian Manhunter stated, and Harry just punched up the readings on his equipment, frowning. Something about them read rather false.

"We would have known if two universes were about to collide," Kara replied swiftly, and Superman took a step forward.

Foreboding was not the sense that they felt. Suddenly, Kara, Karen, and Harry decided to turn around, and bolt to the Watchtower to warn them that something was up. They would have warned them through the communication links, but there was just one fundamental flaw with that.

The communication links had ceased working in any way whatsoever, thus leaving them cut off from the Justice League. The superheroes tried to leave the building, when suddenly; an electromagnetic field surrounded all three of them.

Harry tried to apparate, but he found himself bouncing off of the walls.
“Who is doing this?” Kara demanded, her eyes glowing with a hint of heat vision. "SHOW YOURSELF!"

Kara's voice raised with high intensity, and the culprit did not show themselves. Rather a bright energy pulse had erupted from the building. The three of them tried to use their rings to shield themselves from the blast. It was an idea that should have worked for all intents and purposes, but there was one fundamental flaw to everything.

The energy signature, whatever it was, was more powerful than the Blue Lantern Rings, and the pulse had overrode them. Any shield charm was deactivated as well, and the three of them, Kara, Karen, and Harry had been knocked out. They landed hard on the floor with a sickening thud.

The Interstellar Portal Device opened, and the security stepped out, walking over. They saw the laid out form of Harry Potter on the ground.

"We've got him, Lord Potter, what about the other two?"

"Leave them for now, I shall return posing as him, and seduce them over to my cause, once this one is dispensed with," Lord Potter stated in a sinister voice.

Harry was picked up, and dragged through the portal hole, through dimensions.

His green eyes flickered open, and he saw the situation that he was in. Most curiously, the moment he arrived where he did, the blue energy ring had completely died, and Harry felt a pang.

There could only be one reason for this.

Harry had been transported into an alternate dimension, and it was against his will. He clutched his fist.

"Make sure to get this one in restraint cuffs, the master wants him secured."

'Oh that's what the master wants, eh,' Harry thought to himself, curling his fists in anger. 'Well, the master is going to be one disappointed guy.'

Harry feigned being unconscious for just a little bit longer, before he struck. The security guards had been flung against the wall. They raised their batons, but a quick transfiguration spell had shifted them into venomous snakes.

"Bite," Harry hissed in Parseltongue.

The snakes did as they were told, biting down on the wrists. The dark haired wizard continued to fight through with the battle. There were more security guards coming up the stairs. A flick of his wrist caused the stairs to be transfigured into quicksand, and his knees sunk below the stairs, going further and further down. The dark haired wizard continued to his trek, and broke through the windows, landing on the ground.

He did have to admit that the world looked rather clean, a bit too clean to the point where it was extremely eerie. Harry continued to rush forward, and each and every passing motion lead him closer and closer to his freedom.

With a flick of his wrist, the gates had opened, and Harry ducked his head, and rolled. The security had followed him, but Harry had sent several attacking birds over his shoulder. The intention was for the birds to start pecking and ripping at eyeballs. If these people were going to attack him, then they kind of were taking their chances. Harry continued to go further and further, reaching his
He took a deep breath, almost there, at least kind of. At least he was far closer than he was going to be before. Harry peered up, and saw his face on a poster.

"Remember, Lord Potter is always watching over you. Always."

Harry shuddered at this, and now had a clearer picture of what he was up against. It began to sink in clearly that he was in some alternate universe, and his counterpart had gone completely mad with power. The world did seem like a peaceful and clean place, but Harry shifted into the shadows, and watched from a ledge above. There were people who were nervously looking around.

Harry also ignored the pangs of pain he had felt. He was away from his two wives, and the ring was dead. It was worse than if his arm had been cut off. There was no more frustrating feeling to everything, and Harry stood off in the shadows, looking down. His ring was on his finger. Yet, instead of the bright beacon of light and hope, it was dead.

Harry needed to find a way home.

For that to work, Harry would need to find how he brought here, and there was only one logical explanation for it.

Someone had an Interstellar Portal Device, and that someone was his counterpart.

Harry needed to gather intelligence, slowly, before he made his move.

Perhaps his two wives would find him, although given the nature of time and space; he might be here for a while before the two could even breach the dimensional barriers.

Patience had been a virtue taught to Harry a long time ago, and it was time to exercise it. He also knew that the Justice League was likely here as well, and in danger, so Harry gritted his teeth at the thought of having to potentially rescue them as well.

Kara shook her head immediately, after having been knocked out in the explosion. Karen was on the floor as well, and Kara flew over. Kara placed her hands on Karen's shoulder, and began to nudge her hard. With great effort, Kara managed to rouse Karen. Both blonde Kryptonians shook their heads, and cleared the cobwebs. It took a few minutes, before the two of them figured out what was going on, and knew that they were in for quite the battle.

"Did you get the number of that truck that hit us?" Karen managed, but suddenly, she saw that her ring had gone cold and dead. The busty blonde Kryptonian frowned, and she closed her eyes, and shook her hand. The ring remained dead. "Is it supposed to do that?"

"No, it isn't," Kara replied, and she scanned the area using her magic, and found little tell tale traces of interstellar energy, from an interstellar portal much like the one that she and Harry had taken when they had met Karen.

"So, what do you think happened?" Karen asked, and she was suddenly starting to feel a chill come down her spine. There was feeling of great foreboding that the blonde Kryptonian could not completely shake off.

"Harry isn't here," Kara told Karen, and she turned to look at her findings. The young woman
studied the findings, and turned back to Karen after analyzing them. "There is interstellar energy in this place. The flash knocked all three of us out, and only two of us was here. And the League was attacked as well, that beacon just came off on the Watchtower."

Karen flew over to the computer, and immediately, the blonde Kryptonian parked herself behind it. A determined look crossed her face, and Karen began to type on the computer, trying to unlock some kind of clue, any kind of clue of what happened. The monitoring of the Watchtower had come up, but there was no one there.

"Six hours," Kara replied to Karen, and that got the other blonde Kryptonian sitting up straight, and thinking.

"What could have happened to us in six hours?" Karen wondered. "What could have happened to anyone?"

There was no need for Kara to answer that question, but the truth was that there were many potential answers, and none of them were that good. Kara shifted herself, and crossed her arms at that point. The scan had told the girl all that she needed to know about where Harry had been taken off, and that was that he was in an alternate universe.

The question was which one, for there were many, an infinite number of universes. Karen and Kara locked eyes.

"You're going to have to help me track this, and even then it's a crapshoot," Kara told Karen, and Karen shifted immediately, worry flooding her. The fact her husband was so far away from her had caused her a great deal of worry.

Kara wished she could use the ring somehow to get a fix on Harry's location. The moment that he crossed the dimensional barrier, any use for the ring had been stamped out. Now the two blonde Kryptonians had been thrown back to square one, and they had to track everything from scratch. To them, that was the most frustrating thing of all. The unknown factor that crossed their mind, and the missing six hours was also the worst thing. The trail had gone a bit fainter in that time.

"Do you even think we could find Harry even if we tracked the signal?" Karen asked Kara, and Kara's lip trembled, before she stood up straight and proud. Her breath became very labored at this point, and she focused on Karen.

"There is no question about it," Kara answered, and Karen immediately stood up right now. "We have to find him."

They really did have no idea where to start, and all of the gadgets in this lab only offered a trace. Thankfully they had been reeking of Interstellar Portal Energy, and that meant they could potentially use that energy to feed into their own Interstellar Portal Device. The two of them stood next to each other, in silence, making calculations, and calibrating reasons.

Kara tried not to go to pieces. This was the furthest she had been away from Harry, and the longest that she had been away from him since they were married. If Harry was out of her reach, then it meant that he could be in serious trouble. Kara clutched her hand tightly, she already missed him so badly, it caused her a few pangs.

Karen noticed what Kara was feeling, and she was feeling the same thing as well. Her stomach turned around, and the blonde Kryptonian felt something unsettle deep within her. She grabbed Kara around the arm, and pulled her into a half hug, with Kara burying her head into Karen's shoulder.
"I miss him too, I really do," Karen told Kara softly, stroking her spouse's hair. Kara decided to bury her face into Karen's chest, and Karen just hugged her. "It's hard to really be without him, because of the nature of the bonds, we share..."

Kara retracted from Karen, and the older Kryptonian stroked the hair of the younger Kryptonian, and pulled her into another reassuring hug. The two sets of lips met with a tender kiss, which allowed them some kind of comfort with each other. In their mutual desire to find Harry, they had to get some comfort in each other, before the two of them could focus on the task at hand.

"Right, right, Harry would not want the two of us to go to pieces, no matter what," Kara breathed to herself, and Karen just stroked her cheek, and the touches were appreciated and sent shivers down Kara's spine. "We got to find him, we got to find our husband, he could be in trouble, the world could be counting on us to bring him back, and the rest of the League too."

"They had to be attacked by the same person," Karen replied, but then she was visited by a thought. "Kara, you know something?"

"Mmm."

Karen tried to say what she thought the best, and frowned, biting down on her lip. "Harry was the only one who could breach this building to this extent, with how the security is set up. Doesn't that strike you as the least bit odd?"

Kara slowly nodded, she had to admit, that did strike her as odd. The blonde beauty focused, twirling her hair immediately, and taking a few deep breaths, to focus on the energy signature. She managed to pick up a faint trail, but it would take some time to get the Interstellar Portal Device properly calibrated, and followed the trail through dimensions. The blonde Kryptonian bit down on her lip, and held hands with her sister wife, as they got the portal fired up.

They hoped to the great spirit of Rao that Harry would remain safe, from whoever had sent him to that dimension. Harry was strong, and had often weathered many impressive storms. The two beauties had to remain confident in themselves, even if their rings going out had potentially lead to a dismal omen of things to come, and that could lead to a great disaster between the both of them.

Time stood by, and ticked by.

"How long?" Kara asked.

"An hour," Karen replied, double checking the calculations.

Given the nature of time and space, days or even weeks might have passed by the time they got through. The confidence in the strength of their husband strengthened them, and Kara and Karen wrapped their arms around each other tightly. Time would only tell how much they would succeed.

Lord Potter sat in his sanctum, waiting for the latest news on how his plans were progressing. His security had just lost his latest alternate dimension counterpart. Naturally, Lord Potter had planned for this. If he had been captured, he would have done everything that he could to fight, and would win. Naturally, the plan always went the same way.

He gave the alternate counterpart a false sense of security.

Let him run around, thinking that he would be a hero.
Pull the rug out from underneath him, and extinguish all hope.

Then eliminate him.

Hope was the antithesis of everything that he stood for. People tended to twist hope into an ideal that led to rebellion, and had only caused people to suffer. Lord Potter intended to ease the suffering, by removing the free will, and he would do this.

Lord Potter had fine-tuned the process of killing himself down to a science. He could hardly believe that it would be that easy, yet it was. Drumming his fingers on the side of his chair, he reached over, and the communication link had been activated. On the other side, Lord Batman stood.

"The Justice League has been neutralized, and they are being restrained," Lord Batman told him, and Lord Potter nodded, looking pleased. "Hawkgirl suffered a shock, and I had her sent to Arkham Asylum to get the treatment that she needs."

"A minor setback," Lord Potter told him, tapping his fingers on the side of the chair. Lord Superman stepped up to the screen, and looked at Lord Potter. His blue eyes seemed to have a bit of agitation within them. "Is there a problem, Kal-El?"

"Today, your men grabbed Lois and dragged her off…"

"Calm yourself, Kal-El, Lois is perfectly safe," Lord Potter replied, with a slight flicker of malevolence crossing his face. "At least for the moment, but perhaps there is still a chance for you. Like there is still chance for your cousin, and she will be my queen."

Lord Superman nodded, and Lord Potter was glad that the Man of Steel was beginning to learn his place. This version of Harry Potter kept him on a very tight Kryptonite leash, and all it took was one press of a button, and the incased Kryptonite in Superman's body would be activated, thus killing him instantly.

There were other contingency plans for the other members of the Justice Lords. Lord Potter endeavored not to be too careless. Yet, in a matter of time, once his greatest invention had been completed, free will was no longer going to be a problem. The world would be perfect, it would be a paradise.

"Keep the Justice League secure, and make sure to keep an eye on yourself," Lord Potter told Lord Batman, like this was the most natural statement to make in the world.

"I know," Lord Batman replied in a crisp voice.

Lord Potter leaned back, and spotted the few pockets of resistance that still resisted him. They were foolish children who would never give up. His Kara was almost adorable in her attempts to lead them. Certainly, she would learn that they belonged together. The other Harry Potters presented a bit of a problem, but that problem would be mitigated one step at a time.

It was now time for Lord Potter to watch his favorite show play out. The destruction of yet another alternate counterpart, but it was a shame that he knew the outcome every single time. Still that was the price to be paying for someone who was practically on the precipice of being a god.

Now he played the waiting game. Soon everything would go to plan, and his power would have been secured.
Matrix hovered in the sky, and kept on high alert. The super powered beauty understood what was on the line. The few hints that she had found indicated that Lord Potter had been up to something and that meant the downfall of everyone who had opposed them. He had high aspirations, and she sat, hovering in the air, folding her arms, and legs, watching and waiting.

The inter-dimensional disturbances indicated that he was using his Interstellar Portal Device once more. Matrix endeavored to find both him and the device, to shut it down. The problem was that Lord Potter had been masking the energy signature, making it extremely difficult to find anything. So she felt like she was bouncing off of walls, but no matter what, as long as there was breath in her body, there would be a day where she would bring them all down.

It was at this point, where Matrix had grown rigid in the air. She had seen someone lurking around in the background, and that someone was the person that she was looking for. It was too good to be true. A smile crossed over her face, and Matrix could hardly believe her good fortune. This was simply too good to be true, and she hovered in the sky. He had none of his enforcer drones, or bodyguards.

Lord Potter had slipped up, and now Matrix was going to be the one that was going to put him in the ground. She knew now was the time to jump in, and attack him, before it was too late.

Harry stood in the ground, having ditched the attackers, and suddenly, he heard a whirling above him in the sky. He was on his guard immediately, and waited for the attack. Harry looked up, and saw her hovering above him in the air. His mouth was opened, and his jaw just dropped down, looking a bit slack-jacked at the moment.

"Kara?"

It was not Kara, well not either of his versions of Kara at least. She was hovering around him, and immediately, she dropped down and zoomed at him, and with all of the force of a high intensity missile had slammed him into the ground.

Harry grimaced at the surprise attack, and saw that this Kara was twisted as the version of him in the universe. He would have to fight back against her, and struggled.

Matrix had this abomination pinned to the ground, and now she moved in. She jumped in with a kick, but it got deflected time and time again. It was not going to be easy, but such a fight got her worked up.

She was willing to die, if it meant that the world was going to be saved.

To Be Continued in "Lords Part Two."
Chapter 40: Lords Part Two.

Harry found himself completely and utterly surprised by this version of Kara just barreling down at him with full force. She seemed to be a bit twisted, perhaps slightly evil, but Harry could not help, but feel that she was still strikingly beautiful. It was hard for Kara no matter what universe, to be anything, but beautiful, that was one thing that was a constant throughout the multiverse.

Right now, Harry could not focus on her beauty, rather he had to focus on his survival. This flying girl tried to attack him, but Harry deflected that blow, several times. Harry took a deep breath, and focused his attacks. He did not want to hurt her.

"Listen, whatever you're doing it's…"

Matrix was not in the mood to argue, as even if she went down, she was taking him with her, and it could be messy whilst she did it. A series of super powerful punches and kicks had aimed off of him, but Harry put up a shield, and pushed back; before he flew up into the air, grabbed Matrix around the waist, and slammed her against the wall. This did not hurt her, although it did annoy her very much.

"Listen to me," Harry replied, holding Matrix around the waist and looking her dead on in the eye. "I'm not your enemy…"

Matrix closed her eyes, and vibrated suddenly, causing herself to split in two, and there was a duplicate of her. One of her powers was that she could split herself into multiple versions of herself, although it was a power that she had some trouble figuring out to control over time. The duplicates tended to get personalities of their own, which made it frustrating to control them.

At this moment, Harry was knocked down by the duplicate, and Matrix rejoined herself, to get back to the attack. She flew down to the ground, but Harry blocked her attack. Another pivot in mid-air, and the attack was blocked once again. Matrix threw Harry off to the side.

Harry tried to bind her, but Matrix shifted her density so the ropes could pass through her. Matrix jumped up, and tried for a kick. Harry dodged the kick, and hit her in the back with a stinging hex. Matrix fell into his arms, and Harry caught her.

"Listen to me, what is your problem?" Harry demanded of her.

"My problem is you, and all you've been doing to this world," Matrix replied, and Harry gripped her around the waist.

"Listen to me, I just got here, so how can I be doing anything?" Harry asked her.

Matrix stopped and stared at Harry, the girl wanted to believe that this was a different version of the Harry Potter she knew. The feeling of his hands on her as he held her into place was causing her mind to become all foggy, and she could barely focus on what was happening. Harry pulled her into her, and looked into her eyes, staring into their baby blueness.

"Listen, I was pulled here against my will, and attacked."

Matrix just shifted in Harry's arms, and in his strong embrace. She once again found it hard to focus, yet she did.
"He's been dragged here like all of the others, to be killed, but this one...he's different from the others, I better...no it could be a trick, his most elaborate one yet."

Suddenly the security showed up, and Harry braced himself for a fight. The security stopped, standing around him, and looked up at him, to see the Blonde Kryptonian almost cradled in his arms. Matrix seemed to not resist this at all, and they only came to one conclusion.

"She finally saw the light, my liege?"

Harry just looked at the security, and realized that they thought he was the other Harry as well. Perhaps that is something that he could have used to his advantage, and perhaps buy them some time to escape.

"Trust me, and follow my lead," Harry whispered to Matrix in Kryptonian. She paused for a minute, and nodded, hoping that her gut was the right thing to trust at this point, but desperate times called for desperate measures.

Harry turned to the security guards, and he adopted a cold, hostile look, like he imagined a more sadistic version of himself would have.

"I hope you're happy, nearly attacking me, when I was having a private moment with the woman that I love, and finally she's realized that she's loved me."

The security guards backed up at his reproachful tone, and they also showed something amounting to fear. Matrix was held in his arms, and she looked into his eyes, they were bewitching and full of life, unlike the cold and lifeless green pools that Lord Potter had. Her heart sped up, and her knees became a bit weak, with her breath becoming more prominent, her chest rising and falling as she inhaled and exhaled.

"Sorry, my liege, we had no idea, but there is another version of you running around here."

"I'm aware of that, I brought him here, for he poses a threat, and could very well defeat me," Harry replied, and he pulled Matrix into his embrace tighter, and tighter, feeling every inch of her very curvy body pressing against him. The uniform she wore left absolutely nothing to the imagination either, and she was positively stunning with her beauty. "Leave me to be with the woman I love."

"Yes, I love this Harry, and he's the only Harry I will ever love," Matrix replied in a dreamy voice, and she leaned forward, grabbing Harry, and kissing him full on the lips, smashing their lips together in the most fierce passion.

Harry returned the kiss with passion, and Matrix found herself sighing. He was getting very into this, and so was she, for two people who were acting. His hands found her buttock and her breasts, which she really did not mind, encouraging the action. In fact, Matrix felt a warmth appearing between her thighs. He was very attentive to her body, and by extension her.

"Do you mind?" Harry asked, breaking the kiss just long enough to act annoyed with the security guards.

Security stepped off, to allow their leader a moment of piece, and Matrix slammed her lips onto Harry's once again, with the two feeling each other up.

The kiss lasted for several minutes, even after the security had been long gone, and Harry realized that Matrix had been working her hands down his pants. If the two were not careful, they would end up having sex right here in the middle of the city, for all to watch.
Harry pulled away, from the Blonde Kryptonian, and smiled.

"You are a wonderful kisser, Kara," Harry whispered to her, and she felt a warmth down between her thighs, something that might require tending to.

She used her X-Ray vision to sneak a peak, and saw what Harry was packing underneath those clothes he wore, liking what she saw. Matrix must have him, and vowed to fly him off to the nearest bedroom, and have her wicked way with him as soon as possible.

"You remind me of my version of Kara, my lovely wife," Harry added to her.

Matrix's face fell at that moment; he was married, to another version of her. That just about figured. Matrix felt a simmering jealousy for that version of Kara, that she got such a wonderful version of Harry, and this universe's version with a would be world conqueror, and a delusional sociopath.

She shot off at that moment, before Harry could explain that he had more than one wife, and was inquiring if she would be interested in being his third. He could tell that she was attracted to him, but inexplicitly, Matrix had flown off, and disappeared into a pop in the sky, almost like she was never there.

Harry decided to move, as his ruse would not last for long.

Behind Harry's back, a blue ring had materialized in the sky, and flew off, in search for Harry's next mate.

The Justice League woke up, shaking their heads at what just happened, and they all had felt like they got hit by a bus. Flash, Wonder Woman, Martian Manhunter, Superman, Batman, and Green Lantern were all held in stasis pods, all of which prevented their escapes. Not they did not try and struggle, but could not manage to break free in any way whatsoever. The footsteps indicated that their captor was coming, and all of the League members were on alert.

They stood, and all looked up at the captor, watching him stand there, with his haunting green eyes, lifeless black hair, and a chilling aura that offered a demeanor as cold as ice. His black robes pillowed in the breeze, with a black ring on his finger, and the expression of contempt that they had to them could not be missed.

"Don't bother to try and break out, you'll never find any way out," Lord Potter answered in a crisp voice.

"So, you were the mastermind behind this," Batman answered, his voice calm and event as it always was.

"Was there any doubt?" Lord Harry told them, almost mocking in his tone, and he stepped forward, looking at the Justice League. "That world's mightiest heroes, you are quite pathetic. The crime rate is staggering in that world. My Justice Lords have been sent there to do some clean up, but soon it will all be for nothing. Crime will be abolished."

"How do you hope to accomplish that?" Superman asked, suspect at this notion.

Lord Potter just had a smile crossing his face at this point, and he took more steps forward, directly addressing the Man of Steel.

"Elementary, my dear Kal-El. You see, I've learned a long time ago that free will leads to people
making choices. Some people make the wrong choices. These wrong choices lead to crime, and thus innocent people get caught in the crossfire. If free will is eliminated, then there will be no more crime. It is just simple."

"People deserve their freedom!" Wonder Woman yelled, angry at the very thought of never having a choice in their actions.

"Princess, trust me, I don't like it any more than you do, but it has to be done, it must be done," Lord Potter replied, buffering his wrists, looking merely bored.

Superman was the one that protested next, and he tried to appeal to the man before him.

"I know there is some good deep down in you, Harry, and you don't have to do this. It's never too late."

"Don't bother with the morality trip with me, we're well past that point, of there being good and evil, only those with power, and others whom were too weak to seek it," Lord Potter offered in a dull voice. "The fact is, I'm going to make a universal utopia. All crime will be abolished, and for that to work, I will sacrifice all versions of me. And if you are not part of the solution, you are part of the problem. One day you'll appreciate this someday."

"Yeah, well, I don't think Hawkgirl is very appreciative right now," Flash fired back, not resisting to put in his two cents.

Lord Potter just offered Flash a knowing smile. "You better be careful, Wally, talking back to me has caused people to be dead or worse."

The Justice League had been left with those words, with Lord Potter turning towards Lord Batman who had just shown up at that moment. The two Justice Lords nodded to each other, twisted expressions on their faces.

"Make sure they don't break out," Lord Potter told Lord Batman, and Lord Potter left. He had to oversee the launch of his satellite, and he walked off.

Lord Batman walked around, to ensure that the stasis pods had been activated properly. He stopped at the Flash. The Flash started to get unsettled by each passing moment that Batman just stared at him.

"What are you looking at?" Flash asked, but Lord Batman looked at Flash like he was on his death bed, and turned around, before walking off, without another word.

There was a long pause, and the standard Batman turned towards Flash, before looking at him with a knowing expression.

"I think he likes you," Batman told him in a calm voice.

Flash's eyes blinked, before he spoke in a flat voice. "It must be my magnetic personality."

"If I would have to guess, this universe's version of the Flash died a painful death, which was one of the things that set off this universe," Martian Manhunter replied at that moment, trying to shift, but his powers had been shut down through to the pod's technology.

Flash suddenly sat rigid. "Who knew I was so important?"

"Yes, who knew," Green Lantern replied in a dry voice.
Flash turned his attention to Batman. "So, any way out?"

"No," Batman replied in a dry voice.

The Justice League all stood rigid.

"No, what do you mean no?" Superman asked at that point.

"I mean no, as in no," Batman answered, and Superman was confused. "He thought of everything I would have thought of to break out."

"That does make sense, giving that he is you," Wonder Woman told them, and there was a sudden moment of pause. "So what do we do now?"

Batman suddenly shifted his head at that moment. "We have to think outside the box."

Flash got it immediately, and closed his eyes, trying to figure out a way.

In the opposite room, Lord Batman sat, and watched everything, the vital signs seemed to be all clear. Then there was a blip in the Flash's pod, which caused Lord Batman stared at the screen, and suddenly the heart rate sped up, until if flat-lined, much to his horror and dismay.

"Flash!" Lord Batman yelled, and he burst through the doors. He saw Flash slumped in the pod, and scrambled before, taking long strides, nearly tripping over his feet to deactivate the pod.

Lord Batman deactivated the pod, and unhooked the Flash. Flash woke up, and with expert speed, swung Batman inside, before hammering on him with a series of rapid fire jabs. Flash got out of the pod, and closed it, with Batman inside. Suddenly, he moved over to Batman's pod, and began smashing in on the numbers. Eventually the pod opened, and Superman, Green Lantern, Martian Manhunter, and Wonder Woman had all been released as well.

"All we need to do is find Hawkgirl, and we can get this show on the road," Flash commented, shaking off the pain.

"The only problem is we don't know where to find her," Superman replied.

"Any ideas?" Wonder Woman asked.

There was a long pause, before inspiration had struck.

"We are criminals in this world," Green Lantern said, thoughtfully at that moment.

Batman was the one who piped up at this point. "And the best place to find a sick criminal is Arkham Asylum, that's where she's being held."

The Justice League ran off, hoping that they could find Hawkgirl.

Lord Batman's eyes opened, and he calmly expressed his next wish.

"Override sequence, code word, Holy Override, Batman," Lord Batman replied in a dull voice, and the pod opened, to allow Lord Batman to escape.

That was the last time he allowed Dick Grayson to pick the override passcode.

Lord Batman took a step forward, and if he knew himself, he would be on his way to the Batcave. However, Lord Batman knew of a short cut where he could beat his counterpart there.
Harry continued to move through the shadows, and the droning sound of his double's voice pierced his ears. He continued to talk about the perfect world, and Harry had a clear idea that the deception would not last for that long. He really wished to find this universe's version of Kara, and had a feeling that he was close to her. There was a sense of where she might have been, and Harry arrived outside of a warehouse, and the dark haired wizard stood rigid, ready to attack.

He then stood rigid, for there was a whirling sound throughout the air, the tell-tale sign that rocket launcher had been activated, and Harry rolled himself out of the way. A dumpster had exploded from the impact. Harry looked up, and saw a figure dressed in black, with a ski mask. He could tell it was a woman from the body type. She held the rocket launcher over her shoulder, and tried to blast Harry once again, but he blocked the latest impact, and propelled it back towards her, causing this woman to be knocked down.

Harry stepped over, and suddenly, the woman swept the legs out from underneath him. He was knocked backwards, but managed to block her next attack, and flipped her over. The woman landed hard on her feet, but got up, looking at Harry beneath the mask with absolute hatred. She pulled out a knife, and tried to stab Harry.

"Where is she?" the woman demanded. "Where is she? Where is Lois?"

"Lois Lane?" Harry asked in confusion.

"Don't play dumb with me, your goons swiped her,\" the woman replied, and Harry blocked the knife, before he turned it into a harmless rose. Harry pushed the woman back into a wall. "Where is she, where is my cousin, answer me you bastard!"

The woman seemed beyond reason, and likely had been through some kind of terrible ordeal herself regarding this universe's version of him. Harry pulled off the mask, to reveal a young woman with shoulder length blonde hair. The woman kicked him hard in the ribs, but Harry blocked another shot.

"Listen to me, I'm not the person that you think I am,\" Harry replied.

The woman just snorted, and disbelief crossed her face.

"Yeah, I wasn't born yesterday, what kind of idiot do you take me for?"

Harry was going to answer, but at that moment, the Enforcer Drones had turned up, almost on cue. The dark haired wizard prepared himself for a battle, even though he knew he was fighting an uphill struggle. Humans he could fool, robots was an entirely matter entirely.

He sent a Reducto spell, but the robots had just hovered in the air, no effect whatsoever given to the robot.

They were resistant to magic, so Harry just decided it was time for him to do this old school. He summoned the rocket launcher in his hand, and fired.

Each and every shot had knocked the robots out. The robots fell to the ground, but they would repair themselves. The woman stood, mouth a gap, and she realized what was going on.

"You're another one, aren't you?" the woman asked, and at Harry's quizzical look. "He's been bringing alternate versions of himself from other universes to kill them one by one, to exert his dominance. He's going to kill you too, eventually.\"
"I'm not quite in the grave yet," Harry offered a smirk crossing over his face.

"I can see that," the woman replied, and she looked at him, giving him an appraising look. "You could be the person to help turn the tide, we've been fighting him, but people have been lost. Lois was trying to pass us information from the inside, but she tried too hard to reform Superman, and I guess she pushed a bit too hard."

"We'll find Lois, and anyone else who has gotten captured, but you have to trust me," Harry replied, and he looked the woman in the eye. "Take me to the resistance."

"It's across town, we'll never make it there, not with all of the security drones and all that," the woman replied, and Harry just grabbed her hand.

"Think about where you want to go, and I'll take you there in a split second," Harry told her, and the woman shifted.

"Wow, if that's true, I might want to keep you, and install you in my car."

There was a moment of silence, before the woman thought where Harry willed them both away, and not a moment too soon, as the downed Enforcer drones sent a signal for reinforcements, and soon their man on the inside would be ready to pull the trigger.

Lord Potter sat in the tower, heavily fortified, and blocked off to the outside world. He knew his counterpart had been around here, making his rounds. Pretty soon, he would swoop in for the kill, and then Lord Potter would have it. He thought about everything that had to be done to allow this assent for power. The fact of the matter was that every single magical user and creature were sacrificed for his assent to power. Magic corrupted many, therefore if no magical users existed other than him, there would be no corruption, and it would be easier to keep the balance, keep everything safe and secure.

It all started during his fourth year, when he had been falsely accused of putting his name into the Triwizard Tournament, and had begun to open his eyes, to the sadistic nature of the Wizarding World. They would make someone a hero one minute, and crucify them as a martyr the next.

Harry was the Master of Death, and soon he would be much more than that. With each sacrifice of a version of himself, his strength grew and grew. Soon an entire multiverse of dimensions would be under his grip. He stood, waiting and watching in his tower, over.

"Satellite Launch in t minus three hours," the computer droned.

"Excellent," Lord Potter stated, drumming his fingers on the side of the chair after he sat back down. Everything was going according to plan, his plans, and soon he would have a queen to rule the entire multiverse with. She was the perfect woman, and they would rule with an iron fist over everyone.

The communication link had come to life, and Harry reached over to answer it. Nothing could ruin the good mood that he was in. With an eerily cheerful demeanor, Harry answered the communication.

"Yes," Harry replied in a dry voice.

"Sir, the Justice League have escaped."

Not even that would ruin the good mood that Harry was in. He just leaned back on his chair, and
remained cool as a cucumber. Even if the Justice League had deduced his plans, there was no way for them to get home. The only doorway back to their dimension was in his tower, and it would take an act of God to get inside, along with a little help. The Interstellar Portal Device sat behind him.

"Yes, I was aware that something like this would happen, but this is all going according to my plan," Lord Potter offered, and took a moment to reflect. "They are no doubt after their downed companion, Hawkgirl. She is being held at Arkham Asylum. Once they arrive, offer them a suitable reception, and we'll make sure that their remaining minutes are most comfortable."

"Of course, my liege, and congratulations," the security guard stated.

"Congratulations, about what?" Lord Potter answered, completely baffled.

"You finally won her over with your undeniable charisma and charm, and you two will rule with dedication," the security guard stated.

Lord Potter was even more confused, and now wanted more answers, with his eyes flickering, and they narrowed. He leaned forward towards the screen, an unmistakable sneer passing over his lips. "What are you talking about?"

"Yourself and Matrix, you are together at last, the two of you kissed, everyone was happy," the security guard chimed in.

Lord Potter just sat there, calm and rather cold. He would have to revise that nothing could ruin his good mood.

Just because that news did ruin his good mood.

How dare he?

How dare he?

HOW DARE HE DO SOMETHING LIKE THAT?

Lord Potter shut down the security link, and now was fuming. No other version of himself was that brazen enough to take liberties with the woman that was meant to be his and his alone. Lord Potter punched up the security footage, and searched around for the incriminating images, and stared at the screen.

He saw the two of them, lips locked, and their hands were extremely busy with each other. Lord Potter watched her talented hands work on him, and the fact that she was given pleasure, but someone other than him. His Kara was getting pleasure by some alternate version of him. The fact was utterly outlandish, yet he saw the evidence right in front of him, damning, and staring him in the face.

Lord Potter's stomach twisted, and he felt rather sickened, and his eyes flared dangerously. How dare he do something like that to his woman?

She was seduced by a true mastermind, and Lord Potter was not going to stand around to take it. He was going to draw out his pain and suffering for such an act. Normally, once he got his hands on his alternate versions, it was quick and swift. Yet, most of the time, they barely done anything other than run around like idiots, until they were put down like the dogs that they were.

Lord Potter stood, and the launch of the satellite was going to be only second to the fact that this
version of Harry Potter had blatantly slapped him in the face. He should have known that there would be trouble from someone who had managed to keep two Kryptonian brides satisfied and well.

The twisted version of Harry Potter made plans, this was his world, and he made the rules. It was time to track down this little resistance, and liberate his bride, and make her realize that he was the only one for her. Not even an alternate version of himself could even bother to compete.

He would prove his strength, by killing his alternate self slowly before Kara's very eyes, and then she would be his, there would be no choice.

Harry allowed himself to drop down outside of the building, and get a good look at the building, it was in a rundown location in one of the worst parts of town. In reality, it was one of the last places Harry would have ever assumed some kind of last ditch resistance for a tyrant would be held. Then again, the fact that such a resistance being here might have been one of the first things that he would have expected, given that it was one of the last places he should have looked.

It was the kind of logic that only someone could drum up by being trained by Batman.

The woman looked over her shoulder, towards Harry. "Sorry we couldn't put up a few curtains, and tidy up a little bit. We're kind of on a deadline."

Harry just shrugged off the words; and he stepped forward. He saw a group of rebels walk around, and suddenly, all of them snapped their eyes towards him, all of them looking like they were itching for a fight.

'Great, going to have to fight the entire resistance,' Harry thought to himself.

"Wait, before you have your guns out, let me just explain this is not the Harry Potter you know, and loath, this is one for an alternate universe," the woman said, and she looked around nervously.

A young man, who Harry recognized as an alternate version of Roy Harper, who had his arm replaced by a prosthetic weapon, had stood out before them, and held a weapon towards him, pointing it towards the dark haired wizard. "Yeah, right, we've seen that trick before. The alternate version of a person trick, how about we just blast him why we got the chance."

"Hold up there, Arsenal…"

"No, you hold it up, after what he did to Ollie, and everyone else, and to my arm, we shouldn't give him a benefit of the doubt," Roy said, and his eyes were narrowed, and he pointed towards him. "The hand is on the trigger, better come up with something fast. Unless, you've developed Stockholm Syndrome, Sullivan, which in that case, you're part of the problem."

"What's the problem?"

Everyone turned around, and saw Matrix hovering in the air, pausing, and looking past Harry, before turning towards Chloe.

"Chloe, I thought for a moment they captured you," Matrix replied, and she dropped down to the ground.

"I'm not that easily captured," the woman, Chloe, replied, with a grin. "Look what I brought in, I actually managed to save an alternate version of Harry."
"You can't believe this crap," Roy grumbled, still itchy with a trigger finger.

"Hey, man, let's just take five, and give it a shot," a dark skinned man spoke. Harry recognized him as Victor Stone, or Cyborg, formally of the Teen Titans.

"Enough talk Stone, blast him," Arsenal growled.

"Will blasting him grow your arm back, Master Roy?" a voice droned, and Alfred Pennyworth stood in the background, and Harry was rather surprised at his presence.

Given all of the unfriendly eyes on him at this moment, he decided that desperate times did in fact call for desperate actions.

"I, Harry James Potter, swear on my life, my magic, and my marriages, that I am not the version of Harry Potter that has caused you pain and suffering."

There was a blinding flash of light, and Harry stood on his feet, watching the rebels. Some of them looked convinced, while others looked rather skeptical.

"It's not that monster, now do you believe it?" Matrix asked, but then she paused. "Did you say marriages, as in plural, as in multiple wives?"

"I said marriages, as in plural, as in multiple wives," Harry responded, with a smile, and she landed on the ground to perch on the ground. "Two of them, from two different universe, both beautiful, blonde, brave, and Kryptonian, and they are named Kara."

Matrix looked at Harry, and she really looked at him, seeing the warmth and power he projected was second to none. She felt herself be lost to him, and the fact that he was able to keep two versions of her satisfied really spoke volumes.

"Dude, how did you manage that one?" Garfield Logan, or Beast Boy, stated, when he popped up right at that moment.

"They're both a handful, but I can be too," Harry answered with a brief smile, and he stepped forward, looking this universe's version of Kara at all.

He suspected that Matrix was a year or two older than the Kara that was native to his universe. He was guessing that because of her bust development and the fact that she was an inch or so taller, but her breast size was still nowhere near Karen's, who was the gold standard for female development.

"Um, I guess we haven't been really formally introduced," Matrix replied, managing to untie her tongue long enough to speak.

"We did kiss, so that's a pretty formal introduction," Harry teased her, and Matrix looked at him, grinning a little bit.

"Yes, I suppose, but I was born Kara Zor-El of Krypton, but I adopted the name Linda Danvers here on Earth," Matrix explained to him. "It was after a human girl that I failed to save, to remind me forever of how fragile life is, and can be. I was once Supergirl, but I had a falling out with my cousin, and changed my name to Matrix. I've been leading this resistance."

"So, he's another one from an alternate universe," Arsenal answered, and he finally relaxed his arm, but only slightly.
"I assume that Batman is part of the Justice Lords, so how did you get roped into this?" Harry asked Alfred at this point.

Alfred just looked at him. "I do love Master Bruce like a son, but I fear that he has lost sight. His parents would be disappointed. I hope every day that his eyes will be opened to what he is doing."

"I hope that about my cousin, Kal-El, as well," Matrix replied in a sympathetic voice, but he slipped further and further into a role as a dictator, just like the others. She was reminded of Zod with Kal as well, and that was never a good thing as to her. She stepped forward, and snaked her arms around Harry's waist, a saucy smirk curling around her lips. "Two of them, huh? So, do you have room for anymore?"

"I just might, if you're interested," Harry told her, and he felt his ring give a slight spark, now that he was in proximity to a version of Kara.

"Yes, this is quite touching, but how is this one going to fare any different from the last several that have been slaughtered like pigs."

Harry turned around, and saw the one and only Slade Wilson standing in the shadows. Harry saw mistrustful gazes given from Beast Boy, Cyborg, and Arsenal, and it was obvious that this was a very tense alliance, given the members of the Teen Titans agreed to team up with one of their most hated enemies.

"What's your role in this?" Harry demanded of Slade.

"Preservation, Harry," Slade replied in a low and polite voice, waving his hands. "I had to take actions to ensure my survival, and ensure that I did not suffer a fate. Those at Arkham are among the lucky ones. They have been lobotomized, by Superman."

Slade stood, calmly.

"And the fact that my old apprentice Nightwing is on the side of the Justice Lords makes this an ideal partnership."

"A temporary partnership, Slade, once it's done, all bets are off," Cyborg warned him.

"Of course," Slade said in a calm voice, giving a mock bow towards Cyborg.

Their attention was diverted by a blue energy ring that buzzed around their heads. The members of the resistance tried to grab it, and the ring hovered right above Matrix's face.

"I think it's for you," Chloe piped in.

Matrix looked at the ring, and saw that it was above her. Harry had an identical ring on his finger, and if Matrix would have to hazard a guess, so did the other two wives. It hovered around her, and she just had to grab it, it compelled her.

Yet, she hesitated for just a brief second.

It was unknown whether or not Matrix would have snatchéd the ring with another second's thought, for an alarm had just gone off, blaring in the background. Matrix stood, nice and rigid, and turned to them.

Enforcer drones blasted through the windows, and security poured in immediately. They had their weapons on them immediately, and the resistance had been surrounded.
"Who blew our location?"

There were a few eyes locked upon Slade at this point.

"This lack of trust is no way to build this team."

Slade was not the culprit, for someone had spoken up.

"Much like many mystery novels, it was the butler who did it."

Alfred stood with a triumphant, pleased that his infiltration had worked without a hitch. Before he was a butler, he was a spy, and he had his skills from there. Alfred Pennyworth had delivered the last pockets of resistance, just like he and Master Bruce had planned some time ago.

To Be Continued in "Matrix."
Matrix

Chapter 41: Matrix.

The full scope of their betrayal had sunk in at that moment, but there was not a moment for righteous indignation. Matrix stood up, and cursed the very day that something like this happened. She floated in the air, hands on her hips, and began to fire at the countless number of security drones that had poured in through the windows. Harry fought alongside, and so did the other members of the team.

There was just one problem, they were hopelessly outnumbered, and Harry and Matrix used their magic to help stagger the Enforcer drones, but there was a problem, as magic did not seem to work that well against them since Lord Potter had shielded them against any kind of mystical assault. Matrix refused to back up, she would not be a victim, and would not be a prisoner. She divided herself into three to triple her assault.

"Don't give up, no matter what, never stop fighting!"

This battle cry had fallen upon mostly deaf ears, the fact of the matter was that hope was being extinguished. This motley resistance crew had been worn down to its peak, but they continued to fight, until the battle was done. Cyborg was drilled down to the ground, and rolled over with a grimace. Beast Boy turned into a Tyrannosaurus Rex to engage the much larger robots, but even he found himself outgunned, and outmatched.

"Well this is mostly pathetic," Slade offered, and he used a sword to slide through the robots. "This is our last stand, and really…"

"Not done yet," Matrix and her two dupes said, and they fired heat vision off, connecting with the robots. The robots had been shut down at that moment, and Matrix, and Harry stood side by side. The two of them were among the only people still in the battle.

Slade had been cut down, and that meant that the resistance force was weakened. Arsenal and Chloe fought as hard as they could, but since the two were outgunned, it was hopeless. Harry wished that his ring would be recharged.

"Matrix, put the blue ring on, trust me!" Harry yelled, hoping that it would work, because they were running out of options rapidly..

Matrix tried to go for the blue ring with all of her might, and would not stop going forward, she was almost there, and nearly grasped the ring. However, the Enforcer Drones blocked her attack, and with a smack, Matrix was down. She was not injured, unless one would count the pride as something that could get injured, but it was really an impact that took her out of the running.

The blonde Kryptonian growled, and clutched her fists. She flew up, and hammered every single one of these robots, imagining Lord Potter's pathetic face. The super powered woman refused to back down. Matrix hammered into them, and Harry thought that he found a way in, but security showed up, with armor that repelled magic. That was another situation that both of them shuddered about.

"I can't get to the ring," Matrix yelled, frustrated, and she slammed into the robots, but suddenly, the security guards blasted her with guns. The lasers shot through the air, and Harry jumped in front of her, taking the hit for Matrix, the laser cutting into his chest.
Matrix looked down, and only had a moment to appreciate that utterly selfless act, before a blast from a red solar cannon knocked her back. She felt herself depowered, and able to get jabbed with stun guns, which shocked her down to the knees.

Collars snapped around the necks of both Matrix and Harry, the two of them brought down for the count, and everyone else as well. However, these inhibitor collars would prevent them from using their powers on any level.

"Bag 'em and tag 'em boys."

The security guards had swooped in, and the first thing they did was make sure that the collars were secure and tight on the two heroes. The other heroes would be captured later, but at this point, it would be Matrix and Arcane who would need to be carried off. This version of Harry Potter was one that their lord wanted to have some special one on one time with. So the two had been picked up, and moved to the back of the van to be carried to Lord Potter's Fortress for both of them to be examined.

Plans tended to go in many forms. First of all there were those plans that worked out to perfection. Sometimes it was by luck, and sometimes it was by skill, but every single thing was planned to the letter, and everything worked out rather well. Those were the best kinds of plans.

Then there were those types of plans that had failed. There was really no need to elaborate on a failed plan. The only thing that could be gained from a failed plan was a very powerful lesson about how to be more careful. And that was if they survived the experience, which was not something that was completely guaranteed. It was the worst type of plan, and it made wonder if any thought or foresight had been planned.

Finally there were those types of plans that just seemed to have gone either way, depending on the whims of several people, the type of plan could have swung towards success or failure, even if it appeared to be one way or the other at first. Those schemes had been deceptive, and problematic for anyone, with a true wild card that was hard to predict.

What kind of plan was this one?

On the surface, it did seem like a failure, with Matrix and Arcane having been captured, and carried off, being transported to the fortress of Lord Potter. Where Lord Potter prepared to finish what he started, and bring down his latest counterpart. Another would be sacrificed for his lust for power.

However, in that fortress, in that palace, was an Interstellar Portal Device that would allow them to return back home and get some help. Providing they could find a way to it, but the two were much closer than they were before.

The van continued to move down the road, before it eventually disappeared into the rift in time and space where the fortress was located. And following them at the speed of light was a blue energy ring that had been sucked through the energy rift, going for the latest mate of Harry, the one that it has been created for.

Carefully, and as quick as the cat, Batman crept into this universe's version of the Batcave. The defenses were the same, the interior was the same, therefore Batman could get inside mostly the same, and approach it swiftly, carefully, silently. There was a great deal of information that could
be acquired, and all that Batman had to do was hack into the Bat Computer, and get his hands on it.

A noise echoed from behind him, and Batman just stood rigid. He should have known that it was not going to be that easy.

"You should have known that it was not going to be that easy."

Batman spun around, and he stood face to face with his counterpart, preparing himself for battle, knowing that it would be an uphill climb. The two Batmen faced off, and circled each other. Lord Batman took a step forward, and pulled out a Batarang, and Batman did the same. The two stood rigid, face to face, with neither of them wanting to make a move.

Lord Batman was the first one to spring into action. Batman dodged the attack, and did a forward roll, before he firmly dodged out of the way. Lord Batman rushed him immediately, and Batman blocked his attack, both not given an inch, knowing that the other would take a foot.

"Why won't you understand that things have turned out for the better?" Lord Batman asked him, and he engaged his double in battle. It was like a mirror, with both firing off shots, and both blocking it. Both of them blocked, escaped, and pivoted at that moment. The two men had circled each other.

"I never thought I would ever hear myself sound so deluded," Batman answered, and his grapple allowed him to make his way up. Batman was high above in the rafters, and Lord Batman followed him without preamble.

The two continued their brawl high above, but neither had budged an inch. The titanic struggle raged on and Batman was thrown to the ground.

"We have a clearer world, a world that does not need Batman," Lord Batman offered, jumping down, and throwing a smoke pellet. Batman copied his action, and the two went face to face with each other.

"Yet, here you are," Batman answered, and the two had circled each other. Neither was willing to waver from their stance, and allow the other to psyche them out, knowing that time winded down for both of them.

The two Dark Knights had stood face to face, almost nose to nose, with Lord Batman staring down his enemy at this point, and his knuckles cracked in the most primal fury. It was about time for him to deliver a cold dose of reality, and Lord Batman dove at him. Batman blocked the shot, and flipped Lord Batman onto his feet. Neither backed down, both were prepared for anything that the other could do.

"We live in a world without crime, where people do not need to fear. Where corruption is not needed, where an eight year old boy need not have to see his parents walk into an alleyway, and get shot before his very eyes."

Batman stopped at that moment, and Lord Batman stared him down, feeling pleased that a little bit had been drilled into Batman's skull, a shadow of a smile crossing over his face.

"What's the cost?" Batman asked, not fighting any more, but his expression still focused and determined on his doppleganger.

"Far lower than what the alternate was, as you well know," Lord Batman offered, taking a step back and his hands raised up. Batman had to try a different tact, and was willing to play along with the plan for now. Perhaps Lord Batman had figured this out, but was willing to go along with it
long enough for the plan to work. The two had stared each other. "Allow me to show you what has happened. Gotham City has never looked more peaceful, more serene."

Lord Batman offered Batman the ride into the Batmobile. The regular version of the Dark Knight took it. The minute he was buckled in, a pair of bat-cuffs had snapped around his wrist, and Lord Batman sat himself down. Batman knew that that was going to happen, for he would have done the same thing had the roles been reversed, so the gesture did not surprise him.

The Batmobile drove off, with Lord Batman behind the wheel of a car, into Gotham City as it had done many times. Only it had not done so in the cover of night as it had done so many times before. The Batmobile drove into the city of streets, in broad daylight. People turned around, seeing it pass, and there were bright smiles on their faces, as they were cheerful and merry.

Batman watched the artificial scene before him, it just seemed so perfect, and so idealistic, but yet it was twisted. It was the perfect world, and at the same time, the most flawed reality, seeing Gotham City was clean, free of crime and corruption, with not even the hint of a bullet being fired in the air. It was the result of what Batman had vainly hoped that his mission would turn out to be.

Yet, if this was what must be done, was the mission truthfully worth it? Batman had to ponder those hard questions. Gotham City was the most peaceful it had ever been, and everything had seemed so right, and happy.

Batman knew it was a lie, and suddenly they stopped at a stoplight. There was a man standing on the sidewalk, looking at the bill and a crestfallen expression spreading across his face, before he became angered.

"That's the worst service I've ever had, and I'm not going to even bother to pay for this!" the man yelled, and the waiter tugged on his collar very nervously, before he leaned over.

"Sir, perhaps you should…"

"No, I'm not going to bend over, and just get screwed over like that!" the man replied in a frustrated voice. Suddenly the security moved over, and held their guns on his back. The man changed his tune in a hurry. "Alright, I'll pay, alright…"

He was slammed down onto the table, and smacked face first. Batman, both of them, watched the entire scene, without any humor in their eyes. It was then where one of them had spoken up.

"They would have loved it here."

Lord Batman's eyes snapped towards his counterpart, and Batman knew he had his counterpart's attention. "Mom and Dad, they would have been thrilled with everyone living in fear, wouldn't they?"

There was a silent grimace in the eyes of Lord Batman, and he hit a moment of realization. While he still refused to break his number one rule, there were many other lines that he had crossed, lines one could argue were far worse than killing. Lord Batman grimaced at the thought, but tried to remain true and fast to his cause.

"Having second thoughts?" Batman asked to his counterpart, and Lord Batman reached over, before he unsnapped the bat-cuffs.

Lord Batman drove off the Batmobile without another word, but Lord Batman knew one thing. His counterpart had been gotten to.
"You want to rescue Hawkgirl, you'll never do it, not without my help," Lord Batman replied, to Batman.

"And what makes me think that I can trust you?" Batman asked Lord Batman.

Lord Batman's face just hid a brief smile. Batman cringed a bit, seeing himself smile was a bit creepy and unsettled him greatly. "The fact that you say that means a lot to me. It means we have much more in common than you could ever realize."

Batman had nothing to lose at this point, so he leaned in to hear what his Justice Lords counterpart had to offer.

The sun shined brightly, framing a picturesque beauty over Gotham City, where the birds chirped, the grass was green, and the air was clean. The Justice League made their way towards a building that was clean, filled with lush and green plants, beautiful flowers, and a wonderful garden. This place looked to be an idealistic place to live, with all of the beauty surrounding it.

Green Lantern looked up and spotted the sign that read "Arkham Asylum."

"This is the place," Lantern remarked in his gruffest tone of voice, and his fellow League members nodded, bracing themselves for battle. Martian Manhunter, Wonder Woman, Superman, and Flash stood beside him. Batman had as usual gone off, but that was beside the point right now. "All we have to do is pose as the Justice Lords, and get Hawkgirl out."

"How hard can that be?" Flash asked, but Superman had stopped him at that moment.

"You better stay out here Flash," Superman said in a calm and appraising voice. "The people know that you're dead, and if they see you inside of Arkham, that is going to raise a big red flag immediately."

Flash protested, but really there was no room for argument. The fastest man alive stepped back, to lean against the sign at Arkham Asylum, and watched his fellow teammates enter the hospital. He wished them the best of luck, because Arkham was not a place that he relished stepping one foot inside. Even in this alternate world where everything was eerily beautiful, he still did not want to step one foot inside of that place, there was no doubt that many of the patients remained the same.

The moment ticked by, and Flash decided to walk around, to take a look at the garden, for lack of anything else better to do. The fastest man alive continued to peer at the garden, and he reached over, to pick off one of the flowers. There were footsteps behind him, and Flash heard a voice behind him.

"You should read the sign. It says not to pick the flowers."

Flash turned around, and saw the infamous Poison Ivy standing behind him; her voice was calm and eerie, with none of the malice that he would have expected from anyone picking her precious flowers. She was still pale as the night, with a beauty that was sinister. Yet the look in her eyes was blank and lifeless, and there was two miniature holes burned into her head. Pamela Isley stood, blinking at Flash.

"Sorry," Flash responded, and he dropped the flower on the ground, and his expression twisting into an apologetic voice. "I was just admiring how beautiful this garden is."
"Thank you," Poison Ivy replied, and the woman turned around, no signs of life in her eyes or her voice. "I don't really mind, not really, not anymore. Everything has changed around here, everything is so beautiful, just like I've dreamed, yet...he is in charge."

Poison Ivy just hummed, acting like Flash was not really there, and Flash started to find it a little bit disturbing. The plant themed villainess went back to watering the flowers, as Flash just waited impatiently, being the fastest man alive meant that he was rather impatient, and he tapped his foot on the sidewalk, and paced back and forth at super speed.

There was not a dark cloud in the sky, and everything was so beautiful. There was not even a hint of pollution, not a smell, not a sight of anything that was amiss with the perfection.

Flash thought that this would be the perfect world, if it was not how it was achieved.

Then he recalled something, it was his death that had partially started the ball in motion. At least that's what he pieced together. Flash might have been impulsive, but he was not dumb, not in the slightest.

He looked up in the sky, and tapped his foot on the ground at super speed, wearing a deep hole in the ground. It was starting to become rather frustrating just to focus at this point. His knees shook with anxiety, and Wally West was about ready to burst in to make the save, if his friends did not make the rescue within the next ten minutes.

Poison Ivy continued to water her flowers, and trim the weeds, oblivious to everything that was going on around her, the lights were on, but there was not much home for the once eco-terrorist. The woman would go on a homicidal rampage if someone had even so much as stepped on a flower, but now she seemed so docile.

Flash hoped that this world would never come to pass.

For that to happen, perhaps it would be prudent to be more careful, and stay alive. Perhaps he should be a bit more serious.

Perhaps not too serious however, Flash did not want to get carried away and take the fun out of life.

Arkham Asylum was just beautiful on the inside, as it was on the outside, and that beauty was just as eerie on the inside, as it was on the outside. The patients had been sitting around as they were served their meals, with none of them having the normal psychosis that they had exhibited as patients in Arkham in the regular world.

That was because that two round holes had been burned into their heads, and they had been lobotomized, with their brains fixed of their criminal tendencies, along with their free will being sapped. All of the patients had the holes burned into the top of the head.

All of the patients with the exception of Arnold Wesker, better known as the Ventriloquist. The holes had been burned into the head of his puppet, and boss, Scarface, with the Ventriloquist looking calm and docile. The five members of the Justice League walked in, trying to act natural, and not cause a scene.

They walked up to the front desk, where they saw the Joker sitting at the front desk. Despite all that had happened, out of all of the patients that they encountered, the Joker seemed to be the one that was the most normal. Superman turned towards the Jester of Crime, and fixed his eyes on the
clown, before the Clown Prince of Crime spoke to him.

"May I help you?" Joker asked in a monotone that was even creepier than his normal demeanor in their dimension.

"We are here to check on the progress of the Justice League member that we captured," Superman replied, speaking in a deep and commanding voice, looking at the Joker. "Hawkgirl."

"Ah, yes, of course," The Joker said, acting like he was not dubious about the situation at all. He was driven sane, and saw the world in a much clearer picture. "What's the password, chum?"

Martian Manhunter closed his eyes, subtly poking into the Joker's mind. There was still some disturbed thoughts going on in his mind, but the lobotomy had blocked them off from the surface. Martian Manhunter poked around in the inside of the head, trying to get the password, and stepped back.

'Applesauce,' J'onn thought to Superman.

Superman nodded, and said the password. "Applesauce."

The Joker's smile got wider, and he nodded.

"Technically correct, old chum," Joker replied to Superman, but he reached under the desk and pressed a button, and a grin twisted upon his face. "But unfortunately, it was supposed to be Wonder Woman who was supposed to give the password."

Wonder Woman reached forward, and grabbed the Joker by the lapels of his jacket. Joker was pulled over, and Wonder Woman glared at him, with fury, The Amazonian Princess had her eyes burned into the Joker's face. "What did you do?"

"I just called the drones in," Joker replied, a bit of his usual animated demeanor coming back into him, and his grin sadistic as usual.

Several Superman robots appeared at that point. Superman saw twisted versions of himself, and rushed forward to engage them in battle. They gave a field that weakened anyone that had gotten too close to them, which would was likely Lord Potter's contribution. The Justice League worked together, to smash the Superman robots. The Joker just calmly walked from the desk, walked over, grabbed a cup of coffee and a donut, and returned to join the show, whistling a merry tune.

Superman cut through his robot duplicate, with heat vision, and the Man of Steel flew into the air knocking them down. Wonder Woman knocked the robots back, and Green Lantern created a really big green fist with one of his energy constructs. The robots had been knocked around, and they busted into nothingness from the brutal attacks from the League members.

"Come on, Hawkgirl has to be back there," Green Lantern grunted, and he continued to blast them with a series of green daggers into them.

"I know, we're working on it," Superman replied, managing to push himself through, and ripping through them. Sparks flew in every single direction.

Wonder Woman and Martian Manhunter smashed both of the robots together, and they cracked together. Sparks flew in every single direction, and the two super heroes crushed the robots. The robots crumbled down on the ground, and the door burst opened. Hawkgirl appeared, a bit injured, but ready to fight. She smashed her mace into the robotic orderlies sending them flying. Flash burst through the front doors, and began to knock the robots around.
"I knew you guys would get into trouble without me," Flash answered, with a bit of a smile.

"Yeah, I guess the cover's blown, you might as well be in this as well," Superman replied, and suddenly, outside, there were security drones, and enforcer drones showing up.

"We got to get out of here," Martian Manhunter suggested, and they were trying to work on a plan, but their normal plan man had gone off, on his own mission.

"If only we had a plan," Flash answered, speeding at the speed of light, ripping limbs off of the robots as he had gone.

"Just improvise," Hawkgirl grunted, and she hit the ceiling, and slammed her mace into the robots. The Arkham inmates sat around, just as casual as could be, like this was another day at the office. The Justice League made their way through the doors, which had been sealed shut, and their exit had been prevented.

"Stand back!" Superman yelled, and he blasted through with heat vision. The doors burst open, and the Justice League leaves, but they are surrounded by Enforcer drones.

"Halt, you are under arrest on the orders of Lord Potter. You are either to stand down quietly, or we will have been authorized to use lethal force. The choice is yours."

The Justice League six exchanged looks, and already from this first statement, they knew what the choice was going to be, and it was going to give them a reason to use lethal force. The six of them prepared for battle, even if it was going to be their final battle.

Linda Danvers shook her head, the rebel known as Matrix came awake in the cell, and beside her, she saw Arcane, better known as Harry Potter. The good Harry Potter, the Harry Potter she had fallen in love with all of her heart. Matrix reached over, and nudged him quickly, to wake him up, so she could peer into his gorgeous green eyes.

"So, did anyone get the number of that laser that hit me?" Harry asked, and Matrix threw her arms around Harry, hugging him, glad that he was okay.

"I'm glad you're okay," Linda breathed in a happy voice, but she shook her head. "I'm afraid that we won't be for long."

"Yeah, your hopeless suitor seems to want to kill me," Harry responded, and he took a moment to reflect. "And he might take out both of us, if the situation warrants it. You know he's completely bent."

The voice of Lord Potter came up at that moment.

"Dearest Kara, I am giving you one final chance to reconcile what you are doing. I have come to a conclusion that if you do not love me, then I will find another like you that will. Just think about what you are doing, and know that I will give you anything in the world. You have one hour to decide where your loyalties lie, and then I'm going to decide what to do with you. Remember, my patients runs thin."

"I don't know what you think you're doing!" Harry yelled at his evil counterpart.

Lord Potter was silent for a moment, before he spoke once again.
"What I am doing is making a world the better place, that's what I'm doing," Lord Potter answered without even a moment's pause. "Rest assure that once free will is completely and utterly removed, then no one will have any say, and no will be able to harm my perfect world, my perfect multiverse."

"What gives you the right do any of this?" Harry demanded, green eyes snapped, and focused. Matrix held onto her embrace, afraid to let him go.

"I seem to remember Albus Dumbledore saying the same thing to me, right before I kicked him off of a cliff to his demise. Well, never mind that, we have one hour to go before your end, and my love, you have one hour to make your decision. I will leave both of you to contemplate your fates."

The intercom had gone off, and both had sat there, with the restraints on them. There was no question about it, the situation was rather dire. Their powers were not able to be used, and Harry snaked his arms around the narrowed waist of Matrix. Tears streamed down her face, her normal strong resolve breaking down.

"I can never be with someone like him, it's you that I love," Matrix choked out, and she leaned her head on Harry's chest, burying her face into it. She pulled back after a moment, regaining her bearings, and looked at Harry, with an innocent expression on her face. "Can you...can you...kiss me, please?"

Harry obliged her, leaning forward, and pressing his lips onto hers gently. Matrix straddled Harry's lap, and Harry ran his hands down her curvy body. Her breasts, her hips, her legs, his hands were all over it, and Matrix just ran her hands through his hair, moaning into the kiss, grinding onto his crotch.

Matrix broke forward at that moment, and took a deep breath. She bit her lip tentatively, and decided to breach one more barrier with Harry.

"I want to make love with you," Matrix replied, stroking Harry's face. "Just once to see what it feels like before...before the end."

Harry looked at her at that point, and Matrix grabbed the edge of her shirt. She leaned towards him, her bright blue eyes full of passion for him.

"Please, I don't want to die a virgin," Matrix sniffled, and she eased her hand downed Harry's pants. "I love you so very much, and I want to show it, before the end."

Harry still hoped that they would get out, but this beauty wanted him, so bad, and it was another blonde Kryptonian, another version of Kara, and that was his major turn on.

"Are you sure you can handle it?" Harry asked her, and Matrix just pulled his shirt off over his head, and began to stroke his chest, and abs, grinding on him, before the games began.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Harry grabbed the edge of Matrix's shirt, and pulled it up slightly, feeling up the underside of her breasts, feeling them in all of their curved beauty, and the soft, tender flesh that was underneath the palms of his hands.

"No bra?" Harry asked her, and Matrix just nodded, biting her lip. Harry allowed her firm, and large, breasts to tumble out, for Harry to touch and behold.

"A lot easier to fly without any underwear," Matrix replied with an impish smile, and Harry
responded by groping her breasts. Matrix offered a light moan, and Harry fondled her, squeezing her breasts, feeling their firmness in his hands, and heightening her pleasure once he played with her more, the sensual sounds getting more prominent with each passing gesture. "Oh yes, Harry, give it to me baby."

"I'll give it to you alright," Harry responded, and he latched his mouth onto the perky breasts of Matrix, and suckled on her breasts, and nipples, feasting on the lovely buffet of juicy flesh, alternating between his newest lover's right and left breast.

Matrix leaned back, her back pressed against the wall, with Harry working his magic with his mouth on her tasty tits. She moaned as Harry suckled on her tits. They were erect, and there was a heat diverting towards her body, to her center. She reached down, and snaked her hand into his pants, and squeezed his erection.

"Great Rao, Harry, you're so big," Matrix breathed, and Harry continued to lick, suck, and blow on her breasts, Matrix really thought she would lose it when Harry had hissed between her breasts, with the moisture building up between her legs. The heat rising from her very core was something that she thought she was going to scream because, and Harry was not going to cease his efforts.

Harry pulled up, and looked at her, still cupping her tasty tits in his hands. He looked into her beautiful blue eyes. "Do you want it in you?"

"Yes, please, fuck me," Matrix begged, and Harry ran his hands over her body. Her breasts were soft, but firm, her stomach muscles were taut and toned, her legs were beautiful, and her ass was extremely round and fuckable. Harry squeezed her rear, and Matrix gave a delightful moan, with Harry playing with her, and cupping her, stroking her in between her legs. "Damn it, don't tease me!"

"One taste of my cock, and you'll be addicted," Harry warned her, and Matrix looked at him, before pulling his pants down, and then his boxers, to sample the merchandise.

Matrix rested against the wall, with Harry fingering her, stroking her. He teased her opening, her clit, everything, and Matrix bucked her hips up, meeting Harry's motions, and she saw his large cock, ten inches, maybe more, hovering above her. Matrix looked at him, eyes widened, a hungry, and lustful expression in her eyes as she licked her lips.

"Get ready," Harry answered, and he slowly pushed into her, breaking through her barrier, and making her a woman.

Matrix bit her lip, and took a deep breath, but after the pain subsided, she felt the pleasure of Harry's cock inside her, giving her slow, loving, tender strokes, but she was having none of that, the blonde wanted him to really plow into her.

"Fuck me like you mean it," Matrix encouraged him, nearly gritting her teeth.

Harry obliged her, and sawed into her pussy, slamming into her, his long hard strokes penetrating her perfectly wet pussy, it squeezing him with all of their tightness. Even without their powers, they managed to fuck each other with the full force, their hips slamming together. Matrix sat on the bench, and Harry pushed into her, his cock appearing and disappearing at her like a bit of a blur. Harry busied himself with Matrix's ass and breasts, when he continued to hammer into her.

Matrix's eyes were glazed over, and Harry continued to slide into her, his balls slamming roughly against her thighs. The blonde Kryptonian moaned, and encouraged Harry, placing her arms around his back, and he responded by giving her a plowing like she deserved.
"Look at that, that's a good Kryptonian, your pussy is mine," Harry remarked, getting into the moment, and he continued to claim his soon to be latest wife, fucking into her pussy.

"Yes, my pussy is yours, and only yours, now fuck me, fuck me hard!" Matrix yelled, and she scissored her legs around Harry, encouraging him to go further. Harry pushed into her, and Matrix felt his cock just stretching her out. The collar would not heal her that quick, but Harry was fucking her just as hard and rough as she liked it.

"Like that," Harry growled, pulling her hair, and nibbling on her ear.

"Yes, yes, fuck me, shit!" Matrix yelled at that point, and Harry pounded onto her. If this was going to be there final hour, then it was going to be spent in unimaginable ecstasy. "That's it, fuck me Harry, like the good Kryptonian slut that I am! My body belongs to you, baby! I love your cock, pound me until I'm cross-eyed!"

Harry continued to pound into her, and the moments ticked up. He sped up as the time counted down. He could feel her walls squeeze around him. It was not as good as it would have been had her powers been fully on, but still the tightness and desire exhibited by a Kryptonian pussy super powered or otherwise could not be denied.

"I don't know if you can handle this load," Harry taunted her. "Maybe I should pull out."

Matrix whined when Harry hammered into her, fucking her pussy raw. "Don't you dare, don't you fucking dare, cum in my baby, splatter your seed into me!"

Harry had several more thrusts left in him, and Matrix was glazed over, eyes heavily lidded. She summoned her remaining strength into her pussy muscles to give Harry the best orgasm possible, and eventually Harry's balls tightened, before he unloaded his stream into her center.

Matrix screamed, seeing stars as her lover pounded into her, splattering thick ropes of cum into her, filling her up to the brim with so much of his thick seed that he could hardly handle it.

Harry felt the sweet pleasure of release, and Matrix was completely filled. The two lovers collapsed in each other's arms, content, and Matrix had a reason to live beyond all of the fighting, she would survive to get fucked like this each and every day.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

The two lovers put their clothes back on, completely satisfied. Matrix knew that if she was going to be killed, she was going to die happy, having that be among her final memories. Harry pulled her in an embrace, and she cuddled against him, kissing him, an act which she returned. Any second, the end would come.

The blue ring appeared in front of her, and Harry snatched it, before holding it, and presented it to the blonde Kryptonian.

"Will you be my wife?" Harry asked Matrix suddenly, and Matrix looked at him, before she offered a slow nod.

"Please, put it on my finger, it's beautiful," Matrix replied, looking at him with her gorgeous eyes, and Harry slipped it onto her.

The energy spike from the blue rings had caused the power inhibitor collars to short out, and drop to the ground.
"You knew that was going to happen," Matrix remarked, but she was not accusing.

"Yes, but you wanted to be my third wife," Harry answered, and Matrix responded, by shoving Harry into the wall, and shoving her tongue down his throat with a passionate kiss. Harry returned the favor briefly, but there were footsteps that caused their fun times to be cut off. He lightly pushed her off. "As much as I'd like an encore, we got some unfinished business."

Harry blew open the doors, and came face to face with himself. Lord Potter stood, and saw Matrix standing with Harry. She purposely grabbed Harry's hand, and held up her hand with the wedding ring with a triumphant smile on her face.

"So this is your decision," Lord Potter replied, and he felt a small pang in his heart that he ignored. "If that is the case, so be it, but until death do us part has never been something that is more accurate."

Harry jumped in for the attack, while Lord Potter was busy having a little monologue. The two of them struggled, spells clashing against each other. Both versions of Harry Potter flew backwards, trying to push their powers against each other. Now that Harry had a wife in this dimension, he was more empowered and stronger than ever. However Lord Potter sacrificed several versions of himself, so the fight would be hard.

Both versions of Harry Potter crashed through the windows, sending spells at each other that were deflected and blocked, as they flew high above the skies of Metropolis, blasting each other with attack after attack., bright lights bouncing off of each other.
Chapter 42: Overhaul.

Both versions of Harry Potter fell down onto the lawn outside of Lord Potter's Fortress, with shattered glass scattered around the ground. It was at that moment, Lord Potter sent a jet of green light at Harry. Harry's ring interpreted it correctly as a threat, and put up a shield, to block the spell. The spell bounced off of the shield, and repelled back. Both versions of Harry circled each other at this point, and took a moment to stare each other down, before both fired a spell.

Both spells ricocheted off of each other. They were intended to be diversionary spells, to set them up for bigger attacks, but they had cancelled each other out. Harry's bright green eyes fixed on Lord Potter's lifeless green dots, and the two of them surrounded each other. Harry tried to send flaming daggers at Lord Potter, but Potter flickered his wrist, and the daggers turned into feathers, before fluttering to the ground harmlessly.

"The fact of the matter is this," Lord Potter said, and once again, two spells ricocheted off of each other. "Each and every single version of myself that I have brought here had been utterly destroyed. But, there will be none that I will have more pleasure in than destroying…"

Harry sent a series of birds to attack Lord Potter before he could finish his statement. Potter twisted, and turned, and the birds exploded. Harry transfigured a tree into a big old grizzly bear, and the bear gave a growl, before Lord Potter just changed it into a bearskin rug. The two Potters continued to circle each other. Two spells ricocheted off each other.

"The fact of the matter is that someone like you, well you kind of make me sick," Harry answered, before he flew forward. Lord Potter sent a purple light into the air, but Harry dodged, and he grabbed Lord Potter around the shirt, and flung him hard into the building. Lord Potter bounced off, and blocked the spikes that popped out of the building.

"Why, do I make you sick?" Lord Potter asked, as they blocked, parried, and spun, with spells bouncing off of each other. "Is it because I am able to take the steps that you are too gutless to take?"

Harry refused to dignify any statement that this twisted reflection made with a comment. He was not arguing the need to kill criminals, but what this Potter was doing was beyond killing criminals. He used his ring to try and contain him, but Lord Potter angrily broke off. It seemed like the swelling of hope was painful for him, and Harry noticed that. Matrix popped up, and Lord Potter tried to send a killing curse to her. The blonde Kryptonian ducked, and shot bolts of magic from her hand, in an attempt to disintegrate him.

'Switch tactics,' Harry thought to her, and Matrix nearly crashed when she heard Harry in her mind.

'What, are you in my mind?' Matrix thought to him.

'Our minds are linked, due to the marriage bond and the rings,' Harry thought to her, and Matrix just nodded.

'What's the plan?' Matrix thought back to Harry.

'Focus your power through the rings, and bombard him, that seems to be the only thing that hurts him,' Harry responded, and Matrix nodded, before she closed her eyes, and focused. A shield of
blue light surrounded her, and made her feel more hopeful.

Both blue rings shot Lord Potter in the chest. Lord Potter screamed, but he pushed back. His determination would not be denied. The two forces pushed back, and forth, before Lord Potter had been knocked into the tower hard.

"ENOUGH!" Lord Potter shouted, and he sent a series of rocks from the ground at Matrix and Arcane. Harry and Linda blocked the attacks, shielding them from the rocks, and reducing most of them to dust with the energy blasts coming from their hands.

Lord Potter circled them, and sent a series of attacks. "Your little hope can't hope to defeat me. The two of you are not strong enough to defeat me."

"How about the four of us?"

Kara showed up at this point, and dropped down next to Harry. Karen popped up, and dropped next to Harry. Lord Potter just had a smirk cross his face.

"So, you've decided to hide behind the skirt of your wives,' Lord Potter taunted him, but Harry just smirked at that moment.

"Why not, when the view is great?" Harry fired back, and Lord Potter just grimaced at that moment, but he fired back with a lethal blast of energy, which was blocked. The four of them used their rings to bombard him with blue energy.

Lord Potter screamed, the pain was worse than anything that he could manage. Hope was something that sickened him, it gave people the power to defy him, and Lord Potter could not handle this. He tried to push back, and he flew up, before managing to just barely push back the attack. Potter staggered, and held up his ring.

"I've got a ring as well, and mine can raise the dead," Lord Potter rasped, and he turned his hand over. On cue, several deranged spirits appeared, to circle Harry, Kara, Karen, and Linda. "Rip their souls to shreds."

The spirits circled them, with glowing eyes, fangs, and teeth. Harry just took a moment to stand below the spirits, and he flicked his wrist upwards, before the spirits were pushed back. The four of them channeled their power through the rings, pushing back, and trying to bombard the spirits, all of them. The spirits were punished, and tormented, with all of them screaming out in agony.

"You do realize that this is a diversion, so he can launch that satellite of his," Matrix rasped, pushing the spirits back. Most of them were destroyed by her feverish attacks.

"Cover me, I'll take care of him," Harry told them, managing to fly away from the spirits.

"Go get him Harry," Kara encouraged him, and she diverted the spirits, and Harry flew up to the top floor of the tower, with his blonde wives all covering him, with a combination of heat vision and magic.

'So, you're the latest Kryptonian blonde to fall to Harry's charm,' Karen thought to Linda, and Linda just smiled.

'You...you're okay with this, right?' Linda asked mentally, hoping they were.

'Yes, we're okay, in fact we encourage it,' Kara responded to her, as they finished off the shadow spirits.
'Oh good,' Linda thought in relief, before she added in a joking matter. 'I would have hated to kill two people who look so much like me, well technically that are me, to get my time with Harry. I love him, and will do anything to be with him.'

Kara and Karen just smiled, they had a feeling this one would be a lot of fun. She was not as developed as Karen, but she was slightly more developed as Kara. The three blondes finished the battle.

Lord Potter showed up at the top of the tower, ready to fire up the portal, and to extend the satellite's will throughout the entire multiverse. There was no question about it, the utopia that he wanted would be achieved by any means necessary.

That was the thought that went through his head, before Harry knocked Lord Potter into the table to the side. Lord Potter, and Harry circled each other, with Lord Potter trying to remove his head with a well-placed spell. Harry blocked the attack.

"You just don't know when to stay in the ground, do you?" Lord Potter asked, and he tried to push Harry back, but Harry returned fire, with both pushing back and forth, sending spells at each other.

"One could say the same thing about you," Harry replied, and he saw that the satellite was about to be launched in two minutes.

'I don't need to stop you, just merely need to delay you,' Potter responded, but Harry took down Potter with a legsweep, and flipped him into the wall. Lord Potter was taken down with a judo throw, and then Harry conjured a sword, before trying to slam it into Potter's head. Potter blocked it with a shield, and the sword shattered upon the impact.

If magical methods could not defeat him, perhaps Harry would try with Muggle ones. The two versions of Harry Potter circled each other, and the two wizards sent two spells at each other.

The three Kryptonian blondes popped through the window, and all flew at Lord Potter, their rings fired up. Lord Potter tried to use his ring once again, but Matrix shot a beam of heat vision at him. It was amplified, and it sliced his ring finger off.

Lord Potter screamed, he had never been hurt in a very long time. Arcane, Matrix, Supergirl, and Power Girl flew into Potter at super sonic speed, summoning the full strength of their power towards him, and slammed into him.

A rip in time and space had been opened, and Lord Potter flew through! Potter vaporized when he flew to the ends of space, and he was done.

Matrix squealed happily, and threw her arms around Harry, pulling him into an extremely passionate kiss. She wrapped her arms around him, along with her legs. Kara just pulled Matrix off by the hair, and immediately the girl wilted, thinking she broke some rule of the collective. However, Kara smiled, and pulled Matrix into a long kiss in celebration. Harry grabbed Karen, and kissed her long and hard as well.

After a moment, they switched, with Kara kissing Harry, and Linda kissing Karen. All four of them were satisfied, and Matrix stepped over to the portal, before she went through the computer. Matrix went through the listings in the portal, and managed to punch up the coordinates to Harry's dimension.

"Okay, the Lords are in your universe, we know that much," Matrix remarked carefully, and Harry, Kara, and Karen nodded. "The League are here, but we got to take care of the Justice Lords first."
"I've got a plan," Harry responded carefully, and Kara and Karen exchanged looks. They knew of Harry's contingency plans to take down the League if they had ever been corrupted by a villain, but they hoped that there was no need to use them.

Harry would be able to put them to practical use, for the first time ever, and see if they worked as well as practice as they did in theory.

The Justice League understood what was at stake at this moment. They stood outside of Arkham Asylum, waiting for the guards to fire. They awaited their orders, but it was going to be a long wait. Flash was the one that broke the silence.

"So, what do we do?" Flash asked them, and it was Superman who decided to break the silence with an answer.

"Wait for them to make the first move," The Man of Steel stated, not really moving from his point. He was ready to attack, and the large enforcer drones that towered over them made the situation rather tense. "We should not attack, unless it's out of defense."

Hawkgirl thought that was a matter of opinion, after she had been laid up, she was raring for a fight, and these guys had been the most obvious targets. Time had ticked by, with Green Lantern, Martian Manhunter, Flash, Superman, Wonder Woman, and Hawkgirl all waiting. The leader of the security force stood toward, when a commanding voice had cut through the scene.

"Stop."

Lord Batman popped up right then and there, and approached the scene. The security guards took a step back, and the alternate version of the Dark Knight stepped forward, before he snapped handcuffs on all of them.

"Follow my lead," Lord Batman said out of the side of his mouth, and the Justice League members all nodded, having no choice, but to do so, at least for right now. Batman then turned to the security, before he stood up straight, and spoke to them. "The Justice League are my prisoners, and are to be lead off to be dealt with on the orders of Lord Potter. These bracelets nullify their powers, they will be no problem."

"And how do we know you are who you say you are?" one of the security guards asked in a bold voice, and Batman stepped up, an intimidating glare being given to the guard in question. The guard took a step back, and gulped, before Lord Batman had spoken in one crisp and commanding tone.

"Are you questioning my orders, officer?"

The guard began to stammer at that moment, "N-no sir, no sir, not at all sir."

Batman just folded his hands over his chest, and the Justice League had been led off. They were in restraints, and had moved out of earshot. When they were far enough away, Flash could not resist chiming in with a few words of his own.

"Nice one Bats, even I nearly thought that you were the other guy for a second."

Lord Batman's answer was concise, crisp, and to the point. "Actually, I am that other guy."

The Justice League all tensed up, realizing that they had just allowed one of the members of the Justice Lords to snap power restraint bracelets on them, and potentially lead them to their doom.
They were about to protest, which Lord Batman allowed; it would give the situation the realism that it needed.

"Lord Potter is not responding to any calls," Lord Batman chimed in in a casual and crisp voice, and the Justice League all stood, a bit surprised by that. "He's the one who runs the show, I've figured that much out, but his influence is within his power. He is able to ensnare the minds of most."

"Yet, not with you," Superman responded, and Lord Batman responded to dignify that with a response. "It seems that few things change throughout the entire multiverse."

It was again where Batman did not say anything, rather he lead the crew of heroes on and forward. Lord Batman walked towards the tower, and sure enough the doors were opened. There was a smashed window upwards, the obvious sound of battle. Lord Batman stepped forward, and saw Batman standing in the shadows, waiting for them.

"I've held up my end of the bargain," Lord Batman replied to Batman. "In the top floor, there is an interstellar portal device. The coordinates for our dimension still should be fresh, and you should be able to return home, to deal with the Justice Lords. How you deal with them, well that's up to you."

Wonder Woman was the next one to chime in with a few words of her own. "What will you do?"

"I have to exercise some damage control," Lord Batman said, and he turned off, slipping into the shadows. The Justice League would be left to their own devices, to sink or to swim. The Justice League took their steps to go higher and higher into the fortress. There was no question about it, they were in quite the situation. The world had been a rather sobering experience to how even the best laid intentions could have gone wrong most of the time.

Martian Manhunter decided to speak up. "Well, I guess there is no delaying it. We had best get back, and defeat our counterparts."

"How could we defeat them though?" Flash asked, but Green Lantern shook his head immediately.

"Who better to know our weaknesses then us?" Green Lantern inquired, and Batman just nodded, before he parked himself on a chair, and in front of the Interstellar Portal Device. He began to fire up the controls.

"So any luck in figuring this thing out?" Superman asked, and Batman just paused, before he responded to the question from the Man of Steel.

"The coordinates are already punched in as the last known location, which means Arcane likely had used the portal to return home," Batman responded, and then he continued to punch on the portal, before setting explosives on it, that would go off within three minutes. "We don't need anyone following us back."

"It's almost like you don't intend to send the Justice Lords back," Superman responded, and Batman turned to them.

"To send them back here, would invite them to do the same thing again," Batman answered at that moment, and there was a long pause, before the entire group turned around, and stepped through the portal.

The nature of time and space indicated that they had no idea where they would return. However, the seven of them would have popped into one of the main office buildings of Patronus
Incorporated once they had returned home.

Little did the group know that Kara, Karen, Harry, and Linda had all returned home at that point, a long time ago, and they were in the process of engaging the Justice Lords in battle, to try and figure out a way to stop them once and for all.

As of right now, the League traveled through the portal, through time and space, and ended up at their destination, even if it took a while.

Once they left, Batman's explosives went off, destroying the Interstellar Portal Device, so no one could follow them back, or could return through that method.

Even though a few days had passed in the other universe, the Justice Lords had been here for almost an hour, and already, they were finding a lot needed to be done for this world to be fixed. Lord Superman looked up over the city of Metropolis, and there were the hints of crime everywhere. Filth like this should be cleaned up. Lord Green Lantern and Lord Hawkgirl stepped by him immediately, to break the silence.

"So, do we have a plan?" Lord Hawkgirl asked to them.

"We just start with the first instance of crime, and keep working," Lord Green Lantern answered at that moment, and he made sure his ring was charged. The Green Lantern Corps technically expelled John Stewart for his conduct as a member of the Justice Lords, so with the help of his fellow Lords, the Guardians suffered, and now were under new management. He had a makeshift power battery that worked well, and kept his ring rather charged.

Lord Wonder Woman and Lord Martian Manhunter popped up at that moment, when suddenly, four figures popped into the air, to face the Justice Lords.

One of them had dark hair, with green eyes that burned with bright passion. He wore a black top with the letter "A" on it, with black pants, and a belt, and boots. He was no longer the scrawny little boy with messy hair and baggy clothes. He had muscles, and had grown several inches. The dark haired man was named Harry Potter, or Arcane.

The second party had flowing blonde hair that blew in the breeze. Her blue eyes burned with determination, and her blonde hair framed her face, loving and enchanting. She wore a blue half-shirt that stretched over her torso, and showcased her bust. Her taut stomach was bare, with not an inch of fat on it. The red skirt wrapped snugly around her hips, showcasing her shapely hips, rear, and long lovely legs. She wore a pair of red boots, with yellow laces on it. She was Kara, or Supergirl.

The third figure had short blonde hair that framed her face. She had high cheekbones, and rosy red lips as well. Her figure was showcased by a tight white suit, that had a window in the center, to showcase her massive breasts, showing an immense amount of cleavage. The material also wrapped around her tight ass, and showcased her beautiful, and muscular legs, with a pair of blue boots, and gloves. She wore no underwear underneath her outfit either. Karen, or Power Girl stared down the Justice Lords.

The fourth figure had long blond hair tied back in a ponytail. She had the same beautiful eyes, luscious lips, and high cheekbones. Her bust was the second largest of three, wrapped in a black t-shirt with a red "S" that was scratched out on it. The shirt was a couple of sizes too small for her. It only barely covered her breasts. The silver skirt could really be classified as just a slightly oversized belt, and she wore no underwear as well. The white stockings adored her legs making her
"Kara?" Lord Superman asked, seeing the three girls standing in front of them.

"We're shutting you down, for good," Kara of the Supergirl variety spoke.

"You think you can come into your dimension and just run things," Kara of the Power Girl variety stated.

"Well you're wrong, dead wrong," Kara of the Matrix variety stayed, and the three girls sent a blast of heat vision in unison.

The Justice Lords stepped back, and Lord Superman paused for a moment. He did not want to injure his cousin, any of them in fact.

"You should join us…"

Harry knocked Lord Superman out of the air, and immediately Lord Wonder Woman charged, with the fury of an Amazon, but they were ready for the attack. Power Girl grabbed her by the arm and twisted it behind her back, and sent her down. Lord Martian Manhunter morphed into a dragon, and attacked them with fury, but Harry sent a spell at him.

Martian Manhunter stepped back, eyes widened, and felt weakened. Nothing, but fire surrounded him at all times. There was in reality no fire, yet there was a paralyzing fear of fire that caused the Justice Lords version of J'onn to take a step back, and be taken out of the fight.

Lord Hawkgirl gritted her teeth, and deflected the attacks with her mace. The mace repelled every little bit of magical energy. Kara flew in, taking out the legs, Linda flew in taking out the upper body, and Karen flew in taking the mace from the hands of Lord Hawkgirl. The winged woman gritted her teeth, and Harry waved his hand, to cause her wings to grow so heavy that it made her practically unable to fly.

Hawkgirl crashed to the ground, unable to lift her body.

"You're not going to go down that easy," Lord Green Lantern stated, and the Justice Lords version of John Stewart prepared to fire an energy attack with his ring. However it was blocked, and suddenly, yellow energy appeared around his hand.

The fabled yellow energy was the greatest weakness to the Green Lantern ring, and the Patronus Incorporated crew had found a way to replicate the energy to work as a defensive weapon. Green Lantern crashed to the ground, completely take out of the battle, and Harry stunned him immediately, taking him down and out.

With three of the five Justice Lords down, it was now only Lord Wonder Woman and Lord Superman. Lord Wonder Woman was fierce just like the counterpart they knew, but perhaps with few inhibitions about seriously hurting someone. She used her bracelets to deflect the heat vision attacks from Kara back at her, but Harry jumped into the air, and sent thick cords around her.

"You're just wasting your time if you think you can defeat me," Wonder Woman replied, but Kara snuck behind her with the distraction at Super Speed, and inserted a small disc into the back of her neck. This caused Wonder Woman's eyes to go blank, and make her believe she had been reverted back into the clay statue that she had been spawned from. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she was down and out for the count.

Then there was one and it was Lord Superman. They knew the best way to defeat him, but Matrix
just held her hand up. Harry, Kara, and Karen stood back, this was a battle that she wanted to fight. They prepared to jump in at a moment's notice, in case she needed any help.

The two Kryptonian cousins stood next to each other, and stared each other down. There was really nothing to say, given that the time for talk had long since passed. It was Matrix who had broken the silence.

"So it has really come down to this, Kal?" Matrix asked in a soft voice.

Lord Superman stared back at his cousin with a set jaw, and he tried to go after her, but he stopped.

"Guess you can't do it after all," Matrix replied, and she looked at him. "There is still some of my cousin still in there, deep down."

"I'm strong, I can do this, I'm the last son of Krypton," Lord Superman responded, and he hoisted a huge chunk of the street off of the ground, and tried to smash Matrix in the head with it. Matrix zipped off to the side, and she kicked Superman down.

The two Kryptonians stared each other down, and Matrix flipped Lord Superman into the wall immediately. Lord Superman flew back, but Matrix spun around again. The two Kryptonians pivoted in the air, and Matrix fired a shot right to him, before slamming him down against the wall. The blonde Kryptonian pulled out her secret weapon, a dagger made out of Kryptonite, and aimed it.

Superman screamed when Matrix had stabbed the dagger into the chest of the Man of Steel. The Justice Lords counterpart of Superman went down, as the Kryponite had been injected into his blood stream. He fell to the ground, growing old and withered. Linda looked down at him, tears flowing in her eyes, looking at the twisted reflection of her once beloved cousin.

If anything, it was a mercy killing, and her hands trembled when she realized what she did.

Harry, Kara, and Karen moved over to grab their newest wife in a hug, and at that moment, the Justice League had arrived. The League was prepared for a battle, but they saw the Justice Lords all taken down.

"Well, it seems like we're a day late, and a dollar short," Flash remarked, looking at the carnage.

"So, do you mind explaining what happened?" Superman asked, and Harry just looked at them.

"I'll send you the play by play later," Harry responded, and the four Potters flew off at that moment.

It was not that difficult for the League to piece together what had transpired here, especially Batman, who was not the World's Greatest Detective for anything.

The heads of the people were clearer than they had been in an extremely long time. The Justice Lords had been defeated, and Lord Potter had been destroyed. There was a moment where they stood around the town square, and all of them had pulled down the statue of Potter that had been up. It smashed to the ground, and the people cheered.

It was at that moment, where Lord Batman popped up. The crowd backed up, fearful. There was a moment where the Justice Lords version of the Dark Knight lowered himself down to the ground, before surveying the group that had been assembled, and keeping his eyes focused upon the crowd.
"I have never been one for words," Lord Batman answered, before folding his hands, and looking at them. "However, I do have a few, about what has happened, and I offer my regrets for all of what the Justice Lords have done."

Lord Batman took a moment and the crowd was suspicious of him, and rightfully so. After all the Justice Lords had done in their attempts to enforce Potter's will, there was going to be some mistrust. Lord Batman had thought about handing up the cowl, but that would just be walking away like a coward. That was not the way of the World's Greatest Detective.

"I understand your mistrust," Lord Batman said, and he heard the angry mutterings. "All we will do is rebuild, and regroup from what happened. I thought that I could control what the Justice Lords did, but they become a monster, and many of you suffered. And I will never stop fighting to make sure the streets are safe."

Arsenal, never one to be shy about saying what he thought, spoke his mind. "And you expect us just to fall back into line, and not blow you into smithereens?"

"I don't have any expectations, just a hope that the future will be much brighter than the recent past," Lord Batman responded, and the crowd muttered. In typical Batman fashion, the moment that the majority of the crowd turned away, he was gone, back into the shadows.

There was a very long rebuilding process that was going to happen over the next several months. The fall of Lord Potter was just the beginning, and now the world had to stand on their own. The price for their freedom was the return of crime and war, but that was one that they were willing to pay for the need to speak their mind without any fear.

The Potters had returned to their home dimension, and were now back home, with Linda having been given the grand tour. The blonde Kryptonian was impressed with the house, it was beautiful, it had a beach, a nice view, and the bedroom was the best place.

If Linda had her way, she would be spending a lot of time there, with Harry. She wondered how she would fit into this dynamic, but after their brief interaction, she looked forward to spending more time with Harry giving her the love and passions that she desired.

"So what do you think?" Harry asked her, breaking Linda out of her thoughts, and the blonde Kryptonian's eyes fluttered, when she looked at Harry, a smile crossed her face.

"I think I'm going to love it here," she replied, and she wrapped her arms around her new husband. He was everything she ever wanted in a man, and could not really complain. "Mostly because of the man of my dreams is here. You must be something to satisfy us Kryptonians like that. We can go the distance, you know. Especially the more time we spend underneath the yellow sun."

"Well, I'm partially Kryptonian, and with you, I'm even more Kryptonian," Harry answered, and he pulled his newest wife into a tight embrace, and she grinned, before Harry cupped her face into a long kiss. "You got a nice little taste of what I can offer you."

"Yes, I got a taste, and I want more, a lot more," Linda answered, and she straddled Harry's lap. Linda still wore her uniform, not having any clothes of her own yet in this dimension, although Harry did not mind. The material stretched around her shapely breasts, and ass nicely, and showcased her lovely legs. They were perfect in their beauty. Linda grinded against him, and grabbed him around his neck. "Indulge me, my husband."

Kara stepped up for that moment, and just smiled at Linda. "As much as I sympathize with your
desire to jump Harry, there are a few things that we need to establish before we get down to the real fun."

Linda could tell that Kara wanted to talk to her about something rather important. In fact, just given the way that Kara carried herself around Harry, and her body language, Kara was most certainly the Alpha of this little collective.

Linda was a bit disappointed, that she would not have a higher spot in the hierarchy, but given the perks and benefits of being in a relationship, she found herself not minding too much. Kara was the youngest of them at eighteen, with Linda being twenty years old at this present time.

"I know, you're the first wife, therefore you get dibs on Harry," Linda answered, and Kara just gripped her wrists tightly.

"Everyone will get their time," Harry responded, and he looked at Linda. "Rest assure, I love you all, but Kara was there for me at a time where I needed someone the most."

Kara gently nudged Linda off of Harry's lap, and Linda slid off. Harry scooped Kara onto his lap, but he put his arm around Linda as well, and the counterpart relaxed, her head on Harry's shoulder.

"And you better be open minded, young lady, because we do a lot of fun things, that might be considered to be taboo, or at the very least, naughty," Kara answered with a stern expression on her face, and Linda just offered a smile.

"Those are the best kind of things, aren't they? Linda asked, seeing how beautiful her younger counterpart was. In the scheme of the collective, she was truly a middle child, with Kara being younger, and Karen being older, but the blonde Kryptonian beauty knew that she was not about to be overlooked by any means whatsoever.

"They are indeed," Kara responded, her eyes glinted with naughtiness, as she used her X-Ray vision to sneak a peak at Linda's body, not that her clothing covered much. She was very pleased at what she saw. "Twins are awesome, but triplets are the next best step up, aren't they?"

"Damn straight," Harry answered with a grin, knowing where this is going, and it was at that point, Karen showed up.

"So, are you giving the new girl a talk?" Karen asked, and she looked at Linda who sat down on Harry's right, with Kara sitting on his lap, and Karen sat down on Harry's left side now.

"Yeah, just letting her know what's up," Kara responded, and she turned her attention to Linda once more. "If your childhood was anything like me, you like playing dress up, well we take that to an entirely new level, if you catch my meaning."

"I do indeed," Linda answered, feeling excited, and feeling a heat rise between her legs at the thoughts of what could transpire in this arrangement. The excitement she felt could not be measured by any mere words. There was a moment where Kara reached over, running her hands through Linda's blonde hair. "Anything that any of you want to do to me, I'm game for it, any fantasy, just do it."

Karen and Kara exchanged wicked grins, and even Harry found himself rather intrigued by the open license that this blonde Kryptonian bombshell had offered them. He was rather excited about that, and three girls offered so many dynamic possibilities that Harry could hardly wait. Karen and Kara just got up off of their positions on the couch, and they gazed into Linda's bright blue eyes, that were very much the same as their own.
"We think that you're going to fit into this family quite nicely," Kara answered to Linda with a bright smile, and she pulled the blonde into a nice deep embrace, that she felt relaxing. "The four of us can do many things together, and I'm sure you bring some special skills to the table."

"Well, I'm a pretty good multitasker," Linda answered, and she closed her eyes, and divided herself into three identical copies. One copy each kissed Kara, Karen, and Harry in turn, and pushed them back on the couch, straddling them.

It took a moment before the kiss was broken, and all three Potters were pleased, when Linda had recalled the copies, remaining straddled on Harry's lap as she did.

"I can do that for up until an hour," Linda responded to them, and the three Potters nodded, thinking of the possibilities. "And I'm sure it will only get better with just a little bit of practice."

"Yeah, I'm sure," Karen agreed, but a grin crossed her face, when she turned over to face Harry, a calculating expression crossing her face. "I wonder if you can learn anything like that Harry."

Harry thought about it, and Kara smiled as well, such a power did have several intriguing possibilities that they would like to explore. The three blonde Kryptonians and Harry would explore that later, but after the long day they had, it was time for a good warm meal to eat. The four had made their way to the dining room, where they vowed to eat a big meal.

Dessert would be something that they would enjoy the most as well, but that was something that they would wait until later with. The three blondes sat on either side of Harry, and prepared a nice dish. The three took turns feeding Harry strawberries, and eating them themselves, slowly popping them into their mouths, and licking the whip cream off of them. The three of them had gotten Harry riled up, to prepare for the dessert that was to come.

Harry thought that his life had gotten rather excellent as of late, with his three beautiful brides, and there would be more to come, he had a feeling. Right now he knew that they would get a great deal of satisfaction out of each other, and then there were the benefits of their powers increasing.

Life was most certainly good in the house of the Potters. The three ate, and the three girls teased Harry, all knowing what would be coming after dinner.

Back at the Watchtower, the Justice League had all set around a table. The founding seven members were ready to discuss a potentially problematic situation, and it was Batman who had the unfortunate responsibility of deciding to bring out what had happened. The Dark Knight turned to his fellow League members.

"Today's events brought to the forefront a very unfortunate truth, and that is, if we're not careful, we could become the very monster that we had tried fighting," Batman stated to the group, and all of them nodded. "Any of us could become the monsters we were in that dimension, given a push or two."

"Well there's just one obvious way to prevent that," Flash piped up, and the League's eyes turned towards him, to see what the Fastest Man Alive had to say. "Just redouble all of your efforts, and keep me alive and well."

The Justice League just blinked at these words, and the Flash just held his hands in the air, offering a bit of a shrug.

"Hey, it was just a suggestion."
"Let's table that one for a moment," Martian Manhunter remarked lightly, but the entire Justice League exchanged a few tense looks at that moment. "We are avoiding bringing up the pressing situation."

"Yes, if this gets out, there are many parties who could use the entire Justice Lords debacle as a way to make sure the League gets cut down," Superman said, knowing about the risks.

"That is a concern," Hawkgirl chimed in, placing her hands on the table, and she stared toward towards the League members. The crowd of the greatest heroes in the world sat, and pondered. "But we do have a more pressing situation. You saw how easily Harry defeated the Justice Lords, he knew exactly how to defeat them, and he had plans to defeat them. And I'd bet you anything that that wasn't the only plan he had."

"I'm not a betting man, but I'd imagine that you're right," Green Lantern answered, and he saw the state of his counterpart. His power ring had been rendered completely useless, with the yellow energy. "So what are we going to do?"

"There is a chance that Harry could be twisted just like his counterpart," Martian Manhunter said, but he closed his eyes. "I scarcely want to believe it either, but it's something that we must prepare for."

Flash felt the need to protest. "Wait, wait, whoa, time out, just how many times has Harry pulled our butt out of the fire, and we're just going to throw him underneath the bus?"

"He hasn't technically done anything yet," Hawkgirl agreed, but she shook her head. "But there is a chance…"

"There's always a chance," Batman said in his stoic, and gruff voice, not betraying what he really was thinking. The truth was there was a chance for any of them to take a turn for the worse.

"Yes, there's always a chance," Superman agreed, but then he felt the need to defend them. "And there is a chance that our mistrust could lead to a self-fulfilling prophecy. That world is not like ours."

"You don't know that," Batman said, and Superman stared back at him. "It could be a year or two down the line, but there could be something that might happen for the Justice League to shift into the Justice Lords. And Harry could to turn into what he turned into."

"I refuse to believe it," Wonder Woman said, and her expression was one that left no room for argument or debate.

"I don't think any of us wants to believe it, Diana," The Martian Manhunter said in a tired voice.

"Yet, all of us have to prepare for what is to come, should it come," Batman added, and while he had been studying Harry since the moment he trained him, the biggest weakness was the people that Harry cared about, and the fact that to some extent he was holding back his powers.

Should Harry had stopped holding back, and had been seduced by some form of power, or influence, that might have been the end of everything.

The Justice League did not want to believe something like that was going to happen, they did not want something like that to happen. Yet, as time ticked on, they thought that something like that would happen.

"So what's the plan now?" Superman asked, feeling that he asked that question so many times
before, and to Batman.

This time Batman had no answer right away. The World's Greatest Detective pondered many points, and the League could tell that there were many thoughts going on underneath that pointy cowl of his.

It was some time before Batman broke the silence.

"I'll let you know when I have figured something out."

Worry flooded the Justice League, for if Batman had not determined a course of action, then they were up to their necks in trouble. The world they left, the fact that people were oppressed, caused them a great deal of worry. They did not want something like that to happen, but it was hard to argue that it was inevitable.

There was one thing that they could all agree on, even if the League was at odds with the course of action to take regarding one Harry Potter.

It would be a disaster if history repeated itself, but sadly it often did. And the League needed to step up their game if they hoped to prevent that from happening. They needed a contingency plan, to keep them on the straight and narrow.

And there was an unfortunate possibility that they might have had to take down someone who had helped them out, if worse had come to worse.
In the bedroom of the Potter residence, Karen, Kara, and Harry all sat side by side on the bed, when suddenly the door opened, and three different versions of Matrix appeared before them in the room.

One of the versions of Matrix was dressed like a school girl. She wore a white blouse that was wrapped tightly around her breasts, straining against her tight bust. Her toned stomach was showcased, and a plaid skirt that showcased her long legs, covered in white stockings, as she stood before them in mouth-watering glory.

The second version of Matrix was dressed in a French Maid's outfit, only the costume was rather tight, and snug around her curves, showcasing a great deal of her cleavage, and she had fishnet stockings on, with high heel shoes.

The third version of Matrix was dressed in an Alien Slave Girl Costume, with black strips of fabric barely covering her nipples, and another strip of fabric wrapped around her nether region, with her legs and feet are bare. The material was about to come off of her.

"I'll take the slave girl," Harry responded to both of his wives, and the slave girl flew forward towards Harry, wrapping her arms around him, and began to kiss him, driving the breath out of them.


"And that leads me with the school girl," Kara replied with a grin, and she grabbed the school girl before throwing the young blonde Kryptonian over her lap. Kara added in a sultry tone. "Detention is in."

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Kara raised her hand, and gave Matrix a tight slap on her ass, with the school girl moaning at Kara's actions. The blonde Kryptonian kept up the fire, giving her more slaps on the ass, the flesh reddening from the power of the Kryptonian strength slapping off of her flesh.

"More, punish me, I've been a bad girl," Matrix said, and Kara did as she was requested, spanking Matrix over and over again, her tight ass turning red.

The French Maid version of the blonde Kryptonian grabbed Karen's shirt, and tore it open, before placing her mouth onto her massive breasts. Karen hitched in a breath, when Matrix pleasured her breasts with her talented tongue, squeezing them, and molding them into the palms of her hands.

"Yes, baby, suck those titties," Karen moaned, and Matrix kept up the motions, sucking Karen's tits nice and long, nice and hard.

The slave girl version of Matrix was on her knees, and she was on her knees before Harry, giving him a sultry smile. "How may I serve you, master?"

"Suck my cock," Harry told her, grabbing around her head, and Matrix obeyed, ripping his pants open, and diving onto his cock, plunging it down her throat. Matrix bobbed up and down, deep
throating Harry's deep pull. "That's it; you're my little alien space whore, keep sucking my cock!"

While Harry was getting his cock sucked, his attention turned to the two erotic sights, with the French Maid version of Matrix on her knees, and pulling Karen's underwear down between her legs, before burying her face into Karen's cunt, licking and eating it. Karen's moans got louder, with the blonde Kryptonian pawing her breasts when she got closer to her peak.

Meanwhile, Kara's clothes had been stripped on, and she had pulled the identical version of her closer.

"Eat me," Kara moaned, and Matrix did what she was told, having dove into Kara's cunt with reckless abandon, licking it like it was the tastiest thing in the world, and Kara returned the favor, with each of them eating each other's cunts in a sexually charged sixty nine position.

The Matrix on her knees felt the pleasure of her sisters, both her dupes and also her fellow wives, and she went down on Harry.

"Suck me, blow me until I can't take any more," Harry encouraged her, feeling Matrix's hot mouth around his rod, and she blew him like there was no tomorrow, like she was born to do this. "You have such a good mouth, perfect for taking my big cock down your throat."

Matrix speared down on Harry's throat, when suddenly, Kara and her schoolgirl dupe version got off of each other, faces covered in their juices from their mutual explosion. Both girls snaked their arms around each other, floating across from Harry, and then proceeded to make out in mid-air. The slow girls slowly, seductively, licked the juices off of each other's faces, burying their fingers each other's cunts, and pumping them more, squeezing each other's breasts.

This sight, coupled with the sight of Matrix spearing his cock down her throat, and was driving Harry closer and closer to completion. The French Maid version of Matrix had rolled Karen over onto the bed, her breasts smashing against them, and Matrix hovered over, before using her power ring to create a dildo construct. With impish intentions, Matrix buried the blue energy dildo into Karen's ass, giving her unmistakable pleasure.

Needless to say, that was not the way that a Lantern ring was meant to be used, but never the less, Matrix was using it to great effect. Harry copied her actions, whilst the Matrix on the ground sucked his dick. Linda had such a warm and hot mouth, but it was like both of his wife's in the sense that she went down on him with enthusiasm.

Kara and the version of Matrix making out got a surprise, when two blue penis constructs had appeared, with Harry trying to match the length and the girth the best he could. He willed them with his mind, jamming them into their cunts, and fucking them nice, and hard with these simulated penises.

"Oh, yes, that's it," Matrix the School Girl moaned hard.

"So wrong, yet feels so right," Kara whispered, wondering why they had not thought of this before, and Karen screamed when the energy cock had penetrated further up her ass.

These simulates were not as good as their husband's cock, but it would serve to get their motors running, and got them nice a wet. The cocks went in and out, in and out.

Matrix sped up her motions, and Harry looked down into her blue eyes, with the blonde Kryptonian creating more of her unique constructs to bury up the asses of Kara, and her sister, to give them more pleasure.
"Going to cum, fucking make me cum, slave," Harry breathed, and Matrix the Slave Girl sped up, like a good slave girl should, feeling that her initiation was going rather well.

The cum came in an explosion down her throat, but Matrix kept her mouth firmly around Harry’s cock, with it blowing several loads down her throat. Making slurping sounds indicated that Matrix would swallow it all, and she dropped to her knees, the two dupes disappearing, but the real Matrix, the one pleasuring Harry, fell to the ground.

Kara went on one side of Matrix holding an arm down, and Karen went on the other side, also holding an arm down. Matrix felt the heat coming to her core, and saw that Harry's member was once again at full mast, ready to penetrate her.

"I think it's time we fully welcome this Kryptonian slave to our house," Harry said, with a smile, lining his penis up with her entrance, and Kara hovered over Linda's mouth, her cunt over it, with Karen sitting on the other side of Linda.

Linda felt the desire of Harry's cock penetrating her wet, and warm pussy, but had no means to voice this pleasure, for she felt Kara's very wet pussy on her mouth. Karen flew up onto the air, and spread her legs, allowing Kara to take her tongue to her pussy while she floated into the air, and also Kara played with Karen's massive breasts.

"So hot," Harry grunted, but he busied himself with his newest cunt, also playing with Linda's breasts, before trying to focus with the ring, while he was fucking. He found that he could create a pair of hands in addition to his own, and testing something, he withdrew from Linda's breasts, whilst still pumping into her.

Karen screamed in pleasure when the energy hands squeezed her breasts, and Harry continued to manipulate them with his hands, feeling the curves of her massive tits, almost as much as he would have had he had them in his own hands. These actions caused Kara to bury her tongue deeper, and deeper into Karen's pussy, licking, and lapping the juices.

"Make sure to eat her pussy like you mean it, rub her clit too," Harry ordered Linda, and she obeyed his command, a feeling of pleasure washing her. It was a cycle, with Harry pumping his cock into Linda, Linda eating out Kara's pussy, and Kara eating Karen's pussy, whilst Harry's construct energy hands pleasured Karen's breasts.

In addition to that, through the mental link, they felt the pleasure simultaneously that each other felt, and that thus heightened their own pleasure. Harry buried himself nice and hard into Linda's cunt, and watched the erotic sight of one wife eating out another wife, who was eating out a third wife.

This was causing his balls to grow heavy, but Harry sawed away deep into her.

"Such a tight pussy, yeah, squeeze me, you're so wet," Harry grunted, spearing deep into Linda's cunt, and immediately, Karen switched positions, making Kara whine, but not for long, when the energy construct turned into a cock, and Kara took it in her mouth, sucking it just like she would suck Harry's cock, and Harry felt the pleasure as such through his own member.

It was not direct, but it was the next best thing. Harry gripped Karen's hips, and pulled her towards him, sticking his tongue deep into her pussy, and eating it, feeling how damp it was. He lapped all of the juices up, but his balls were tightening. He continued to spear into Linda's tight hole, and wanted to really give her the pleasure.

Harry's balls tightened, feasting upon Karen's pussy, with his dick being squeezed hard by Linda's
tight muscles, and then there was Kara, sucking on the energy cock, adding more pleasure and pressure to him. All of this was happening while Linda buried her tongue into Kara's snug twat, going late into the night with this round of fucking each other.

With an explosion, Harry flooded a heavy load of seed into Linda's wet pussy, the white splattering him, with his three wives orgasming at the same time. The pleasure they all felt caused them to collapse in a heap on each other, but damned if it was not worth it.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

The four Potters cuddled against each other on the floor, and Linda was pleased, feeling to be officially welcomed to the family, and had no doubt that there were going to be more fun times ahead.

Maybe it would happen sooner than she ever would have thought, unless her hunch was wrong, and it only seldom was.

Just like he always was, Lex Luthor was hard at work, working over various calculations, and trying to quantify a number of variables that would benefit his future plans, which by each passing day was getting to be less and less of the future plans of Cadmus. The bald billionaire was someone who plotted well, and planned off, and now he was getting closer, closer, to finding out what this blood was all about.

He hit a dead end; the blood was highly toxic, to the normal human beings, with the unknown elements that had been isolated within it, it was like nothing Luthor had ever seen. There was a component that could not be registered on any scale, and now Luthor realized that he would need another subhuman element to introduce with the blood to get it to work. It was becoming apparent that Lex was about ready to trade in this old shell of a body, breaking down with a new one, and that he would regain his full mobility.

The taste of Kryptonian power he required would not have properly sated his desires, he wanted more, and he would get more. The blood would also strengthen the shell, and remove the troublesome magical vulnerability that Kryptonians suffered. He would be able to sustain the full gifts underneath any sun, whether it be yellow, red, or otherwise, without any fear of losing the wonderful powers.

There was no question about it, the Superboy project would be his greatest achievement, and allow him a brand new body to start life anew. It would be the sum of three parts, but despite the power of two of those parts, the true defining gift of this power was the intellect that Lex had. All he had to do was reclaim the power of the Stone of Slytherin, and switch minds with this vessel when it was online, then he would destroy this shell, for it would be useless.

Of course, getting the stone back was something that vexed Lex, but that was just a mere formality, wincing at the pain. The cancer caused him agony and suffering, with the effects rippling and twisting through the body, trying to eat away inside him. After all of the efforts that Lex had made to defeat any opponent, it was hard to believe that any minor defect of the human body would defeat him.

The doctors gave him three months to live, at the latest diagnosis.

He would beat that diagnosis, even if he had to inject his food straight into his veins, and force
many kinds of nasty chemicals into him to make sure it digested. Every waking moment, every step he took, was pure pain, yet there was one single thing that drove him, and that was his desire to make sure Superman suffered the agony of defeat.

Lex stiffened up, and slid away his work, before sinking back into the chair in his office. Sweat rolled down his pained face, and almost as if on cue, the doors burst open, allowing Amanda Waller entrance into his lab. Lex offered an expression of false politeness, despite the fact that neither of them were fooled by the gesture, and the silence was deafening, before the disgraced bald billionaire spoke.

"May I help you?"

Waller's eyes snapped towards Luthor, before a scowl crossed her face, and the woman just shifted, leaning towards Lex, before she spoke. "Can the pleasantry Luthor, we both know that you're up to something that's underhanded."

"Merely a plan to ensure my survival," Lex responded, defensively speaking, with his hands in the air, and a smile twisted onto his face, somewhat polite, but also having a malevolent undercurrent.

"Your survival may be running short, the doctors gave you three months," Waller responded, and it was at that point where Lex slammed his hands on the desk, eyes snapped towards Waller, breath hitched in, and his lips curled into a sneer. "You can't keep anything quiet from me Lex, including your little mad project that you're undergoing. Rest assure, if you do anything to compromise our goals, I won't hesitate to shut you down."

"I'm shaking in intimidation," Lex replied, leaning back as far was he could go, and he also yawned at that point. He just turned to Waller, a grin spreading on his face. "Cadmus really is playing with fire, and your little think tank of Arkham psychos are going to blow up in your face. Now tell me, how much have we accomplished?"

"More than you could ever know," Waller responded, and the large woman's eyes sat fixed on Luthor, with the bald billionaire just remaining rather collected, cool as a cat, and swiftly coughed. "You don't understand that there is nothing that I will not do to make sure this nation is secure."

"Well, let's all pledge allegiance to the flag," Luthor responded in a dead pan, a smirk crossing his face, and his hands folded, before he turned around. "Is there a point to you entering this office, or have you decided to scold me like some schoolboy who just threw gum in a girl's hair?"

Waller wondered about the merits of strangling Luthor, and making it look like an accident, oh how she was so sorely tempted. Yet, Cadmus needed Luthor, at least for a little bit longer, as his funding kept them above ground. Not many people were willing to get into bed with a government organization, especially one who was willing to go nose to nose with the Justice League.

"Galatea is coming along nicely, soon she will be let out to tie up some loose ends," Waller responded, and the woman held the clipboard.

"Fascinating, and tell me, is this soon, as in soon, or soon in, we'll let you know in six months, soon?" Lex responded in his usual crisp manner, words stabbing through Waller, and his thinly veiled criticism about Cadmus's lack of recent progress obvious. Waller once again did not miss a beat, and her eyebrows rose.

"The two specimens are being kept, but there is trouble with the White Martian…"

"What kind of trouble?" Lex snapped, not enjoying where this was headed, not at the slightest, and
he felt a pain in his stomach, that only had the slightest amount to do with the cancer.

"It is under control," Waller replied, slapping her clipboard down upon the palm of her hand, and it was at that moment that Lex took a very long look at the woman.

The woman stepped back, and Lex just coughed, causing her to turn around to face him. The silence remained until Lex said his piece.

"I do hope that you're not keeping secrets from me Waller, about one of our subjects nearly escaping, or along those lines," Lex remarked in a crisp voice, his expression deadly, and his fists clenched, to the point where the bald billionaire imagined squeezing all of the air of Waller. "Do not forget that we are partners, and as such…"

"The White Martian is contained, and she will not be escaping any time soon," Waller responded, slamming her hands down onto the desk, and the woman's eyes flashed with agitation. "I believe I am clear that this issue is under control."

"Crystal," Lex replied, mockingly giving Waller a salute, and the woman had took her leave, which was just as well as he had plenty of work left to do. If either alien escaped, or worse Project Galatea had somehow broken her conditioning, several well laid plans would have been destroyed.

Lex was not used to relying on others to make sure his plans were good, and once he had transported his mind into the vessel, there may be several people in this facility who would be having a slight accident.

The planet of Oa was one of a majestic beauty, even as two of the Potters actually visited the planet for the first time. The two newest members of the Blue Lantern Corps, Matrix and Power Girl stood by Supergirl, and Arcane, where they walked up to the chambers to be briefed about a serious situation by the Guardians of Oa.

John Stewart had been the one to deliver the message, and he did his job, even though the Lantern was kind of miffed about playing errand boy on the inside. Hal Jordan had also been summoned to the chambers, although the hotshot young Lantern had no idea why. The Guardians of Oa peered down on the four Blue Lanterns, and the two Green Lanterns, and it was like waiting for the other shoe to drop.

'I wonder what's happening,' Karen thought to her spouses.

'Must have been big if the Guardians requested our immediate presence,' Harry thought, and there were a million possible things that could be happening, although he had no idea what was happening.

The dark haired wizard stood next to his three wives, and Linda just frowned, not the biggest fan of the Guardians given their lack of ability to deal with the situation in their home dimension. Harry placed his hand on Linda's, and Karen grabbed another hand, with Kara locking onto Linda's hand on the other side.

"Blue Lanterns, we understand that you have been in the thick of a quest between several parties for four mystical stones that once joined together will lead to a great treasure."

Karen, Kara, Linda, and Harry all stood, eyes shifting towards each other, before they nodded, that much was true. The fact of the matter was that they were in the quest for the stones of the
founders, but there was no need to tell the Guardians of Oa how they obtained the Stones of Slytherin and Hufflepuff.

"We have a clue of what the treasure contains, and if we are correct, then the situation could be motivated by one of the most prominent forces in the universe. I wonder if you have heard of the fabled orange power battery."

The four Potters had never heard of such a thing, so they shook their heads, and turned their attention to the Guardians, whom were only too happy to elaborate about the situation. One of them had spoken, in a crisp voice, stating the facts in a dry manner, detached from any emotional involvement whatsoever.

"The Orange Lanterns were another experiment that occurred in the universe hundreds of years ago, and for a time, they were fierce warriors, driven by the mythical orange power battery, which was among the strongest powers in the universe. However, like with many strong powers, a taint existed, and eventually the Orange Lanterns were driven by corruption. A paralyzing greed, and selfishness was something that drove these Orange Lanterns, to the point where they had destroyed themselves over battling for the orange battery. There was only one survivor."

There was a pause given at this point, but it was obvious that all that listened were on pins and needles, so the story was picked back up where it had left off.

"The survivor took the orange power battery to the planet known as Earth, where he was driven underneath ground by four mystics, buried deep underground at a hidden location. The location can only be divined by uniting four stones, which will create a beacon to lead the user to the location."

Harry, Kara, Linda, and Karen all nodded their heads, there was honestly no need for words right now, plenty had been said, and the four Potters understood what was on the line. It was not money that was on the line, but power and a power that corrupted. It did go without saying what Astoria's greed had done in the past, and now if she had gotten her hands on the power battery, there was a chance that greed would have been amplified by a thousand fold, which was a scary proposition to say the least.

To put things bluntly, Astoria would be attracted to such power, like a moth to a flame. Danger did not even begin to describe what was happening.

"It's a fascinating story," Harry said to break the silence, and he turned to face the Guardians of Oa, all of them who looked down upon the four Blue Lanterns with an impassive expression on their face. "However, without the four stones, then there is a slim chance that anyone could find the orange power battery."

"Yes, there is a slim chance, but there is still a chance it can be located, therefore you must prepare for it. You will find that the stones have been scattered among four corners of the globe, and each of them had been guarded in their own way."

'Hufflepuff was in Tibet,' Kara thought to her partners.

'Slytherin was in Albania,' Harry chimed in.

'So where would Ravenclaw and Gryffindor hide their stones?' Karen thought, and this was a situation where all of them pondered, but the Guardians of Oa were not done speaking, far from it.

"We recommend that the Blue Lantern Corps take steps to secure these stones, and scatter them
further out in the universe, so no one on Earth can ever find where the orange power battery and it's keeper has been buried."

'The way they're talking, it's almost like they think that the guy who had the orange battery last is still alive,' Kara thought to all of them.

'Sounds that way to me,' Linda answered mentally, just getting the hang of the telepathic link thing, but it was still weird to have these people pop in and out of her head out random.

"This is not a mission that you will undertake alone; rather you will have the assistance of Hal Jordan, who has been deployed upon Earth for a special mission, to assist you with the stones."

Hal nodded, a bit relieved honestly to be spending a bit more time firmly on the ground, and not out at space with various enemies shooting at him. Granted, Hal liked adventure as much as the next guy, but there were times where he had to stand back and take a day off. The Green Lantern turned to the Guardians, stood flat on his feet, and he inclined his head, indicating that he understood what was at stake.

There was one Green Lantern who was not too happy, and John Stewart turned to the Guardians, before his eyes narrowed towards them. This action was not missed by the Guardians, and one of them spoke.

"Is there a problem, John Stewart?"

"I respect your decision, and the skills of Hal Jordan, but I can't help but think it would be more prudent if I had led the overhaul of the stones,' John replied, and the Guardians muttered to each other, before one of them decided to speak.

"Did you not think that we considered every variable? The report that you sent back here about the Justice Lords incident was most disconcerting, and we will not allow something that to happen, so we feel it may be too much of a liability to let you anywhere near the orange energy."

"But it was…"

"Yeah, you don't trust me, figured that was coming," Harry replied, cutting John Stewart off in the past. "There were circumstances in that universe that were different, and I hope that the Justice Lords diabolical doesn't happen."

"You had ways to defeat us," John argued, and Harry just responded with nod, an unapologetic look crossing his face, before the dark haired wizard began to speak.

"Yes, and so does Batman, but you don't crucify him for every little thing, now do you?" Harry asked John, and there was a moment where both heroes stared down each other tense.

"You know, Harry doesn't have to justify himself to you, or the rest of the Justice League," Kara responded, walking over, and daring John to stay something about it. "We've got a mission, if you're so scared about the Justice Lords happening, well take a closer look at your teammates. You never know, all it takes is one bad day."

"Enough, this petty bickering will not solve anything," one of the guardians responded in a stern voice. "Is that clear?"

John now turned around, that was a statement that someone who had been trained by Batman would have said, and to be honest, John was not comfortable with the fact that Batman knew so much. The Justice League could have been destroyed by the mistrust, but they did not allow it to
"So, should we exchange contact information?" Hal asked, trying to break the tension involving the group, and the four Potters spun around to face him, before nodding at him.

On the island of Themyscira, Diana sat herself on the rocks, and listened the waves slapping against each other, while the sky was blue. In the background, there were the sounds of combat, but Diana just barely listened to the training sessions, she just wanted to be left alone with her thoughts after everything that had occurred over the past few days. The Justice Lords incident was fresh in her mind, and there was a grimace based on that event; this was one day of her life which the woman would not forget until her dying day.

It was hard to assign blame, for the simple fact that something like that would lead to a self-fulfilling prophecy, and that had been the doom of many civilizations. Diana knew that Harry was not anything like that, even though that logic had failed most people when they were absolutely scared, and had no idea what was to come.

Diana inclined her head, folding her knees up towards her chest, and barely heard her sister come up behind her until a hand had been placed upon her shoulder.

"Diana," Hermione replied, looking at the Amazon with a smile, and she sat herself down next to Diana, looking out into the waves with her. The two sisters sat in silence, before Hermione remained silent. "You seem troubled."

Diana gave a long sigh, there was no question about it, and that was that her sister was annoyingly perceptive about a lot of things. Not that she minded a perceptive younger sister, the fact was that Diana liked to have her thoughts, and guard her emotions at times.

"Yes, I guess I'm troubled, I'm sure you've heard about what happened by now," Diana answered, and Hermione turned to Diana, offering a light nod of her head.

"Yeah, I heard about it, alright," Hermione answered, keeping her expression neutral and cool, calm and collected, and placed a hand on Diana's elbow. "Kara told me about that and everything that happened, it's really hard, but you know that it won't happen in this world, as long as Harry…as long as Harry has Kara, all of them, everything will be fine. Honestly, everything will be fine."

Diana placed her hands on her face, and shifted her weight on the rock, allowing her posture to remain straight, like an Amazonian princess was born and bred to do. There was a moment where Diana regained her bearings, and turned to face Hermione.

"I realize that, you realize that, but certain members of the Justice League aren't convinced," Diana answered in an earnest voice, the woman crossing her legs when she spoke.

"Are we talking about Batman?" Hermione asked at that moment, and Diana's expression never stopped, never stalled, but she nodded. Hermione responded with a slight nod of her own, and crossed her arms, adjusting herself on the rocks. "Yeah, I wouldn't worry about it if it is Batman, he's always going to find fault for everything. But it's not just him, is it?"

"No, it isn't," Diana admitted, clutching her fists and closing her eyes. "I respect your opinion that Harry is good, but…"

"You're not doubting Harry, are you?" Hermione asked, eyes narrowing slightly, and Diana was
shaking her head, and put her hands into the air. She was not implying that at all, and Hermione just simply relaxed, ever so slightly. Hermione allowed herself a moment to relax, it was just when people doubted Harry, that annoyed her. "Good, I didn't really think but…"

"You know Harry a lot better than I do, and I understand," Diana answered, crossing her arms, and getting up to her feet, to get a better look out in the island. Diana stood, watching the waves, and hearing the birds chirp, before sitting back down, and turning her head back to face Hermione. "But there are people will always…not be comfortable with what Harry's methods are, shall we say."

Hermione was not going to say much of anything, to be honest, she had that conversation with Diana about Harry's methods more times than the dark haired Amazon cared to remember. Diana understood more than any other members of the League given her warrior spirit that there were times where Harry was going to have to step in, and take the most hostile steps to negate them. Diana was not quite ready to take the necessary steps herself, unless absolutely pushed, but the Princess of the Amazons understood. They both knew that their mother had to be a little brutal at times when there were a few rogue amazons who hoped to destroy the peace of the island. The two sisters sat, and just remained silent, listening to the sounds around them, both of combat and of nature. That was the weirdest contrast of the island, there would be such sounds, that would cause some problems.

Hermione was the one who decided to break the silence, and crossed her hands. "Things aren't going to get any easier, not in this world. The more skilled the heroes became the worst the villains we go up against become."

"I know," Diana answered at that moment, folding her hands on her lap, with the bracelets dangling from them, and her chest inhaling and exhaling. The women's blue eyes simmered with the determination that a warrior woman would. "I wonder if there is going to be a time where we have to cross a line that most would consider wrong, taboo."

"Yes, there will be," Hermione responded, not even thinking about the question for a moment. "I hate it as much as you do, but the villains are going to push one of us. The Justice Lords could happen, or something worse. You can't really know what tomorrow brings."

Hermione got to her feet, and motioned for Diana to get up to her feet. Diana did so, and Hermione stood on her feet, a smile on her face, before she beckoned for Diana to follow her further onto the island.

"I've been brushing up on my training," Hermione stated, a smile crossing her face. "And I might be able to hold my own against you in battle."

Diana just looked at her sister, a smile crossing her face, and she prepared herself mentally for the battle that was at hand, determination flickering through her eyes. "We'll see Donna, we'll see, if you're ready."

"Oh, I was born ready," Hermione said, hoping that she could really catch Diana off guard enough to impress her.

A sandy wind blew through the deserts of Libya in the dark of the night, giving the perfect cover with a group of shadowed figures to move around. They were representatives of the Society of
Shadows, and they moved forward through the sand storms, keeping towards the prize. A woman dressed in a green cloak, with a Cheshire cat mask over it stood forward, holding a Sai in her hand. A second woman, dressed in black, with a ninja mask, walked forward, and turned to the League of Assassins.

"Spread out, the stone is here somewhere, we have tracked it here, and soon our benefactor will acquire it," the woman replied in a crisp voice, giving a regal tone to words, and she stood, a sword in her hand, ready to attack at the moment.

Underneath the mask, she was the daughter of Ra's Al Ghul, Talia, and had been sent by her father personally to ensure that this mission had gone on without a hitch.

Talia moved forward, and waved her hand, motioning for the Society of Shadows assassins to step forward, all of them to continue to walk forward. The entire group was ready to go, when suddenly an arrow fired from a perch point, and exploded on the ground, to cause the Society of Shadows to spread out. Talia was angered at what happened, and her eyes snapped, to see the two figures in the sand storm.

"There they are, allow neither of them to leave," Talia answered, speaking in a crisp voice, with her arms crossed, and two archers jumped down from the ground.

One of them was a tall man with blonde hair, and a goatee, dressed in an archer's outfit, and a cap, and he fired another arrow, to send the Society of Shadows members moving, staggering from the impact. The man's name was Oliver Queen, but he was better known as the super hero known as Green Arrow.

The other one was a young woman of about sixteen or seventeen years of age, with dark eyes, and her blonde hair tied back in a ponytail. A green mask was worn over her eyes, with a green half shirt showing her toned midriff, and tight green pants wrapping around her hips, but there was no time to pay any attention to this, given the woman fired a barrage of arrows of her own. This archer's name was Artemis Crock, going by the codename of Artemis, and she was ready for action.

Cheshire turned, and cocked an eyebrow underneath her mask, where she looked at Artemis. "Well look who just ran in…"

"Artemis, stay focused," Green Arrow ordered his protégé, who had been momentarily taken off of guard by Cheshire's presence. Green Arrow had a sai thrown at him, but Green Arrow shot the sai out of mid-air with a well-placed arrow.

Talia snuck in from behind, and Green Arrow turned to engage her. Artemis fired an arrow over the air, and a net wrapped around several of the Society of Shadow members. She pressed a detonator device, and a near lethal dose of electricity shocked the assassins down. Green Arrow and Talia circled each other, with the two of them fighting.

"Not your type, I take it," Green Arrow replied, but Talia sliced her sword towards him, breaking his bow.

"I don't talk to the village jester," Talia responded in a crisp voice, and she kicked Green Arrow down, with Artemis trying to hold her own against the Society of Shadows members, her heartbeat increasing, when she fired out barrage, after barrage of arrows. Talia knocked Green Arrow back, and Cheshire jumped in, before she kicked Artemis in the face, knocking her down.

"You know, this always happen when we get together," Cheshire responded, grabbing Artemis,
and pinning her down, with a foot on her chest, with a dagger above her throat. Artemis knew that Cheshire could have finished her off, had she wanted to, but Cheshire let her up, and Artemis immediately rolled over, picking up the crossbow, before firing several shots with it, to knock Cheshire, back.

Artemis cursed herself, she had a few less arrows then she thought, and now was out of ammunition, so there was only one thing left to do, make a strategic retreat. Artemis backed off, and Green Arrow was done on the ground, with Talia having a sword to his throat.

"Step back, or the archer gets it," Talia warned Artemis, the throat underneath Green Arrow's throat.


"Finish her off," Talia responded, and Cheshire took a step forward, before she sent an explosive device flying towards Artemis.

"Guess my fingers slipped," Cheshire responded, when the explosive device did not blow Artemis to smithereens, but rather it had caused her to be able to escape. The archer escaped, when suddenly an arm grabbed her, and pulled her behind a stone building.

Artemis braced herself for a fight, despite having no arrows, but she relaxed, only slightly, when Red Arrow stood across from her. The blonde archer stepped back, and opened her mouth, but Red Arrow slapped a hand to her mouth, and pulled her into the shadows.

"Not one word, they're still searching for you," Red Arrow responded in a brisk voice. "Those people, they work for Ra's Al Ghul, and if you've compromised their mission, your head will be next on the list."

Red Arrow turned, and watched the situation unfold, before he planned to make his next move, whatever that would have been. The red haired archer held his bow, ready to fight, and fire, but the Society of Shadows moved off, dragging Oliver off into the shadows as a hostage.

"Great," Red Arrow grumbled, this situation had gone from bad to worse, and suddenly he took a step back. "You just had to freeze up like a rookie out there, didn't you?"

"It wasn't my fault, they caught me off guard," Artemis replied, throwing her hands up defensive, before they dropped to her hips, and the girl turned around. "What are you doing here anyway?"

"Following up on a lead," Red Arrow answered, crossing his arms, and peering out to the distance, where the Society of Shadows was long gone. "I can't believe Queen replaced me with the likes of you."

"Geez, you sound like a jilted lover with the way you've been going on about being replaced," Artemis remarked with a slight roll of her eyes, but Red Arrow turned around, acting like he did not hear those words, rather he motioned, and waved Artemis forward.

"Keep moving, we're going to see if we can catch them on the other side," Red Arrow answered, taking a movement to slip out, and Artemis followed his lead, the two archers stepping forth, keeping to the shadows, and to the path.

Both of them had hoped to move around, and stop the Society of Shadows, both of them for their own reasons, but a common goal united both of the archers. They had to act with care; given that every second Oliver was in the care of the Society of Shadows, his life was in peril.
Harry stepped forward, with his three wives hovering towards him, with the Harry analyzing a finding spell, where he thought he was close to the Stone of Ravenclaw. The spell was searching for weeks to weeks, comparing magical patterns when compared to the other two stones, and they got closer and closer to the stone, at least pinpointing a general location. Even if that general location was inside a country, it was far better than the nothing that they had had sense, and a smile crossed Harry's face.

"I've got good news and bad news," Harry said, when he had turned to face all three of his wives.

Kara, Karen and Linda bolted up, extremely intrigued, but they shook their heads.

"So, the good news is you found the stone, right?" Kara asked, and Harry responded with a nod.

"Yes, that's very good news, but there are other people who are after that stone," Karen said, her large chest out, and the blonde Kryptonian fixing her vision forward, ready to find out the full scope of the bad news.

"The bad news is that there have been a few parties moving around, one of them is the Society of Shadows, or at least representatives of them," Harry said, and he turned to the three Potter wives. "I was able to intercept a distress signal just before it had been sent to the watchtower….and Green Arrow has been captured."

"That's just wonderful," Kara responded, thinking that a hostage was just going to complicate the matters a bit more, especially without a full inventory of what the Society of Shadows were capable of. The intelligence on the entire group had been sparse, and one that led to a lot of problems.

Linda responded with an utterly pragmatic, but realistic answer. "We can't really worry about Green Arrow; we got to worry about the Society of Shadows getting their hands on that stone, who knows what they could do to it."

"The stone is in Libya," Harry answered, without a moment of pause, or consideration. "Exactly where, I don't know."

"Find the Society of Shadows, we find the Stone of Ravenclaw," Kara responded, fierce and determined.

"And the Justice League will be there as well, if they received the Distress signal," Harry added, and then he spoke. "And Luthor and….Astoria, could she have found out about the stone?"

That was a very likely possibility, and the four Potters prepared for the very worse, filing off to Libya, to grab the Stone of Ravenclaw before it fell into enemy hands, or even in the hands of the Justice League.
The dust slowly began to settle in Libya, and with the dust settling came four figures who shot out of the sky, mostly cloaked in invisibility, or at least the illusion of said invisibility. The four of them needed to blend into their surroundings, looking around, checking out every single instance while they moved into position, and then proceeded to land straight on the ground, dropping to their feet.

Their names were Supergirl, Arcane, Power Girl, and Matrix. They moved forward, to the general area where the Stone of Ravenclaw had been tracked, but there was just one simple little problem, and that was that the tracking charm was imprecise. There was no telling how far off they could be, or if they were just simply right on the money. The four Potters stood rigid, and waiting, almost as if they prepared for something to happen right here in this country, knowing that there were any number of parties who would shoot their own mothers in the face to get their hands on the stone.

'Rowena likely would have held her stone behind any number of enchantments, and many of them could be potentially deadly,' Harry thought to his three wives, all of them nodding in agreement. 'That could be a problem if we don’t proceed very carefully.'

'Something tells me that we're closer then we think,' Kara thought to him, and the other two, before her super hearing picked up a few explosions in the distance. 'And I hate it when I'm right.'

The four Potters all rose from the ground, before they blasted to the source of the explosions, once they spaced themselves out, all four of them used their super powerful hearing, that picked up on the explosions. Kara, Karen, Linda, and Harry hovered in the shadows, and watched as several shadowed figures who moved around.

'So, the Society of Shadows?' Karen thought, a frown spreading over her face. 'Didn't you run into them back in Albania?'

'Yes,' Harry confirmed to them.

'Are they after the stone, or Astoria?' Kara thought to all three of them, and that was a good question, one that they would resolve to answer before too long.

Linda was entirely new to this entire mess, but she got caught up in it rather quick, by virtue of being married to Harry. And thus she found out all too soon what the stones were, and what Astoria did, why Harry wanted to kill her, and the fact that they were once friends. Linda thought that there was a part of Harry that might be holding back, at least at first, but that was his business, and she thought it was hard for anyone to fault him at this point.

The four Potters listened intently, with the members of the Society of Shadows walking around, and talking in hushed voice.

"The archer should be around here somewhere."

"She's nothing without her mentor, he's the really dangerous one, and if she tries anything heroic, we'll take him down."

"Can't we take him down right now?"
"Patience, the time will come."

The members of the Society of Shadows walked around, taking a few moments to move into position, with another group of members having entered the temple at least an hour before they got there, if not more. They were just standing guard, or at least they were until the shadows appeared to come to life. Even though they were hardened assassins, they were caught off guard by this unexpected use of magic, which caused them to come to life, and attack the Society of Shadows, and they dropped to the ground, blood dripping from them once the shadows left the general area.

Kara, Karen, Linda, and Harry all exchanged nods with each other, and all of them moved forward, seeing that there were a few more assassins moving around. These guys were grunts, and if they could avoid direct confrontation, that would be nice, but naturally things were not easy. It was never that easy against people like this.

"Hey, look up in the sky!"

Kara suddenly kicked the assassin straight in the face, and sent him flying hard into the wall, with the assassin landing hard to the ground. While this occurred, another assassin spun around, and Harry sent birds flying from his hand, with them pecking out his skin with razor sharp fury. Two bursts of heat vision came from Linda and Karen, frying them with the impact, and causing the Society of Shadows members to run right into a wall construct from the Blue Lantern rings. Their skulls cracked against the wall, and they fell straight on their backs, landing hard.

'There's going to be more of them, there always is,' Kara thought to all of them.

'Where do they find all of these people?' Harry thought to all of them, just scratching his head at this point, and the four of them moved closer towards everything, seeing that there was a structure ahead of their vantage point.

'There might be some kind of ninja union for all we know,' Kara thought with a shrug, putting her arm around Harry.

'Yeah, but the real question is, does it have dental?' Karen thought, unable to suppress the grin that she crossed over her face.

'Given all the teeth that they lose, I hope so,' Kara thought back, amused, and Linda just looked forward, pointing and cutting the interplay off before it could get out of control.

The four Potters dropped down to the ground, and they saw a figure move through the shadows, before he fired an arrow. With a quick burst of magic, Harry turned the arrow into a paper airplane, and it aimlessly fell to the ground, giving the figure time to walk out of the shadows, to reveal the face of Red Arrow.

Harry's expression snapped towards Red Arrow's face, and he proceeded to speak in a stern voice. "You know, it was a good thing that I didn't just send that arrow back at you."

"Well thank God for you being merciful for a change," Red Arrow responded in a grim voice, but there was another figure walked out of the shadows, the tall archer girl dressed in green, with blonde hair.

"I found more arrows," Artemis said, before she stopped short, and saw Harry standing, flanked by his three Kryptonian brides. She spent a moment caught off guard by Harry's sudden presence, before shaking her head. "Um…we haven't met, have we?"

"No we haven't, Artemis," Harry replied after a few seconds pause, and Artemis just took a step
froze, eyes widened in shock before she relaxed a little bit. "My name is Arcane, and this is Supergirl, Power Girl, and Matrix."

"Pleased to meet you," Artemis said shortly, looking at the four of them, and nodding. "I just wish it was under better circumstances."

"Isn't that always the case with these unexpected meetings?" Harry asked, and Artemis just responded a shrug.

"So how did you know my name?" Artemis asked Harry, curious about this little fact.

"Batman," Harry answered, and Artemis nodded, there was no need to elaborate on the fact, because it was Batman, and he did tend to have a habit of finding out stuff like this. "I'm guessing that you two just aren't here for your health."

It was Red Arrow who cut in before Artemis could explain. "Yes, I was following our old friends, the Society of Shadows, but there was a snag, and things didn't go as well. Green Arrow got caught in the crossfire, and was kidnapped, used as a hostage."

'This might complicate things just a little bit,' Kara thought to Linda, Harry, and Karen.

'Yeah, that kind of goes without saying,' Karen responded over the mental link, before they turned to the two archers.

Red Arrow was not done, and his gaze snapped towards Artemis, who glared back at him. "Of course, if she had been just a bit quicker on the trigger, maybe Green Arrow wouldn't have gotten snatched by their goons."

Harry cut off to his situation, before any of the blame could be made. "We could argue about this later, but I just picked up an extremely powerful source of magic in the area."

"Let me guess, it was that girl that you were after in Albania," Red Arrow responded in a sharp voice. "What was her name…Astoria?"

"Yeah, that's the one," Harry responded, and that was not all that was there, as Harry noticed a government chopper, and Supergirl, Power Girl, Matrix, Artemis, and Red Arrow took a few steps forward. Artemis frowned when she walked forward, and read the logo on the side of it.

"What is Cadmus?"

Kara answered in a grim, and stoic tone. "Trouble."

Kara, Karen, Linda, and Harry exchanged expressions, knowing that this is going to get worse until it would get better. While they were after the Stone of Ravenclaw, the fact that they could also find out more about Cadmus, and that was too enticing to pass up. Adding in the fact that Astoria was in the distance, there was a chance that there would be a few problems to solve tonight.

A whirling sound echoed throughout Libya, several miles away from where the Potters had landed, and the Javelin landed on the ground. The seven members of the Justice League exited, standing in the desert, with Superman flying ahead a little bit to check out the scene, and they turned around, before the Man of Steel came back to report to the team.

"It's the Society of Shadows, they're in full numbers, and they're trying to drill through some kind of door, but there is some kind of weird energy signature coming from the temple."
"Magic?" Wonder Woman asked at that point, and the other members of the Justice League all nodded to each other.

"Then wouldn't it make sense to bring in the magic expert to help us deal with this," Flash responded, and Green Lantern shook his head.

"Let's leave Arcane out of this one, we can stand on our own two feet," Green Lantern remarked, stubborn as a mule, at that moment, but suddenly he fell to the ground, his green energy ring having been deactivated. Hawkgirl and Flash rushed over to him.

"What is it?" Flash asked.

"What do you think it is, my ring just died?" Green Lantern snapped, trying to hold up the ring to get a charge out of it, but his costume retracted, and it reverted back to his civilian identity of John Stewart.

"Okay, calm down," Superman answered, trying to cut through with a firm voice, trying to pacify the situation, and all of the Justice League members took deep breaths, but their eyes all focused on each other, taking a moment to calm down, but all of them still stared at each other. "There has to be a logical reason why Lantern's power ring just died."

On these words, Superman took a moment to hover in the air, and flew high in the sky, trying to scan something. They, meaning the Society of Shadows, had partially cracked the temple open, and there was a subtle yellow energy dust that was pouring out of the temple. It could not be seen by the human eye, but it was something the Man of Steel could see with his super powered senses.

"So, what's the damage?" Hawkgirl asked once Superman got back at that time.

Superman took a moment to regain his bearings, and made sure he was not followed, before the Kryptonian responded. "There is some kind of yellow dust that is pouring out of that temple, it's in the air."

"Great, that explains why my ring just died, if the air was contaminated," Green Lantern responded, and the Martian Manhunter took a step forward, to talk to John in a pacifying matter.

"If you wish to step out of this mission, I will understand, we all will," Martian Manhunter answered in a pacifying voice, but Green Lantern shook his head, holding his ring up, and shaking his hand.

"It's just my ring, I'm still capable without it," Green Lantern answered, not wanting to show weakness in the face of the team, and he turned to them. "The problem is that I think one of the pieces to that map might be in that temple."

"That would make sense, which means Arcane is going to be here whether we want him to, or not," Superman responded, and the other members of the Justice League responded with brisk nods. "We got to keep on task, and hopefully we can find our way in without them seeing."

"Then we swipe in, grab the stone, and no one will be the wiser," Hawkgirl responded, and they all nodded at the plan.

"Is it really that simple?" Wonder Woman asked at that moment, and the other members of the League felt that there was no need to answer, all of them knew the answers, and the group continued to move forward in the shadows.

Superman's vision had caught sight of a downed chopper, and he pointed it out, with all of the
members of the Justice League just circling around the edge of it, all of them seeing the Cadmus logo on it. There was no need to proceed any further, the Justice League had a sense of what they were up against, and the stakes had gotten higher.

"Wow, that really complicates things a lot," Flash managed at that moment, and the members of the Justice League all nodded their head. Flash turned around, and looked towards Batman, or where he thought Batman was.

There was just one problem with the entire situation. Batman seemed to have slipped off into the shadows, and disappeared into the night, in typical Batman fashion. And he did not have the courtesy to tell the League where he disappeared.

"I hate it when he does that," Flash grumbled at that moment, and Hawkgirl just stood up straight, a smile crossing her face.

"You really should be used to it by now," Hawkgirl answered, and the other members of the League nodded, but they could not worry about their teammate moving. John Stewart's ring going dead because of this weird yellow dust was another huge problem, and that meant something powerful lurked in that temple, that could shut down Lantern power rings.

Meanwhile in the shadows, Batman lurked and stalked the Society of Shadows, picking his spots wisely. Given all of the times that he fought them, he knew that they were dangerous, and would even cause fits to the most super powered folks. Batman knew better than anyone super powers were not the be all, end all, whether they be super strength, super speed, invulnerability, or even magic.

It was the strength of mind, and strength of body, and the harmony that was within that allowed many warriors to thrive and survive. The World's Greatest Detective did not gain that distinction by super powers, in fact he was glad that he was still a normal human, super powers would slow him down, and they could become a crutch.

Yet, there were plenty without super powers who had grown complacent, and been unable to really thrive, or survive, case in point the members of the Society of Shadows who had been taken out, but the Green Arrow was another one, having been caught up, and captured.

Batman repelled up to a conveniently placed gargoyle on the outside of the temple, the architecture was strange, but it allowed him the perfect vantage point. With a swift moment, Batman repelled down, and he grabbed one of the hapless assassins, hanging them upside down.

The other assassins moved forward, and suddenly, Batman detonated the explosive land mine that he had created with a special gel, tripping up two of them. The third one was nailed with a boxing glove arrow from behind, and the fourth one was caught in the back with a spell that looked like it broke every one of his bones.

Batman had to move on, and try and get the attention of an old friend, or to be more accurate, an old flame.

"So, you need some back up?"

"Any back up would be appreciated, because these weird energy readings are off the charts."

There was no question about it, the structure was giving off some strange effect of magical energy, and the Society of Shadows were boring into it, like it was nothing. Hermione showed up, watching as Kara, Harry, Karen, Linda, Artemis, and Red Arrow all stood over the shadows,
waiting for the next move.

"What are they doing in there?" Hermione asked, raising an eyebrow in a curious manner, and Harry just spun to her, speaking in an undertone.

"It's nothing good, I can tell you that much," Harry responded at that moment, taking a deep breath, and trying to figure out where they stood. There was a moment where Harry took a step forward into the distance, but Kara went on ahead, and there was a loud rattle, with a miniature explosion, as the front of the temple had been broken.

The Society of Shadows did the work, but Harry could feel the yellow dust seeping into the air. It wasn't having a negative effect on their rings as much as it would a Green Lantern, but at the same time, it was really causing a lot of problems, with them, so they had to proceed with caution.

The dust choked them, but they pressed on, stepping through the shadows, and making it rather difficult to see, shaking from the right and to the left, and suddenly a bright blinding glow of light erupted.

The bright light caused several of the stone gargoyles to come to life, and give a loud growl, but Artemis was quick on the draw, firing an arrow at one of the gargoyles before it could launch, and it exploded. Kara, Karen, Linda, and Harry were all into the air, smashing the gargoyles with intense blasts of magical energy, and heat vision.

The gargoyles crumbled to dust, and the four of them seemed to be rather happy, but the fact was that it was not that easy, it was never that easy.

The gargoyles reassembled into their great forms, and then they shot magical blasts of energy out of them, with the magical users putting shields up, while Red Arrow and Artemis moved around to either side aiming their arrows, and shooting them at them. One of the arrows flew through the air, and landed on the ground, and activated an explosion.

There was a loud blast, and the Society of Shadows was having their own problems, engaging the Gargoyles in battle. There was a large round of explosions throughout the desert, with each of them getting more and more frantic. Harry grabbed Kara by the hands, and launched her into the air, with Karen doing the same to Linda.

A loud crash blasted in the air, and once again the Gargoyle guardians were smashed, with Harry trying to vanishing the pieces, but something really strange occurred.

Rowena Ravenclaw had planned for that event, and had made sure that the broken pieces of her Gargoyle guardians would not be defeated by a mere vanishing spell.

"New strategy!" Harry yelled, looking towards Kara, who nodded, and Karen and Linda were caught up in it. The three of them took a deep breath, before they sent the Gargoyle pieces scattering.

One blur shot in, grabbing some of the pieces, another blur shot in and grabbed more pieces, and the third blur shot in, before the three of them shot up, sending the Gargoyle pieces flying in each direction. The Blonde Kryptonians returned, and dropped back to the ground.

"So, we can go in," Kara responded, and Hermione tried to light the way, but her spell shorted out.

"There's magical repelling fields around the temple," Hermione remarked, trying to get a light a few more times.
Harry reached into his bag, and grabbed out an ordinary flashlight, to light the way. There was going to be no magic when they entered the temple, and Harry wondered if the Kryptonian powers of any of his wives would work. Rowena had made sure to make it difficult to list the stone, but to be honest her stone could have been among the most dangerous, not that the other stones were actually safe and friendly.

The group entered the tunnel, walking each and every step along the way, half of the members of the Society of Shadows already entered the tunnel, and there were more noises, with a loud explosion ringing out, forcing those with more sensitive hearing to cover their ears.

'I think someone found another way in,' Kara thought at that moment, and the four stepped forward, before Hermione looked at the markings on the wall.

"Hey guys, look at this," Hermione responded, pointing it out. "Do these markings look familiar to you?"

Those markings were all too familiar, and the three blonde Kryptonians and Harry nodded, these were the same strange markings that were on the temple in Albania, that they once again were found in Tibet, but then they were visited with a strange thought.

'What if the temple moves, and warps around the magic of the creator of the stone?' Kara thought to them, and the four of them nodded.

"I think we're close," Artemis remarked, causing them to jump up, and look forward, the entire group nearly scrambling forward.

"How do you figure that?" Hermione asked, but Artemis just responded, inclined her wrist forward, and pointed towards the glowing, humming blue light that was coming below.

"I don't know, call it a strange hunch, but that does look suspicious," Artemis answered, arming herself for battle, and the others prepared themselves, knowing that any powers would not be of use, especially if they got further in the temple.

That was proven when Kara dropped to the ground, unable to hover above the ground, and the temple seemed to be warping, creating defenses to defeat any super powered individuals who were nearby.

Red Arrow and Artemis seemed to be the ones that were the best off, given that they were perfectly normal with no powers.

Cheshire slipped through the tunnels of the temper, and turned around, before she smashed one of the guardians in this particular chamber, before turning to the members of the Society of Shadows.

"Clear the path."

The Society of Shadows representatives did as they were told, with the assassins smashing through the walls, with every single symbol glowing. Talia was down further with her team, but Cheshire had a moment of clarity where she felt she was closer and closer to the edge. Being an assassin, she had a sixth sense where there was something dangerous towards her, and sure enough, she was right.

An explosive projectile was sent towards her, but Cheshire whipped out a sword, and smashed it to nothing. Cheshire came face to face with a girl dressed in body armor, with an amulet on her neck, and glowing blue eyes. This girl was named Astoria Greengrass, and she had a bad attitude that she
"You should have stayed away, little girl," Cheshire responded, relishing this return match, but Astoria zoomed forward at super speed, dodging and ducking, before knocking Cheshire down.

Cheshire tried to stab Astoria with the poison tipped claws that she wore, but Astoria blocked it with the two struggling at that moment. Astoria did not speak one word, and she swept Cheshire's leg out from underneath her. Cheshire bounced back up onto her feet, and threw a few shuriken, but a shield appeared around Astoria.

Astoria just offered a winning smile, and gave Cheshire the international sign to "bring it" and Cheshire brought it alright, going for a kick. The blonde dark witch dodged the attack, pivoted, dodged, ducked, and slid out, knocking Cheshire down.

This was a false sense of security, for Cheshire blinded Astoria with a flash, before knocking her into the wall, and smashing her face first into the wall. Cheshire tried to stab her into the back of the neck, the only exposed spot, but the woman was taken down before she could go in for the kill.

Cheshire's knees crumpled out from beneath her, and the assassin shook her head, taking a step forward, and taking a long, deep breath, but an explosion rang out throughout the temple.

When the dust was settled, Astoria was gone, and Talia stood above Cheshire, with the young woman just gritting her teeth. Cheshire thought she had that little bint, but there was no time to think about it, they were extremely close to the Stone.

"Keep on your feet, the Stone is close to this location, I have rigged it to explode within the next two minutes," Talia answered, and Cheshire responded with a swift nod, hearing the footsteps from the other side of the wall. The Society of Shadows assassins did everything that they could to keep the temple blocked off.

Talia's stance remained rigid, and a figure swooped down, before Batman dropped down to face her.

"Beloved," Talia responded, looking forward towards Batman, burning her eyes towards him. "What do I owe the pleasure?"

"What does he want with the stones, Talia?" Batman asked, without preamble.

"Not even a courtesy word, just straight to the interrogation," Talia responded, as one of the assassins tried to sneak around to get a shot at Batman. Batman was ready for the assassin, throwing his fist back, before nailing him in the face with a back handed fist.

The assassin slumped to the ground, and Batman just stepped forward.

"I do not know, only that he wants the stones, and I follow his orders without question," Talia responded at that point but a look of annoyance flashed in her eyes when she said this and there was a loud crack from outside on the other side. Talia raised an eyebrow, and pulled out a sword, with the walls bursting down.

Several armored guards entered the structure, dressed in gear that repelled all attacks, before walking inside of the temple.

"Move out, the stone has to be around here somewhere," the voice of Lex Luthor replied over the radio, and Otis stumbled, following the guards in, holding the radio. "The Stone will be mine, and I don't want any slip ups."
"Of course, Mr. Lew-Thor," Otis managed, staggering around, and suddenly the assassins engaged the members of Cadmus. There was a series of explosions that rang out, and the battle continued.

The wall on the other side opened, and the Justice League popped up. Green Lantern dove at one of the guards, tackling him to the ground. The Martian Manhunter had to be more creative with his attacks, the power within the temple causing his powers to be shut down. Even the Flash was slowed down to a crawl.

The Justice League engaged the Cadmus Guards and the Society of Shadows, with a three way fight, that threatened to cave in the temple. Harry and his team were getting close, but it would be at least a minute before they reached the location.

Otis stumbled against the wall, clutching it to hold himself up, and one of the shelves cracked above him, before a chunk of rock dropped on it, and landed on his head, before it bounced off into his hands.

The stone was suddenly vibrating in his hands, and Otis's eyes widened, when he felt the power swirl within him.

By some stroke of dumb luck, Otis had stumbled upon the Stone of Rowena Ravenclaw, and the Justice League stopped, Cadmus stopped, and the Society of Shadows stopped, as the walls shifted around them. Otis pulled himself up to his feet, holding the stone in his hand, and taking a deep breath, feeling him get empowered like the man had never been before.

"I have the Stone," Otis remarked, testing the words, and speaking them like it was the most natural thing in the world. "I HAVE THE STONE!"

"Very well Otis, it's high time you have done something right," the voice of Luthor responded, with Otis holding the stone in his hand. "You are to leave now, and bring the stone to me."

There was no question in Luthor's mind that Otis would obey, but suddenly, Otis felt the stone empower him, and he felt new knowledge swirl into his mind, the fact was he had felt that there was a certain amount of disrespect given to him by Lex, and there were times where Lex had disrespected him. The more the stone empowered Otis, he figured out that there were times where Lex had treated him like dirt, and he wondered why he did not notice it until now.

"I don't think so, Mr. Lew-Thor," Otis replied, his eyes glowing in a sinister manner, and the temple glowed around him. "You see, now that I have the power, I don't need you!"

"Oh boy, that's not good," Flash remarked, as the temple began to shake, and the doors were locked, with Otis laughing like a mad man.

"He's gone mad," Green Lantern breathed, thinking of about eight ways to get the stone from him, providing his ring worked.

"Yes, I figured that much," Hawkgirl replied, and she tried to swing her mace towards Otis to take him out, before he caused too much damage.

The mace was repelled back, and Hawkgirl was sent careening back to the ground, landing with a thud, and wincing from the intense impact. Hawkgirl rolled over, trying to get back to her feet, as Otis hovered above the ground.

"I'll do what you couldn't do, Mr. Lew-Thor, I'll defeat Superman and the rest of the Justice League," Otis declared, glowing with positive power, and the radio blew up before Luthor could say another word.
"Now, just put the stone down, and no one needs to get hurt," Superman tried to tell him a pacifying voice, but Superman was knocked back, with the energy field that Otis managed to create.

Batman summarized that this Stone of Ravenclaw gifted knowledge, including the secret for non-magicals to tap into magical abilities. The thought was so absurd, yet if it was the stone of ultimate knowledge, then it would lead to one obtaining the knowledge to circumvent anything, and make the impossible rather possible.

"No, I won't do no such thing, you heroes think that you are high and mighty, you think that you can push me around," Otis declared, glowing and levitating off the ground, the stone still in his hand. "I will have your respect; I will have your demise, and THERE WILL BE OTISBERG!"

The Justice League had been contained in energy fields, with the Society of Shadows and the Cadmus team having the presence of mind to escape before Otis had destroyed them as well. The Justice League struggled, but they had suffered the ultimate indignity, as they heard Harry and Kara try and get through on the other side.

The Justice League had just been defeated by Otis!
Chapter 45: Knowledge Part Two.

Mystical power swirled around the temple, and the Justice League found themselves in quite the perilous predicament, struggling against their bonds, trying to get up to their feet, but yet they could not, for Otis had power over them.

It was quite the humbling experience that Otis had the power over them, and Cadmus and the Society of Shadows had decided to cut their losses, at least for the moment. Perhaps the Justice League should have given some strong consideration about doing the same, for at the moment they were going to be at the mercy of an utter buffoon, albeit one with super powers.

Otis's eyes flashed with power, as Green Lantern, Hawkgirl, the Martian Manhunter, Flash, Batman, Superman, and Wonder Woman all struggled underneath what he was doing to them. They tried to get out, but Otis had them pinned down, and they realized that escape was futile, a fact which Otis had told them about. "Escape is futile."

"Really, you're going to use a line like that?" Flash asked, trying to lift his arms off, but found that they were heavier than cement thanks to whatever they were doing with them. "But, good point, looks pretty futile, hey, how did someone like you learn that word?"

"It's the stone, it's empowering his mind, and driving him mad," Batman cut in grimly, like this was the most obvious and elementary thing in the world. If only Batman could reach his belt, the League might have had a chance, but Otis seemed to have planned for this, blocking Batman from accessing the belt.

"We got to get out of here," Hawkgirl managed, but her mace was out of reach, what she would give to knock this guy upside the head with it.

"And why stop at Otisberg, when I can have an entire Otis-World!" Otis declared in a booming voice, the stone in his hand. "And with this stone, I have the power!"

"He's kind of mad," Flash muttered out of the corner of his mouth, his eyes flashing with worry, and once again trying to vibrate out, but his powers were reflected back at him. This offered a bit of a sting.

"No kidding," Hawkgirl dead panned, and her fellow League members tried to push themselves out as well, but found that escape was rather hard. The situation was getting kind of dire, but there was help on the way for the walls had busted down.

Finally, the barrier had been smashed, and Arcane, Supergirl, Power Girl, Matrix, Artemis, Red Arrow, and Wonder Girl showed up Otis's eyes widened, but he quickly recovered. They were not going to intimidate him, he had the power, the Stone of Ravenclaw, and….

Before Otis could make another declaration of his superiority, like he had learned from Lex Luthor, an arrow whirled through the air, and hit the ground near him, before an explosion rang out in the temple. The explosion staggered Otis, and loosened his grip on the stone, which caused Kara to rush in, and grab the Stone of Ravenclaw in her hand.

"Nice one," Harry replied, when Kara returned back, holding the stone in her hand, and threw her arms around Harry for a celebratory hug and kiss. The Justice League tried to get themselves back
to their feet, and Otis curled up in a fetal ball. Artemis raised an eyebrow, and Harry amended. "And you too."

"Thanks," Artemis replied in a modest voice, when suddenly one of the runes on the temple began to glow, illuminating the entire structure with a blinding bright light, and Kara held the stone in her hand, before flying forward, and offering one question.

"Is it supposed to do that?"

Before anyone could answer this burning question, the temple vibrated at near super speed, and a swirling vortex of light manifested, to reveal a sadistic creature, an ugly monster, resembling an overgrown scorpion. This beast was at least ten feet long, twenty feet tall, with many eyes, and a razor sharp tail, which smashed towards the group of heroes in the temple, who scattered from its attack.

The tail continued to swing wildly at the heroes, trying to skewer the entire lot of them.

"Stay away from its tail," Batman advised then, whilst he threw out several ice pellets which landed on the ground, and held the creature in place, but not for long.

"World's Greatest Detective indeed," Superman replied in a dry voice, but he was knocked back by the creature, and tried to block its tail, with his hands.

Kara flew over at this moment, and put her hands on the wall, causing her eyes, with the Stone of Ravenclaw in her hand, manipulating the runes on the wall.

"What are you doing?" Green Lantern asked, but suddenly his ring came back to life.

"I think I'm turning your powers back on," Kara answered, with a smile, that stone really did work, and Green Lantern gave a gruff nod, before he created a giant hand with his ring, which smacked the scorpion guardian back several feet.

Power Girl smashed into the giant scorpion monster with strength, and speed, knocking it down, while Kara manipulated the runes further, causing the scorpion to fade from existence. The heroes took a deep breath, after all that they had been through, that was what took their monster down, but that was the power of the Stone of Rowena Ravenclaw.

One would think that the worst was far over, but on that vein, they would be wrong as the temple began to shake, and it began to collapse. There was one that was obvious, the structural integrity of the temple was being damaged, and there was only one statement that they could give.

They had to run to the nearest exit, and that is exactly what they did, scrambling to escape the temple, but the walls crumbled and shifted, before the seven League members, Arcane, the two archers, Hermione, and the three blonde Kryptonians all rushed for the nearest exit, escaping the temple. Superman saw Green Arrow on the ground, left for dead, and the Man of Steel picked him up to sprint him out of the temple.

"Thanks for the pick-up," Green Arrow responded in a grateful voice, and Superman just put him down once they had escaped the temple, which disappeared into a vortex of light.

'I slipped a tracking spell on the temple this time, so we can follow it, no matter where it goes,' Harry projected through the mental link to his three wives, but suddenly, Harry stopped and frowned, before closing his eyes, and wanting to smack his hand down on the ground. 'And the tracking charm isn't responding at all.'
'Are you sure you did it correctly?' Matrix asked at that moment, and Harry looked at her at that moment.

'I'm pretty sure Harry did it correctly,' Kara offered, her eyes turning to the third Potter wife, only half paying attention with what the Justice League was doing, but suddenly she turned over her hand, and saw what was there, or rather what was not there. 'Oh shit.'

'The Stone, you dropped it, didn't you?' Karen asked, but Kara looked a bit despondent. 'I could have sworn you had it just a second ago, didn't you?'

'I did have the bloody stone a minute ago, and now it's gone, I know it was in my hand when we left the temple,' Kara thought at that moment, trying to figure out what the case was, and Harry just threw an arm around her, pulling her into a consoling expression. 'Someone would have to be rather quick to have snatched it out of my hand.'

'Is that what you think happened?' Linda thought to them, and the four Potters had to move around, to see where it was.

Meanwhile, Artemis had seen a figure in the temple that had snatched the stone out of Kara's hand at the last second, and marveled at her quickness in getting one over the Kryptonian, but she was not as quick as she would have liked to be. Artemis made her way to see if she could get the stone back, quickening her footsteps, and preparing to make the arrows that she borrowed count.

Cheshire passed the area around the temple, having managed to swipe the stone in the confusion, and replace it with a fake before everything crumbled. She realized at this point how fast everything had to be pulled off, for if she wavered even for a minute, the Kryptonian, any of them really, would have caught her, and brought her down. For good if she had to be completely honest with herself.

Suddenly, before she could rejoin her fellow Society of Shadows members, an arrow shot out in front of path. Cheshire tucked her head, and did a forward roll out of the way, before dodging the explosion from the arrow, causing dust to get kicked up that caused her sensors to be destroyed. Once the dust settled, she was face to face with Artemis. This sight made the grin underneath her mask, a grin that matched the one underneath her mask.

"You just don't know when to give up, do you?"

Cheshire framed this statement as one that was casual, not really caring whether or not Artemis was here, because it was only elementary that she was there. That fact was lost on Artemis who dropped down to the ground, pointing an arrow directly at the face of Cheshire, but the assassin was not caring about this situation she was put in, rather her grin got wider, and more prominent when she faced off with Artemis.

"You better hand over the stone, before someone really dangerous finds you," Artemis answered, holding the arrow steady, and acting like she was going to fire, but Cheshire took this opportunity to call her bluff, a grin crossing her face. "I mean it."

"Really, because this has the potential to end just as badly as it did when we were children," Cheshire responded, holding a knife, but Artemis fired it out of her hand. Cheshire did not flinch at the moment, rather she stood forward, an impassive stance she made, and the two of them circled each other, preparing to engage the other for battle. "Of course, unlike that idiot in the temple, I'm not stupid enough to touch the stone directly, even though it would tell me how to get out of here, and every single secret of these so called heroes."
Artemis saw the stone wrapped in a cloth, but suddenly before she could take an attempt to grab the stone from Cheshire, a blur shot out of nowhere. At first, Artemis thought, or perhaps hoped, that it was one of the Kryptonians, but it was not one of the Kryptonians, they had been knocked over the side of a cliff, nearly to their doom below.

Astoria Greengrass snatched the stone up in her hand, and heard the footsteps coming from behind, having only seconds to disappear. The magical rituals had boosted her up to a level where she could handle most, but a fool would only try their luck against the odds that came up for her to face. The stone of Ravenclaw was not needed to inform her on that fact, and the blonde Slytherin left, leaving the archer and the assassin hanging.

Cheshire pulled herself up, and at that moment, she looked down, seeing Artemis hanging over the side of the cliff, with her feet kicking around. With a swift motion, Cheshire grabbed Artemis by the wrists, and pulled her back up onto the cliff. Artemis dropped to her knees, taking a deep breath, and looking up at her sister, with a grateful expression, feeling the need to articulate that thanks.

"Thanks," Artemis managed, and Cheshire offered her a brief nod, before bringing the point of the elbow down upon the top of Artemis's head, knocking her completely unconscious. With another swift motion, she dropped a pellet on the ground, and disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

The second Cheshire was gone, Kara flew over, to see Artemis knocked out on the ground, and Hermione appeared behind her, with Karen, Harry, and Linda bringing up the rear, and then the entire Justice League, along with Green Arrow followed at that moment. Artemis rolled over, and tried to bring herself out of the stupor.

Hermione bent down on her knees to check on Artemis. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I've been hit worse," Artemis managed, and she saw Green Arrow standing there. Red Arrow stood in the shadows, arms folded at that moment, and offered a brief nod towards the two of them. "Someone got the stone, and tried to kill both me and Cheshire, and Cheshire…she got away."

"It comes with the territory, we'll get her next time," Green Arrow responded, and Artemis nodded, but there was a moment of time where she was utterly frustrated at what just transpired. "And the stone…what was that all about?"

No one answered, but the three blonde Kryptonians took that moment to turn away, joining their husband, along with Hermione who had a simmering fury in their eyes. It was not hard to put two and two together about what happened, with Astoria having slipped away into the night. This time, as opposed to last time, she was smart enough to get away without any trouble.

"Let's see if she left anything behind," Harry suggested, but he was resigned to this being a dead end. His three wives, and Hermione helped him, with the Justice League hovering in the background, fully aware that one again they needed the three of them to bail them out of trouble.

No one had mentioned that fact, but the sentiment was just hanging in the air at that point. The Justice League, and their associates scanned the area, now with the full benefit of their powers, but Astoria, Cheshire, the Society of Shadows, and Cadmus had all escaped in the confusion when they were fighting the giant scorpion in the temple.

The events of this day really came to light, and the four Potters sat down back at Patronus Incorporated, to try to reconcile what happened on that day, but there was one thing that was for
certain. It was the statement that Kara spoke to all of them, even though was really no need for her to say one word whatsoever.

"Astoria may have the Stone of Ravenclaw."

Karen’s eyebrow raised up at that point, and she took a deep breath, before turning to the younger counterpart. "I don't think that there is any maybe about it, she does have the Stone of Ravenclaw."

"The real question is what are we going to do about it?" Linda asked, and that was a question that had been first and foremost on all of their minds, with only one person who had the capabilities to answer such a lofty question. There was a long and poignant pause, before Harry was allowed a moment to answer, putting a hand to his chin, and stroking it.

Since Kara tend to be impatient, it was the blonde Kryptonian who chimed in, lightly grabbing her husband by the hand, and looking into his bright green eyes, which met her beautiful blue ones.

"You do realize that if Astoria has the stone, she'll be able to find where we have the other two stones hidden, and find the location of the Stone of Godric Gryffindor, along with bypassing all of the wards."

Three sets of utterly identical, and questioning blue eyes found Harry's face, but that was something that Harry realized, that he had planned for, and his expression turned back towards them. The blonde Kryptonians all waited to see what their husband had to say, and true to form, Harry did not leave any of them hanging for long, taking a moment to collect his thoughts before speaking.

"And I say, allow her to come."

That was a statement that had gotten Harry a few stares, questioning from the three of them, and Kara wondered if the trip to the temple had left Harry in less than sound mind about what happened, with Karen and Linda also having misgivings at that point. Smiles crossed their faces, and Karen put a hand to Harry's forehead, as if checking his temperature. Harry smiled at the gesture, but he decided to elaborate what he was thinking.

"The Stone of Ravenclaw, all of the stones are curious artifacts, and what is the one thing we have learned about all magical artifacts?"

"No matter how powerful the artifact is, it always has some backfire that will screw over the user in the end," Kara answered without missing a beat, and Linda and Karen both nodded, that was a lesson that they all knew too well. Harry offered a bright smile, and a nod. "So, the Stone is the same."

"The stone is very much the same," Harry answered, looking at all three of his wives, and at this point, Harry remained thoughtful. He grabbed himself a glass of water, and took a slight swig of it, before turning back towards the blonde Kryptonians. "In fact, the stone may be more of the same, because of one simple fact, that we can't dispute. Especially the Stone of Rowena Ravenclaw. We all know what the stone does, don't we?"

Kara, Karen, and Linda all nodded, it had been established that the Stone of Ravenclaw had given the user omniscient knowledge, and Harry was pleased to see that his three wives had gotten the message.

"You know how a little bit of knowledge can be a dangerous thing, or so the saying goes," Harry answered, and the three blonde Kryptonians all nodded, looking like windup toys whilst they did.
Harry took another drink of the water, before settling for his next observation. "Well, a lot of knowledge, an infinite amount of knowledge, could kill. Astoria has the stone, but she didn't win yet. When Otis had the stone, he was successful for a while."

Karen caught on quickly, understanding what Harry was driving at. "Until he allowed his newfound knowledge to get to his head and Artemis knocked it out of his hand."

"That was Otis through, he never struck me as the brightest bulb in the box," Kara responded, sensing some doubts. "Astoria is also…"

"I know what Astoria is, honey, and you're right, we're going to be on our guard for her, but if she comes her, she's putting her own neck on the line," Harry answered, before taking another drink of water, and then fixing his gaze on his three wives, offering another few words to them. "And you know what; she's been avoiding direct contact after the incident in Albania, because she knows without a shadow of a doubt that in a straight fight, she can't beat Hermione, or any of you."

"What about you?" Linda piped in, giving her husband an impish grin, and Harry just smiled his modest smile.

"Well, that goes without saying, love, but whilst Astoria won the battle, the war is yet to be over. And we'll keep fighting until the end."

The three Kryptonians all nodded, and they knew what was on the line. There was one more stone out there, unaccounted for, they had two of the stones, and the Stone of Ravenclaw was in the diabolical hands of Astoria Greengrass. To say that things were about to get challenging would be a mild statement, but never the less, it was an accurate one.

Then again, what was life without a few challenges? The four Potters were resolved to win the battle, and next time Astoria would be brought down hard, into the ground. She had been warped beyond all belief, that much was verified, and the power of the stones, along with a promise of the treasure was making the worst.

"And we have to do all of this, without the Justice League getting involved."

That statement was agreed upon by all.

The angered expression that was on the face of one Lex Luthor made everyone in the facility of Cadmus keep a wide path away from the bald billionaire. Today, he considered this latest venture to be an abject failure, and whilst the stone was not in the hands of the Society of Shadows, or the Justice League, or the crew at Patronus Incorporated, the fact was that the stone that was not in his hands either. That was a fact that Lex Luthor could not forgive, and could not forget, emphasizing his point just slamming his hands down on his desk, shaking his head, and gritting his teeth. Had he been able to get up to his feet, Lex would be pacing back and forth like a caged animal, but right now he was just settling to going through the papers. There was a couple of moments where Lex tried to get back up to his feet, but found that his legs were not working. The cancer was getting worse, and there was not much time, but Luthor would make the time.

If that treacherous snake Otis had brought back the stone like he asked, he would not have been in this situation, and Luthor realized that, taking a few breaths, managing to hold himself up as he was leaning against the wall, shutting out the prominent pain flowing through his very being. Hopefully Otis got crushed to death. A couple more steps were made towards the lab across from the way.
At least Luthor could get some moderate pleasure out of this, a Kryptonian getting tormented, and suffering from the conditioning that Cadmus was giving her, before she was sent out as a weapon. They would condition her to be a loyal and obedient dog, and this weapon, this Galatea, would be the perfect means to destroy the Justice League. And once she had outlived her usefulness, well accidents did in fact happen, as many of his former employees found out in the past.

Before Luthor could really enjoy the fact that this blonde Kryptonian weapon was suffering a great deal of pain, there was a loud alarm that had echoed. The bald billionaire moved as quickly as he could be allowed, and there was the noise of Cadmus employees trying to move around, trying to cause some kind of damage control. Luthor was not a patient man, so he took a few steps forward, and grabbed one of the employees by the sleeve.

"I demand to know what is going on here," Luthor answered at that moment, and the Cadmus guard jerked back, trying to get a way at this point, moving further and further away from him. "I asked you a question, and I demand to be given an answer immediately."

The guard's breath hitched in, taking a step forward, and he threw a glance over his shoulder, panic flashing through the eyes, when he quickened his steps. At that moment, the guard offered an answer, and as it turned out, it was one that Luthor was not going to be all that fond about.

"It's the White Martian, she managed to break out of her containment cell."

There was a moment where Lex's blood pressure spiked to nearly lethal levels, but he managed to try and get ahold of himself, he grabbed the hapless guard by the shirt. "What, I thought that I was assured that she would not get through, and now you mean to tell me that she got loose. What kind of operation have I invested in?"

The security guard trembled, his hands shaking madly, and eyes blinking rapidly, before he regained his bearings, and spat out an answer. "P-p-please Mr. Luthor, sir, this is my first day here, I'm just…"

"No excuses, where's Waller?" Luthor asked, his temper at a new height, and the businessman kept walking forward, with a stabbing pain going through his body, when suddenly an impact knocked several of guards back into the wall. Their bodies cracked against the wall rather hard, and Luthor did not need super powers to find that the White Martian was near, and security was rushing her.

Once she was out of her cell, it was hard to get a fix on this young alien, who now with her full powers, was beyond the ability of Cadmus to control. There might have been an instance where she could have been grabbed at that time, and as long as they recaptured their prisoner before the woman escaped, there was still hope.

Said hope had been extinguished in a moment when the White Martian burst through the defenses, and blew through them, several security guards toppling like dominos in her path of destruction. The young Martian sped outdoors, being chased by the helicopters, but there was no question about it, the woman had escaped, and she was gone, having disappeared into the night.

Oliver Queen found himself the guest of the infirmary of the Watchtower. To be honest, the emerald archer had many, many, better days, but he also had many worse days as well. Today, the archer found himself extremely lucky to be walking out of battle in one piece, mostly intact, even with his arm encased in a sling. Oliver winced at the sudden movement, and Batman stepped up to him.

"You should consider yourself lucky that the Society of Shadows were feeling merciful," Batman
answered at that moment, and Oliver just nodded, taking a moment to allow himself to shift his wait.

"Yeah, lucky, that's what we call it, these days," Green Arrow managed, once again trying to position himself so the pain would stop, but that was something that was not going to happen. "Hey, I'll be back on my feet, no problem, just got to...well just got to regroup, I guess."

Superman and Wonder Woman popped up at that moment, the other members of the team had been off doing other things in the Justice League.

"So the fabled holy trinity of the Justice League, I must say it's an honor," Green Arrow responded, once again wincing at the rather sudden movement that he made, his elbow nearly popping. "I can't say...look I'm just going to come out, and say it, thanks for bailing me out against those guys. But my answer remains the same."

"We're recruiting new members, and your name keeps coming up at top of the list," Superman answered at that moment, and Green Arrow turned a little bit.

"I'm flattered," Green Arrow responded in a mostly flat tone of voice, taking a deep breath. "But the League, you guys are more of a big picture type, and someone's got to watch out for the little guy."

It was Batman who chimed in with an answer next, his stoic gaze fixed on Green Arrow. "Who is it that looks out for the little guy, when the big guy is about to step on them? That's the job of the Justice League."

"You've got my attention," Green Arrow managed, but there were still a few doubts in his mind, and once again, a slight wince in his body. Artemis ran off, tagging along with that crew from Patronus Incorporated, which was just as well, for he wasn't going anywhere any time.

"Just mull it over for a few days, and think about it," Batman answered, and Superman, Batman, and Wonder Woman all gave Green Arrow his space to rest, and recoup, and ponder everything.

Escaping the tender loving care of the Cadmus facility had been the easy part, even if it took her a couple of months to do it, but the Martian had managed to escape, before making her trek further and further away. The good thing was that despite everything that happened, she could have blended in to any surroundings, and that is exactly what she did, making sure to escape the facility.

The bad news in this entire mess was the fact that she could not save everyone, the other prisoners, even if she made her mark on the way out. That was a grim fact, and one that gave her a great deal of dismay, a great deal of angst, and just a great deal of frustration, with the girl making her way further and further away from the tender embrace of Cadmus.

These thoughts were firm, and prominent on her mind, and the fact was that time was going to run out before too long for certain people. She could see it happening from her cell each, and every day, the fact that they worked with that weapon, the fact that they tried to condition her. The screams echoed in her ears, and there were things that they did to her as well, if she had anything to say about it, they would be shut down.

Being one of the only sole survivors of Mars gave this young lady a new appreciation on life, and she stood outside, hearing the sounds of people happy. Cadmus thought they were doing good for the world, but they were people who were extreme, thus intentions were often misplaced. The best
intentions could often be twisted and distorted, that was something that was true throughout the entire universe.

‘Okay, I got to find someone to help me,’ the white Martian thought to herself, taking the form of a girl was red hair, and green eyes when she escaped, dressed in a red blouse, and red skirt, with shoes. With her shape-shifting abilities, she could create clothes on her body, and wear anything, in addition to wearing any face. ‘M'gann, who is the one person in the world that could help you right now, and maybe be able to liberate that poor girl from Cadmus, along with the other prisoners?’

It was obvious right now that the clone would have been moved, and potentially the entire facility, but she could give them the heads up that something was going on, that something was on. At least that was what the White Martian thought, and it was at that moment where she saw a billboard that promoted Patronus Incorporated. The entire answer hit her in the face, it was a complete, oh duh, moment to her.

A smile crossed the face of the White Martian, the people at Patronus could help, she heard the people at Cadmus complaining about them often enough, so the old adage of the enemy of her enemy being her friend applied at this moment. The White Martian slipped into the shadows, thinking that she heard some armed guards, and wondered briefly if any tracking implements had been slipped into her.

That could be something that would complicate things, and complications was something that she did not need now, especially given how she escaped the facility. Chances are that the next time she was put in a cage; it would be a cage that she would not be escaping, and that thought gave M'gann a shudder at that moment. The White Martian took a step forward, and looked at her appearance in the mirror.

She really had to change to something that would get the attention of the owners of Patronus Incorporated, but the question was who would she change into? Then, in a flash, the answer struck her hard and fast in the face, once again, it was something that from the beginning the White Martian should have figured out.

Her appearance shifted, her hair growing longer, and turning a golden color. With a another motion, her face shifted a bit, and the green eyes turned into a shade of blue, with her breasts getting a bit larger, and her legs getting longer. M'Gann turned to the mirror, and looked at her appearance with a smile, this would do nicely in opening some doors for her at Patronus Incorporated.

The big problem was getting there before Cadmus cut her off at the pass, and that was another matter for another time.

To Be Continued In "New Blood."
Harry walked up to the front entrance of the Potter House, dressed in a black uniform, with a package in his hand. With a few steps forward, Harry raised a hand up, and proceeded to knock on the door. There was a moment before the door opened, and he saw the vision of Kara standing there, wearing a short tight white shirt wrapped around her ample breasts, a tight pair of jean shorts that hugged her legs along with her shapely hips, showcasing her long tanned stems in all of their perfection.

"Package delivery," Harry responded, and Kara gave him a dazzling smile to offer match her beautiful eyes and face, and grabbed him by the hand. The blonde's grip tightened around his hand and she offered Harry a flirty smile.

"Why don't you come in, you must have been working all day," Kara answered in a breathy voice, a smile crossing her face, but suddenly, a loud thump from the basement had caused Harry to look over his shoulder. He was startled at the sudden noises that appeared to be coming from the basement.

"What was that?"

Kara offered a look of innocence that did not suit her, offering Harry a bright and sunny smile to try and ease his nerves. Harry raised an eyebrow in response, skeptical at her intentions, but did not really say a word.

"I don't really know what you're talking about, sir, but we should have something to drink, shouldn't we?"

Kara moved over to get lemonade, and Harry could see the basement door ajar, with the curiosity getting the better of him. He decided that it would be worthy of some kind of investigation to enter the basement. Harry proceeded to make his way down the stairs, and stopped at the extremely peculiar sight that he saw. He took a moment to look at it, acting like he was startled and surprised.

Karen and Linda had been chained to the wall, wearing nothing, but strips of what appeared to be black dental floss over their private parts, and they both had a ball gag in their mouth. The two blondes were completely defenseless, and suddenly, Kara came down the stairs, an apologetic look on her face.

"I'm really sorry you had to see that, it's been a bit of a kink of mine," Kara responded in a soft tone, acting like she was all sorry, even if she was not. Her blue eyes looked into his green eyes and Harry looked back at her, this truly was the most beautiful woman in the universe. "You see, I like to kidnap women who look like me, and chain them up in my basement. It makes me feel all hot and bothered."

Harry opened his mouth, but Kara put her hands on his waist, and peered into his eyes, before flipping the name tag on his shirt. She bit her lip in a seductive manner and leaned forward, offering him a breathy tone of voice.

"You won't let this out, will you Harry?" Kara breathed in a sultry tone, her hot breath hitting his ear, and Harry felt himself stir just a tiny bit in his trousers, with Kara gripping the bulge, a smile crossing her face. She squeezed him hard through his pants and Harry reacted, with Kara smiling.
that she had received the desired reaction. "I'll make it worth your while, baby."

A smile crossed over Harry's face, and he considered the blonde beauty who had her hand on his crotch. That was inspiring such wonderful feelings that he could hardly bare it.

"I can think of a few things," Harry responded, grabbing her around the waist, and tilting her back, capturing her lips into a passionate kiss. Kara leaned into the kiss herself, moaning into it, and wrapping her legs around Harry's body. Harry cupped his hands on her backside, and she squealed in pressure, with their tongues battling for dominance.

Kara broke away from the kiss, a saucy grin spreading over her face, and she eyed Harry in an appreciative manner, before fingering the buckle on his pants.

"I think I have a package I'd much rather unwrap that you delivered me," she purred in his ear, and it was then where Kara's hands started to get rather busy.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Immediately, Kara worked open the front of Harry's pants, not wasting any time pulling his cock out, and drooling over the sight of it, its thickness and length pulsed in her hands.

"My, what a big cock you have!" Kara cooed in a loving voice, and she began to stroke Harry's cock in her hands, making her motions go up and down. Teasingly, Kara wrapped her tongue around the head, sliding it up and down Harry's shaft, and then went down between Harry's legs to meet his balls.

"You have such a hot mouth," Harry breathed, and sure enough, Kara's hot lips were working wonders in sucking his balls, as the two girls chained the wall seemed to moan louder, getting frustrated that they were not getting any at all. "Use that tongue, bathe my balls in your spit."

"I want your cock so bad, I love sucking a big cock," Kara responded, and without warning, she slowly slipped Harry's member deep into her mouth, juicy red lips wrapped tightly around it. With a swift movement Kara began to go up and down on it, using her mouth to stimulate Harry's member.

Harry leaned back onto the wall, and this absolute sexual dream was going to town on him, her head bobbing at the speed of light, blue eyes snapped towards him. She was born to do this, suck cock, suck his cock, and Harry placed his hands in her blonde tresses, stroking his fingers through them. The blonde's actions sped up, ignoring the pained, and sexually frustrated moans of her two prisoners chained to the wall.

"Suck my cock, that's it, that's the stuff," Harry grunted, and Kara continued to spear Harry's thick tool down her throat, encasing the member deep in her mouth, and into the back of her throat. Harry grabbed her head, and whispered in her ear. "I'm going to fuck your face, baby."

Kara groaned in pleasure, and Harry proceeded to fuck her face over and over again, with his cock swelling in pleasure, and Harry tilted her head back off of his cock.

"I want your tits," Harry ordered to her, and Kara nodded rapidly, lifting her arms up so Harry could slide the shirt off of her.

"They're yours, do whatever you want with them," Kara begged, and sure enough, Harry bent Kara back. She was extremely flexible, nearly able to touch her ankles to her shoulders when she bent back, and Harry placed his cock in between the valley of her breasts. "Yeah, fuck my tits, you know you want to."
"I always get what I want," Harry told her in a low growl, squeezing her tits, hard, and pummeling them with rapid fire strokes with his cock. Kara moaned, squeezing her breasts to envelope Harry's cock in them as he plowed into her tight breasts. "Yeah, that's the stuff, fuck me with your tits baby."

The dance continued for a while yet, with Harry slamming hard into Kara's tits, and Kara moaning, writhing, trying to get the most out of the pleasure, until his balls tightened. With a flood, Harry's cum splattered out of his cock, and splashed into her beautiful face, rolling down onto her tits, and stomach.

Kara fell back onto the floor, giving a low and sultry moan, before scooping the cum off of her tits, and slurping it up, right in front of her two slaves who moaned. With another motion, Kara rushed over, and removed the ball gags from Karen and Linda's mouths.

"I bet you two slaves want a taste, don't you?" Kara asked, batting her eyelashes at them and licking her lips hotly.

"Yes," Karen breathed, unable to bare waiting anymore.

"Yes," Karen breathed, unable to bare waiting anymore.

"Yes, mistress, please let us feast the cum off of your face, mistress," Linda piped up like an obedient little soldier.

Since Linda was the one who voiced her approval in such a way, Kara leaned forward, and Linda eagerly lapped the seed of her face.

"Eat it, bitch," Kara barked, grabbing Linda's hair, and Linda did so. "Eat it like it's your last meal!"

Kara moved over, to Karen, and spread her legs in front of the busty blonde against the wall, before giving another order to her.

"Give Harry over there a show before he fucks me, stick that hot tongue in my cunt and eat me."

Karen did as she was told, slowly easing her tongue into Kara's cunt, and licking around the inside, with Kara grabbing her head at super strength, and forcing it into her super powered snatch. This action gave Karen the encouragement that she needed to continue to tongue Kara, licking her cunt out. Kara's breathing became hot and heavy, with her throwing her head back, and offering a hearty scream to the heavens.

Harry watched this, feeling his rod get nice and hard, this was so hot, and he could see Karen's pussy glisten in the light.

"She needs a reward, so good, don't you think?" Kara managed in a breathy voice, and Harry responded with a nod, before he dove down between Karen's legs, and began to go to town on her, eating her cunt with fury.

Karen's mouth was muffled by Kara's cunt, but the screams she caused was that of pleasure, so Harry sped up his movements. The busty blonde nearly lost her mind when Harry had buried his tongue into her cunt, and started to hiss nice and loudly. The beautiful blonde Kryptonian wished she could play with her breasts, but suddenly, Harry's hands found their way to them.

Harry lapped up the tasty cunt before him, and all of the sweet juices, feeling his cock growing harder in between hearing Kara moan, and eating out Kara's pussy. Instinctively, Harry then proceeded to reach over, and plunged a finger into Linda's tight, warm folds. Two fingers followed
up next, and then three, and Harry pumped into her.

"Give both of these bitches pleasure, before you fuck me senseless," Kara moaned, and her pussy clenched at these words, before her love juices painted Karen's face.

Kara dropped down onto the ground, her tasty lips moistening with juices, and she felt ready. Karen sat there, her face covered in cum, and at that moment, Kara moved over to Linda. With a swift movement, Linda had been released from the shackles, and Harry's hand was removed from between her thighs.

Linda moaned at the loss, but suddenly Kara pointed at Karen, slumped against the wall with her face splattered in Kara's love juices.

"Lick her clean, and do anything you want with her," Kara ordered her, and a wicked grin spread across Linda's face.

Linda planted her lips onto Karen's, and grabbed the massive melons of the blonde beauty, squeezing them within her hands, molding them nice and tightly.

Kara walked over from the scene, positioning herself so Harry could enjoy the show, and spread her legs.

Harry got the hint, and grabbed her hips, before spreading her lips, and rubbing her sopping wet folds, with Kara arching her hips upwards. The dark haired wizard felt the warm tightness wrap around his fingers.

Kara was about to complain about the lack of a dick inside her body, but that was cut short when Harry forcefully jammed his cock deep into her pussy, and she screamed at the intrusion, welcome as it might be.

"So tight, fucking wonderful," Harry grunted, lifting himself up, and spearing back into Kara's tight core, with Kara returning fire, raising her hips off the ground, and bringing them down.

"Yeah, that's it, violate me with that big cock, keep having your way with her!" Kara yelled at the top of her lungs, and Harry proceeded to hammer her, going deeper and deeper into her with each passing stroke.

Kara was banged hard on the floor, and enjoyed the pleasure that Harry's cock was giving her, more and more bang for her buck so to speak, and she matched his strokes, feeling her pussy clench with these motions. She did not slow down, not even for the slightest, and Harry slammed into her hard.

Linda was spurred on by her mistress's cries, and began to attack Karen's tits with her tongue, before using her blue energy ring to create a construct that buried itself deep within Karen's legs. Karen screamed in joy, as it penetrated her, going deeper than almost anything in the world, with the exception of Harry's cock.

"Like that, you big titted slut," Linda groaned, and suddenly, she felt a pair of hands on her ass. "Oh yes, play with this whore's ass, she's been very naughty."

"Such a fucking beautiful ass, and such a nice cunt," Harry breathed, and suddenly, he closed his eyes, trying to do the trick that Linda had taught him. He was wondering if he could even pull it off in the midst of passion.

Sure enough, a second version of Harry Potter, duplicate in every way, and mentally linked to the
original, grabbed Linda, and smashed her down onto the ground hard, before stroking her nether lips from behind. Linda whined at this intrusion.

"So solid, so real, very good, oh yes fuck me!"

Linda screamed from the heavens, and Harry plunged his cock into her from behind, while she ate Karen's pussy when she was still chained to the wall. Elsewhere in the basement, Harry was fucking Kara on the floor, and slamming into her like there was no tomorrow. He was balls deep into her.

"Yeah, that's fucking nice, keep fucking, going to cum again?" Harry asked in a low voice, pounding Kara nice and hard, with long and hard strokes into her, Kara screaming in passion at that moment.

"Yeah, this one's going to cum too, she has a nice tight cunt, perfect for fucking." Harry said elsewhere in the room when he pounded into Linda, and Linda began to grip onto Karen's thighs, burying herself further into Karen's pussy, and devouring her tasty peach. "Going to cum in you."

Despite the fact that Linda had been fucked for a long time, the Harry duplicate did not have the stamina as the original, but that was a point they would work on. Linda buried the energy construct into Karen again, and arched her head up, eyes flickering in passion.

"Yes, Harry, cum for me, cum for me right now!" Linda screamed, and made sure Harry watched as her energy construct violated Karen's tight cunt, slamming into her hard, and giving the gorgeous blonde unmistakable pleasure.

The Harry duplicate did just that, and unloaded a steady, thick, load of his cum deep into Linda's waiting womb, and painted the inside of her white. Linda screamed for the heavens and the loss when Harry's cock left her, for the dupe had disappearing serving his purpose.

"So, close, so close too, but want to fuck this cunt all night," Harry managed, spearing into the first pussy he ever had.

Kara moaned in a deep manner, and took several pained breaths, grabbing her hair, and arching her hips up.

"Yes, cum in me, shoot me up," Kara managed, and sure enough, Harry's balls sized up, before the pressure in his loins burst, and sent an explosive amount of seed deep into Kara, injecting her with it.

The four Potters had seen stars from that powerful orgasm, all having experienced it through the mental link, and all felt satisfied from the games they had played.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

X-X-X

"So forgive me if I still have a few misgivings about this entire Justice League thing."

Green Arrow was the one who said this statement, having spent the last few days at the Watchtower after the incident regarding the Society of Shadows. The Emerald Archer was healed, back on his feet, and raring to go, despite having suffered a rather traumatic beating in the past. He walked with a bit of a limp as well, but that would be an ailment that would clear up in no time.

He did not want to sound too ungrateful at that point, given that it was the Justice League who had
hauled him in. If it was not for the League, or rather not for Superman, he would have been left for
dead or worse. So Oliver Queen, Green Arrow, he was not one to look a gift horse in the mouth.

Superman stood beside him, allowing him a moment to take a deep breath, before the Man of Steel
spun around, and looked Green Arrow right in the eye. Batman hovered in the background, just
soaking in the situation, before he was the one to speak, cutting Superman directly off.

"No one is forcing you, but you can't deny that some back up might have allowed you to not get
captured."

The Emerald Archer looked at the Dark Knight, and conceded that he might have had a bit of a
point, even though it did surprise him that this particular statement came out of the mouth of this
particular individual. Batman was the absolute last person in the world that would be advocating
teamwork, preferring to work alone, but perhaps Batman was someone who had more hidden
depths than even Arrow would have realized.

Yet, the Arrow was not completely convinced, there was still something about the entire setup that
he had more than a few misgivings about. The Justice League had its share of fans and critics, and
it was key to keep the criticism in mind. Green Arrow kept what he perceived to be an open mind
and continued to speak to the League members.

"We have recruited a few new members, so it is not like you are the only one who is a part of this
group," Superman responded at that moment, and Green Arrow raised an eyebrow, seeing the
group that had been assembled, his mouth becoming slightly a-gap at the entire situation.

More than a few people had been rounded up for League membership, in fact it was almost like the
League was forming an army. Arrow understood the super villain threats were getting dangerous,
but this was overkill. His eyes widened and words failed him, at least for a mere moment.

"Yes, I can see that," Green Arrow responded, taking a step back, and offering a mighty whistle.
The truth was, the group was not that many all things considered, given that the Justice League
started a motley crew of seven members, but obviously had expanded to be more than a few more.
They put out a hell of a recruiting drive and the ranks were about to get even more colorful.

Wonder Woman walked over, to survey the new members of the team, all of them who would be
hopefully playing a greater role in the coming adventures, or at least allowing the original seven
not to overextend themselves too much. The Justice League seven found themselves pushed to
brink and things were getting tougher and tougher. Heroes were growing around the world, and
there were going to be many in the group, with many more who were considering membership, but
not deciding to join.

Still there were more than a few new recruits and there were going to be even more to come, with
Wonder Woman, Batman, and Superman heading up the recruitment drive, with the other League
members giving whatever recommendations they could. They thought they had a variety of talents
that would add something to the League.

One of the first members to join was Blue Beetle, who was a hero among the veins of Batman,
who had adapted technology to fight crime. He was not like Batman however in the sense that he
offered a carefree approach, but he was no less effective at his crime fighting. In his own way, Ted
Kord, the man behind the Beetle mask, was a genius.

Another new member was Captain Atom, a no nonsense man, made out of radioactive energy, a
man who was so hard-nosed that he made John Stewart look like the Flash. He stood, just with a
stoic expression on his face and the military man nodded his head.
Then there was the magician known as Zatanna, dressed in her uniform, just sipping on a drink that had been offered to her, getting used to the new surroundings. After a few brief tastes of heroism she had wanted much more, and the new membership of the League would offer her just that. It was going to be a brand new exciting chapter of her life and she could not wait to get down to her first League mission.

The vigilante known as the Huntress stood in the background, dressed in purple, with her mask firmly on as well. Her membership in the League had sparked some controversy, due to the fact that she was a bit rough on the criminals who she went against, at least more so than many of the criminals in the League. Despite that fact, Huntress was in, albeit with Batman and Martian Manhunter keeping a closer eye on her.

Another new member of the League was the tough as nails veteran crime fighter known as Wildcat. Ted Grant, a former boxer, stood before them, perhaps not as powerful or young as the League members, but his gritty determination was something that would serve the members of the League rather well. He was stubborn and Batman had recommended him, vouching for his resourcefulness.

The next new member was Dinah Lance, or Black Canary, the stunning siren who had a scream to match. However, whilst her canary cry was something that was extremely powerful, and potentially lethal at full force, Black Canary was more than just another pretty face. She was a world class martial artist that could put a hurting on her enemies without her powers.

Plastic Man was at one time a former thief, until an accident had given him both a change of heart, and stretchy abilities that could allow him to extend himself beyond what many would think would be possible. Despite being reformed, Plastic Man always had the temptation for shiny objects, but Batman was keeping a close eye on this former thief.

Booster Gold was stranded in the past, with his time travel device, and he had been offered a membership in the League, mostly because the League wanted to keep an eye on him, and make sure he didn't cause too much damage. The Man of the Future, Today, had jumped on the chance of being part of the greatest group of heroes in the world.

Last, but certainly not least was the Question, who was a conspiracy theorist, and an able crime fighter. His paranoia was something that made Batman look completely well-adjusted and gullible, but one could not deny that the Question had his uses. Any team had to be able to think well outside of the box and that was what the Question brought to the table.

There would be many more members to come no doubt in the coming weeks, and the coming years, the League would eventually become unlimited. The sky was going to be the limit and Green Arrow whistled one more time, before he turned his attention to Superman and Batman.

"So, a few new people, huh?" Green Arrow asked, raising an eyebrow at the very thought, and Batman just offered him a stoic nod. Time stood still as long as the Emerald Archer continued to go over what he saw in his mind. "Well, color me impressed, you have recruited some colorful people, but I hope that the League doesn't lose its way with all of these new faces."

Superman, Batman and Wonder Woman all discussed that at length as well, that was a rather real concern, the League had the power to dwarf anything any single hero had ever done previously. And that fact alone made them take these steps extremely carefully, so they did not overwhelm everyone.

"If anything the threats are getting bigger, and so should the League," Superman responded, and Green Arrow just offered a nod, but there were many thoughts that were prominent on his mind.
The League might have been getting bigger, along with the threats, but what if this bigger League had caused even bigger threats? It could be a never ending cycle of escalating, with each threat getting bigger and bigger, and the League expanding. Then the threats got bigger and the League expanded once again, and so on and so far until the cycle had burned itself out.

"I know what you're thinking, but I've done my homework, and this will work out," Batman answered, and Green Arrow almost hated how Batman seemed to have an answer for every single concern.

He supposed that was par for the course for the World's Greatest Detective.

"And here I thought it was the Martian who had the mind reading abilities," Green Arrow answered, and he held his bow in his hand, before looking forward towards the assembled crew of new Leaguers.

Superman stepped up to a podium, and all eyes were on the Man of Steel, which given his larger than life presence was not surprising, for he was a man who people paid attention to when he walked into a room. The Last Son of Krypton had drawn a deep breath, before he spoke in his commanding baritone.

"Welcome to the Justice League, and it is good that all of you have answered the call, and I hope that you find your time with the League, whether it is one day, or many years, to be an extremely productive venture."

The assembled members of the League nodded, and waited patiently for Superman to give his speech, and sure enough Superman did continue, giving a commanding speech as only the Man of Steel could.

"As solo heroes, you have accomplished much, but as members of the League, you will accomplish so much more. Let us hope that this latest partnership becomes one that will be everlasting, and one that will lead to the League expanding, to protect more people with each passing day. All of us will bring criminals to justice, and ensure that there will be no place where they could hide."

It was Superman's hope that with this extended League, there would be plenty of heroes that would be there to prevent the Justice Lords fiasco from ever happening. Batman was not the only one who is capable of some contingency plans. Superman was trying to expand his efforts beyond nailing things really hard with super strength.

Green Arrow watched Superman through a pair of narrowed eyes, finding himself more and more convinced that Superman really was sincere. However, sincerity was not the only thing that mattered in the world, there was other things as well.

"So are you giving League membership any consideration?" Wonder Woman asked Green Arrow, breaking him out of his thoughts.

Green Arrow pondered that very question as it seemed to be something that seemed like it required a simple yes or no answer, but it was not that simple. There were so many angles that were too monstrous to contemplate.

"Some," Green Arrow responded, mulling it over in his mind and he was not completely sure.
targets stood Artemis and Hermione, both girls having bows, and sets of arrows. Artemis fired the first shot, and hit the target dead on, or at least as dead on as she was going to get. There were still a few shots that she took that were a bit off center.

Hermione analyzed her shot and offered an appraising nod to the seventeen year old archer, seeing how she managed to line the target up right.

"Not too shabby," Hermione commented, but Artemis just responded with a modest shrug. "Then again, the archery thing is kind of your thing, isn't it?"

"Yeah, more or less," Artemis added with a smile on her face, and she invited Hermione to give it a try. The Amazonian Witch decided to take up the challenge, and tried to shoot the arrow. Her eye hand coordination was decent, but obviously not as good as Artemis's, and Hermione fired another shot, just narrowly missing the target. "Not too bad, but…"

"I know, I need to do a bit better in centering my arrow on the target," Hermione replied as she narrowed her eyes, adjusted her vision, and sure enough, she adjusted herself, before preparing to fire once more.

The arrow had shot out and had missed the center of the target, with Hermione gritting her teeth in frustration. Artemis saw that patience was not the girl's strong suite and offered what she believed was some key advice.

"It's really a simple trick, you just got to have a bit more confidence in yourself, and just envision the arrow just firing into the target," Artemis offered, with a shrug, and decided to help Hermione the best she could in centering the arrow.

"That's what Artemis told me, only in a bit harsher tone, well the other Artemis, the one on the island," Hermione answered at that moment, shaking her head. "Then again, my life is confusing enough as it is."

"Welcome to the club," Artemis answered, having a sister that was a mercenary, her father being a master assassin, and her mother being a former thief herself, needless to say her family tree was something that had a few twisted branches on it. She watched Hermione fire the shot again and the girl came closer yet still.

Artemis had a feeling that Hermione was not being that up front about her past, but the fact that it was complicated didn't really tell her much of anything. It just offered a certain air of mystery and intrigue that the young archer felt herself curious about. Then again, Artemis did not have anything to complain about when it came to overly complicated pasts, which she had many instances of.

Once again, Hermione aimed the arrow, and fired, this time hitting the target closer to the center. The doors opened at that moment, and Harry and Kara entered the room to check up on them. The two Potters floated there and watched Hermione take another shot, but once again the dark haired girl had missed.

"Not too bad, you'll get it, eventually," Harry told Hermione, watching her try another shot at the arrow, but once again Hermione just missed the target. Artemis took her turn, and hit the arrow seamlessly, like it was no big deal at all "We've got..."

Suddenly, a buzzer went off, and Harry moved over, to hear Lana's voice on the other end.

"Harry, there is a Neville Longbottom here to see you, he says its urgent."

Harry suddenly was caught completely off guard, Neville was the absolute last person in the world
that he thought would be showing up at this point in time. The dark haired wizard shook his head a little bit, and cleared his throat. Hermione's face contorted a bit, the last time they met Neville, it did not end that well. Artemis decided to take a step back, thinking that this was some personal issue that she really did not want any involvement in.

Kara stood, hovering, waiting to see what Harry was going to do, but he decided to answer to Lana after a moment of thought. He figured that it would be best to take one course of action and deal with this, but be on his guard as well.

"Send him on up," Harry replied, his voice adopting an extremely neutral tone, and to be honest, while Neville had been a valuable friend, there were hints, rumors that he had been with Astoria, and might be an unwilling accomplice.

Or, as he cringed to think about it, maybe Neville had been a willing one.

Kara and Hermione both stood ready to pounce, as did Harry, should Neville make any wrong movements. The moments ticked and crawled by, before the door opened, and Neville entered the room. There was a long, tense moment, where both sides stared at each other. Neville decided to be the one that decided to break the ice.

"So, I guess I have something to say," Neville answered, and it was then where Harry and Kara both nodded, and invited Neville to continue. Neither said anything, and Neville felt his nerves on end, this sounded like it would be a lot easier in his head before he came on up. "For months, I've been with Astoria Greengrass, and she made me believe that she had been a victim, with the best interests of everyone in mind, but…she didn't."

Neville found his hands shake and Harry said not even one word. This silence was beginning to cause Neville to get on edge and he wondered if he reached the point of no return. Harry's green eyes were completely blank of emotion, this fact worried Neville. Harry then broke the silence with one word.

"Continue," Harry answered, without any emotion in his voice, and Kara's hand tightened around Harry's, with the two Potters staring Neville down, waiting for him to offer more information.

"I thought for a while she was, and she was a convincing actress, she fooled everyone for years, but her obsession started to get the better of her I think. She was after these four stones, it was supposed to lead her to some kind of treasure of the founders, or something along those lines. I left the other day, when she was out, and…I knew the moment she had the Stone of Ravenclaw, she wouldn't really need me anymore. The problem is, she held onto me a little too much."

"Yeah, and now that you left, she's likely to have moved elsewhere from the last place you were," Hermione added, finally deciding to look Neville in the eye, and speaking to him, a bit of hurt dripping from her voice. "Why did you believe her, Neville?"

Harry was the one who cut in with an answer at that moment. "Neville is many things Hermione, but I don't think we can blame him for believing Astoria. If nothing else, she is a true Slytherin, cunning and manipulative, and Neville should have known that, but he didn't."

"We all make mistakes, but the true quality of someone is how often they learn from their mistakes, or if they are learning from the right mistakes, if I am not mistaken."

The entire group turned around, and Neville's eyes widened in a bit of shock, when he saw Luna was standing there, calm as could be. She showed up out of the blue, not blinking and a slight smile crossed over her face. Harry and Kara blinked, looking at her, and wondered how she got
"Don't worry, I found my own way up," Luna remarked, before Harry asked how she bypassed security. Any other person in the world, and Harry would question this, but since Luna was in fact Luna, Harry found himself not questioning her sudden presence all that much. It was just best to go with the flow to see what happened, so that is what Harry did.

Neville's mouth opened and shut, with his eyes widened, and he felt that he must be seeing things.

"Luna?" Neville asked in an astonished tone of voice, and that was about the only statement that he could get out for some time. He looked at the girl who he had known in the DA for a year and had fought alongside in the Department of Mysteries, completely thrown off by her sudden presence. "I thought…"

"That I was dead?" Luna asked in a nonchalant voice, and Neville just slowly inclined his head at that moment, that was his belief, but he had been wrong apparently. His entire worldview, for not the first time, had been turned topsy-turvy. "Believe me, Neville, that was a common belief for many people, but I'm still here, despite everything."

Neville was happy to see that Luna had not only survived whatever she had been through, but was in rather good spirits, and still her normal self. At least what passed for normal for someone like Luna.

"All things considered through, if Astoria gets her hands on the Treasure, we might have a bit of a problem," Luna responded, and the eyes of Kara, Harry, Hermione, Neville, and even Artemis all turned towards the quirky young blonde. Luna decided to enlighten the entire group on what she had found out. "There is something dangerous lurking in there."

"The Guardians of Oa believe it is a mystical energy source, an orange battery," Kara chimed in, and Neville looked confused, having no idea who these Guardians of Oa were, but had a feeling that now was not the time or the place to ask. He would be filled in on all of the details that he missed as needed.

Luna seemed perfectly understanding of what Kara had said, and she offered a brief nod at that point, smiling, even if it was just a bit of a sad smile. "Orange represents greed on the spectrum, so that does fit Astoria to a tee."

"All too well," Hermione responded, thinking about the devious dark witch, and all of the times where she wished she would have liked strangle that witch.

So many missed opportunities, but Hermione would have her day, Astoria would not get away with this, not this time, not any other time.

"So, now we know what is on the line, maybe we should work together, all of us," Luna answered, and Neville, Hermione, and Harry all locked eyes, four of the six in the Department of Mysteries having been together in the same room, at the same time for the first time since that fateful day a year and a half ago.

"We would be able to work together a lot better, and naturally Kara should be involved with this, along with Karen and Linda...Harry's other two wives," Hermione responded, and out of all of the things Neville heard today, the fact that Harry was presently married to three women seemed to make the most sense to him. The Longbottom heir just took the entire statement in stride. "If Astoria gets her hands on the power battery..."
"Millions could suffer, if the power is half of what the Guardians say it is," Harry concluded for her, and Artemis just raised an eyebrow, wondering if she should be considered a part of this or not.

"So, do you want me involved with this, I mean, I just got here?" Artemis asked, but it was then where Harry had a bit of a smile on his face, as did Kara, and even Hermione found a smile cracked over her face.

"Of course, you were the one that knocked the stone out of Otis's hand, and that was the quick thinking that we need to be a part of this team," Harry answered, but he offered a smile to the young archer. "And I'm sure that there will be many other people who would want to get in on this."

Harry turned to Neville at this point, and Neville took a moment to collect his thoughts, before he jumped in with what he had at his disposal.

"I've got all of the information that I could uncover on the Stone of Gryffindor, but I'm not sure if we're going to beat Astoria to it if she has the Stone of Ravenclaw," Neville answered, and it was Hermione who answered.

"We believe all of the stones are cursed in some way, and as long as Astoria has the Stone of Ravenclaw, it will drive her to the point of obsession, and might cause her to be blinded because of common sense."

Luna put a hand to her chin and pondered this matter nice and long, a smile crossing over her face.

"So in other words, she's just screwing herself over the more she relies on the knowledge from the stone, and the less she uses her own mind," Luna offered, and Harry confirmed this theory with a nod.

They all knew what had to be done, and Harry and Kara took Neville's findings on the stone to see if they could track down the stone of Gryffindor before Astoria got her hands on it. They would also need to upgrade the security on the other two stones, and hope that Astoria would slip up in a huge way.

There were so many variables in this plan, and so many things that could go wrong with even the best laid plans.

Yet, in some ways, the group was closer to shutting Astoria down than ever before, providing that no other pressing concerns jumped in their way.

Power was an interesting metric depending on how one would measure it, and to be honest there were many debates on how power could be measured, or even in fact if it could be measured. Power tended to be fleeting, some days it was there, and the next day it was not there, at least that was the thought that was going through the mind of young Astoria Greengrass.

There was no question about it, she was someone who had power, and abilities beyond the wildest dreams of mere wizards and witches, and there was the fact that she had managed to escape the great Harry Potter once again that made her smile. The fact of the matter was that Astoria enjoyed these tests of her abilities, but despite the fact, she had to keep moving.

And as she moved, Astoria planned, and that was what made her extremely dangerous. The former Slytherin had been an unassuming face in the crowd, someone who no one really knew, other than
the little sister of Daphne Greengrass. That very thought made Astoria grimace, and the only person she killed that she had the slightest amount of remorse for was her sister.

Daphne was just simply in the wrong place at the wrong time and if she had just let matters alone, Astoria would not have been forced to kill her. Of course, one could argue that Astoria was simply saving her sister from a horrible fate, it was a mercy execution. She need not die.

Yet, Daphne was in a better place right now, and given the ambitions that Astoria showed, she had an inkling that her older sister would be extremely proud of her. The Stone of Ravenclaw in her hand was the proof that Astoria needed that everything was turning out for the best. A wide smile spread over the face of the young Slytherin, and she took a few more steps to make sure her location was hidden.

Neville had somehow slipped away from her, and to be honest, Astoria thought that she did not give Neville too much credit, a rare slip of judgment on her part. Something that would not be happening again, given the omniscient power of the stone that she held within her hand, and the power she felt radiating from it.

Power, glory, it all echoed through her very being and caused her heart to stir with greed, the greed that allowed a smile to cross her face. Soon, Astoria Greengrass would have it all, soon she would have everything that she needed.

Astoria felt the power, and it was an intoxicating, wonderful feeling, the best feeling in the world, something that one could not fully comprehend unless they held it within their grasp. Some people might call her dark, demented, psychotic, and utterly out of her mind, but Astoria would disagree with these people.

For she saw the world clearly for what it was, and the world was a canvas of potential that she could only unleash with the power behind the Stones of the Founders. Astoria felt it was her destiny to reshape the world into image that was more suiting, and felt that she was on the cusp of achieving something that only very few would have dared dream about.

Astoria would become a goddess, and reshape the world, and all would bow before her. Finally, she would not be the youngest Greengrass daughter; Astoria would be something far more than that, the power would be greater than that. They would pay her tribute, which meant even more gold within her pocket, the more the merrier. It all had to be hers, and Astoria would get every single bit of gold that she had coming to her, in a fashion at least.

Yet, despite that fact, Astoria had to keep her eyes on the prize, and that prize was the fabled treasure of the founders, something that eluded everyone for centuries. It was believed to be a myth, but Astoria understood in her heart that it was very real, and something that she could almost touch in her hands. The power was intoxicating, but Astoria would have it all.

One fourth of the map, the most important piece of the map, had been held in her hand, and Astoria turned it over in her fingers, watching, waiting, trying to determine the next move. The stone would tell her much, but the Slytherin parts of Astoria's brain were leaving nothing up to direct chance.

The Potters had the Stones of Slytherin and Hufflepuff, that much was for known to her, and Astoria also knew that it would take an insane amount of planning before she worked her way through those defenses at Patronus Incorporated. They would be ready for her, but patience was the name of her game.

The defenses were beyond anything that had been ever seen from magical users, and Astoria found
herself extremely impressed by them. The truth be told, Astoria did respect Harry, he was a worthy opponent, and it would give her great pleasure to be the one to defeat him. That would be her moment of triumph, and worth more than any mountain of Galleons in some way.

Astoria smirked at that moment, power would be hers, and she slapped the stone down on the table, smartly not touching it for too long. If she touched it for too long, it would inflame her brain, and give her insane ideas. The type of ideas that would distract from the mission that was at hand. Within the greed that drove Astoria Greengrass, the blonde Slytherin still retained a certain amount of sense, sense that told her that it was not a good idea to touch an extremely powerful magical artifact for more than a few moments at a time. Despite all that, Astoria retained clarity and remained focused, on the mountains of gold that she would receive.

It would all be her's and there would be nothing that would stop her now.

Astoria would have the power, and these were the ambitions that drove her to the highest heights, to the road to a brand new glory.

Knowledge might have been power, but wealth was everything, and Astoria would have it all, it would all be hers. She could taste it, she had to admit the taste was something that the golden haired beauty could get used to.

X-X-X

Hal Jordan arrived for what would be a weekly appointment at the Patronus Incorporated main offices in Metropolis. While he was not one to wait around, Hal would make an exception for something like this, understanding that the fate of the world rested on his ability to be patient. This particular Lantern tapped his foot, offering a merry whistle, and hoped that everything would pan out at that point.

He just hoped that he did not doom the universe with admitting that this mission determined the fate of it, but for right now, Hal just tapped his foot, until he saw a red haired young woman open the office door.

"They're ready for you, Mr. Jordan, and they apologize about the wait," Lana Lang remarked, and Hal nodded, waving it off at this point, before walking into the office, where he saw the four members of the Blue Lantern Corps sitting around at a table, and they had a few books, along with some blue prints.

Hal stood outside of the meeting rooms and waited impatiently for him to be invited him, with Harry clearing his throat simply and inviting the Green Lantern in.

"Come in, come in," Harry said, barely even bothering to look up from the blueprint he had over him, and shaking his head. Hal walked inside as well, taking a look at the blueprint, and a part of him wondered what Harry was working on now.

"You showed up just in time," Karen chimed in, and Hal raised an eyebrow at this, with the oldest of the three Blonde Kryptonians deciding to elaborate. "We're looking for the fourth and final stone, and we think we got the location about pinpointed down."

"If we can isolate any strange signatures of magical energy, we might have a shot," Kara chimed in
at that point, and Linda nodded, before she held a circular object in her hand.

"And what is that thing?" Hal asked, and Harry was prompt to answer the confused Lantern's question.

"It is a device that should pick up heavily quantities of magical energy once pointed to a location, but I don't put too much stock in anything that I can't see with my own eyes, or hear with my own ears."

Hal thought that was a wise policy, if there was anything that he learned in the Lantern Corps, trusting one's own senses, and not the equipment, rather it be mundane, or magical, tended to be the best policy. Then again, the senses could always been fooled, but equipment was not foolproof either.

"But, it should put us in the general location."

Kara looked at it, and found the coordinates, before pulling out a laptop and checking them, a frown appearing on her face at that moment whilst she checked them. The blonde Kryptonian took a long, and deep breath, before spinning the laptop around for her spouses, and Hal Jordan to look. Hal leaned forward, curious about the expression on the heroine's face, and he read the coordinates.

"It says the Stone of Godric Gryffindor is in the heart of…that's right in Gotham City."

The quartet of rather worried looks appeared on the faces of each and every Potter, once they took a closer look at the coordinates. Their normally confident expressions became a maelstrom of worry, and regret, with the four of them taking a moment to look at the coordinates.

"You don't suppose," Kara whispered in a tone that indicated that she was feeling a bit of abject horror, at where the most probable location of the Stone of Godric Gryffindor was.

Four sets of eyes contained for rather prominent "oh shit" looks and now Hal was curious as to why. None of them seemed to be willing to enlighten him on why they were reacting in such a way.

"How did it get there of all places?" Karen asked at that point, and now Hal was overwhelmed by the flowing amount of curiosity that this stone invited.

What were they talking about anyway?

"Your guess is good as mine," Harry added, double checking the work to make sure everything was one hundred percent, and Linda gripped Harry around the hand, before taking a brief moment to nod, along with swallowing the lump in her throat.

"That can't be it, can it?" Linda asked, and Hal decided to break the silence by speaking up.

"What can't be it, tell me, what is going on?"

Harry was the one that answered this question and he took a long break before offering an answer.

"We believe that the Stone of Godric Gryffindor may be located in Arkham Asylum."

Hal corked a bit of an eyebrow at this point, and understood their feelings of horror, and mortification. The truth was that even the normally confident test pilot, and member of the Green Lantern Corps felt a bit of mortal dread. He had not stepped into Gotham City that often, but he
heard enough about the city to be extremely worried.

Gotham City was a place that was well known for having more than a few people who had a few screws loose, and Arkham Asylum was the center of this insanity. There were whispers that if someone just bombed Arkham with all of the inmates inside, few would shed some tears.

Granted, it was the colorful costumed criminals, and members of Batman's rogue's gallery, that people most commonly associated the hospital with, and they made up two percent of the hospital. But, that two percent really did overshadow the ninety eight percent of the other patients that were inside Arkham and give the hospital the less than stirring reputation that it did.

"We're only going on a theory, we could be completely off of the mark," Harry answered, but it was Kara who jumped in at that point, picking up where Harry had left at that point.

"Although, knowing our luck, we could be completely off of the mark," Kara answered, and she shook her head, clearing her mind, before she picked up speaking once again. "What I want to know is how a mystical stone in the UK from a thousand years ago found its way to the United States, and in Gotham City of all places?"

That was a damn good question that they need to have an answer to quickly.

"Maybe the founders were ahead of their time," Harry replied, with a shrug.

"That's something that we'd all like to know," Linda answered, and she made another note. "We can worry about the why's and the how's later, right now we need to find a way to get our hands on that stone, before Astoria does."

The Blue Lanterns all agreed that was the most important thing, but Astoria, even with her great powers, would know that Arkham would be a suicide mission without the proper amount of planning. Even if the four of them had no idea if the stone was really there, but they were going to assume that they would for the moment.

"So the two stones that you have are secure, right?" Hal asked, and Harry, Kara, Linda, and Karen all assured him with nods that they were secure. This allowed Hal to relax only slightly, but until the stones were collected, and potentially destroyed, he was not going to have many easy nights. "I'll be a lot happier when the stones get destroyed."

"Yes, I would be too, providing that they can be destroyed," Harry offered, and Hal could not discount this theory. "Powerful magical artifacts are rarely just destroyed, and artifacts created by the founders are going to be hard to do so, but there are ways, as we have exhibited."

Whilst Kara's heat vision had destroyed Voldemort's Horcruxes, Harry had a theory that the actual creation of the Horcruxes weakened the protective enchantments around the artifacts. These stones were not Horcruxes, as far as he knew, even if when Harry was up close to them, he detected that there was some level of sentience.

It was almost like the founders had poured a bit of their own will power into the stones.

The thought might have seemed absurd to many at another time, but with magic, anything was possible, even the improbable.

Especially the improbable.
Superman was someone who knew how to give a rousing speech, and seemed to have all of the answers, that much Green Arrow knew for certain. Oliver Queen tried to look out for that little guy, but there were times where the big hulking problems tended to snuff out the hope, and ambitions of that little guy.

The emerald archer had these thoughts on his mind, when Batman had sat himself down beside him.

"I'm surprised you are a part of this, given your reputation," Green Arrow answered, speaking up for the first time.

Batman got that a lot so he just took everything in stride. Of course given Green Arrow's reputation, he was the last person to talk.

"Someone has to keep an eye on the operation to make sure they don't get too overwhelmed with their powers, and let it get to their head," Batman answered. "Despite all of that, my first and foremost responsibility is the people of Gotham City."

That is one thing that Green Arrow and Batman both had in common, other than the fact that they fought criminals without the aid of any super powers. They always were dedicated to the city that they served, and would put that first, whether it be Gotham City, or Star city. Green Arrow took a moment to reflect, and poured himself a cup of coffee.

"So, how do you manage juggling both the League and Gotham?" Green Arrow asked, and Batman just prompted him to continue. "No offense, but do you ever sleep?"

"Only when I have to," Batman answered in complete deadpan, and Green Arrow accepted that nonchalant answer for what it was, when at that moment, Black Canary walked by Green Arrow found his eyes lingering on her even she hardly noticed his stare, if at all. Batman did not smile, but yet at the same time his expression was one that was that of someone who knew what was going on. "I need someone to keep the League honest, and I can't do it alone, nor do I trust myself."

Batman knew that there would be plenty of help in the League soon, Nightwing and Batgirl had both been offered spots as reserve members, but they were still pondering this matter over. Still someone like Green Arrow would keep things nice and even, fair and balanced like it should be.

"So what is your response?"

"Consider me in," Green Arrow responded, deciding that he could always resign if this did not work out.

"Welcome to the team, I know you'll do well," Batman answered, shaking his hand, and Superman and Wonder Woman walked over, both to offer similar sentiments.

The League was ready to head to their next stage, for better or for worse.

To Be Continued in "Fight Club."
Chapter Forty Seven: Fight Club Part One.

A couple more days of intense searching allowed them to receive one conclusion.

"The Stone might not be in Arkham."

Kara voiced this potential possibility to Linda, Harry, and Karen a couple of nights after they had made their initial discovery. The three blonde Kryptonians, and Harry took a moment to reflect upon that situation, but it was Karen who offered the most logical answer out of all of them.

"Is there any basis that it's anywhere other than Arkham, or is that just some rather misplaced wishful thinking from you that it is somewhere else?"

The youngest of the three Potter wives was able to chime in with a response after she mulled it over for a minute. "To be fair, we know the tracking spell is imprecise. We can only pin down a general location, and we know that the Stone is somewhere in Gotham City. And if the Stone is somewhere in Gotham City, it will be a powder keg for power hungry criminals."

Harry pondered every single angle; some of them were too twisted to even contemplate at that moment. He decided to offer the grim truth of the matter.

"Gotham City is nuts enough without some cursed stone causing all kinds of havoc, and whatnot," Harry answered, and his two other wives nodded to that, before Harry decided to muse about the situation. "Of course, is there anything going on in Gotham City right now that seems to be odd?"

Kara just felt he need to sigh in frustration, and began to shake her head from side to side. "It's Gotham City, of course there is something going on, there's always something going in Gotham City. And we just checked with Doctor Fate and…"

"He collaborated that there is a likelihood that the stone is somewhere within the Gotham City limits," Linda responded, staring at the piles and piles of documents in front of her, and the headache that would be created. "But that's a wide area, and there's more than Arkham inside Gotham City."

"For some, Arkham is the number one attraction, and some people are trying to turn it into a tourist spot," Harry answered, giving a deep sigh at the very thought and really he wondered what was wrong with people.

Kara looked completely, and utterly gob-smacked at that bit of news, the very thought of that just seemed to be nearly absurd. Yet, there had been many weirder things in the world than one of the most notorious mental hospitals in the world being turned into a tourist attraction.

"And that isn't a disaster just waiting to happen," Karen responded, putting her hands in her head, but she smiled. "Speaking of patients of Arkham, how is Poison Ivy doing?"

Harry just responded with a smile, and held out the print out that he received, for his three wives to read. All three of them hunched over it, reading it over, carefully just taking every single word of it in. It was a moment before anyone had bothered to respond to what they had just read.

"That's not too bad, if she doesn't double cross us," Kara answered at that point, despite Ivy's help with them so far, there was still some doubt, and there might always be some doubt with her.
There would always be some doubt, and it was at that point, where Harry decided to check to see the latest images from the Patronus Incorporated satellite hookup. It had actually gotten a clear view from its vantage point directly into Gotham City. Or at least as clear as something like that was ever going to get, but never the less they picked up something tangible.

Harry viewed the images, cocking an eyebrow when he saw them, and then Kara, Karen, and Linda scooted over to take a look at them as well. It was Kara who had broken the very real silence with a calm remark.

"Now there's something you don't see every day," Kara remarked, and sure enough it appeared that there was some nightclub in one of the worst parts of Gotham City, but some rather high rollers had stepped in, for a night on the town. They seemed to be talking about something in excited voices although that was guesswork given the lack of audio they picked up.

Harry snapped up the images, trying to see if he could get a clearer shot at them, but found it to be more difficult than he could have ever realized. Time ticked by, and eventually Harry got an image through the window of some kind of caged ring and looked at it. Whatever it is, it was really big business.

"Some kind of underground fight club, likely illegal," Karen responded, leaning over Harry's shoulders and closely analyzing the image. "So, do you think the four of us should check it out?"

"Wish I could, but I've promised the Kents that I'd help them with something around the farm, and plus I haven't seen them in a while," Kara answered, and her gaze snapped towards Linda at this point. "Plus, we need to explain to them about you, and how Harry managed to get himself married to yet another alternate version of me."

Linda just offered an apologetic smile, but Kara patted her on the cheek, a smile crossing her face.

"Not that any of this is your fault, of course," Kara answered, and Linda nodded, she doubted that she could be faulted for any or any of it. It was Harry's fault for being so loveable that she just fell in love with him, he did have that effect on Kryptonian blondes.

And really she would be jumping at the chance to see the Kents again, even if it was not her version of the Kents. The entire alternate universe thing could make a person's head spin, and Linda was not immune from this fact. The blonde Kryptonian felt a stirring of guilt of what happened to the Kents.

"So, I guess it's you and me, Harry, some little one on one time to check this out," Karan answered, with a smile.

Harry responded back with a smile of his own, looking at his second wife, and pulling her into a tight embrace. "I can hardly wait...maybe the stone is there?"

"It's worth a shot," Karen answered, and with that, Kara and Linda looked about ready to go away. The four Potters exchanged passionate goodbyes, and exchanged kisses. First Kara and Karen kissed, and then Linda and Harry kissed, both sets of lips smashing together. Then the Potters traded off, with Karen and Linda offering a passionate embrace, with Kara and Harry doing so at that point, enjoying the moment they had with each other.

Linda and Kara were off to Smallville where they would be gone for most of the weekend, leaving Karen and Harry to spend some quality time together, hitting the town in Gotham City, and what better way to spend that time together than to bust up some underground Fight Club.
Harry left the room, and Karen prepared to get ready, only hearing the few snatches of conversation from the opposite room that came next.

"Hey, Hermione, could you do me a favor, and run a check on this fight club, thanks?"

"What would you do without Hermione?" Karen asked, when Harry left to get dressed into his usual attire, and Harry just responded with a grin, as he snaked his arm around Karen's waist, the two spouses standing there.

"Likely, a lot more painstaking research," Harry admitted in an honest voice, but he hoped that if anyone could dig up anything on the impossible, it was Hermione. At that moment, the two super powered spouses proceeded to clear off to the chaotic maze that often was Gotham City.

At this point, the unknown awaited the two of them as they took a journey into the strange and mysterious.

Many people often called Las Vegas the city that never slept, but that distinction could also be given to Gotham City. At least in the arena of crime, where a criminal element never slept, and always plotted, for they were truly superstitious and cowardly lot that had plagued the citizens of Gotham City.

There was a seedier element that had also plagued the city, and right now two figures swooped down outside of a rather high scale club in one of the better parts of Gotham City, if there were any better parts of Gotham City. The club seemed to be on the up and up on the surface, but it was what was going on elsewhere in the club that was the problem. There were rumors, whispers, of an underground and extremely illegal fight club that was taking place.

Two women watched closely across the street, seeing several high rollers in Gotham City walk inside.

One of the women had long golden blonde hair, and a face that many men would die for, but do not let the pretty face fool you, she could be a serious threat in hand to hand. She wore a tight black bustier, with a black jacket wrapped over it, and fishnet stockings, a costume that raised a few eyebrows, but often led her enemies into a false sense of security. Her canary cry was extremely dangerous, rattling the ears of her enemies. Her name was Dinah Lance, or Black Canary.

The other had dark black hair, with a short black top that showed her toned abs, the result of doing a thousand sit ups a day, and a pair of short black shorts that showed her toned legs. Her name was Helena Bertinelli, or as she had often been known as the Huntress. Right now, these two were scoping out the scene, as their first official mission on the Justice League, where The Martian Manhunter had deployed them.

"This is the place, looks normal enough to me," Black Canary whispered to her League teammate, and the Huntress just offered a bit of a brief nod, and inclined her head.

"Yeah, normal, my foot," Huntress replied, and she looked outside, but suddenly another rustling sound was heard about her, and they spun around to see a young woman with flowing red hair, dressed in a black outfit with a bat insignia stand on the ledge above them. "And I guess giving people heart attacks is common in Gotham City."

"No, just with us," the woman known as Batgirl responded, a shadow of a smile crossing over her face before she saw her two fellow female crime fighters. "The League's doing an investigation on this little fight club I see, well…Batman's doing one as well."
"That much is obvious," Black Canary offered, sizing up the teammate of Batman, it would be foolish to call her a sidekick because that would give the impression that she was not her own person. "So, what have you been able to uncover?"

"Only that Rupert Thorne is involved somewhat in this little game, one of the top mob bosses in Gotham City, it's funny how much info the Penguin was willing to give up in the name of undercutting a business rival," Batgirl answered, placing her hands to her hips, and suddenly a two more arrivals had shown up, causing the group to get started.

Batgirl, Black Canary, and the Huntress saw Power Girl and Arcane standing before them on the edge of the rooftop.

"So, the Justice League, and Batman are a part of this too," Arcane answered, and the three superheroines all nodded in affirmation. "We think this fight club might have something to do with Cadmus, I trust that the League has briefed you on that."

All three nodded to confirm that they had been informed all about the mysterious government organization known as Cadmus. Exactly what their true motive was, it remained rather silent.

"We think that Cadmus might be using the organization as a front for test subjects," Harry responded, and that got the attention of everyone to say the least. "They might be…"

Before Arcane could explain any more, Black Canary gave a gasp, and saw a very familiar face make his way into the club, not there as a spectator, but as someone who was willing for a fight. She mouthed and widened her eyes, shaking her head.

"What's the problem?" Huntress asked in a curious voice.

Black Canary was only too happy to verify what the problem was. "That's….Wildcat, he's my mentor, and he's….well Wildcat is going into the fight club, I can't believe it."

Batgirl understood it immediately, Wildcat had been one of Batman's mentors as well, and taught him a lot about hand to hand combat, and how to handle himself. There had been many who had trained Bruce, and he was a cagey old man, but a bit slower.

"Why would he go in there, if our information is right, there are people in there that would kill him just because who he is," Black Canary said, and she took a step forward, but Huntress grabbed her by the wrist.

"Whoa there cowgirl, don't go jumping in, maybe he's a referee or something," Huntress said at that moment, but Black Canary looked rather dubious at that point.

'Some people just can't give it up,' Karen thought to Harry at that moment, and Harry looked at her. 'It is a mania of fighters, who can't succumb to their mortality, and just hang it up. They keep pushing themselves on.'

'It's like a drug,' Harry commented.

'Yeah, even in the scripted world of professional wrestling, people just can't give it up either, it's the rush of the crowd that drives them, and the thrill of the combat, but it just seems worse in fighting,' Karen thought to Harry, and they watched as Black Canary seemed to restrain herself from jumping down, and attacking everyone.

"What we need is a plan," Batgirl remarked, breaking the rather apparent silence that had occurred.
No one expected anything less from a disciple of Batman, and Power Girl and Arcane already had flown ahead to scope out the type of security that was around the club. Along with what they would have to do to get inside, without hopefully being seen, and then shut the Fight Club down once they figured out the Cadmus connection to it.

Arcane, Power Girl, Batgirl, Black Canary, and Huntress all had made their way around the Fight Club, finding their own way to the inside. The two Potters had found a sewer access to the basement, and Black Canary, Huntress, and Batgirl had found their way to get inside, but the communicator came to life.

"Yes, Hermione, what do you need?" Harry asked at that point, and Hermione's voice popped up to tell Harry what she had found.

"I've did a lot of deep digging, and Thorne is involved like we thought, and Cadmus is involved as well, also there is a front man named Edgar Prince who is funding a great portion of this club."

"Who is Edgar Prince?" Karen asked in a curious voice, and Hermione just chuckled.

"I've been able to figure out that he was a ghost from Batman's past, one of the relics from a more innocent time, Egghead," Hermione responded, and Harry and Karen remembered, Harry more so because he saw the exhibit hiding around in the cave, shoved in the back out of sight. Batman wanted to remember that bit, but at the same did not want anyone else to remember. "He inherited a great deal of money when he married some Queen of the Cossacks years ago, and promptly had her deported once he had the money safely in an account."

Harry and Karen both nodded, that was something that figured, but Hermione had even more information to give them, so they gave her the opening to do so.

"Then, we have the star attraction to the fight club, and there are many, many of them are ex-cons, and various meta humans."

"So our theory about Cadmus scouting this club for talent is right," Harry mused, and Karen put an arm around him, leaning against Harry.

"Anyway, I've been able to get some information on the fight club's star attraction, and oh boy, does he have quite the convoluted little backstory," Hermione responded with a bit of a smile on her face on the other side, even though Karen and Harry could not see it. "And that's a lot coming from me, given the insanity rolling around in the back of my head."

Karen and Harry took a brief moment to appreciate the information that Hermione had given them, but there was a lot that they needed to know, and the Amazonian witch was going to give it to them.

"So, apparently this guy was burned in a fire years ago, but he healed. Still he wore a mask for years, thinking that the burns were still there, even though they were all psychological, and not physical. He was kept in the basement by his father for fifteen years, feeding on rats, but for some reason he was allowed out to go to the prom, or something."

"How sporting of him," Karen responded at that moment, in a dry voice.

Hermione paused, and continued.

"He apparently had a girlfriend named Katie, but that didn't end so well, for either of them apparently, and he also shocked a man's testicles with a car battery, really where to people come up
with this stuff? He was nearly a father, but lost the child, thanks to a fellow fighter, but it wasn't this guy's fault."

Hermione snickered at the absurdity of this backstory, deciding to give Karen and Harry some time to process everything that they had to get, before she grew suddenly serious and rather morbid at that point, taking a long and deep breath. Hermione shook her head, on the other end.

"Oh, and he also did some work as a dentist."

Karen and Harry blinked, that seemed to be a rather odd piece of information to uncover.

"But rather absurd backstory aside, he seems to be…how shall we say this, a nasty piece of work."

Karen and Harry took a moment to really settle in, and Harry felt a sense of impending dread coming on. Slowly, Harry opened his mouth, to state something that would prompt his best friend to give him more information.

"What kind of nasty piece of work?"

Hermione took a moment to allow everything to settle in before enlightening them on the information.

"He's killed every single opponent that he's been in the ring against, and in quite nasty ways as well, ripping their spines out," Hermione answered with a grimace, and there was a moment where she paused. "He also has super natural abilities over fire, and immense strength, along with invulnerability, which might be the most believable part of his backstory."

Karen and Harry nodded, and suddenly they spotted that Batgirl, Black Canary, and Huntress had made their way inside, and the sounds of the cheering crowd.

"Does this prize fighter have a name?" Karen asked at that moment.

"His name is Titan," Hermione responded with a grim voice. "He's had almost a hundred fights, without a loss."

"And people have not shut this down, why?" Karen asked in a gasp.

"Gotham City, there are bribes exchanged every single day, from the top parts of the city," Harry answered, shaking his head, but there was a moment where he took a pause. "And Commissioner Gordon can only do so much when there are people higher up than him who lean on him to look the other way."

That's why Batgirl was sent in there, to get evidence where even the highest of higher ups could not turn the other way, and Power Girl and Arcane hoped that it was the case. In the meantime, Power Girl, and Arcane made their way into the club.

"The following contest is a number one contenders match, where the winner will face the champion Titan later on in this event. First, in this corner, a grizzled veteran of the ring wars, the one and only Wildcat!"

'We have a problem,' Harry thought.

'Only if Wildcat wins,' Karen thought, but they heard the announcement of the next person who was in the fight.
"And his opponent, the hottest young superstar in the fight club scene, the seductress with a fiery personality, Volcana!"

Karen and Harry exchanged a very prominent "oh shit" look, and knew that they were in a no win situation.

'What the hell are you thinking, Claire?' Harry asked, shaking his head from side to side, as they rushed off to warn Black Canary, Huntress, and Batgirl about what they were up against.

A few moments ago, Wildcat was doing his pre-match ritual of stretches, and drinking one of his world famous protein shakes, when the door opened, and he turned around, seeing the three enter the locker room. The old grizzled fighter had a look of discontent on his face when he saw who showed up.

"Did you see the sign?" Wildcat asked in a gruff voice, and Black Canary looked at him with an impassive look. "It said fighters only."

"Ted, you can't be doing this, you're not as young as you used to be," Black Canary said without any kind of preamble, looking at her mentor. As true to form, he was as stubborn as ever.

"Yeah, that's for sure," Huntress muttered under her breath, but she was silenced by a look from Canary.

"No, Dinah, if I've told you once, I've told you this a million times, you're only young as you feel, and I feel great standing toe to toe with this meta-humans, proves that I really have a place still in this so called young man's world," Wildcat stated in a stubborn voice. He was always stubborn, as a mule, and that much had been proven with the attitude he had taken for this recent round of fights.

Batgirl had heard the stories about Wildcat, but had never met the man up close, at least until now. Now Batgirl understood why Batman said he was one of the most difficult mentors that he ever had, and that was saying something. If Batman said someone was stubborn, then one should believe that they were stubborn.

"I appreciate the concern, but I'm a grown man, and I can fight my own battles," Wildcat grunted. "If I win this fight, it's up to the big guy, and after I win this one, I'll be hanging up the old gloves after this final hurray."

Black Canary tried to make Wildcat see reason even if she saw she was fighting an uphill battle.

"What if something happens?" Black Canary asked, and Wildcat shook his head.

"Look, I'm going to be late for my fight, and I can't have you three swoop in her like some Birds of Prey or something, and distract me. This is why that one guy said that women made you weak in the knees, never understanding what has to be done."

Wildcat turned around, and walked past Black Canary, Huntress, and Batgirl, on his way to the ring, and Black Canary just sighed. The golden haired woman wanted to slap her hand into her face.

"He's as stubborn as I heard he was," Batgirl remarked in a nonchalant voice, and Black Canary shook her head.

"Tell me about it, and he's getting worse with age," Black Canary responded, and they could hear
the entrances go off in the arena. "I suppose we can't force him to do what we want."

"Sure we can," Huntress answered in a quick voice, and she looked at her two fellow crime fighters. "Jump in the cage, and pull him out, what's the worst that could happen?"

Batgirl did not even want to dignify this answer with a response, there was really no time to do so when Power Girl and Arcane popped up.

"I'm guessing that you didn't talk any sense into Wildcat," Arcane stated without pause the moment that he set his eyes on Black Canary, and she responded with a swift nod at that moment.

"That's putting it mildly, the man is stubborn," Black Canary said, putting her fists to her side in frustration. "I want to get in the cage myself, and knock him around, but he just wants to read the next blurb about how he's defying the odds at an advanced age. Can you believe him?"

"More, than you ever know," Arcane answered, before he took a deep breath. "And if he wins his next fight, then the fight after that will be his last fight."

"Come again?" Batgirl asked, and it was Power Girl who proceeded to jump in next with the explanation.

"He's fighting an undefeated fighter that has killed pretty much every single opponent that he has been in the ring against."

This news caused Black Canary to bolt for the door, nearly breaking it off of the hinges without her canary cry. Batgirl followed at that moment, but Huntress stood with Power Girl and Arcane, shaking her head and giving a deep sigh.

"And people call me impulsive," Huntress commented at that moment, taking a moment to sigh, and reflect before she turned to Power Girl and Arcane, addressing them directly. "So, all they have to is enter the cage, and somehow cost Wildcat the match, he goes home free, and the other guy is the one that takes the bullet."

"Not the other guy, the other girl, and she's some kid in way over her head," Harry answered, and Huntress turned to him, corking an eyebrow up in a quizzical manner. "Let's follow them, we'll explain on the way."

That they did.

In the top box, the fight promoter, and commentary, a woman dressed in red named Roulette watched, eyes narrowed at the fight below. There was a tattoo of a dragon going down her leg and she watched the fight, ready to see what was going to happen. She had to give the old man some credit, he had fought every single opponent that she sent his way, and had sent them packing. However, this comeback story was going to get the tragic twist that the marks ate up.

Should he win this next fight, Wildcat would step into the ring with Titan, and Titan would crush him. Roulette just hoped that the match would last more than thirty seconds, which was the record of Titan's opponents.

The monitor beside Roulette had come to life, and suddenly the image of one Edgar Prince came to life, a sadistic smile.

"I must say, Roulette, you have exceeded all egg-spectations, and have brought Cadmus plenty of fresh meat for our experimentations, you have served us well," Edgar Prince said, and he took a
moment to reflect. "But what is this of this butcher, Titan he's called, when would we be expecting him to come to us, hmm?"

"Let me ride out his popularity for a few more months, make some money, which you are getting a cut of I should remind you," Roulette answered, and Prince responded with a swift nod at that moment. "We'll get him to you, in due time."

"Well the higher ups on the board of directors are not a patient lot, just remember that," Edgar Prince responded, and Roulette just inclined her head with a brief nod, she knew all too well how impatient the higher ups are. "And keep up the egg-select work."

"Yes, I will, egg-cell," Roulette answered in a dry voice.

"Now, you're just being ridiculous really," Prince dead panned, and the communication went dead before Roulette turned to announce her public, and took a deep breath to announce tonight's semi-main event match.

"The following contest is a number one contenders match, where the winner will face the champion Titan later on in this event. First, in this corner, a grizzled veteran of the ring wars, the one and only Wildcat!"

The crowd applauded a hometown favorite, the underdog who had made a comeback despite his doubters saying that he was too old to fight. He had proved them wrong, and the cheers of the fans were the greatest drug. His doctor warned him against fighting, because of a heart condition, but what did doctors know anyway?

He looked in the corner, and saw a girl dressed in black spandex, with flaming red hair, and a bit of a bored expression on her face.

"Hey, wait, she's just a kid, I don't know about this," Wildcat remarked as he had some reservations.

Volcana seemed to be agitated by this brush off of her capabilities.

"I'm not a kid, I'm twenty one years old," Volcana responded, her eyes glaring at Wildcat, she needed to prove herself. If she won this bout, and defeated Titan, she would have her freedom from Cadmus, Roulette and Prince promised her that much.

If she lost, well she'd have a date with a dissection table.

"Just a kid to me, come on, you can't think you can take me," Wildcat responded, and Volcana immediately knocked the grizzled old man into the cage at the bell.

"Yeah, want to bet," Volcana responded, and her eyes heated up, but one the rules were no powers until the third round, if it made that far that was.

There were five three minute rounds in Meta Brawl, where someone could win by their opponent not answering a standing ten count, or by them yielding to them.

A referee exited the cage, he would only be on the outside to call the match, and for the bell if an opponent cheated using their powers before the third round. Wildcat dodged several attacks by Volcana, who was frustrated, and Wildcat folded her arm behind the young girl's back.

"Listen, just go down, and it will be all over, I can tell in your eyes your some troubled kid, thinking that fighting's the answer," Wildcat answered, shaking his head.
Agitation filled the body of the red haired youth as her attacks became more frantic, because she was fighting for her freedom. Wildcat did not bother to fight back, trying to get her to see some sense. The crowd was booing by how dry the fight was turning out to be.

"Well, if you're going to be so high and mighty about me not fighting, then why are you doing it?" Volcana demanded, and she shoved Wildcat into the cage, but he bounced off, coming out swinging.

The two opponents circled each other as the first round had drawn to a close, when suddenly, the doors of the entrance ramp burst open. Black Canary fought her way out with a barrage of kicks and punches, and the security guards were sent flying at that moment, with Batgirl following her closely behind.

"Well, I guess we're in the thick of things now!" Batgirl remarked, repelling up to the rafters using her grapple, and then swinging down, to kick two beefy security guards directly in the face, sending them down.

Huntress showed up as well, knocking them down with a kick, as the battle in the cage stopped, with Wildcat turning around to gawk at Black Canary.

"What's she doing?" Wildcat grumbled, clutching his fist inside the cage, but the referee turned around, and unbuttoned his shirt, to reveal a muscular physique that put some of the fighters to shame.

Black Canary rushed over to enter the cage, but the beefed up referee grabbed Black Canary, and hurled her back. She landed into the front row, and Huntress engaged the referee in battle, but he pounded her as well. The two female crime fighters jumped at the jacked up referee at once, but he smashed them down with a double clothesline.

"Get em Earl!" shouted a fan from the crowd as Black Canary and Huntress tried to huddle together for some kind of plan.

Batgirl swooped in for the other side, and tried to throw her baterang, but the referee caught it, and crushed it into paste. Before the referee could go after Batgirl, a flying fist smashed the referee hard to the ground, and Power Girl had knocked him down to the ground. The referee was laid out for the ten.

Being the constant performer, Roulette managed to twist this unexpected event into being part of a show, because it was all about putting an ass every eighteen inches.

"And we have pandemonium here as tonight's main event match has been interrupted by a trio of heroines who we are now calling the Birds of Prey! And also Power Girl has gotten involved, and there goes the referee, that was vintage Power Girl here folks! And now Arcane is involved, and they trying to get the cage door open. However, the cage has been reinforced so not even Superman can break inside, and they are flying over the top of the cage, into the ring where the two competitors have stopped fighting!"

Harry and Karen landed in the cage, just as Roulette had commented on.

"Fight's over, neither one, both of you are living another day," Arcane answered.

Volcana's eyes snapped towards Arcane, desperation swam in them as she breathed heavily.

"I have to win, I have to beat him!" Volcana yelled at the top of her lungs, desperation showing through on her face.
"No, you don't have to do anything, we'll get you help, seriously get out of here," Harry told her in a stern voice, and without any other word, Power Girl plucked up Volcana, and got her out of the cage, with Harry doing the same to Wildcat simultaneously before they dropped down, depositing them outside of the cage.

Both Wildcat and Volcana protested about their chance at glory and freedom being interrupted, but neither Potter wanted to hear it right now.

"So if both of them had been attacked, that means neither of them wins," Karen offered, and Harry responded with a brisk nod, hoping that it will be the end of that, but Roulette was up. "How about we go after her next?"

"Good plan," Harry answered, but the doors of the entrance ramp began to thunder.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, in a special match, Arcane and Power Girl have agreed to step into the cage against the undefeated champion Titan."

This little declaration caught the super powered duo off guard.

"Wait a minute, we've agreed?" Karen demanded, but Harry just grabbed her arm, and suddenly a loud crash echoed, with a large bald figure of over seven feet tall stepped from the locker room area, towering over them. He held his arms up and caused a pyro explosion that heated up the arena.

"Through Hellfire and Brimstone it's Titan!"

"I smell a Kryptonian," growled the menace known as Titan. "Two of them."

Arcane and Power Girl exchanged an expression, as the towering monster walked forward, and immediately, Harry sent a slicing spell at him.

The spell bounced off his thick frame, and Titan continued to walk forward, like the juggernaut that he was, as Karen and Harry wondered what was this guy, and how were they going to defeat him?
Chapter 48: Fight Club Part Two.

The undefeated champion of Roulette's fight club was on his way to the cage. Harry and Karen stood before him, not blinking, not backing down, not even wavering for an instant. It was going to be a hell of a battle that they had before them. They knew that someone like that was going to be an extremely dangerous threat, that much was proven when Harry's first spell just repelled off of him. A double barrage of spells yielded little success as well.

Titan stormed the ring, sadistic intentions in mind, smelling the Kryptonians, two of them, but these were not the Kryptonians that he wanted. This thought had caused the monster to give a large growl. For months, Roulette had been stringing him along, giving him fights, with the promise of a battle with Superman, which he judged to be the toughest competition on this pathetic planet. While Titan appreciated the fresh meat, he wanted to be fed more, bigger game, and who bigger than Superman. The fact that the Man of Steel was the son of his jailer was just icing on the cake.

For years of his life, Titan had been known for his sadistic brutality, and he had a habit of setting people on fire, watching them burn to death with glee. This little habit had him brought out on criminal charges. Jor-El had trapped him in the Phantom Zone, but thanks to a worm hole that had opened up, Titan escaped his containment. The worm hole was small, and insignificant, but it was one that gave Titan enough time to get out of the Phantom Zone.

"You better give me a good fight!" Titan growled as he peered down at his two newest opponents and he cracked his knuckles, the warrior spirit obviously flowing through his veins. The last few sacks of meat did not do so well, in fact they lost before the first round was over.

Karen and Harry now there in the cage, and Titan followed them inside with sadistic intentions. The two Potters once again sent an even powerful blast of magic into him, but once again, the juggernaut before them kept his movement and stormed the pair of them.

'A direct attack isn't going to beat him,' Karen thought, fixing her eyes up, and flying out of the way as Titan tried to charge her. Titan grabbed at her in the air as Karen fired a series of kicks at him but the monster did not budge an inch.

'That much is obvious,' Harry thought back as he tried to wrap ropes around Titan, but Titan busted himself out of the bindings, before lumbering forward to go after the two Potters and continued his forward movement.

'So we do what my teacher taught me,' Karen replied mentally, giving Harry a slight knowing smile at the situation. She then proceeded to continue the line of thought in her mind. 'We manipulate the surroundings against him.'

'Yeah, we can do that,' Harry agreed mentally, hoping that it would work, because they were out of options and they had nothing else that would work.

Karen and Harry thought as one, being bonded together, and their spells ricocheted off of the side of the cage, and the ground rumbled beneath the feet of the fighter before them. Titan charged them, but Karen and Harry ducked, and Titan ran headfirst into the cage, which heated up at Harry's spell.

Titan grimaced a bit, and Karen flew at Titan's leg at super speed as she tried to take out the leg of
the bigger fighter. Being over seven feet tall, it was a key rule of fighting to take the legs out of the bigger man, and Harry flew above Titan, going for the eyes. Titan screamed in agony, with his eyes being bombarded with a heavy magical attack.

Oh yes, Harry just found a weak spot, and that fact made him smile, Titan was not a monster, he was a man, or whatever he was. Regardless he could be hurt and Harry was intent on hurting him. Another attack fired directly to the eyes to further blind Titan as it staggered the monster back.

Karen and Harry flew back towards the cage, bouncing back, and knocked Titan for another loop, as Roulette watched above, seeing her star attraction being put on the ropes. The Two Potters rocked back off of the cage and connected into Titan for the second time that evening, then a third time.

The crowd was on their feet, but many watched nervously, having put big bets on Titan winning. The various mobsters in Gotham City would not be pleased with losing all of their money off of the various side bets they made. So needless to say they were on pins and needles as they waited for the outcome to transpire.

Roulette sweated like a pig in the suit, and she heard the sounds of Black Canary, Batgirl, and Huntress doing battle with the security she had set up, getting closer to her. The woman tried to adjust herself, with a great deal of bravado when she spoke. "Now, Titan is on the rebound, he better bounce back before he loses this fight, and proves that he is not the greatest fighter that ever lived, merely just another mere mortal."

Titan gave a loud growl at being called nothing but a mere mortal, and he would show this woman what for. He was the strongest that there was. The large monster known as Titan continued the fight, and knocked both Karen and Harry back into the cage. He picked up Harry, and tried to shake him like a ragdoll, but Harry slipped out of his grasp to kick him hard in the face as he flipped over and then staggered backwards before the dark haired wizard bounced off of the cage.

Harry and Karen summoned the bolts of the cage, and then one of the steel walls toppled over, falling on top of Titan. The wire only barely cut him, and Titan ripped himself through, but Karen slid through, and kicked Titan hard below the belt.

That was the one part of him that did not seem to be invulnerable as the monster hunched over and Harry summoned all of his power, charging up the ring, before creating a bright blue battle axe. The crowd had to duck their heads, nearly blinded by the dazzling display of power, and the large axe came down on top of the head of Titan.

The monster growled, a splitting headache going throughout his body, and Karen and Harry flew at him at a ballistic speed, hoisting him up onto the ground. Roulette gave an astonished gasp from the top box, and her eyes widened.

"This is unbelievable, the champion has never been taken off his feet!"

That one statement was rather blocked out by Karen and Harry, and the two flew Titan into the air, with the monster struggling and kicking at them. Harry and Karen would not back up, they would take him higher and higher into the sky. They gained more, and more height, before they flew him back down. Titan was nearly lit on fire when he tried to fight back, going further and further down towards the base of the ring.

Karen and Harry erected shields with their rings to protect any bystanders from the fallout of what was happening, before Titan was slammed hard through the mat with an intense force, and through the mat, a phrase that had never been more literal.
"This is the first time ever in any combat sport where one competitor has slammed another through the ring!" Roulette yelled in astonishment as Titan crashed hard through the mat.

Titan got slammed through the mat, through the concrete, and all the way down to the basement of the arena, nearly going through that floor to the sewers below.

Karen and Harry got up to their feet, with Titan's battered form down on the ground, and the two Potters seemed rather okay, shaken up maybe, but they were okay. It was a tough battle, but it was one that they fought together and weathered the storm.

At least until Titan delivered one zombie sit-up of doom, and looked up at them with bloodshot eyes, pieces of metal impaled into his body. Titan got to his feet, struggling, blood dripping down from his mouth. Karen and Harry braced themselves for a fight.

Titan staggered forward, and offered them two parting words as he continued to wobble on his feet. "Good fight."

With that declaration, Titan dropped to the ground, blood pouring from his body, and he breathed no more, fought no more, the warrior had been defeated. He had gone out the way he wanted to go out, a fight to the death. And that made his death a rather happy one.

Karen and Harry did not have any words, and could hear the sounds of combat high above them. Not wanting to miss out on the action, the two Potters flew out of the hole they created, and actually got a pretty big pop from the fans for that one. They soaked in the cheers, but only for a second before they flew off to engage Roulette in battle.

Roulette sat in the top box of the club, eyes widened, scarcely believing what had transpired, yet seeing was believing, and the fight club promoter saw her star attraction be beaten. At least Cadmus would be getting their corpse, but she would have liked to milk out his popularity for a few more months. As a promoter, and someone who knew how to make money, she wanted to get the most she could out of such a dominating force for the longest period that she could.

Of course, Power Girl and Arcane ruined that by taking down the monster, and the fans were cheering, screaming, and practically throwing babies in the air at this victory. Roulette leaned forward, hands on her chin, and pondered what was going down at that moment, before a calculating smile crossed her face. Perhaps this was something that could be milked, and draw even more people, get even more money, and put even more asses in the seats, so to speak.

"Titan has been defeated, I repeat, Titan has been defeated, the undefeated champion has lost, and we have security down into the basement, and I'm being informed that there will be no return match! It's the end of Titan, folks, he has been obliterated, and sent practically to hell when Power Girl and Arcane have defeated him!"

The door busted open, and security went flying, with Roulette offering a battle stance. Black Canary stood before Roulette, with Huntress and Batgirl following a few steps behind them. Determined looks were on all of their faces.

"Titan's not the only one being shut down, Roulette," Batgirl said, and she rushed the fight promoter, ready and able to attack.

Roulette proved to be more than just another pretty face, or just a promoter coasting off of the talents of her fighters, if need be, this woman could actually go. She proved that much while...
grabbing Batgirl's ankle, and twisting it down, before slamming the point of her knee down across
the ground.

With one swift movement Roulette had taken the protégé of Batman down to the ground and it was
a great feeling to do so.

Batgirl winced in absolute pain as she shook off the attack whilst Black Canary rushed Roulette,
but Roulette dodged her attack. Another attack was dodged when Roulette led her into a false sense
of security. A pivot by Roulette led into a kick, but Black Canary blocked that one, and swept the
leg out from underneath Roulette. Roulette maintained her momentum, doing a flip, and landing
directly on her feet, and trying to pull out a gun.

Huntress disarmed her with a well-placed shot, and Black Canary let out a canary cry that knocked
Roulette off of balance. Roulette was on the ground, but not out, as she sprayed mace in the eyes of
Black Canary before she hit the blinded super heroine a stiff headbutt to the face of Black Canary.

A little blood and blindness was not something that would deter Black Canary for long, she could
still fight despite the obvious handicaps, but Roulette was no pushover. She had taken down men
three times her size at least, and she swung a knife, trying to stab Canary with it.

A well place baterang from Batgirl knocked the knife out of her hand, and now Huntress rushed in
to continue the attack. Roulette was taken off guard by the assault from Huntress as the crime
fighter went after her.

Huntress slammed Roulette into the wall, and Roulette struggled against her until two security
guards rushed in, beefed up, with physics that could not be possible without some sort of chemical
enhancement. The three crime fighters readied themselves for a fight as Black Canary rubbed her
red eyes and Batgirl manipulated her body, doing a tuck and roll, and one of the security guards
was tripped up.

The second security guard had a grapple wrapped around his legs, and Batgirl gave a mighty tug,
feeling her shoulders popping underneath the attack. The security guard reached forward, trying to
grab Batgirl around the neck, but the red haired heroine knocked him back. Black Canary knocked
back that attack, sending him back at that point, and Huntress contributed her own action to the
assault.

In the confusion, Roulette slipped away, trying to plan for a strategic retreat. She knew when she
was licked, and was climbing out of the exit of the box she was in, trying to disappear into the
rabble. Batgirl, Huntress, and Black Canary fought security at that moment with a series of rapid
fire punches, kicks, and takedowns that were too fast to keep track of, and Roulette knew that she
would get away, all she had to make it to the open doors where transport could be found in the
alley.

That was the last thought that went through her head, before a bright bolt of golden light did at that
point. Roulette dropped down to the ground as her knees crumpled out from underneath her at that
moment.

Roulette was down and knocked out for the count, as the remaining security guards had been taken
out by a swift attack that nailed them by the head. The entire fight club was in the midst of a riot,
but the doors burst open, with several of Gotham City's finest making their way inside the Fight
Club for a raid. Several guns were pulled on both sides, but tear gas had been thrown and tazers
were brought out.

Arcane and Power Girl noticed several high profile mobsters, who had decided to take that moment
as an excuse to air their very real grievances with each other, and they began to fire their guns. Innocent civilians would have been caught in the crossfire, had they not reacted rather quickly.

The escaping crowd did not watch where they were going. Roulette was trampled on by the escaping patrons, and more Gotham City Police Department officials rushed into the building to gain control. It was rather close to becoming a real riot scene unless it had been pacified.

"Guys, there's a laptop up here, Roulette was using it to communicate with someone," Batgirl announced to them over the communication link that they had.

Curiosity had gotten the better of Karen and Harry at this point, and the two heroes flew up, with Karen communicating to her husband through their mind to mind link.

'Let's take a look at that laptop that Batgirl found up there,' Karen thought, and Harry nodded his consent, and the two of them set down at that point, before Karen grabbed a device from her bag, and uplinked it to the computer.

Karen began to track the source of the communication, and with any luck they would be able to find out who Roulette was communicating with. Harry and Karen managed to track the signal to a certain location.

'Something tells me that's not going to be that easy,' Harry thought to Karen, and Karen had to nod in response, but still they had to check. If there was one clue, one miniscule hint about what Cadmus had to do with this, or any hint to track them down, the two of them were going to take it.

The Gotham City Police Department entered the fight club, after finally receiving the proof they needed to shut them down. It had been open for months and months, but there had been many false leads. Commissioner James Gordon remembered them all well, and knew that he should have shut down this club months back when it first started up. The higher politicians in this town were in the pocket of people who did not want this club shut down.

Now Gordon had the perfect excuse to do so and go over the heads of those high end politicians in Gotham City and shut this place down.

"Alright, scum, clear out, the show's over!"

That was the abrasive voice of one Harvey Bullock, who stood in the background, and several of Gotham City's mobsters had been placed into handcuffs. The entire lot of them would be hauled off for a night in jail, and then they would be tried. It was all too unfortunate that many of them would be out over the next couple of days, because that was just how things worked in Gotham City.

However, the fact of the matter was that these mobsters would have more than a few broken bones, and suffer the consequences of what was happening. The mobsters grumbled, and talked about wanting to call their attorneys, just standard rough talk, but Bullock paid them no mind. Rather he began to chew on his toothpick, and flicked it to the ground, watching the scum being carried off.

"Seems like a good haul, doesn't it, Jim?" Bullock responded, and Gordon responded with a brief nod, the veteran Gotham City Police Commissioner just nodding his head up and down. "We get these guys out of here, and they're going to be put away for a long time if we get any say of it."

Gordon hoped that he could keep some of these people off of the stretch, and the fight promoter
herself had been stomped into a practically catatonic state, so she would not be giving any problems any time soon. There was not even a chance that she would be lasting much longer through the night. That was something that Gordon was willing to stake his money on at that point and he was far from a betting man.

"Let's hope for the best," Gordon responded, putting his hands against the wall, and hearing several of his best men coming up the stairs from the basement. There was a large gaping hole in the ring from where Arcane and Power Girl had put Titan through the ground, so that was worthy of some investigation. Gordon turned to a group of Gotham's finest. "Well?"

"Sir, you're not going to believe this, but Titan is gone," one of the cops responded.

Gordon corked an eyebrow, looking at several of his finest officers of the law, and he spoke a confused declaration. "Gone, what do you mean gone?"

"He's been taken out, there's nothing, but blood," one of the officers answered at that point, and all of them looked rather confused to say the very least.

None was more baffled than Commissioner Gordon, who had turned to the side. Bullock had helped himself to some of the donuts that had been left on the table in the locker room area, and turned to Gordon.

"So, what do you think, Commish?"

"I don't know what to think at this point, Harvey," Gordon admitted at that point, and Commissioner Gordon turned off to the side, watching everything happen, no doubt there would be mountains of paperwork that would be awaiting him in the morning. This entire mess was confusing. "All I can say is that it may be something that is far beyond our jurisdiction, all of us."

Gordon turned around, and half expected Batman to show up, but there was no show from Batman. It was becoming more and more obvious that Batman was dividing himself between the Justice League more and more. Gordon took Batman's absences as an opportunity to amp up his forces, and try and tighten them up. The last thing that he wanted to be was someone that would have to be totally reliant upon Batman.

The help from Batman, or his various sidekicks had been something that was appreciated, but Gordon did not want to rely on it. The fighters had vanished into the night, but many of them had been manipulated by Roulette, through blackmail, or other means that were nasty. So there would be no real charges that would be given.

Right now, it was time for the Gotham City Police Department to get everything situated, and figure out who should accused of criminal activity, and who was just a drunken idiot. That was something that would be determined in a number of days, but for right now they were going to clean some house.

It was just another day at the office for Gotham City's finest and Gordon found himself counting down the years until retirement. Although knowing his luck, he would have been shot and killed three days before it.

The Gotham City police force left the scene of the crime, with the completely destroyed Fight Club being cleared out. Huntress, Batgirl, and Black Canary all stood watching over, savoring the fruits of their victory. They had some snags in the entire working together thing, but Roulette and her
"Goons got knocked around at that point. It was Huntress who broke the silence.

"Call me crazy, but that was kind of fun."

Black Canary and Batgirl both had to agree as the two of them nodded their heads, and giving their assessment. The truth was that battle could have ended very badly, and Batgirl had to report back to Batman what she found. Black Canary and Huntress were heading back to the Justice League after this was over to report to them.

"It was a rather satisfying night," Black Canary offered, giving a slight shrug of her shoulders. "Showed them what for."

"What about Wildcat?" Batgirl asked at that point, and Black Canary offered a sigh.

"He's going to spend a night in lock up, before he gets let out, maybe that will give him some time to think over what happened," Black Canary offered, and Huntress just offered a brief shadow of a smile.

"Or he'll come back out, rough and tumble as ever."

"Or that, yes," Black Canary agreed, barely able to suppress the smile she had on her face. Wildcat was someone who would keep coming back for more, if he sensed a fight, that much was more than obvious. That was just the type of person that he was.

Black Canary leaned against the wall of the arena, and they moved their way from the backstage area where they stood out. The fight club was in one of the seedier parts of Gotham City, and given the type of upstanding citizens that tended to end up in Gotham City on a regular basis, that was saying something. They were silent for a moment, until Batgirl turned towards them, when the trio stood in the Alleyway.

"So what did Wildcat, and Roulette call us?" Batgirl asked, racking her brain for a moment, trying to recall what was said. "Birds of Prey, wasn't it?"

"Yeah, it was Birds of Prey," admitted Black Canary with a brief smile on her face, and she looked up in deep thought, rolling over the name in her mind. "You know, it does have a bit of a catchy ring to it, and does fit with us rather well."

"That it does," Huntress agreed, whilst she stared out in the distance, and two figures swooped down from the sky at that moment. Huntress gazed upon the figures of Power Girl and Arcane, offering them a nod, before she got down to business. "So did either of you two find anything?"

It was Power Girl who was prompt to answer the question.

"We searched the factory where the signal came from high and low, but there was nothing at all but boxes and rats."

Arcane picked up the explanation at that point, and offered a long, labored sigh before he did. "And I'm guessing that this Edgar Prince is smart enough to keep his nose clean to the point where he's changing locations. There was a transmitter in there too, don't forget."

"Yeah, there was," Power Girl responded at that point, shaking her head. "It's advanced technology, but it was programmed to short itself out the moment that anyone touched it. Cadmus is learning from their mistakes."

"Is it just shorted out beyond repair, or is there any way for you to get it working again?" Batgirl
wondered, and it was at that point where Power Girl offered a shrug, her costume shifting when she moved, but she stood on her feet firmly.

"Your guess is as good as mine, but you never really know with some of these things, I'm just hoping that it will work out in the end."

The entire Cadmus thing had more twists in it the further that they had gone and the more they investigated it.

Batgirl, Black Canary, and Huntress all nodded, with them going their separate ways at that point, leaving Power Girl and Arcane standing back in the alleyway, just watching, with a figure standing in the background, folding her arms. Arcane turned to her slowly and his gaze was fixed upon her face.

"You could have gotten yourself killed going in there," Arcane responded to Volcana, who shook her head, and just offered a light sigh towards Harry.

"Sometimes, I wonder if you're trying to be my mother, or my parole officer, well I don't need either."

Harry stood firmly on the ground, his eyes locked on the twenty one year old meta-human, and staring her down. Claire took a step back, trying not to be intimidated by the power that he radiated.

"Cadmus was never going to offer you your freedom, they were going to send you in there like a lamb to slaughter against Titan."

"Speaking of which, I heard the cops down there, apparently your corpse grew legs and walked way," Volcana responded without missing a beat, and this got the desire reaction that she expected from Harry and Karen. The young pyrokinetic just looked at them before she continued. "Seems to me like Cadmus is able to slip through your fingers. It's not like you can protect me anyway when they keep one-upping you."

"Cadmus just left a hint behind, I think," Arcane answered at that moment, drawing a slight breath, and stepping forward, seeing the markings on the ground, they were subtle, but he had took a magical scan of them.

All he had to do was compare this scan to any known vehicles, look up the registry for the vehicles, find out who purchased said vehicles, narrow it down from a list of subjects, and then Harry would have who was in Cadmus.

Okay, that was not as easy it sounded in Harry's head, but one could hardly fault a guy for trying. At this present, his eyes locked on Claire, who stood in the background, and a resolved expression continued to flicker in her dark eyes. She spoke after a moment, hands placed firmly on her hips as she did so.

"They haven't caught me yet."

"I don't think you're high priority for some reason, it was Titan they wanted, and Titan they got," Harry responded, and Claire just offered a shrug at this.

"Well, thanks for the help, I guess, I'll be seeing you around," Claire responded, backing off at that moment, and Karen just turned to Harry, a questioning look in her bright eyes.

"You're not going to let her go, are you?"
"Does it look like I have much of a choice?" Harry offered Karen, and Karen deflated at that moment, there was really no choice at all.

Project Cadmus really had something at that moment, but what that something was, neither of them had any idea. Karen and Harry remembered the reason that they had come here, to seek out the third Stone, the Stone of Godric Gryffindor.

The stone was inside the fight club, but now it was not there at the moment.

Karen and Harry locked eyes, and could have cursed themselves, they were far closer to the stone tonight that they ever could have been. They had to double check to make sure, but it was pretty certain that Cadmus had outmaneuvered them.

Little did they known that Claire walked away from the alleyway, holding the stone that she had picked up in the basement, and stuffing it into her bag. That would be the perfect bargaining chip for Cadmus to give her freedom.

A life on the run made desperate people do desperate things, and for Volcana, this was the height of desperation. It was just one little stone of power, what harm could it be? Sure it seemed to empower Titan, with the stone stuffed in his kneepad, but that was just a minor issue.

Desperate times in fact called for desperate actions.

Karen and Harry felt their entire night was a mixed bag. On one hand, the highly illegal fight club in Gotham City had been shut down, and several dangerous mobsters had been set back. Two people were saved from being lambs that were sent to the slaughterhouse, and that fact made both of them smile.

On the other hand, the two of them were so close to the stone that they could practically feeling it. The two had returned to the Potter House, Linda and Kara had not returned from visiting the Kents. This allowed Karen some alone time with Harry, something that she cherished completely for it was a rarity to say the very least. Despite the situation, Karen managed to remain optimistic, with a bright smile on her face.

"So, Cadmus got the Stone of Gryffindor, if we can reconfigure the tracker, and pick up the signal, it will lead us straight to one of their bases," Karen answered, sitting down next to Harry. Karen was wrapped in nothing but a silky red robe, which flipped back and forth when she moved, showcasing her legs and her stomach.

Despite the delicious view in front of him, Harry did focus on the matter at hand, regarding the Stone of Godric Gryffindor, and how it slipped from his hands. They had been so focused on taking Titan down that they had forgotten the Stone. Karen sensed Harry's dismay, and wrapped her arms tightly around her husband. Harry responded to her actions by placing his head down upon her ample chest, and sighing deeply.

"I'd like to say that we'll get it next time," Harry managed, and Karen just responded with a brief smile, she would have to agree.

Astoria still hadn't crawled out of her little hole yet, to make her move. Neville, Luna, and Hermione were leading the search, and were told to check in with Harry, the moment they had seen something that would merit a closer look. It was getting closer and closer to the time where they would meet up, and for the final confrontation.
Harry felt himself grow a bit apprehensive, but at the same time, there was a certain rush within him. Karen's face spread into a smile, and she grabbed Harry around the waist.

"I'm sure everything will pan out soon enough, love," Karen answered, and for emphasis, she smashed her lips down onto Harry's, partially to ease his nerves. Harry returned the kiss, placing her aims on her firm posterior, feeling her up underneath her robes at that moment.

After the kiss broke, Harry scooped up Karen in his arms, and bolted his second wife up the stairs. Karen tightened her grip around Harry, pressing her titanic tits against his face, and with a swift movement, Harry tossed Karen down on the bed.

_Smut/Lemon Begins._

Karen barely had any time to think, before Harry pulled her robe off, revealing her fit body, with luscious breasts at a backbreaking size, perky nipples standing up straight, a toned stomach, and her long legs. Harry's eyes traveled past all of that, seeking out her warm pussy, and after teasing her clit for a moment, Harry plunged his tongue deep into her center as he began to taste her moistness.

"Oh, Harry," Karen moaned, tightening her grip around Harry's head, and he went to down deep between her thighs, licking her. Karen felt Harry's talented tongue go to work, starting with slow licks at first, but the motions escalated with every passing movement, getting faster, and faster.

Harry plunged his tongue deep into the lips of his wife, tasting every single bit of her, and feeling his head go weak with desire. The scent was completely amazing, and Harry spent several moments devouring Karen with glee, when suddenly he switched tactics.

"Oh shit!" Karen yelled, feeling Harry's tongue begin to vibrate within her, and lick out her insides, rattling, and hissing within her moist core. This caused Karen's hips to buck up, and her pussy to convulse, but she held back the rush of orgasm for a few seconds more.

Harry would not be denied his treat, and her pussy contracted, with the juices splattering out onto his face. Pulling himself up, Harry looked up at her with a grin, face dripping with Karen's love juices.

Karen felt herself grow weak, and at Harry's beckoning, began to clean up Harry, licking his face with her talented tongue. Harry cupped her breasts tightly, squeezing the supple mountains of flesh on her chest, and Karen moaned at his passionate actions.

"That's it, babe, clean me up, lick my face dry," Harry responded, and Karen stopped, looking in Harry's green eyes with her own blue ones, a lustful expression on her face. Harry gave her another rough squeeze, and suddenly dove between her breasts, to begin to suck them with earnest.

Karen groaned, feeling Harry going to work on her massive globes.

"Suck my juicy tits!" Karen moaned at the top of her lungs, feeling Harry go to town on them, licking, and nibbling on them, and even giving them a slight bite at one point. Karen began playing with herself at this.

Her large tits were a treasure that she was quite proud of, and it gave her great glee to see Harry going to town on them with more licks, more sucks, while also using his hands to travel around the curves of her body.

His hands were everywhere, on her hips, stomach, back, and ass, before they reached her pussy, and parted the lips. Karen leaned back, locking her legs around Harry, and Harry took a moment to devour her breasts some more, whilst plunging his fingers deep inside her.
Karen felt her juicy pussy being attacked by Harry's talented fingers, with his pleasure strokes sending the right signals to her brain. She panted heavily, just cumming by the merest touch that Harry gave her.

The fun continued until Harry popped up, and stared deep into Karen's blue eyes. With a swift motion, Karen stripped Harry's clothes off, tearing the shirt off with reckless abandon at first, and then the pants followed. Karen gripped onto his boxers, and yanked them down over his legs, releasing Harry's bulging cock from his compounds.

Karen looked at his prick, stroking it a few times, before placing her mouth on it. Harry hissed in pleasure, and Karen began to rock her head back and forth, bobbing on the length, using her tongue on the underside. The gorgeous blonde beauty simulated Harry's sac with her hand.

"That's fucking it, good mouth, fucking suck me," Harry grunted, and Karen sped up at that moment, taking some time to taste the full scope of Harry's cock, spearing it down her throat.

Karen pinched Harry slightly, staving off his release; she did not want him to cum anywhere, but her tight and hot pussy.

"Look at this pussy, Harry," Karen breathed, laying back on the bed, parting her legs, and spreading her lips, showing Harry the pleasure that was waiting. "Come in and get it, honey."

Harry did in fact come and get it, smashing his lips against Karen's in a searing kiss, and groping her breasts for the merest moment, teasing her opening for a bit, rubbing the head of his bulbous cock up against her. Karen panted, and whined, while Harry broke the kiss, nibbling on her tits, and squeezing her ass.

"Please," Karen begged, fluttering her eyes shut.

"Please, what?" Harry asked, feigning ignorance, and Karen just growled at Harry at this point.

"Put your cock in me," Karen moaned lustfully, and Harry gave her a mischievous smirk, before he activated his lantern ring, and plunged the construct deep between Karen's lips. Karen screamed out in pleasure, but not as much as Harry would have given her. "I need you inside me, now!"

"Not until you say please," Harry answered, allowing the head of his cock to brush against her entrance, and Karen found herself bound to the bed, unable to force the matter herself.

Somehow this added to the situation, and made her extremely wet, her pussy practically burning for desire for her husband, and she was not disappointed of long.

"Please," Karen begged. "Please give it to me Harry!"

Karen gave a loud and passionate scream of pleasure when Harry slammed his thick member into her waiting pussy.

"Yes, fuck me hard!" Karen yelled at the top of her lungs, and she delved into a passionate glee.

Harry meanwhile was firing a series of hard thrusts deep into her pussy, but slowed the tempo down a bit more, realizing they had all night. He was getting Karen worked up, and Karen's eyes fluttered shut, muttering a series of curse words.

"You're so tight, and you have such a dirty mouth," Harry told her as he speared hard into her tight cunt. "Your tight pussy belongs to me, do you love my cock hammering you hard?"
"Yes, love it, harder, harder!" Karen yelled, and Harry responded with swift motions, hammering deep into her, each thrust getting faster, flesh smacked against flesh. Karen lifted her hips up, and met Harry's passionate strokes.

The two of them swung into full passion, and Harry's thrusts got harder, and smashed into Karen even better. The blonde Kryptonian fired back, screaming through the heavens, feeling this thick example of manhood slamming into her tight pussy. The blonde was really getting into it, her panting becoming heavy.

"You have such a nice cock, fuck me with it harder, pleasure my ass too!" Karen yelled, for at that very moment Harry's fingers slipped up her ass and plunged into them, manipulating her juicy cheeks.

"Tighten that pussy, yeah, squeeze it!" Harry yelled, thrusting deeper into Karen, and the two had their hipbones crash together at an intense speed.

Karen's orgasms continued to get closer and closer together, and Harry paused just for a brief instance. Had her hands been freed, she would have wrapped them around Harry's neck, and encouraged him to continue to bang her nice and hard on the bed, not letting up.

"I need your cum inside me, I can't stand it anymore!" Karen yelled in a breathy voice, after an hour or two or more had passed, it was hard to tell anymore.

Harry just grinned, making her wait for it, and it was in no time flat where he was banging into her, causing her to writhe against the bindings, and really feel the heat.

"So good, feels so good, fucking great," Harry grunted, hammering into her.

Karen moaned a breathy chorus of, "yes fuck me", and Harry continued to do so pounding deeper, and deeper into her, his balls filling up with fluids.

The well-endowed alien could tell that the end was near, and she summoned the full force of her strength to her cunt muscles, offering a crushing blow that would cause Harry to pop.

Sure enough, Harry gave a couple of more thrusts, before the pressure inside his loins popped, and he sprayed a thick, juicy fluid deep within her hole. Karen gave a loud scream, when Harry filled her up.

Without another word, Harry fell face first onto her mountains of tits, his cock still in her, and breathing heavily at the passion he had when he had climaxed inside his lover.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

Harry allowed himself to rest his head on his favorite pair of pillows for a moment, with Karen reaching forward, to stroke his head.

"I love you, so very much," Karen replied, feeling content now that the ropes had vanished from her, and she ran her fingers through Harry's hair at that moment.

"Love you too," Harry answered, looking up at Karen, and the two lovers cuddled on the bed naked. The doors opened up, and Kara and Linda apparently had arrived back home early this morning.

"Let's gets some breakfast," Karen suggested, and Harry wrapped his arms around her naked form tightly, pulling her into him, kissing her fully on the lips, exploring Karen's mouth with his tongue.
a little bit.

Harry pulled off, and smiled.

"Then for dessert, the four of us can have an orgy," Harry answered, and squeezed her tight ass for emphasis.

To be honest, Karen could not think of a better way to start off the day.

To Be Continued in "Conspiracy."
Chapter 49: Conspiracy Part One.

Kara and Linda returned rather early in the morning before the sun had even set, having spent some time at the Kents, although the four of them would have to do that sometime. Harry and Karen waited for them at the stairs, and greeted them. Kara noticed that they were both naked as the day that they were born, and this put a smile on her face, practically drooling.

She wanted to jump both of her spouses right there and Linda had an equally wanton need to do so. Harry prepared a nice breakfast for the three of them, but it was dessert that they all looked forward to. Harry, Kara, Karen, and Linda sat around the table at the Potter House.

"So how are the Kents doing?" Harry asked at that point.

"They're doing pretty good, it's been a good year for both of them, all things considered," Kara replied with a warm smile, and Harry responded with a nod of his own, that was always good to see that such good people were in excellent health. "They were a bit shocked to see that there was another version of me that had been brought home."

Harry, Kara, Karen, and Linda exchanged a loud of laughter, and smiles crossed their faces, life was good at this point.

"Good to see everyone is doing okay," Karen responded with a smile, and Kara would have to share that sentiment. Given how much Pa Kent tended to work himself and the fact that he was not getting younger, Kara was a bit worried about his health. Ma shared that worry, but Pa had no sign of slowly down.

The Potters sat in silence and finished their breakfast, and after it was over, Kara dove over the table and tackled Harry in a long kiss. Linda did likewise to Karen smacking their lips together and the hands of the naked Potters found the clothes of the clothed Potters, and the game was going to begin.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

With the swiftest motion, Kara vanished her panties, leaving nothing on underneath her skirt and plunged her moist pussy down on Harry's already throbbing cock. She felt Harry's member enter her womanhood, and she bounced up and down onto him, against the magically enhanced chair in the room.

Harry's eyes glazed over in pleasure, and reached over underneath Kara's tank top, pulling the tank top over his head, and found her juicy breasts. His hands were on her breasts, and squeezed her round globes. Kara began to bounce up and down on him, with Harry grabbing and squeezing her ass.

"Faster, faster," Harry growled and Kara's breasts bounced, until Harry tipped Kara back so she was hovering in mid air while he leaned over the chair. "I'm going to fuck your tight pussy."

"Please, Harry," Kara begged, and Harry wasted no time pounding into her tight quim, thrusting deep into her. "Yes, yes, yes, that's it!"

Linda busied herself with Karen's breasts and the eldest of the three Potter wives reared her head back, moaning in pleasure.
"Oh yes, yes, yes, YES!" Karen shrieked when Linda punched three fingers down into Karen's sopping wet cunt and thrust them in and outside, feeling inside of the thick center. "Fuck me, fuck me."

Kara started to breath in and out heavily, when Harry pumped deep into her, his cock fighting her and immediately, Harry summoned a lantern ring construct, before stuffing a large cock into Kara's mouth while he pumped into her cunt with her real cock.

"Suck it off while I fuck you," Harry grunted, banging hard into Kara, their hips clashing together in swift passion, and Kara bobbed her head up, along with hips, placing her lips around the cock construct Harry had conjured. "That's it, two dicks, one in your mouth and one in your cunt, and both of them belong to me."

Kara's screams were muffled by the cock she was sucking on, and suddenly Karen and Linda ceased their activities at that point. They used their lantern rings and created two more constructs of their own. One of the cocks buried between Kara's breasts, and the other went between her cheeks up and ass.

The alpha of the pack felt herself absolutely pleasured by these four cocks, even though the best one was the one that was spearing out of her pussy.

Suddenly the cock in her mouth was replaced by Linda's pussy on her mouth, and Kara jammed her tongue in the center. Linda groaned, and Harry now stuffed the cock construct into her mouth, and Linda gave a rough groan when Kara ate out her center.

"Mmm, mmm, mmm," Linda groaned, and Kara copied her sounds, continuing to devour the moist womanhood between Linda's legs. The four of them were getting into it.

Harry's eyes flickered over through Karen, who was busy spreading her lips apart, and jamming a second dildo construct into her pussy, slamming it into that.

"Oh yeah, fasten that to you Karen, and spear it in Kara's ass," Harry groaned, feeling Kara's tight pussy squeeze him once more and another orgasm washed over him.

The cock in Kara's ass disappeared, only for Karen to get down on the ground on the ground. Kara floated higher into the air, Linda still on her mouth and Harry straddling her, riding her, and pumping his large cock into her, striking each note regular.

Now that Karen had the space she needed, she laid on her back, and fastened the makeshift strap-on, before spearing it upwards into Kara's ass. She created a second construct to pleasure her own self and jam it up her ass.

Through their hazed lust, they figured that this was not the use that these Blue Lantern rings were intended for, but it was the use that they were getting.

Kara was lost in the overwhelm pleasure, there was a pussy on her mouth, a her husband's cock between her legs, a construct sliding between her breasts tittyfucking her, and a strap on related construct being plowed up her ass. She was submissive to all of this, as they seemed to be connected to Harry's strong will, and his magic seemed to be serving as a green lantern ring on its own.

Harry grunted hard, managing to stave off his cum more and more, and all three Kryptonian blondes were feeling the pleasure as they were being fucked harder and harder by him. Kara in particular was giving scatterbrained thoughts of pleasure, each and every single hole punished by
"Like that, you want me to pour more power into this?" Harry asked, and the three girls moaned in consent, feeling the full blast of pleasure among the four of them. "I'm not nailing you harder unless you beg for it."

"Yes, yes, please," Karen managed, the only one who had her mouth uncovered and she felt the tight pleasure of Kara's ass, setting her nerve endings on fire. This was a pure erotic fantasy and an orgy was just what the doctor order this early in the morning.

"Yes, damn it, yes,' Kara begged through the link.

"Fuck us,' Linda begged them, and Harry channeled the full power of the rings into the sexual intercourse.

There was a loud scream of pleasure from Karen and Kara and Linda offered a loud scream mentally of their own, and Harry sped up the attacks, fucking hard into her tight pussy, slamming into her.

All three girls were losing it immediately and the foursome continued for some time. Kara in particular was spent, being the youngest, but she managed to push on. She was determined to assert her role as the Alpha, and they were the ones giving her the most pleasure.

Of course what gave her pleasure gave them indirect pleasure through the bonds.

"Going to cum!' Harry breathed, and without warning, his balls tightened at that point, and his loins burst, sending cum straight into Kara's womb, splashing the inside of her with several thick, heavy spurts.

Linda felt the taste of the cum in her mouth, and she exploded on Kara's face, soaking it with her fluids, and Karen could feel the pleasure course through her body as well. All three girls had gotten several orgasms, and felt Harry's cum enter them, even though Kara got the fullest blast given it being the most real.

Kara was splattered from head to toe with bodily fluids, her ass and pussy dripped full of cum, and a goofy grin spread over her face.

A brief break, and they would pick up this game shortly, perhaps with either Karen or Linda being the girl in the middle of the orgy being pleasured. Harry looked at his girls, all three of them were content.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Harry turned to the new and improved vault at Patronus Incorporated that housed the Stone of Helga Hufflepuff and the Stone of Salazar Slytherin. Kara, Karen, and Linda stood next to Harry, putting their hands on their hips, and watching the magic swirl around the vault. Kara's head slowly turned towards Harry's face, her eyes having snapped towards him. She opened her mouth to voice the one question that was obvious.

"So, you think Astoria will be tripped up by this?"

Harry thought that was a good question to ask and he immediately answered it, after pondering for
"Intelligence cannot beat randomness," Harry responded with a bit of a shrug, but he sure did hope that this vault would be powerful enough to block Astoria. Or at least delay her long enough to rip the other stone out of her hand. "Every hour the security changes, to the point where only the four of us can break out the stone with force."

"I believe that Harry has got everything in order," Karen responded with a confident smile, and Kara scanned the security with her X-Ray vision. There was another look by Linda given towards the vault and she also offered a nod. Everything appeared to be in working order.

"Yeah, this security should in theory keep Astoria's hands off of the Stones, or at least long enough for us to knock her down," Harry answered, but there was a bit of a problem with this.

Things rarely worked in theory, as often as they did in practice. The four of them walked around the lab, where they saw the head of Victor Fries set up in a containment tank and he offered them a nod, which was all that he could do in his current headless state.

"Hello Doctor Fries," Harry responded.

"Good day, Mr. Potter, Mrs. Potters," Fries responded in a nonchalant voice and he looked up at them. "I hope you are as pleased as the progress of the chamber as I am."

"Yes, you have done well, Doctor," Harry answered, looking at the hopefully redeemed Gotham Super Villain. "I know that this is a passion of yours, given what happened to your wife, and how she nearly died."

"Ah, yes dear Nora, it is unfortunate that she has moved on," Fries answered in a remorseful voice, a bit of emotion slowly creeping its way into his voice. His wife had remarried, thinking of him as dead, and that triggered his final crime spree that caused his head to be picked up by the Department of Mysteries. "This technology will be cutting edge and affordable, where all will be able to afford it."

Harry and Kara responded with a nod, Victor had offered his input on these cutting edge cryogenics, something that he was more than knowledgeable about. He had learned many mistakes when dealing with the technology.

"There may be hope for you yet," Kara responded to Victor Fries, and the scientist turned towards Kara, his red eyes peered towards the young blonde. "I don't know how familiar you are with the Kryptonian birthing matrix."

"Please elaborate," Fries responded, curious about this technology and being a scientist, he was always interested to take a look at new technology from any corner of the universe.

Kara was only too happy to elaborate with what she thought about this situation. "For years, Kryptonians used a birthing matrix, that house their young so they could develop without any complications. It was to ensure that they developed strong. Some families opted for the more traditional methods of pregnancy, but for years this was the norm. I believe given that we have a sample of your source DNA, we can use a similar technology to rebirth your body, and return you back to the Victor Fries that you were."

Victor was struck speechless, this seemed too good to be true, he had tried many forms of Earth technology to return himself back to normal. It did not really strike him to utilize Kryptonian technology to return back to normal, and this had given him the first new hope he had ever since
his wife had been struck by her terminal illness all these years ago.

"We will have to test the technology and maybe we'll have it ready for a few weeks," Karen responded at this point, and Fries understood that this was something that the Potters had talked about.

"Consider it a reward for your good behavior, but I would like to offer you a full time job to utilize your talents when you return to life," Harry concluded, and the cold eyes of Fries had a bit of life to them as he considered Harry.

"I will agree to work for as long as you require my talents, in exchange to feel the sensations of warm and cold, the ground beneath my feet, the cool breeze, and the warmth of logs in a fireplace at wintertime," Freeze responded, andHarry, Kara, Karen, and Linda all nodded.

Fries might have committed a few questionable crimes, but he really was not beyond redemption, that much was for certain. Most of his criminal activities had to do with the fact that he was trying to find a cure for his wife, out for revenge for the one who was responsible for his wife nearly dying, or the fact that he was bitter due to the fact that he was degrading thanks to the process that put him in that predicament.

"So, do you think we're doing the right thing?" Karen asked at that point.

"Fries has been helpful so far, and his latest project put a lot of money in the bank," Kara offered, and she cleared out a few boxes. There were a few failed prototypes of another project that they were working on, but that was why they did test marketing. To iron out the kinks before they put the project on the market.

"We were so close to getting the stone of Godric Gryffindor last night," Harry answered, giving an abrupt change of subjects.

"So it's not in Gotham City, then?" Kara asked, snaking an arm around the waist of her husband, and Linda coping the motion from the other side, with Karen doing the same to Kara.

The four Potters then turned, huddling together, trying to figure out what their plan was going to be, if they were going to proceed with this plan. It was getting tense and the fact that if someone had connected the four stones, they could be led to the orange energy source.

"I just thought of something," Linda offered, and her three spouses turned to her. "Astoria has the Stone of Rowena Ravenclaw, and it's supposed to be a stone of ultimate knowledge. What is to stop her from bypassing the entire map bit and using the stone to find the location of the treasure."

Harry just gave a bit of a knowing smile to his wives.

"You thought about that too? Well I'm thinking that when Rowena crafted her stone, she put a failsafe in it that would not make it just that easy to find the treasure. So there would be no one who would cheat their way to it."

"You really think so?" Kara asked, hopeful that this was the case.

"I also think that it might not lead her to the other stones," Harry answered shrugging his shoulders as an afterthought, and he turned to the three blonde Kryptonians that stood around him. "What I think however and what we know is two different things, so best to stay on the safe side."

The three of them nodded in agreement, that was true, it was best not to leave everything up to chance. Suddenly a buzzing on the intercom was heard the moment that they entered their office,
and Harry grabbed it immediately.

"Harry, there's someone downstairs to see you, she says she's another survivor of Krypton," Lana replied, and there was a bit of skepticism in her voice. "She has blonde hair and blue eyes, she claims to be Kara's long lost twin."

Harry turned to his wives, and they all raised an eyebrow, before the young wizard turned back to the intercom.

"Don't let her out of your sight, I'll be right down."

Harry was really curious to see what this was all about, and wondered who was trying to pull such a trick. Whether it was for good reasons or for sinister reasons, Harry could not say, but he would find out all too soon.

Claire Selton made her way towards the Cadmus facility and crossed her arms waiting for what hopefully was her ticket out there. Her entire life had been that of someone who was used quite a lot and she thought about that, for so long as she clutched the Stone of Godric Gryffindor in her hand, blinking and thinking about everything.

There was a part of her, her conscience that told her that she was making a huge mistake handing over this glorified rock to Cadmus in exchange for her freedom. However, Claire was sick and tired of being sick and tired. The running was starting to get on her nerves, and she wanted her freedom.

Claire thought about the offer that the people at Patronus Incorporated gave her and her heart skipped a beat whilst thinking about it, long and hard. The truth was Claire really honestly did consider taking them up on the offer. However, she would just become dependent on another person for her freedom and it was not something that she would want to deal with.

Underneath all of the bravado, Claire recalled that she was the same scared child that had been brought into that government lab all of those years ago for testing to see how her powers worked. That was a fact that Claire hated, she could hardly stand to stare at her own reflection in the mirror, for it looked back at her, and mocked her soundly. A scowl crossed Claire's face when she thought about it.

Yet, her conscience was doing a number on her psyche, and the footsteps outside told the prakokinetic that there was no turning back now. It was either now or never.

"Miss Selton, I understand you have a bargaining chip for us."

Claire's eyes snapped up to see a bald man standing before them, dressed in a white suit, his head shaped like an egg. His associate was a dark haired man dressed in a suit, looking like a businessman, but for some reason, he had a scummy undercurrent to him that Claire could not help, but shiver about.

"We're from Cadmus," the man in the business suit said. "My name is Maxwell Lord and I am here to help you."

Claire somehow doubted that, but the stone in her hand was the bargaining chip, and the girl's expressive eyes had been fixed on the Cadmus representatives before her. Time stood still and the girl prepared herself for a fight. There was no guarantee that they would keep their word to her and that much made her regret this plan.
And why was her conscience sounding a lot like Arcane?

Claire shook her head and saw this Lord guy with an expression in his eyes that made her feel rather distrustful in him in general. Then again, Claire learned a long time ago that anyone from the government had not been trustworthy. She peered at these two government officials, a distrustful glare with her eyes, and placed a pair of hands on her hips, taking a moment to look at them.

"Do you have the stone?" Egghead asked, narrowing towards them, and extending a hand outwards. "Do not play games with us Miss Selton, Cadmus is only doing what is best for the worlds. I egg-spect you to cooperate, and you will be rewarded."

Claire paused and considered the situation at hand, wondering if she could bargain her freedom with this rock, if she could even trust Cadmus. They were a shady government organization and the man at the top was the shadiest. Claire held the rock in the palm of her hand and she eyed it immediately.

"This stone must be worth a lot to, Luthor," Claire remarked casually. "Tell me, what do you call him when you get down on your knees and pleasure him like the bootlickers you are?"

"You will give us the stone,' Lord commanded, struggling to get a grip on the mind of Claire, but Claire fought back and shot a blast of fire at Lord, who had the presence of mind to scramble out of the way.

Claire had been experimented on many times through the years and one thing the troubled woman called Volcana knew was the fact that mind control really did not work on her that well. Although, one thing she would say, it always left her with a splitting, throbbing headache, and she sped off, leaving the two representatives of Cadmus.

"I was about to convince her to hand over the stone, Lord," Egghead answered, feeling like this did not go his way.

"Relax, she won't get far," Maxwell Lord stated, and with another swift motion, he flipped out a cell phone, dialing the number. A smile spread over his face, and he made one simple declaration to the one on the other side. "Tell the Ultimen that there is a criminal on the loose, and to bring her down with extreme prejudice."

"Really, you're sending your little government lab rats after Volcana," Egghead responded.

"They have forty eight hours before they decompose, they'll work out fine," Lord answered, and Egghead just offered him a skeptical look. "Unless you want to explain to Luthor how we let both Volcana and the stone slip through our fingers."

"Just in case, I have a plan just for an egg-mergency," Egghead responded mentally calculating the variables, and Cadmus had lost a bit more than they had won lately, with the Fight Club being shut down, the White Martian escapee, and now this Volcana fiasco.

Yet, they would win for it was for the good of the world, although deep down Edgar Prince or Egghead did not care much about that. The only reason he joined Cadmus was to see Batman squirm. He was humiliated by Batman numerous times years ago and he had stewed in bitterness at being bested by that costumed clown.
"So, you're Kara's long lost twin from Krypton," Harry answered at that moment and the blonde nodded her head at that point. Harry just frowned, sensing some kind of trick at that point and his ring did not react to her quite like it reacted like the others.

"Yeah, crazy isn't it, we must have been separated at birth," the blonde stated with a charming smile and Harry just raised an eyebrow.

"The ring says that you're something else, and it's not Kryptonian," Harry answered at that moment, and the young woman offered a sigh.

"Well, I guess I better come clean," the woman responded at that moment but she offered them a bright smile. "I just really wanted to get in the door, didn't think you would have to listen to what I had to say, and about Project Cadmus."

Harry stood up straight and his three wives copied that motion, their eyes on their visitor at that point, all of them looking rather curious at that moment. The visitor seemed to want to slap herself, of course they would be interested by something like that, who wouldn't want to be interested by something like that?

It made her shake her head from side to side, wondering how she could have been so blind and so oblivious.

"I guess, it's time to show you my true form," the visitor said, and Harry responded with a brief nod at that point, before she got her shorter, her breasts got smaller, legs got shorter, and her skin turned green, with her eyes turning green as well, and her hair turning from blonde to red.

Granted this was not her true form, which she doubted would go over too well given what happened. It was hard to explain want happened regarding the Imperium, how they had enslaved several White Martians and made them their devoted servants. M'gann remembered it all too well, the atrocities she had been forced to commit under their rule, and how after the Imperium was defeated, she was free.

Free at least until the point where some government goons grabbed her, with her powers at her weakest and hauled her in.

"My name is M'gann M'orzz and I'm a Martian," M'gann responded at that point, and this caused Harry, Karen, Linda, and Kara all to look at her, a bit surprised by this declaration. "And for the past six months of my life I've been kept as a prisoner for Project Cadmus."

"The Martian Manhunter had assumed that he was the only survivor of Mars," Kara answered in an even voice, not accusing the girl of anything, but at the same time this was a worthy avenue of investigation to follow up upon.

"Well, people thought that Superman was the last survivor of Krypton for years, until you showed up," M'gann replied in an innocent tone of voice and Kara answered with a nod, that was a point that she would have to agree with to be honest.

"You said you came from Cadmus," Karen prompted with a bright smile and M'Gann responded with a brief nod at that point. "What did you see there?"

"All loads of things, they kept many people captive and they were experimenting on things, and there was this cloning project," M'gann explained, trying to keep herself calm at this point and the encouraging smiles from the Potters allowed her to go on. "There was something...some things
that you should know about."

Kara waved her hand at that point and M'gann decided to drop the bombshell on her at this point.

"Cadmus made a clone out of you."

This statement caused Kara to nearly jump into the air in surprise and Harry grabbed her around the waist, pulling her down onto her feet. The blonde Kryptonian was in a mood after hearing that one and Harry stroked the side of her neck reassuringly.

"How did they get my DNA?" Kara asked at this point, trying to rack her brain, but they she remembered, it clicked in her mind.

It happened when she was knocked out after Kal was possessed by Darkseid, and she had been treated at STAR Labs. Hamilton had been forced into treating her and had been scared by Superman at that point. Kara was beginning to see what happened, perhaps Hamilton had decided to take some of her DNA as a contingency to study it, in case it ever happened again and it somehow ended up in the hands of Cadmus.

"Where is this clone?" Harry asked, worried what Cadmus would do to a potential clone of Kara and if it was Luthor, it was likely she was being tortured and conditioned as they speak.

"I don't know, she's not completely online yet, they're conditioning her mind," M'gann responded at that point and she looked at the Potters with wide eyes. "She's resistant to the mind control, and they're trying to break her down slowly, pulling every single happy memory from her mind."

Every single window in Metropolis shattered at this point from the combined rage induced fury of Kara and Harry at what they were doing to this clone. They needed to track down the Cadmus facility she was in and rescue her immediately.

"I'm sure she's been moved by now," M'gann offered in a sad voice. "There were a few weeks before I could make my move."

"When they allow her to become active, we should be able to find her," Kara answered in a tense voice, and closed her eyes. She could not help, but feel the pain at something made from her being tortured and conditioned into some kind of weapon. A sister of sorts so to speak and Harry wrapped his arms around her, to console her.

"There's more isn't there? Karen asked M'gann, and before the Martian could answer Raven showed up out of the blue.

"Bad time?" Raven asked, seeing the young Martian girl in the meeting room with the Potters, but she had news for them regardless.

"One could say that, yes," Linda offered, and Raven was not surprised to see another one having been added to the family. "Linda Potter, formally Danvers, known as Matrix, my story is long."

"Send me the cliff's notes later," Raven responded in a dry voice. "We have a problem...."

"Yeah, I say we have a problem, there's a clone of me that Cadmus could be torturing right now," Kara answered at that point, and Raven cocked an eyebrow, looking at the young blonde Kryptonian, the eighteen year old seemed to be a bit disturbed about this issue. Then again, Raven could not really blame her at that point. "Never mind that, you came here for a reason, so spill."

"Astoria may be using the Stone of Ravenclaw with increased frequency, but I can't quite pinpoint
the location where she's using it, she's using it in a way where I can't trace it," Raven answered at that point, and Harry just shook his head, that was about all they needed right now.

"I heard people in Cadmus talking about those stones, and they were talking about how to best get the stone away from Astoria," M'gann replied at that moment, and Harry leaned in forward, wanting more information from her. The young white Martian offered Harry a shrug at this point, and a pained smile. "I wish I had more to tell you."

"What you're telling us is just going to have to do," Karen answered at this moment, and M'gann nodded, wondering one more little bit of information that she had.

"There's another prisoner that was there, in the cell next to mind," M'gann offered, and the assembled group offered her a glance. "What was strange was that she was a Tamaranean."

Raven's interest was peaked immediately, dare she hope?

"Describe her," Raven prompted M'gann at that point and the young white Martian responded.

"She has red hair and orange skin, she's trying to keep upbeat despite the situation, but Cadmus is slowly wearing down her happiness," M'gann offered at that point, and Raven turned around.

Starfire she assumed had died to save them from the attack from Brainiac all of those years ago. Granted, that was a faulty assumption when there was no body that could be found at all, and Raven hoped against hope that Starfire was still alive.

"It's Starfire," Raven responded, and Kara and Harry exchanged a surprised look at that point. "You have too much to worry about with other things; I need to get in contact with a few people."

"Right," Harry answered with a nod and M'gann had her glance on Harry. "You should stay here, and be perfectly safe until we figure out how to sort this out. If you have any more information, I'd like it."

"I will if I remember," M'gann offered, she was happy to help and hoped that she could be able to help just a bit more.

Nightwing dropped down from the rooftop outside of Gotham City having heard an urgent distress signal. The crime fighter was interested in what Raven meant when she said that there was an urgent need to see him and him alone. Suddenly another figure exited the shadows, dressed in a black trench coat.

"You? Look, Grayson, I told you after the last time, I'm done with the hero thing."

Nightwing for the first time in years came face to face with Victor Stone, better known as Cyborg, who had decided to give up the hero thing after the breakup of the Titans. There was a moment whilst the two former members of the Teen Titans stared each other down, neither backing down at this instance. The tension could be cut the air with a knife at that point.

"So, the two of you are back together, or…oh boy."

The second person to show up was the green skinned hero known as Garfield Logan, but Beast Boy was what his friends had called him. The former fun loving member of the Teen Titans had showed up and eyed Cyborg and Nightwing, having seen both of them for the first time in years.
He tried the solo act for a while to mixed results.

"I doubt it was you who called for us," Cyborg responded at that point and Beast Boy just offered a bit of a knowing expressing on his face.

"No, it was me."

The Teen Titans turned around and saw Raven standing in the alleyway in Gotham City, a calm expression etched upon her face. She had not changed much, despite not being a teen any more or a titan for years.

"Good to see you Raven," Beast Boy said in a calm voice.

"Good to see you, Beast Boy, or is it Beast Man by now?" Raven asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Wait a minute, did you make a joke?" Beast Boy asked in a surprised voice, and Raven's face just was one that was expressionless at this moment. Beast Boy turned to Cyborg, a surprised expression echoing at that voice. "Did you hear that, Raven made a joke?"

"First time for everything," Cyborg replied at that moment, and his expression remained upon Raven's face. "Raven, not that I'm not happy about seeing you after all of these years, I left the hero thing behind, and my life has changed."

"I'd always saw you as someone who would get back into the game for the right cause, Cyborg," Raven answered and the former Teen Titan looked at her. The three former Titan members looked about ready for Raven to drop the bombshell. "Starfire is alive and I have a good idea where she might be held."

That statement got the desired reaction that Raven wanted, and Nightwing, Beast Boy, and Cyborg all looked at each other, completely baffled. Out of all the news that they heard, this was the best of it all.

"We have little time to waste," Raven added, and the former Teen Titans huddled around, trying to figure out what they had to do now.

Volcana sped up her travels, panting heavily with each and every step she took. Honestly, the pyrokinetic had no idea when she had lost control of this situation, but perhaps she could tend to be a little less impulsive. This was true given the fact that it bit her completely in the ass in the worst way after her failed gambit with the Stone of Godric Gryffindor.

She clutched the stone in question in her hands, and it should have amplified her powers, but she was not an idiot. A stone that amplified her powers also could have warped and twisted her mind to the point of insanity. The redhead pyrokinetic stood at the edge of everything and drew in a deep breath, hearing the smashing and crashing of rocks nearby. A breeze had blown Volcana off of balance, but she kept herself on her feet.

The redhead pyrokinetic took a long deep and breath at that point, trying to shake her head at this point, seeing herself come face to face with the hired thugs of Project Cadmus.

One of them was an Asian looking man with short black hair dressed red and white, who raised a hand and blew a huge gust of wind through the air. This name was Wind Dragon. The flying rocks were because of him, and Claire tried to aim a blast of fire, but that was put out with a burst of
water that caused her to become soaking wet.

The two that had drenched Claire were a pair of twins, pale with white skin and white hair, a young man and a young woman named Shifter and Downpour. Claire looked up immediately, shivering once she had gotten drenched, and stared down her enemies.

"Come with us quietly, and no one gets hurt," a young Native American stated in a pacifying voice, his name was Longshadow and he could grow to several times his own height. He looked at Volcana, who seemed to narrow her eyes at this point, and shoot a blast of fire from the air.

"Oh, I'm the one who's going to get hurt, hardly," Volcana responded, not backing down from this motley crew of Superfriends, when suddenly a blast of electricity had coursed at her.

"We're the new heroes on the block and shutting down bad guys like you," said a young black man, named Juice, who had sent a series of electric attacks to the young Pryokinetic at that point.

"Heroes, no you're just puppets for Cadmus!" Volcana responded, not backing down for an instant.

"No, that's not true," Longshadow answered.

Volcana was not about to argue that point, for she had to dodge a few attacks from the twins, and knew that she was not going to go back into that government cell. These kids thought that were heroes and Volcana had no delusions about the fact that she was anything, but someone who was rather messed up. She was no hero, but at the same time, she rather connected with these kids somehow, they were puppets being used.

Claire turned, fire burning in her eyes, and they were in for the fight of their life.

**To Be Continued in "Conspiracy Part Two."**
Chapter Fifty: Conspiracy Part Two.

Volcana took a slight step back from her pursuers who had crowded around her. There were certain survival instincts that were built into the young woman throughout her life as she recalled everyone of them. The woman stood with the Stone of Gryffindor clutched in her hand as she wondered why it was not working. Surely this stone was supposed to empower her as it gave her the ability to defeat this team.

Yet, the stone was not working and Volcana was backed against the wall quite literally in the situation she was in. The Ultimen took a few steps towards her with Longshadow looking at her with a pacifying look. The other members of the team did not seem to be quite as pacifying to say the least and Volcana could tell that they had been driven completely around the twist by their powers. The red haired woman held the stone in her hand, flipping it over.

"Give us the stone and there will be no need for you to be hurt," Longshadow appealed to her, his pacifist nature detesting violence. Volcana's eyes snapped towards the group long enough to see that each and every one of them were extremely trigger happy and would not hesitate to take her down.

Volcana's face twisted into a grimace and her hot temper flared up, along with her powers. "I've got a counter proposal for you guys. How about you leave me alone and none of you will be the ones that will get hurt? How do you like that one?"

Juice showed precisely how much that he liked that by sending a current of electricity towards Volcana that came precious close inches from frying her. The red head dodged the attack and prepared to rush backwards, ducking and dodging the individual attacks. Juice poured on the juice and Volcana tried to escape over the fence to her freedom.

Said freedom was not to be soon when Wind Dragon kicked up a huge gust of wind to subdue Volcana and put her fire out. The young pryokinetic was further knocked back with ballistic fry when Downpour offered her contribution as several jets of water connected with the young red hair. Volcana's fire was put out and she was flung back into a wall viciously.

Shifter turned into a large white dinosaur and gave a mighty roar as he stalked Volcana. The young redhead braced herself for the end, but since Downpour had put her pilot light out, it would take a moment to dry off. The large white dinosaur took a few steps forward and Volcana braced herself, wishing that this stupid power stone would work for her.

Before Volcana could be eaten or seriously mauled by the white dinosaur in question, a green dinosaur lumbered in from the side alley. The pryokinetic let out a sigh of relief as the green dinosaur engaged the white dinosaur in a titanic battle. The two tyrannosaurus rexes locked their small arms and bared their sharp teeth, as the civilians on the street ran in terror.

"Guess I'm going to have to turn up the power," Juice commented raising a hand but before he could fire, a blast from cannon knocked him out.

Juice turned around to come face to face with Cyborg who fired another shot. The electricity based so called hero blocked the attack and fired back with a little shock of his own. Another shock but Cyborg blocked the attack at that point.
"I've got all of the power that you need, right here!" Cyborg shouted before he blasted Juice backwards with his arm cannon. The hero had struck a pose as he knocked Juice back hard "Boo-yah!"

"You've been waiting to say that one again for years, haven't you?" Raven asked at this point and Wind Dragon jumped in to engage her into battle, blowing a gust of wind at her. "You really don't want to do that, do you?"

Raven blocked the gust of wind by Wind Dragon and fired it back at him. The hero was knocked backwards with Volcana watching at that point in surprise. Wind Dragon tried to fire back, but a spell from Raven caught him in his own whirlwind. Like a spin cycle, Wind Dragon was knocked out of control.

Downpour growled, this was not going her way and her brother was losing badly to that would be hero. She recognized them from the files on Cadmus, they were the Teen Titans, well they were no longer teens any more, but they were still titans and still trouble. She summoned her full power to send a current of water at them.

Nightwing jumped in immediately, flinging a metallic disc towards Downpour. The disc hit the ground and froze the water that surrounded her, holding her into place. Nightwing jumped in after she was frozen and knocked her off to the side.

"What are these guy's problem?" Cyborg asked at this point when he engaged Juice in a battle, before Raven knocked Wind Dragon into him, taking both of them out.

Beast Boy had swung his tail and knocked Shifter into the wall. Shifter crashed into the wall and got knocked out from the process, unable to sustain an animal form. He turned back into his normal self and Beast Boy dropped to the ground.

"A whole lot by the looks of things, but we kicked serious butt," Beast Boy replied at the point, but then he turned to look at the long form of Longshadow. "And look there's one left."

"Let's leave him awake so we can interrogate him," Nightwing answered before the other three no longer Teen Titans could attack and the protégé of the World's Greatest Detective walked in to face Longshadow.

Longshadow did not get involved in the battle for he saw no point, these Titans were heroes, so should they not be fighting on the same side? He saw the imposing presence of Nightwing and whilst Longshadow could grow to impressive heights, he felt very small indeed as one of the more famous super heroes looked at him.

"Where is Starfire?" Nightwing voiced to Longshadow who backed up and held his hands in the air.

"I do not wish for trouble," Longshadow responded trying to articulate this point to the entire group, but Cyborg just looked at him before he responded with an obvious statement.

"There isn't going to be any trouble if you tell us where Cadmus is keeping her."

"Cadmus, I have no idea what you're talking about, we were sent here to apprehend this criminal," Longshadow answered at this point and felt a shift of pain through his hand, but he ignored it.

"Are you alright, man?" Beast Boy asked Longshadow.

Longshadow paused as he could feel a few stabs of pain through his body; his entire team could
have felt them even. There was a moment where he slumped forward but shook off the pain.

"It's nothing," Longshadow replied at this moment.

"That seems like an awfully painful nothing," Raven replied with a narrowed expression through her eyes when she surveyed the Native American, but Longshadow shrugged it off, taking a moment to compose himself.

The entire team looked at each other to remain calm before Nightwing spoke.

"Whatever it is, we'll see what we can do about it, but first, we need your help, you have to have some base of operations," Nightwing offered the young man, looking at him with a glance that seemed to leave no room for argument. "We can't help you unless you help us."

"I know," Longshadow responded as he hung his head at this point, before he took a moment to step back.

"And don't look now, but the other four have just flown the coup," Beast Boy replied and sure enough the Ultimen had vanished from where they were knocked out.

"I don't understand, why would they leave me behind?" Longshadow asked at this point, taking a moment to reflect upon everything.

Raven just held a hand up and saw that Volcana was gone as well, which complicated things. Did she leave on her own or did the Ultimen take her. The Titans had been a bit rusty, this would have never happened years ago. Batman in particular would throw a fit if he found out that Nightwing had allowed criminals to get away.

Right now, Raven had to answer a communication and she picked it up.

"Yes, Wonder Girl, Arcane and Supergirl have located where Starfire might be. Give me their location, and we'll be right there."

It was go time for the Teen Titans, one would hope that super herorism was much like riding a bike. Yet, the four of them had a common goal in mind regarding Starfire and the need to rescue her. They assumed that she had been dead for years, and Raven looked for her. They all wondered when she had returned and when Cadmus had grabbed her. That was another matter for another time.

Harry and Kara appeared in a darkened facility several miles outside of Metropolis. The two of them were on their guard and had switched to their mental link for all communications.

'Whatever is in here, we don't want them to get the jump on us,' Kara thought to Harry and Harry stood forward, the lab appeared to be abandoned. M'gann was helping Linda and Karen try to track whatever labs she could but she only knew so much.

'Any progress is better than no progress at all,' Harry thought at this point taking a moment to walk forward to the lab and the lights flickered on.

Neither Harry nor Kara did that so the two of them stood high on their guard. As it turned out, they were right to be on their guard for four more figures popped up at that point in the lab. Harry and Kara saw the four Ultimen standing before them. Downpour, Shifter, Juice, and Wind Dragon all
stood before them and it was Downpour who spoke at this moment.

"Supergirl and Arcane, Maxwell Lord told us that you are among public enemy number one," Downpour remarked at this point. "It is fortunate for you that we're…"

Kara blasted Downpour with a piercing spell before she could finish saying what it was fortunate about. This caused Shifter to contort in agony and he shifted into a large gigantic bird of prey. Shifter rose in the air to attack the one that had attacked his sister, but Harry jumped right in for the attack to knock Shifter out of the air.

Shifter flew backwards and crashed down to the ground, with Wind Dragon and Juice looking towards them, before one party kicked up a huge gust of wind and the other party kicked up a huge amount of electricity. Supergirl and Arcane prepared themselves for the battle at hand, knowing that these three had very distinct powers that they could exploit.

As it turned out, neither of them needed to attack as Wind Dragon gave a large grimace of pain and screamed out loud. His head throbbed in agony and Supergirl and Arcane moved forward to check on him, but it was at this point that he was crumbling, his skin was cracking.

"Someone help me!" Wind Dragon grimaced feeling his skin cracking and shifting, as he dropped to his knees. This was agony beyond anything that he had felt before as it felt as if there were several knives stabbing deep into his skin and ripping him apart from the inside, out. This was an experience that he wished he could forget, but he never would.

Supergirl tried to fly forward, but the current of electricity blocked her attack at that point.

'The more they use those powers, the faster they break down,' Harry thought to Kara and Kara really got the hint immediately, horror flooding over her at this point.

'You mean they're unstable?' Kara thought to Harry.

'Both mentally and physically,' Harry confirmed as he watched Wind Dragon's skin age to that of an old man before he spontaneously combusted and dust dropped to the ground.

"What did you do to him?" Juice demanded in a crazed voice, blowing up several light posts outside and he felt his heart beating against his chest. "Answer me, answer me!"

Juice felt the pain of being ripped apart by his own powers, but that was something that he blocked out. His rage could not be denied at that point as the lights cracked, but these attacks had an unfortunate side effect. They caused him to deteriorate faster and faster, with the pain going through his body.

With another movement, Juice aged rapidly before his body decomposed like Wind Dragon's did and the other two followed shortly, when they tried to use their powers. Downpour and Shifter exploded into nothingness, their screams of pain echoed through the ears of Kara and Harry who watched in horror.

'They were...just pawns of Cadmus, created for a purpose and now they're dead,' Kara thought to Harry and Harry responded with a nod at that point.

'I'm guessing this isn't the first team of Ultimen," Harry thought to Kara at this point as she nodded in response before she scooped up the sample of the dust. This DNA sample would hopefully pinpoint something about what Cadmus hoped to obtain.

The communicator on their belt came to life and Harry answered it finding out that it was Linda on
the other end.

"Karen and I were going through some records and we found an abandoned Luthorcorp Facility fifteen miles from where you are. M'gann took a look through the floor plan and it looked familiar, I think that's where they might be keeping Starfire. But you better hurry…M'gann's come off to see what she can do to help."

"She could get captured again," Harry responded at this point, but Kara placed a hand on Harry's to assure him that M'gann likely would have found a way to not get captured.

Kara and Harry honestly were both surprised that the League had not gotten involved at this point. While they were trying their best to keep the personal nature of this mission suppressed, it was just inevitable that the League would find out. They had been tied to many of the things involving Cadmus as well.

It was just inevitable that they would find out about everything eventually, especially Batman, because that's what Batman did, he found out things. Still at this point, Harry and Kara had to move off to the Cadmus facility as Linda mentally fed the coordinates to them.

There was also a slight hope that they would be able to find the clone there, but they were not holding their breath. They did not think that anything would be that easy, it rarely was, but once Starfire was rescued, then it would be one hundred percent focus towards going after the clone and tracking her down.

Psimon stood with a robe billowing behind him and his glowing eyes searching for any Teen Titans that he could see. He got the news from Maxwell Lord immediately to tell him what to do.

"Yes, yes, I understand, you're trying to get the replacement group of Ultimen online," Psimon answered. "Don't worry, contingency plan three is ready and willing to go."

"I don't know what contingency plan you have, but we're shutting you down Psimon."

Psimon spun around to face off against the Teen Titans, but a knowing smirk spread over his face when he stared down the entire group. The psychic had the air of knowing something that the entire team did not really know and it was at this point where he just applauded them. It was a mocking slow clap that he gave.

"Bravo Titans, you blundered into my trap," Psimon answered in a dull voice. "Did you not think I would have not prepared for this?"

Psimon waved his hand to the figures who awaited in the shadows.

"Yeah, you geeks are going down."

A young bald man who had the resemblance of a child showed up at this point, lifting up on mechanical spider legs. His name was Gizmo a member of the original class at the HIVE academy.

"Gizmo, you haven't gone through puberty yet?" Cyborg taunted and Gizmo just gritted his teeth in anger, snarling at Cyborg.

"Shove it in your piehole, nerd," Gizmo stated at that point and he waved the other members of the HIVE crew, Psimon's contingency plan. "The Titans got back together, but guess what geeko, we're
putting the entire band back together as well.

A large man with dark hair and a bulky physique stepped out of the shadows at this point. This mammoth man had a fitting name, that being Mammoth and he growled, staring down the Teen Titans, recognizing his old enemies at once.

Another figure stepped out of the shadows, a tall young woman with auburn hair dressed in black leather. Her name was Shimmer and she could transform any element into any other. That made her a dangerous enemy to have at this point or any other.

There was a young man dressed in red wearing goggles and on his uniform he had division signs on it, his name was Billy Numerous. He could divide himself into multiple enemies, but it had the process of warping his sanity.

The fifth figure who stepped out of the shadows was named Icicle Junior, the son of a legendary criminal mob boss from back in the day. He had the ability to control ice and shift it into any material that he wished.

"The odds aren't in your favor, are they Titans?" Psimon answered at that point, but an invisible form became visible. Psimon's voice had become disgusted when he had seen who had shown up. "The Martian."

"That's right, figured you could use a little backup," M'gann answered in a cheerful voice as she looked at the Teen Titans as well.

"And you didn't think that you were getting the entire crew back together without me, did you?"

Suddenly, the Teen Titans turned around and saw the Flash standing right behind them at that point, a former member of the Teen Titans as Kid Flash. Wally stood before all of them, and the HIVE children backed up.

"Man, you guys don't know when to give up, do you?" Flash commented and he turned to Nightwing. "Good thing I kept my Titans communicator for a keepsake, was surprised to see it go off, so I rushed over here, and found you guys."

"Do your team mates know about this?" Nightwing asked, but before Flash could answer, Billy Numerous divided into multiple versions of himself, offering a cornball laugh as he did so.

"You Titans are in for a rootin' tootin' time now," Billy Numerous offered at that point, as his drones cackled.

Flash just shrugged with a smile before he turned to Nightwing and sped off, knocking the various clones out with a series of rapid fire punches.

"Too slow, still not fast enough, come on, are you even trying? That was pathetic."

The clones had been knocked down with punch after punch with the Flash nailing into them. It was to the point where he could lean back and yawn and he would still not be enough to take him down. The Fastest Man Alive ducted, dodged, pivoted, and spun taking out each and every one of the Billy Numerous clones to the point where they propelled them all backwards.

Nightwing dodged a blast of ice from Icicle Junior, as he tucked his head and rolled. Each and every individual blast was fired at him. Nightwing scaled up to the catacombs to avoid his attack and swung on down. Icicle Junior tried to freeze the rope, but Nightwing jumped down, before Mammoth rushed him. Nightwing tripped up the charging Mammoth with his staff and sent him
flying down to the ground.

This allowed Beast Boy to jump into the battle, seeing a brief glimpse of Raven and Shimmer doing battle above. Beast Boy shifted his form into a large hulking rhino and charged forward to engage Mammoth. The strength of this particular member of HIVE blocked the attacks of Beast Boy, but suddenly an arrow shot from above, blowing up the ground.

Red Arrow had jumped down to the ground and armed himself, before he shot another arrow, catching Icicle Junior off balance. Another former member of the Teen Titans had shown up at that point to help with the battle and another barrage of arrows had been fired at the enemies as Nightwing and Red Arrow stood back to back.

"I thought you wanted nothing to do with me," Nightwing remarked casually, knocking Icicle Junior to the ground with a punch and on the other end, Red Arrow shot another arrow at one of the numerous clones of Billy Numerous.

"I don't, it's just that this is a perfect opportunity for a fight," Red Arrow answered at this moment and he waved at the Flash who rushed by.

"Just like old times again," Nightwing remarked, watching the battle between Shimmer and Raven that was taking place up top.

"Not really," Red Arrow answered in a flat voice knowing that Nightwing had his own share of demons, Red Arrow had them too, but that was beside the point. "Just stay focused on this one, Nightwing, and we'll get out of this."

"It's more than me, they have Starfire," Nightwing responded as he knocked out another clone of Billy Numerous and he landed on the ground hard.

Cyborg and Gizmo circled each other, with Gizmo trying to launch miniature pellets from his walker. The tech-savvy Teen Titan had no idea what they did to him, but knowing that Gizmo had cooked them up, it was something rather nasty. Gizmo gave a laugh that sounded like nails grinding on the chalkboard.

"Look, why are you involved with something like this?" Cyborg asked at that moment as Gizmo just chuckled.

"To see the look on your ugly faces."

Gizmo fired a miniature rocket, but Cyborg dodged that attack. He pivoted himself onto his before he prepared to arm his arm cannon and fire a sonic pulse at Gizmo. Gizmo screamed out loud at that point, his ears bleeding from the attack and an arrow from Red Arrow had been shot out. It blew Gizmo's spider legs out from underneath him and without his walker, he was just another obnoxious little brat.

Beast Boy swooped down and turned into a vulture, before he picked up Gizmo and hung him out to dry from the rafters. Gizmo began to kick his legs, cursing up a storm against the Teen Titans, but he had been hung out to dry.

Shimmer and Raven continued to do battle up towards the rafters, but Raven had managed to figure out the young girl's pattern. She closed her eyes, before she decided to do what she must have do now.

"Azarath Metrion Zinthos!"
The bolt of magical energy shot Shimmer hard and caused bandages to wrap around her, mummifying her at that point. Shimmer crashed to the ground as she was wrapped up. She joined Mammoth, Gizmo, Icicle Junior, and Billy Numerous out on the floor.

"Psimon says kneel!"

A bolt of psychic energy caught Nightwing, Beast Boy, Cyborg, Red Arrow, Raven, and Flash, bringing them to their knees. Psimon had a sadistic expression on his face, when he suddenly realized that he had neglected to put a person within his psychic squeeze. The former Titans were on their knees and struggling with because of the pain that they suffered, agony beyond belief.

Suddenly, Psimon felt a blast nail him in the back of the head and he was pulled onto the astral plane where he came face to face with the Martian. M'gann stared him down with an expression of determination etched in her green eyes and the psychic criminal just laughed at this point amused by her efforts.

"Do you really think that I can be defeated that easily?" Psimon taunted M'Gann as the two circled each other on the Astral Plane.

"Easy, maybe not," M'gann mused at that point before her eyes began to glow when she faced Psimon. Determination crossed her face as she prepared to engage the psychic criminal. "But I can defeat you."

Psimon's astral form turned into that of a gigantic fire breezing monster and M'gann's shifted into that of a large white dragon. The two figures circled each other on the Astral Plane, neither of them giving up any quarter. This was a true struggle of mental proportions and they began to clash together in a flash of white light.

Seconds had passed on the outside world, but in the theater of the mind, it was a long and labored struggle. M'gann looked rather determined to defeat Psimon and she managed to pull the essential information out of his mind. Psimon realized that her powers when unchained could be a dangerous thing.

Psimon backed off as he screamed and howled in absolute agony, wondering when the pain was going to stop. He wondered when the pain was going to stop while the psychic's expression shifted towards the White Martian.

"No, stop, I demand…"

Psimon was punched hard in the Astral Plane by a wave of psychic energy and M'gann transformed back into her normal form, a smile crossing her face before she addressed Psimon.

"You didn't say Psimon says."

M'gann returned to the real world just as the Titans were coming too on the ground. She could hear Supergirl and Arcane arrive at the lab above them, but right now she had information that the Titans needed to hear promptly.

"Guys, I've good news and bad news," M'gann remarked to the group, who prepared themselves for the worst. "The good news is that Starfire is here, in the lab above. The bad news is that they're going to kill her tonight."

There were no words for that, the Titans scrambled off. Despite the Flash being the fastest man alive, it was Nightwing who had taken the lead to save their former teammate. After finding her again, there was going to be no way whatsoever that the Titans were going to lose Starfire.
The scene in the lab was rather quiet, but never the less, it was time for Harry and Kara to make their way up the stairs. The two had taken the top entrance inside and had slipped inside, past the alarms that had been sent inside. This was as far as they dared to go without any help and in fact, all electronics on this floor were garbled.

That indicated one thing and one thing only, that meant that someone was hiding something, but the question was what were they hiding? Kara and Harry stood side by side, before they shifted to the shadows.

It was quite, a little bit too quiet and that fact alone made the pair of them extremely nervous. They felt shivers down their spines as they walked into a lab, where they saw several containment tanks containing the same people that they fought earlier this evening. There were hundreds of pods containing all of the Ultimen and the two Potters looked at them.

'They are manufacturing assassins,' Kara thought to Harry as they walked over to the console. 'We have to shut this place down immediately.'

'Working on it,' Harry though as he tried to hack into the computer, but he found that there was another secret room behind them. He pointed this out to Kara, who nodded and prepared to go over to break down the wall. 'Do you have everything?'

'Yes and no,' Kara thought to Harry at this point, when suddenly there was a rumbling from the stairs below. The two Potters had been taken off guard and a gust of wind blew up the stairs at this point.

The Ultimen had returned, well a new version of them never the less, led by Maxwell Lord. Lord stood by Shifter, Downpour, Juice, Wind Dragon, and Longshadow, the team of government sponsored super heroes stared them down immediately. Lord stood in the background, but there was a voice that broke the silence.

"Hey, Lord, looking for this?"

Volcana stood in the shadows bold as brass with a smile over her face as she stared down her enemies. There was no question about it whatsoever, she was someone who was ready and willing for a fight. The redhead Pryokinetic stood in the background and held the stone, before she moved over towards Supergirl and Arcane.

"How could you lie to us like that?" the original Longshadow said as he showed up to face the duplicate. "You said we were runaways who had been attacked, stricken by amnesia, you cured us."

"The only cure will be when we finish you off," the second Longshadow said at this point and Lord just offered a crisp nod at that point. "You are a defective copy, I'm the original deal, and I will put down."

Lord stood behind them, his mental attacks planting suggestions in the heads of the Ultimen and it riled them up to the point where they stepped forward to engage the heroes. All five of them stood ready for battle as Supergirl, Arcane, Volcana, and Longshadow waited for them to attack.

The odds got a bit more in the favor of the heroes when Raven appeared in the doorway. Nightwing followed Raven, then Cyborg and Beast Boy showed up. Flash rushed in at super speed to join them and Red Arrow dropped down. Miss Martian was the next one to face them, but
Maxwell Lord just clapped at them slowly.

"You children are out of your league," Lord said in a smug tone of voice as his eyes began to glow and he tried to compel the group of heroes to stand in their place, to allow the Ultimen to attack them.

"STAY OUT OF MY HEAD!"

Volcana angrily hurled a blast of fire towards Lord which broke his psychic attack and allowed M'gann to jump in to lock onto his mind. The two psychics struggled in battle, neither of them giving the other any quarter.

The Ultimen charged in with the battle.

Wind Dragon once again engaged Raven in battle, but he fared no better in combat than his predecessor. Raven once again repelled his wind attacks back at him to knock him down to the ground. Wind Dragon returned fire battling Raven.

Supergirl and Arcane circled Wind Dragon and flew at super speed into the vortex. The two heroes were into the Vortex, and Flash added his own input at super speed. Wind Dragon spun around and around like a demented spin cycle, before he was flung into the wall.

Downpour and Shifter engaged Beast Boy and Cyborg in battle, with Shifter shifting into a large rhino and Beast Boy copied his movements. Beast Boy and Shifter butted heads and horns, neither backing up from the other's assault. The loud crash and slam of two rhinos headbutting each other could be heard.

"Why won't you fry?" Juice demanded sending a bolt of electricity at Nightwing who promptly dodged it.

Nightwing was not going to outgun Juice, at least not one on one, but unfortunately he had some added help. Red Arrow jumped in and aimed, ready to fire. The arrow was shot out and Juice caught it, laughing, before a pulse caused him to short circuit. Juice dropped down to the ground and Flash rushed in at super speed, before sending him down.

Flash stopped, brushing off his hands, when the water sprinklers went off courtesy of Downpour, an action that caused Flash to stagger. Supergirl fired her heat vision at the floor and caused the water on the floor where Downpour stood to boil. The mutant staggered back at this point and Cyborg aimed his arm cannon.

"In your face!" Cyborg yelled triumphantly before blowing Downpour backwards and the young member of the Ultimen flew head over heels.

Longshadow battled Longshadow with the original feeling the pain of the breakdown starting, but he pushed through. He was more than just a weapon and that much was true when he grabbed his duplicate around the throat, pushing him back against the wall. Longshadow struggled against the grip of Longshadow and kicked him off.

Raven jumped in and closed her eyes before the second Longshadow was frozen in place. This allowed Cyborg to jump in and cut him down to size, blasting his legs out from underneath him. Longshadow tried in vain to balance himself before he crashed down to the ground and the original Longshadow made sure his duplicate had stayed down.

Shifter was sent crashing into the wall by Beast Boy and slammed with a vicious, violent charge. The young man was unconscious and seemed to be among the first to feel the early processes of
degeneration.

Lord and M'Gann continued their psychic battle on the other end with M'gann trying to push through the barrier, but Lord fired back with an attack of his own.

"You won't defeat me, little girl," Lord grunted trying to smash M'gann's mind into an eggshell with a well-placed psychic smash.

Arcane sensed this as an opportunity to get involved before he sent a blast at Lord. Lord was thrown off by this attack as his mind was attacked. Supergirl got involved on the attack, as did Power Girl and Matrix when they locked onto the bond link.

Lord shrugged off the initial barrage, but M'gann jumped back in, before slamming the full force a brutal psychic punch through the mind of Maxwell Lord. The eyes of Lord rolled in the back of his head and he staggered around, before he dropped down to the ground.

M'gann dropped to her knees and Volcana caught her in her arms, with a smile which M'gann returned.

"I think your friend is back there," Volcana told the Titans and the group all nodded, making their back to back wall that Arcane and Supergirl had found earlier.

Cyborg smashed the wall open and sure enough in a containment tank was the unconscious form of Starfire. She looked a bit older than they last remembered her with longer hair that went nearly down to the floor and also was more developed, but they hoped that their friend had not been twisted to the point.

"So can you get her out?" Nightwing asked Cyborg in a pleading voice.

"I should be able to," Cyborg replied, hoping that he was not too late. With that in mind, he began to hack into the machine to find his way inside and sure enough after a couple of moments of tense actions, the containment tank opened with Starfire falling out.

She looked up at the Titans in recognition and said two words.

"My friends."

She collapsed on the ground the moment she exited the tank, but Raven and Nightwing had caught her. Supergirl stepped forward to take a look at Starfire and put a hand to her forehead.

"Teleport her back to Patronus, Karen and Linda will both know what to do," Supergirl responded after a deep breath. "Starfire's been through a lot, and we just got to her in time."

Raven did so as the Teen Titans circled around, both past and present. The Flash stood in the background and Nightwing walked towards his former Teen Titans teammate before taking a long look at him.

"So, did the League know about this mission?" Nightwing asked in a somber tone and it was Flash who seemed to look a bit nervous at this point.

"Batman has been investigating Cadmus business for some time and this was one of the facilities that was on the list, don't tell him I told you though," Flash answered Nightwing and Nightwing turned around long enough to fold his arms, to peer out into the distance.

So Batman had an idea about this place, well Nightwing was going to have a few words with his
mentor about what just happened. It was not the first time that Batman hoarded vital information away from him, but it was most certainly an extremely frustrating occurrence when it happened. Nightwing clutched a fist and scowled long and hard.

Volcana turned to Harry at this point, not wanting to meet his eye, before she placed the Stone of Godric Gryffindor in his hand.

"We're even," Volcana answered at that moment, before Harry placed a coin in her hand. "What's this for, bus fare?"

'It's to send you back to Patronus, until we can get this sorted out, Longshadow is being sent back as well,' Harry told Volcana and he also transported the stone into the security vault with Slytherin and Hufflepuff.

Volcana had no time to argue, she knew that Arcane was not going to give her another chance and she might as well try to rely on them. The coin activated within her hand and caused her to disappear in a flash of light. There was no trace of the girl but a smug of dirt where she had once stood.

Harry and Kara looked at each other, a resolved expression on their faces, and knew they had their work cut out for them. The first thing they were going to do was try and find that clone.

Kara and Harry exited the Cadmus facility after it had been cleared out, both of them having searched it for any information. Unfortunately, Cadmus had been crafty enough not to leave too much behind at this point and thus the pair of them were just essentially back to square one. The Teen Titans had long since left.

'Well that one was a bust,' Kara thought to Harry in despair. 'I can't help but….be worried that something might have happened to her. It feels almost like a part of me is getting tormented as well, it sounds silly I know.'

'No, it's not absurd at all, she is you, and we'll find her, sooner or later,' Harry answered at that point, but before they could leave, several government vehicles rolled up to the base. 'We've got a bit of trouble.'

Harry saw several armed government officials and troops exit the vehicles at this point. Behind them was a large black woman dressed in a business look and an expression on her face that indicated that she was going to not take any guff from anyone. She walked forward and came face to face with the two Potters.

"Step away from the government lab," Waller commanded in a swift voice, and no sooner had those words escaped her mouth, the government facility blew up, along with all of the half completed clones having been destroyed. Waller was flummoxed at this action by the two Potters. "How dare you?"

Kara jumped right in defensive mode and stared down Waller. "How dare I? How dare I? How dare you? You're the one who are keeping people against their will, with your genetic cloning experiments, and you're conditioning them into your little soldiers."

Waller was not about to be talked back by an alien, especially one who was so dangerous. She worked hard for this country and was proud to be an American. Even if she had to work with Lex Luthor to achieve those ends, there was a certain means that would justify them. It was better to
make the deal with the devil to save the lives of many.

"We're only out for the best interests of the people, human people," Waller answered at this point. "Do you think we are blind? Project Cadmus is for the benefit of the world. The Justice League is growing, they are forming an army, and they have that orbital space station that could potentially fire upon innocent people."

Harry stared down Waller at that moment, but Waller decided to turn her attention to him, the most dangerous one of them all.

"And do not think we have forgotten about you, Mr. Potter. I've learned about what wizards can do, I've heard the reports of the disappearances and what Riddle did. If a small group like that was able to cause so many deaths, then a larger group was going to be able to cause even more deaths."

"Perhaps, but anyone is capable of causing deaths," Harry answered without missing a beat. "Some of the greatest atrocities in the history of the world have been committed by ordinary human beings who did not have a drop of magical blood or powers within them. But naturally, they were all doing what was best for the world."

Waller faced Harry at this moment, conceding that he had a point, but she was not about to back down and let him know that she agreed with him on this front.

"Volcana and Longshadow, hand them over to us, Mr. Potter," Waller responded at that point and Harry just stood to face her.

"Sorry, can't do that," Harry replied at that point, staring Waller directly in the eye, almost daring her to take a shot at him so he would have an excuse to put her down. "The two of them have been victimized by the government in different ways."

"Longshadow will perish in less than a day, so it doesn't matter to begin with," Waller answered at that moment.

"Maybe through normal technology, but you'd be surprised with what we're capable of," Kara answered at that point, floating off the ground.

Two rather determined forces stared each other down with neither blinking at this point.

"You have just validated my point," Waller answered, with the very obvious fear that Supergirl, Arcane, and their wives were too powerful to be allowed. Yet, there was only one thing that could potential take them down that she was seeing and that was unwilling to play that particular card at that point. "Volcana has committed many crimes, and should be locked up for her own good."

"One could accuse Cadmus of flaunting the law as well with their illegal manipulation of genetics and working with known fugitives," Harry responded at that point to Waller, throwing her words back into her face. "We can go back and forth on this all day and all night, Ms. Waller. The fact of the matter is that you can sugar-coat what you're doing under the illusion of it being for the Greater Good all you want, but we all know better."

Waller stood back, making sure to keep several men between her and the Potters. She knew that she was fighting a losing battle at this point and Waller turned around.

Harry and Kara allowed Waller to leave, mostly because they had placed a tracking charm on her person. It was the only shot that they had to tracking down Luthor, Kara's clone, Astoria, and anything else that Cadmus might be cooking up.
When Waller was out of sight a voice whispered in her ear.

"I removed the tracking charm those two put on you Waller and you were a fool to even think to engage them face to face. Do you not understand the consequences of what could have happened?"

Waller refused to let some teenage witch tear her down in such a manner. Waller spun around, eyes flashing in anger, before she went to respond to the girl in question.

"I fear nobody."

There was enough time for Waller to depart before Harry and Kara figured out that the tracking charm had been removed from her. Perhaps it was a calculated risk for Waller to confront them and it hit her that if they had Volcana, they also had the third stone. That was another reason why Greengrass was in a bit of a snit.

Cadmus would still serve its intended purpose and protect the world. Tonight's mission had been the first real failure where nothing had gone right. However, Waller would rebound and would recoup, because that was the type of woman that she was.

Nightwing stood on a rooftop overlooking Gotham City before Batman dropped down behind him. Given that he was rather used to Batman's unexpected dropping in, Nightwing did not even flinch for a second before he turned to properly face his mentor.

"So, I've heard you've had a busy night."

"One might say that," Nightwing responded without looking Batman in the eye or even looking at him period. He tried to keep his voice calm and given the Dark Knight a chance to explain, although Nightwing did wonder sometimes why he even bothered. "Starfire was alive, Cadmus had her."

Nightwing waited for Batman to give the reaction and sure enough Batman gave it.

"There have been rumors to that extent," Batman answered, once again keeping his voice calm as he stood in the shadows.

"So, you did know?" Nightwing offered and there was no response other than the silence. "You couldn't have given me the heads up."

"The League had to be for sure," Batman answered to Nightwing.

Nightwing just turned around and peered over the ledge, looking down into Gotham City.

"So, that's it, now I couldn't have been told before you? I've been busting my hump for you for years and you couldn't even clue me in that one of my oldest friends could still be alive in a government base somewhere."

"I didn't want to get your hopes up, Nightwing," Batman answered and there was a long moment before Nightwing looked off into Gotham City, before he turned around.

Nightwing remained silent and calm, before he walked off and just shot a grapple towards a gargoyle across the way before he swung off. He did not even know why they were even bothering.
Batman stood and turned around, knowing his old partner well. He would stew for a few days and then he would be back. The fact of the matter was that Cadmus was increasing their operations.

The Justice League was at a crossroads and Batman had to report back what he found out. The team could be potentially taking the first steps to a full blown round of becoming like the Justice Lords so they needed to proceed with caution. It would take much consideration to determine what their next move was.

To Be Continued in "Thawing."
Volcana sat in a side office off the Patronus Incorporated main lobby as she thought what happened over the past couple of months to her. Or really, what happened over her entire life, it had really been just a never ending duck and run with the various government groups that were after her. The red haired pryokinetic tried to reconcile everything that occurred in her mind and it was a really long haul to figure out everything.

The fact of the matter was that she made more than her fair share of mistakes that landed her in the tight fixes and lead to big problems more often than not. The red head understood that as her powers were unique and thus it made her a desired commodity. The fact was that the government really was trying to reclaim their assets at all times and to the government, Volcana was an asset and nothing more. That was not an existence that she wanted to live but it was an existence that she loved living.

The red haired girl folded her arms and just thought about it, perhaps now she could have a bit more freedom although she would never be free. There was going to be that much but at least she was in a place where the government was not going to touch her. The security in this building was second to none and Volcana realized that not even she could escape if she wanted to. In many ways, she had been traded to a different prison but in another way her situation improved. It was a confusing existence for a girl like her to live but that was the life that she lived. Yet it was the cards that she had been dealt with during her life.

The red haired girl offered a labored sigh for that thought as she heard the footsteps approaching her. She turned around to allow her eyes to focus forward and spotted the figure approaching her closer and closer.

Harry sat down in the chair across from Volcana and offered her a bit of a reassuring smile which only made Volcana marginally better at this point. The red haired girl decided to be the one to break the very long and awkward silence that the two of them had.

"So, I guess I screwed up big time," Volcana offered in her attempt to break the ice. Harry did not say anything right away, he just sat there silent and thoughtful. The pryokinetic took another moment to reflect and think about everything that occurred. "Would it really help to say that I'm sorry for everything that happened."

Harry just paused at this point as he looked at the redhead and just allowed her to spend a few moments, pondering, and thinking about what she said. The red haired simply crossed her arms together and just waited to see if Harry was going to say anything to her. The wait was an annoyance to say the very least.

As it turned out, Claire did not have to wait for very long.

"You made mistakes, but I suppose that I honestly can't fault you for that too much." Harry answered in an honest voice as his eyes remained on Claire and she nodded in response. "You did what was right in the end and helped us a little bit in there. That being said, Cadmus would have never given you any freedom."

"I know, I know," Claire responded with a sigh and she closed her eyes to think about what
happened. She was desperate and tried to do the easiest thing to get her freedom. Yet there was no freedom to be had, and the redhead understood that now. "It's just..."

Claire paused at that moment to try to collect her thoughts as she felt the frustration wash over her body. There was a moment of time where the redhead just sat there and really tried to take a moment to ponder her predicament. Then she spoke again in a somber and serious voice.

"It's just that, I was so sick of everyone trying to use me for their own benefits and I wanted out, I wanted freedom," Claire added in a tense voice. "I guess I stuck my foot in my mouth all of the time but it's not something that is hard to do. I just guess I should have taken you up on your offer the first time. None of this really would have happened, you know that."

Harry just offered a bit of a smile to Claire, he was not sure if he would go that far, but at that point he was really grasping at straws. Still there were some good things that had come out of this entire bothersome mess.

"You got the third Stone, and everything worked out in the end," Harry answered Claire and she nodded in response, that much was true. "We're that much closer to taking down Cadmus and hopefully we'll be able to put them out of business for good."

That was one hope that Claire would have to agree with as she realized how much Cadmus and the government in general had used her. It was like a constant pain that never left her and it always frustrated her one million percent. Indeed, it was so frustrating that it achieved a statistical improbability.

"I need to check out a couple of other things, you'll be fine, won't you?" Harry asked and Claire nodded in response as she looked out through a window. "You'll find that security is tight nothing gets in or out without me knowing a thing about it."

'Luna sure does test it however, but then she's Luna,' Harry thought to himself with a chuckle as he walked off to leave Claire there.

With another motion Harry zipped over to the next room where Longshadow sat in a containment unit where he was being studied by Karen and Hermione who both sat there. Harry walked over to the two girls and asked for their assessment on the situation. He wanted to know their thoughts on what was going on.

"So, did you find a way to stabilize him yet?" Harry asked Karen and Karen paused before she answered.

"Yes, he's no longer subject to cellular degeneration and he should be brought back to normal in due time. Everything will work out fine after a couple more days, we bought him maybe six more months."

"More than enough time to stabilize him in a permanent manner with the technology we have at hand," Hermione inputted as Harry nodded in responded and Longshadow stepped forward and he peered out of the containment tank. "Sorry about keeping you there, but we must make sure anything that Cadmus left behind has been purged."

Longshadow just waved off the apology as he understood what the crew at Patronus Incorporated had to do. He had an idea that if he was used as a weapon to attack them, he did not want to be a burden in that way.

"You seemed to be a defect to the entire cloning process," Hermione answered as she looked over
the readings. "Defect in a good way for you developed a will beyond the intended purpose that
Cadmus had. In time, you might change in other ways."

Longshadow waited as Hermione paused and the Native American took a moment to ask a question
that had been burning in his mind. He could not wait long enough to ask that particular question.

"What is my purpose in life?" Longshadow asked at this point and it was at this question where
Harry looked oddly thoughtful.

"Many of us try and define some kind of greater purpose in life, but very few of us do," Harry
answered him in an even voice and Longshadow just responded with a nod. "Only you can decide
what your purpose is. You can be much more beyond what Cadmus had for you and have a life of
your own, all you have to do is try and move beyond that purpose."

Longshadow nodded but his true origins were something that caused him a great deal of
discontent. There had been information fed into his mind and the minds of his fellow Ultimen
about how they came to be but it was just dry facts with no emotional involvement or connection.
In reality he was just a blank slate to be written and re-written in any way possible.

He had a lot to think about where his life was heading and what direction he was going in with it.

Eight long years of her life had been missing from Starfire's memories from the point where she
had saved her fellow Titans from getting killed at the hands of Brainiac all the way to the point
where her friends had helped saved her. A lot had happened in those years as they had thought
Starfire was dead and the team had split up.

Starfire remembered her trip to the future where the Teen Titans broke up because she had
disappeared. As it turned out history had a point of repeating itself over and over again, that was
one thing that the redhead alien could remember every single thing. She took a moment to sit on a
table with her head between her legs, dressed in a gown that just barely went down to her knees.

"Just relax, we need to make sure that Cadmus did not leave anything behind," Kara remarked to
her as she prepared to scan Starfire.

Starfire allowed that all to settle in but she had one thing that entered her mind which was a very
pressing fear that she had to speak of. She had to voice it to the group that had rescued her.

"Am I in danger of dying?" Starfire asked in a bit of a terrified voice but Kara just responded with a
warm smile.

"We're not going to let you die, but you just got to relax and let us scan you," Kara answered as she
tried to scan Starfire, not wanting to miss an inch of her. There was a moment where the blonde
was watching the scan and seeing if anything had been left behind. She was practically holding her
breath because there would be a problem if Cadmus had done anything to Starfire.

Nightwing, Raven, Cyborg, and Beast Boy all waited in the background for their teammate to get a
clean bill of health. They heard the door open and Harry arrived to check up on what was
happening from their newest guest. Kara was hunched over the scan of Starfire's body, carefully
checking to ensure that she did not miss anything.

"So, any good word?" Harry asked and Kara turned around to allow the scan to complete when she
talked to her husband.

"So far Starfire is checking out quite nicely," Kara informed him and Harry responded with a nod,
it was nice to see that something was going right for once. "We're not completely out of the woods yet but so far so good."

Harry shook his head that was something that always tended to be the truth.

"I thought not," Harry answered they never was out of the woods with anything and Cadmus had Starfire for who even knew how long. "Does she remember anything?"

"Not a thing," Kara confirmed sadly as she looked at Starfire and a sad expression crossed over her face to show the disturbing thoughts that she might have had regarding what might have happened to Starfire. "You know, that might be for the best."

Everyone in the group would have to agree because being kept for a prisoner for a short amount of time was not a situation that anyone wanted to deal with. Being kept as a prisoner for such a long amount of time as Starfire had, that was a potentially demoralizing experience and one that Starfire would have liked to forget had she been able to remember what happened. Yet, she did not remember it so all the two Potters had managed to take a moment to scan her over.

Starfire waited patiently in the other room and tried to rack through her mind what happened. There was a loud explosion and darkness that happened. Her sister's betrayal just finally hit her at that moment and the alien princess was going to go over everything in her mind. All of her people were likely dead because of this, that much she remembered. It seemed like she was the last of her kind.

There was a chance that others had escaped but Starfire assumed the worst which really put a damper on her normally upbeat personality. She barely even felt the scan go over her as it tried to pinpoint what these government people did to her. Things were far different than the innocent days where the Titans went against the likes of Mad Mod, Mumbo, and Control Freak.

Control Freak, Starfire smiled as she remembered him, he was what Earthlings might have called a dork. Those were the good old days for sure.

"Okay, we've got good news for a change," Kara remarked at that point.

"Really?" Raven asked as she let out the breath that she had been holding. She tried not to tap into her emotions due to the havoc they still caused on her powers at that time. "She's completely clean?"

"Scanner says yes," Cyborg said feeling a bit happier than he had for years that the entire team was back together.

"So, are things going to go back to how they were?" Beast Boy asked in a voice that seemed to offer a great deal of hope and optimism.

It seemed like the team was about to defer to Nightwing at this point, for the fact that he was the former leader of the Teen Titans. There was a long amount of pause as Nightwing pondered the predicament that they were in. It was not going to be something that was just easy to turn a switch on and off at will.

"So what do you think?" Raven asked at that point to break Nightwing out of his thoughts.

"Ask me later," Nightwing answered as he saw Starfire be released but she was a bit weak on her feet.

"I'd take it easy for a few weeks and get something to eat," Harry answered at that point and
Starfire nodded in a grateful manner.

Eight long years she had been placed in containment and she had a lot of catching up to do, and what better way would to catch up would be with her friends.

The former Titans were all together for the first time in years and years and the group walked off to try and catch up like old times. Harry and Kara watched them leave with a smile and knew that if Cadmus tried anything, they would be shut down. There were still a few other things to do on this day and they wasted little time in doing it.

There was still a lot to do and time was running short in which to do it.

The Minister of Magic election was heating up in a sense with Lucius Malfoy throwing around whatever funds that he had left. Of course, there was always someone who could be bought and Lucius understood that fundamental fact about elections as he continued to work himself into that seat. He wanted to bring things back to the old world which ended up destroying itself with the old ways.

Sirius had thought about his lot in life, to be honest he did not really want the job as Minister of Magic. Even if he thought long and hard about what he would have done different and there was a lot that he would have done differently after all that had transpired. There was a need for an overhaul, not that he needed to wait for long at that moment.

Right now, Tonks and Remus were at Sirius's campaign headquarters which was really a modified shop that once sold Muggle magic tricks. Sirius had picked it up for cheap and Remus brought Sirius the latest polls.

"It's going down to the wire between you and Lucius," Remus informed him at that point. "The International Confederation of Wizards candidate is coming up on the wire and there are a couple of dark horses coming up…but this is interesting."

"What is interesting?" Sirius asked as he took a look at the paper.

"Apparently The Weasley Twins are running on a lark and they're sneaking up to fourth place," Remus answered as he looked at the polls right now.

"Wait, the Weasley Twins, I wondered what happened to them," Tonks replied with a smile crossing her face. Then it hit her suddenly when she looked at Sirius. "Wait, they're both running together as one candidate? Is that even legal?"

"There's nothing to indicate that it isn't, even a fictional character can get on the ballot somehow," Sirius answered at that point and Tonks just looked at the ballot with an amused expression on her face.

"That would explain the hundred or so write in votes for Spongebob Squarepants."

"I'm personally pulling for him myself."

Sirius spun around to protest but he saw the Flash standing in the doorway in all of his glory. The Fastest Man Alive had just sped in and Tonks greeted him with a smile before running over and hugging him and leaning in for a kiss but then she stopped.

"So is there something that you two want to tell us? Sirius asked at this point."
"That you need a flea bath?" Tonks replied and Remus offered a tense smile, he would have to agree Sirius did look a bit grimy after what he did.

"So, you're moving your way up the polls," Flash responded as he switched the subjects nearly as fast as he ran before he looked at the print outs. "I'm surprised you haven't had any assassination attempts on your life."

A look of mock remorse spread over his face at that point as Sirius turned his attention to the Flash. He seemed to be a bit hurt out of that potential declaration and he offered a response in mock sorrow.

"What? Anyone try and assassinate little old loveable me, why would someone do such a thing? I mean that's not going to happen that much, I'm someone who won't be killed, have you ever seen this face? That's just not the type of face that you try and assassinate."

"There have been about nine attempts on his life," Tonks answered at that point.

"Well you're supposed to take the shot for me, you're my bodyguard," Sirius responded at that point and Flash helped himself to the cookies and punch on the table. The dark haired heir of the House of Black watched the Flash before he decided to enlighten the Fastest Man Alive on one simple fact. "You know, I don't think we've checked those cookies and punch for poison yet."

Flash suddenly made a face and he spat them out on the ground. Sirius just leaned back on the chair and propped his feet up on the table as he watched the Flash try and not swallow any crumb that he had put into his mouth. That was a moment that Sirius would have burned into his mind for the rest of his life.

"I'm sure it's fine, Sirius wouldn't touch any food that might have had poison in it," Tonks answered but Remus just had a shadow of a smile cross over his face.

"Although given how much he used to eat on the Hogwarts Feast, he'll eat anything that stands still enough. Even if it's going to make him sick."

"And after the Azkaban food, poison is a step in the right direction," Sirius answered as he grimaced at the thought of what they tried to pass off as food in Azkaban. It was quite rancid to say the very least. Sirius leaned against the table and his eyes moved from Remus to Tonks all the way to Flash. Sirius took a moment to read the lasted poll results. "Lucius is losing favor, he's going to have to pull something out of his arse."

"That's a visual that I didn't need to think about," Tonks responded with a slight shudder at that point.

Sirius just laughed as he kicked back. The actual election would be taking place in a few months but what kind of country Britain would be would remain to be seen. Right now it was just going to be a puppet government for the moment all things considered.

The election heated up and a scary thought filled the mind of one of the candidates. Sirius began wondering what would happen if he actually did become Minister of Magic. That was a scary thought to say the very least and one that Sirius really thought long and hard about for more than a couple of moments.

Victor Fries or rather his head had a lot of time to ponder his lot in life and what he had to deal with throughout his time. Ever since the disease that his then wife suffered it had been a long road downwards to this point. His red eyes looked out and there was a flicker of emotion as he thought
about everything. That emotion was not anger but rather it was regret and sorrow with what happened in his life.

Victor had worked at Patronus Incorporated over the past few months as penance for what he did but that did not completely alleviate the guilt that swarmed in his heart from what had transpired. There was no amount to make up for what he did, especially those that he killed even if it was somewhat justified given what had happened in his life. Yet it only allowed him a certain amount of justification and there was a limit to all of it.

The former super villain saw the group of Potters enter the room.

"Good day," Victor greeted as he wondered what they had to discuss with him now. Word had reached his ears that they had rescued a number of people from a government facility and Victor found himself rather fortunate that he did not suffer a similar fate. "May I inquire what the reason is for your visit?"

"I believe we have the means to return you to a physical body and give you a second chance at life," Harry answered as he looked at the criminal long and hard. "Of course, the process is not without complications and without a test subject, we cannot say how it will work out well or not. The simulations have appeared to have worked out well."

"Then allow me to be your test subject so this process can be fine tuned," Victor answered in a crisp voice as he knew that there was something about this that could go right. "I know what your work is like and I know that all of the variables have been fine-tuned. Let us not wait a moment longer and put me in the chamber to return my body back to normal."

Harry did so as he carefully picked up the container containing the head of Victor Fries. With another swift movement he walked Victor over. Linda prepped the chamber for him to go into and Kara and Karen both manned the controls for it to work. Fries was walked over as this would either revolutionize medicine or be a flop of colossal proportions.

They had hoped for something that would revolutionize everything for they had worked long and hard on this even before Fries was there. It could be fine tuned to grow limbs or a fresh heart or lungs, millions could be made off of this technology, providing it worked long term. It was not something that could be rushed out on the open market before it was ready.

Victor was set into the chamber and the glowing green light surrounded him.

"I am ready when you are proceed with the operation," Victor answered in his most crisp voice, calm and collected as always.

"Very well then, I'll pull the switch to put you under," Harry explained and if Fries would have had a neck he would have nodded at this point. "And when you wake up, you'll be waking up as a new man."

The switch had been pulled as Victor was sedated. Kara kept a close eye on his vital signs as it dropped to the bare minimal to be sustained. It was only a miracle that Fries could survive when he was just a head but that was the process of the longevity that he enjoyed due to his unique condition.

"Vital signs are dropping to the safe level," Kara answered as she turned over to Karen. "Prepare to bombard him with the radiation at a rate of thirty nine Kryptos per nano-second."

Karen did what she was told as she bombarded Fries with the radiation, powered by the magically
modified Kryptonite that had ran the machine. They had fine-tuned the process where the Kryptonite would jump start dead cells, but at the same time would not be so lethal to make the process to be inert.

Harry inserted the tubes that contained cell samples that Batman had of Victor Fries in the Bat Cave before he had sustained the accident. How Batman obtained such a thing, Harry could not say. He was just going to go for the obvious answer and that was that he was Batman and that was just the type of thing that he did.

The machine began to light up and Kara spun around to relay another set of instructions to Karen.

"Taper off to half intensity for thirty seconds and then return to normal for sixty."

"Right," Karen answered as she typed in the information and they saw something forming, a brand new body that was growing from infant stages into toddler hood.

"Congratulations, we're now playing Rao," Linda stated with a bit of smile crossing her face before she added. "But it's for a good cause."

"Make sure to slow down the process, it's going a bit too quick and we don't want to shock him," Kara suggested and once again Karen did as she was told. "Are those vital signs sticking to normal Harry?"

"Yes, they are," Harry agreed as he watched the vital signs taper off bit by bit. They were getting closer and closer to achieving something great. "He's changing right on schedule, his body is shifting, I think we about got it."

The entire team let out a sigh of relief, they certainly hoped that they had him, but right now all they had to do was wait and watch. The four of them checked the vital signs as a teenager followed by a grown man shifted in the stasis tube as Victor Fries was reborn fully before their eyes. The radiation had been tapered off as now the body would not need to age beyond this point.

A mild mannered middle aged scientist rested in the pod with a receding hairline and he looked like Victor Fries did before the accident that turned him into Mister Freeze. The pod opened and Harry turned to the newly reborn Mister Fries.

"How are you feeling?" Harry asked.

"Cold," Victor Fries responded, but Harry had never seen so one seem so happy at feeling the sensation of feeling cold. "I can feel it."

"That means it's working," Kara answered at that point as Karen and Linda fetched a set of clothes.

Victor Fries had no idea what he was going to do from here, but one thing was for certain, he had gotten a brand new lease on life and he was going to make the most of it one step at a time.

He only had one thing to say to the Potters at this point from the bottom of his heart. A heart that was no longer frozen with emotions that were not numb to everything that was going on in the world. He spoke in an honest manner from the bottom of his heart.

"Thank you."

The sentiment was appreciated as Victor Fries prepared to live the next few days of your life.

"If there are any complications, please don't be afraid to seek out our help," Kara replied and Fries
"Look at her. 'Just to be on the safe side.'"

"Of course, of course, better safe than sorry," Fries answered and the Potters nodded in response that would be a great sentiment for all of them, it was better safe than sorry.

"Cadmus is about to make their move."

"And we're sure about this, how?"

"I've got people looking into things, and I even sent the Question to do some nosing around," Batman answered which got a few groans from the assembled main seven of the League.

"Oh come on, not that kook," Flash managed at that point as he looked at the World's Greatest Detective.

"He is a little high strung," Wonder Woman offered in a diplomatic tone of voice as she crossed her hands.

"Maybe, but he gets the job done and if anyone can unearth a conspiracy in the government, it would be him," Batman answered at this point. "The events of the other evening at Cadmus prove something that we have feared for a long time."

"It always goes back to Arcane, doesn't it?" Green Lantern asked at that point.

There was some nods and some grunts around the table.

"We did keep them out of the loop regarding the situation regarding the potential prisoners Cadmus was holding," Superman offered as he looked at Batman and made no bones about how he did not like that situation.

"That was information that you obtained when you were in Luthor's body," Batman reminded him and Superman just nodded remembering it well, as he decided not to tell Harry and Kara when the League had said that they had too much on their plates.

Not that the League had enough time to catch their breath, they were a rather busy crew in themselves. The League sat around the table at the Watchtower and all of them took a couple of moments to figure out the next move they should make.

"Donna is a bit reluctant to tell me anything that's happening, because I think that she thinks that the League will find out," Wonder Woman answered as she looked at her fellow members of the League before Batman cut in with the question that was on all of their minds.

"Would you have withheld information if she had told you?"

Wonder Woman's eyes narrowed towards Batman as he stared back and did not flinch not even for a second. The World's Greatest Detective and the Amazon Princess locked in a battle of wits with each other.

"It's between blood and between this team, I'm sticking with my sister if she asks me to keep information confidential," Wonder Woman responded at this point. "Although I do wonder how much you keep your own teammates back in Gotham City in the light."

"Kind of hard not to hear that shouting match between you and Nightwing," Superman offered as he rubbed his ears, they still were ringing from what happened.
There was a moment where Batman was silent before he offered on cutting declaration of "No Comment."

The League had known that it was time to switch tactics at that point and it was the Martian Manhunter who had spoken up next for the first time in this meeting.

"Cadmus seems to have dozens of facilities and most of them are not on paper," The Martian Manhunter answered at that point. "There are only two people who may know where they are all."

"Waller and Luthor," Green Lantern confirmed at that point.

"Waller believes what she's doing is right though," Wonder Woman answered at that point. "Her record speaks for itself; she has fought hard for what she believed in."

"And she believes in Luthor," Green Lantern fired back in a skeptical tone of voice but there was a point where Batman shook his head.

"She believes that we're a threat and that the end justifies the means," Batman cut in and the League focused their full attention on Batman. "And let's face it; this team is always going to be a cause for a concern. Any one of you could become a threat, and there are around twenty of us now and growing."

"Are you trying to say that she's right?" Hawkgirl asked as she raised an eyebrow.

Batman said nothing else but rather he turned around and started to leave. The truth was he would be a fool not to think that Waller had a point, especially after the incident with the Justice Lords. He hoped that Green Arrow and the Question, along with a few other members would be able to maintain the balance.

Yet, Batman also did wonder in the back of his mind if he was escalating the problem and he turned around to get up.

"Keep me posted if you hear anything and I'll do likewise," Batman answered before he began to walk from the Watchtower and remembered that he neglected Gotham City for far too long. At over forty years of age, Batman certainly was not getting any younger and had lost a few steps, but that just caused him to train harder.

Superman had followed Batman away from the League Conference room and there was a moment where Superman was following closely behind his long-time partner. The two of them had known each other longer than any other League members had together and Superman could almost tell that Batman was having some serious misgivings about something.

"Do you really think that we're more of a problem than a solution?" Superman asked and Batman remained stoic as he did not answer at that point.

"Yes and no," Batman answered in a cryptic voice. "Cadmus is dangerous because it could make the League's threat become some self-fulfilling prophecy, so do remember that when we take our next step."

With those cryptic words, Batman had exited the Watchtower to leave Superman in a lurch as the Man of Steel had a great deal to think about in a very short time. This Cadmus situation seemed to be spiraling out of control where the League was rapidly being backed into what seemed to be like the ultimate no win situation. Luthor got some sick joy out of it too as he played both parties from behind the scenes.
Superman shook his head; he would not let this Cadmus situation get the better of him, no way and no how. He could not let them win for any reason whatsoever, especially given that so many people looked up to and counted on Superman.

The League would prove that they were not the threats that Cadmus thought they were but there were many people out there who would always wonder. Trust was always a shaky issue as it took years to build but only mere moments to shatter in an instant.

It had been a great farming year for Jonathan Kent as the harvest had been cleared up and right now the elderly farmer made his way into the barn to try to fix his trusty tractor. Despite the fact that it was not really the most dependable anymore, Jonathan could not bear and give up on the old girl. Even as right now, the old girl seemed to be about ready to give up on him.

Jonathan had been to his latest physical and the doctor cautioned him against any hard labor, but he decided that since he knew how his body felt, he was going to press on anyway. Besides, how would the work get done on the farm anyway? Kara, Karen, Linda, and Harry all stopped by to help out every now and again, but Jonathan did not want to grow dependable.

The farmer chuckled and really thought that Harry might want to cut back on the interdimensional traveling just a bit. Especially considering that he kept getting bonded with a girl every time, even if they were an alternate universe version of Kara.

Jonathan felt a numb sensation in his arm that he tried to shut out immediately, but suddenly he felt a little light headed as well. His breathing became slowly more and more shallow, maybe he should have sat down a while ago and taken a drink of water. There was a tightness in his chest as well.

Jonathan took a step forward across the barn before he clutched his chest and then dropped to his knees before he slumped to the ground.

The moment Jonathan dropped to the ground a figure crept from around the barn. She had short shoulder length blonde hair, wore a black jacket, along with a black sports bra, and a short pair of black jean shorts with knee high black boots. She stepped inside having remembered this place from her memories.

She saw the old man on the ground and felt compelled to save him, although she did not know why. Her eyes were more of a shade of green then blue from the person that she was spawned from. She stepped over and placed her hands on the chest of Jonathan Kent.

With a mere motion the blood was pumping once again to his heart and it beat, weakly, but it still beat. She made sure to make a lot of noise to alert the woman who was sitting on the front porch as the autumn breeze had blown through.

Galatea flew high into the sky to watch the old woman rush towards the barn and give a panicked yell of "JONATHAN, NO!"

She pulled out a cell phone to call an ambulance which was good as he would not be sustained for long without the proper medical attention. This gave Galatea a moment to fly around the area of the Kent Farm to see if that would jog any more of her memories that had been blocked. There was just something about her mind that was a never ending haze of fog.

Galatea dropped down and she saw on the mantle a picture of a blonde girl with blue eyes that resembled her and a dark haired boy with the most gorgeous set of green eyes imaginable. She found herself staring at the photo for several minutes before Galatea had recognized the boy from
the photo.

Oh yes she recognized him alright, even if he was riding her or maybe she was riding him in the dreams. She sucked him off a fair few times and he gave her anal sex as well, it was all good as far as Galatea was concerned. Her heart skipped a beat when she thought about how good those dreams were.

She broke the frame containing the photo and used her heat vision to cut the blonde girl out of the photo, before she kept the photo of the dark haired boy, stuffing it into the side pocket of her jacket.

"Remember your mission, tie up the loose ends!"

Galatea dropped to one knee as there was a buzzing in her ears to remind her of the mission that was at hand and she turned around to fly off.

There was some kind of mind control chip in the base of her head along with a lead casing with liquefied Kryptonite within it. If she had stepped one toe out of line, Lex Luthor had his hand on the kill switch that would release the Kryptonite into her brain and kill her.

Of course once her usefulness was reached Cadmus planned on terminating her anyway, but that was something that was unknown to Galatea.

To Be Continued in "Uplink."
Chapter Fifty Two: Uplink.

Marge Dursley was called many things by many people, a hardened alcoholic, a spiteful woman, a bitch, and any other number of adjectives. She had heard all of the statements and had discounted them as the words of someone who was jealous. Yet there was one thing that she took pride of, she took care of her precious dogs. In fact, she regarded them more than she did some humans at that point. Her dogs were precious to her, there was no greater treasure that could be measured than that of her dogs.

Right now she was saddened when her favorite bulldog, Ripper, had to be finally put down after a rough last couple of years. He was never the same after the trip that Marge took to the home of her brother and his wife all those years ago. Marge recalled it, and wished she had taken more because that was the last time that she had seen Vernon before the attack happened. It was really awful when she heard about that, some psychopath had attacked her family and blown up the house.

And during the holiday season that was something that was even more twisted when she thought about it. Marge continued to think about it, her nephew Dudley was cut down in the prime of his life and her beloved brother was murdered, along with his wife. As for the boy, Marge never really did spare a second thought about him. He was likely on drugs somewhere, penniless, or hopefully dead.

Sudden Marge heard a whirling sound from up above before her eyes peered up to see a rather peculiar sight. She had not been drinking today so she could not have imagined it above her. Yet, there it was up in the sky, it was a flying girl of some sorts and Marge stood with her jaw dropped as she watched the girl drop down to the ground.

The girl approached Marge with a humorless expression upon her face and she stared down the Dursley woman. Her blonde hair blue in the breeze and she stared down Marge. Never one for any tact, Marge responded in a rude voice.

"What do you want?" Marge asked in a rude voice and the girl just stared at her before she grabbed Marge by the wrist. "Let me go, you'll hear from my attorney if you injure me."

"Tell me about Harry Potter," the girl answered in a swift voice, when her eyes narrowed dangerously.

Marge was angered at the boy being brought up as her eyes widened and she nearly spat out the next words. "That boy, he's useless he should have been drowned when he was an infant. I hope he's dead or in a gutter somewhere, serves him right. He likely got my brother and his wife killed."

"Wrong answer," the girl responded as a blast of heat fired from her eyes and struck Marge Dursley. The woman spontaneously combusted at the impact to give a loud shriek of agony before she knew no more, and her ash ridden remains dropped to the ground.

In their home, Kara sat up out of bed with a start and she began to breathe heavily with the ceiling had a hole burned through it with heat vision. Harry was stirred awake as well and he looked at Kara who breathed heavily.

'You two saw that too, right?' Harry projected to Karen and Linda as they stirred out of bed.
'Yeah, I saw it, we all saw it,' Karen replied as she sat up out of bed to watch Harry wrap his arms around Kara who seemed rather disturbed with what she saw.

Harry wrapped his arms tightly around Kara and slowly began to kiss her. Linda was up as well and rubbed her temple to try and reconcile what had happened. Karen pulled herself up to a sitting position as well when Kara decided to break the silence when she spoke a few words.

"They're getting more vivid."

They knew that Kara had these dreams before and they were extremely unsettling to say the very least. Harry tried to comfort his wife as she came to the one conclusion that was likely given what they had found out.

"I think it's the clone," Kara responded as her breath had left her body.

'I just want to be with him, why can't Cadmus just get off my back?' another voice flickered into the uplink between the Potter spouses.

This had caught the entire group completely and utterly off guard but to their credit they recovered quickly.

'Hello, are you there, who are you?' Harry tried to project back, but there was no response.

'That's the first time I heard her think something through the bond, wait, if she's in the bond that means...’ Karen thought before she mentally trailed off and Linda was the one that picked up her thoughts.

'She must be, she's wife number four,' Linda thought to herself.

'The bond must only be partially cemented through, because I didn't slip a ring through on her finger,' Harry mused to himself and his wives through the bond. He then thought of another logical outcome. 'And maybe because she is technically Kara, she has magic and her magic is recognizing us as married, but there's something else blocking the link.'

Kara sat up with her chin rested on her knees as she looked out deep in thought and contemplated the situation. The fact of the matter was that there was a potential other version of her and it was in the link.

"She killed Marge Dursley," Harry remarked when he had recalled the dream and to be honest, that scored him a few points for his potential wife at this point. "But there's just something else, we got to find her."

Karen was visited by a sudden burst of inspiration before she spoke up, carefully choosing her next words. "Maybe we can amplify the power of the bond somehow and use it as a beacon to track her and rescue her."

The entire group responded with nods as they tried to figure out if that could work.

"That just might work," Kara remarked at that point. "The bond link might be strongest with me and Harry, because I'm her clone and I'm Harry's Alpha. That has to be it, isn't it?"

Harry, Karen, and Linda all nodded, that particular line of inquiry did tend to show the most promise. The four Potters got up out of bed as the recalled the visions that they had seen. All of them were ready for action and ready to rescue her from Cadmus. Of course, given what Cadmus might have done to her, they had to proceed with some level of caution due to the fact that she
might have been kind of unstable. They hoped that was not the case but one could never be too
careful.

Still she was one of them so they had to save her. Even if it was really early in the morning there
was no time to waste. Now that they knew that the bond was active they could find a way to track
her at this moment and bring her in.

Kara felt the most distress, not that the others lacked distress, but this clone was made from her
DNA. And likely knowing Luthor, she had been tormented at some sick revenge scheme to get
back at her for her and Harry stealing his company. Not to mention it was hard to tell how she had
been conditioned after what had happened.

Cadmus might have done a number on her, but there was always a chance that what was done could
be undone.

Galatea returned to the Cadmus Headquarters like she had been compelled to do so as agitation
filled her mind and frustration soon followed. It was a moment where she had contemplated her lot
in life. If nothing else, she had been programmed to be a dutiful little soldier to return to base when
she was done with the day’s mission even though she had taken an unauthorized side trip to Great
Britain to meet that one. She saw red when she talked about Harry Potter in that way.

She was in stasis for all of those months but a cascade of memories flooded back to her, of Harry
doing such wonderful things to her. Or at least so it had seemed for Galatea began to realize that it
was not her. She tried to hack into the Cadmus databases to find out more, but she had been caught
and had been subjected to more tests and far more torment. Galatea would never find out at that
point about the truth. Cadmus had ways to track her and make sure their asset did not go too far
away from them.

Galatea gritted her teeth as she dropped to the ground she did not want to be used in such a way.
She was not a weapon that could be deployed at will, she could be much more than that. Yet,
Cadmus had convinced her to eliminate those who had helped enable her creation at that moment.
The blonde walked forward past the guards and knew it was time to return to her room until they
sent her out for the next mission.

She could pick up a few snatches of conversation with her enhanced hearing as she walked further
and further into the cell. That was her home for right now but the snatches of conversation had
interested her just a little bit.

"I don't know if we should keep the weapon online for much longer."

That was the voice of Lex Luthor who once again had voiced what he considered to be a rather
accurate concern to Amanda Waller. Waller walked down the hall with Luthor and tried to keep her
expression neutral but at the same time all of these demands that Luthor had brought upon her had
gotten on her nerves.

"She's performing up to expectations," Waller responded as she looked at the clipboard. "Project
Galatea has none of the defects of the original model, who is locked away for further study."

"Ah yes, your little Doomsday weapon, I had almost forgotten," Luthor responded at that point.
"Make sure she doesn't escape, that one has no concept for humanity or compassion or follows the
orders of anyone. All she is an ultimate engine of destruction, but do note my findings that in six
months without finding a way to correct the flaw in the DNA, this one will be warped like that one."

Waller had known that point as Luthor was one who took great pleasure in rubbing her failures in her face.

"We're working on it, but if we don't find it within a month, Project Galatea will be terminated," Waller answered Lex as she looked at him with a calm expression on her face while she continued her brisk walk. "She is tying up all of the loose ends so no one could be traced back to Cadmus. I'd hate to lose a valuable asset like Emil Hamilton, but Potter is getting dangerously close to our operations."

"This is your fault for allowing that eccentric Nygma to play his little riddle games," Luthor responded before Waller's eyes just snapped back towards the bald billionaire's frustratingly calm gaze.

"And I seem to recall that you were the one who had taken that little mystical power stone out for a joyride in Superman's body. While he was able to go through your files and try and pinpoint what Cadmus was up to."

"A minor annoyance, but there was nothing of value," Luthor countered with the smug expression never leaving his face as he continued to walk. Waller really wished that she could smack it off of him.

Luthor just remained rather calm and collected as he plotted what was going to occur next because Cadmus was pretty much running out of its usefulness for him personally. The group had served some level of purpose for him for a long time but all good things must come to an end as Lex plotted what that end would be. It was rapidly reaching the time where he would achieve his goals.

Time ran close to running out on Luthor as well as another stabbing pain could be felt in his body. His body came closer and closer to breaking down as he felt the ripple of pain go throughout out. The bald businessman took a pained step forward and cringed when he continued to move away from Waller.

Certainly Cadmus had achieved a few minor setbacks over the past couple of months but it would all balance out in the end. This entire Galatea project was only being left active for Lex to allow her to destroy all of those who had enabled her creation. Once she got all of the scientists and other people on the list then Lex would turn her onto Cadmus and she would destroy them all whilst Lex was going to upload his brain into the new shell that he created.

There were only two problems that Lex could see at this point and one problem was that Psimon was out of the picture thanks to that meddlesome Martian. This fact ate away at Lex's psyche worse than the cancer had eaten away in his body. The meddlesome Martian that Waller had allowed to escape, and she caused havoc when she likely informed Supergirl and Arcane of their plans.

The second problem was the stone was in the hands of Harry Potter but Lex had a contingency plan for that. He knew that Astoria had the Stone of Ravenclaw which would empower her mind and likely help her find a flaw around the Cadmus defenses. Astoria would get the other stone and then Galatea would kill Astoria.

After Astoria was dead then Lex would switch minds with the Superboy project that he created and after Galatea had polished off all of the heroes, then Lex would use the kill switch he had implanted in her to leave her for dead. It was an ingenious plan if Lex did say so himself and nothing could stop him now.
Well almost nothing, if Galatea had ever met Arcane, then that could jeopardize the entire scheme but Lex worked hard to make sure that never happened. He arranged for Galatea only to be let out of her cage a handful of times a day to play havoc on everyone out there. The blonde killed a couple of scientists and returned. And on the off chance where she did meet that particular young man, well there was the killswitch that Lex could activate buried deep inside her.

Galatea meanwhile remained in her cell that was bathed in red solar lamps. Her head buzzed with what she knew and what she thought she knew. Now that she had stopped having her sessions with Psimon, her mind really was a bit clearer than it was. She felt the cold embrace of the control chips in her head that had shorted out at odd intervals.

'We need to find out where she is,' a young man's voice thought to her.

'I'm right here,' Galatea thought desperately, hoping them would hear her. 'Cadmus Labs 7, deep underneath Smallville, please come and get me, answer me!'

There was no answer and Galatea was frustrated that she could hear them but they could not seem to hear her at this point. She closed her eyes and tried to think, to focus on the bond.

"Wait you trust me completely to do this?"

M'gann was surprised yet pleased that she had gotten an urgent summons to Patronus Incorporated in the early part of the morning that they needed her help for something extremely important. The young White Martian stood before the four Potters who had sat down before her after they explained the situation to her. To say that she was surprised that they came to her for help as opposed to a different Martian would be putting it mildly.

"We believe that if we can lock onto the link enough, we might be able to find out where my sister is," Kara answered at that point as her eyes shut as she continued to dread what they might have done to her.

"Wouldn't the Martian Manhunter be better to help with something like this?" M'gann asked in a tentative voice.

The four Potters exchanged apprehensive looks as M'gann sensed that there was some kind of trust issue that they had regarding certain parties. That was one issue that she did not want to get smack dab in the middle of right now.

"We don't want the Justice League to find out," Harry answered at this point.

"They might react the wrong way to this, especially given the clone has been murdering people," Linda added at this point as she pushed herself back. "Granted, they are jerks that deserve it but getting certain members of the League to take the steps necessary is like pulling teeth."

M'Gann nodded she had to really find out a way to get into the minds of them and establish the link, make it stronger. She did not lack confidence in her abilities, far from it in fact. There was a moment where she shifted her eyes shut and poured what she could have through the uplink at that amount of time.

Kara, Karen, Linda, and Harry leaned back to allow the mental link that they shared with the fifth member of their collective be pried open. The four of them held hands as they got closer and closer. Harry put his hand in Kara's whilst Kara's held Karen's and Linda's held Karen's. When their hands
and minds were locked, M'Gann tried to access the bond to help them get through.

"There's something interfering with the natural bond the five of you share…there's some kind of implant or something, and her mind really…someone tried to remove her memories!" M'gann managed with a frown when she had gotten a few flickers of thoughts before she staggered back. "Her mind registers me as a threat as well…I got something, she's going to head to Metropolis tomorrow to kill a scientist that enabled her creation."

"And that's where we'll head tomorrow to find out where she is going," Harry answered to the White Martian across the way from him. "Maybe we'll catch her."

M'gann just looked at him with an apologetic expression etched on her face. "I really wish that I could…have found out more information."

"It's quite alright," Harry answered to her with a reassuring smile on his face that she relaxed because of.

M'gann took a moment to regain her bearings before suddenly something hit her. The four Potters managed to take a look at the surprised look on her face and she decided to let them in on what else she discovered.

"She seems to be rather devoted to you," M'gann answered at that point before she frowned. "I'm not sure if that is a good thing or a bad thing, but…"

"She did barbecue Marge when she started in on me," Harry answered with a smile as he tightened his grip on Kara's hand.

"Couldn't have happened to a better woman in the world," Kara answered as that was one point that they all could agree about; there was no question about it.

"For sure," Linda answered at that point with a smile crossing her face as she heard of some of Harry's experiences that Marge.

Suddenly the voice of Hermione came over the intercom system at Patronus Incorporated which surprised the group. Then again Hermione had always been one to burn the midnight oils for them.

"Someone was caught by security lurking around outside," Hermione stated. "He was going through the trash, some weirdo in a faceless mask in a blue overcoat, fedora, blue slacks, and orange socks."

Harry knew that there was only one person who was going to meet those qualifications in the entire Justice League which meant the League was investigating him. They were going to need to explain that to him but first Harry would have to find out the answers to that. It was at that point where he answered Hermione.

"Does security still have him?"

Hermione did not take too long to answer Harry's inquiry in a rather tense manner.

"Yes, but he looks like the type that they wouldn't be able to hold for long," Hermione replied in a fretful voice and Harry would have to agree with this before he turned to his wives.

"I'll be right back, don't go away," Harry answered and his three wives nodded as they stood with each other, with M'Gann hovering awkwardly to the side, a third wheel in what transpired.
"Why don't we try and access the bond again why Harry takes care of what's going on?" Linda suggested and Kara and Karen nodded to agree, they had to find their fourth and bring her home, it felt like a piece of them was missing with her gone from their psyches.

As this was happening Harry had popped back downstairs as security held their wands on the Question who stood before Harry as bold as brass and unblinking. Of course, one could argue that it would be hard to tell if he even did blink with the mask that he wore, but that was just how things like that worked.

"So, do you mind telling me why you were going through my trash?" Harry asked at this point.

"I go through everyone's trash," The Question replied without a moment of pause as he looked at Harry. "It seems as if you have something to hide, that you know something about Cadmus that you are not sharing with the Justice League."

"If I am, the League will know when they need to know," Harry answered curtly as he looked back at the Question. "Let's not forget that the Justice League does their own thing and I do my own thing."

"One could argue this Cadmus thing has gone past your own thing and into the realm of personal territory," The Question answered in a calm voice. "You come from a world that was the lynchpin of the Illuminati, who have managed to mind control people through the use of boy bands, fluoride, and those little tips on the end of shoe laces."

"Aglets?" Harry answered at that moment as he raised an eyebrow and Hermione wondered if this guy was related to Luna. He seemed to be eccentric enough.

"Yes, their true purpose is quite sinister," The Question answered briskly. "And it is just the beginning, Cadmus is merely a front for a darker force that is coming. I have observed what is going on with those stones and Astoria Greengrass has no idea what she might be dabbling in, she has no true comprehension of what has transpired."

Harry's annoyance bubbled to the surface but his voice remained calm all things considered.

"I'm sure she might, but if the League ever interferes in my business again, they can come straight to me and not have their resident conspiracy theorist nose around in my trash," Harry answered through narrowed eyes.

"Turnabout is fair play given that you listen in on the League's communications all of the time," Question answered at that point.

Harry's face contorted into a grimace as he was annoyed when the Question had questioned him but he recovered quickly.

"It's merely a measure to make sure no one else hacks into the League's communication channel."

"We all start with a certain amount of justifications in our tyranny," Question responded in a brisk voice. "Cadmus along with your obsession over the Stones of the Founders may be the catalyst to drive you to that harsh reality where you ruled over all. For their own good naturally."

Did the League really think that about him? Harry started to doubt a few of his actions as of late but shook his head.

"Report what you need to report but the League has no jurisdiction with me, I'm not a member," Harry answered as the Question was pushed out.
Harry returned as his mind swam with what had occurred, there was no question about it, the League did not trust him much of anything. They were a team of heroes set to doing good but they looked at a smaller picture. Sometimes to do good, people had to do things that were quite in fact twisted.

It was with those thoughts that Harry had made his well up the elevator at Patronus Incorporated and popped back into the room.

"Any luck?" Harry asked as he reached them.

"Nothing," M'gann answered but the phone rang. Given the fact that it was that early in the morning, Kara kind of cringed when she heard it.

With a swift motion Kara picked up the phone to answer it. "Hello?"

"Kara, I thought you might be there, when I couldn't get you at the house," Martha answered with her voice shaking but she quickly regained her composure. "It's Jonathan…he had a heart attack."

Kara slumped a bit as she shook a bit but recovered at that point. She sounded calm but on the inside she was panicking. "Is he…"

"No, he survived, barely," Martha replied to cut off Kara's question and that was one that she feared when she saw Jonathan down on the ground. "The doctors are not sure what happened because all rights that should have killed him. Not that I'm complaining that he's alive, but it's a miracle that he's alive, at least that's what our doctor's saying."

Kara frowned at that moment she did not believe in miracles to be honest but there was some kind of divine intervention at work that may have saved Jonathan Kent's life. She recovered rather quickly.

"Did you get in touch with Clark?" Kara asked as Harry held her hand and Karen and Linda crowded around her with serious expression on their faces.

"No, I can't reach him, he must be up in the Watchtower," Martha responded at that point.

Kara just sighed long and hard at that point before she took a moment to compose herself before she replied. "I'll contact him and pass on the news. Smallville Medical Center, right?"

"Yes, Room 310," Martha confirmed.

"Try and take care," Kara answered as she once again admired Martha Kent's ability to keep control under a stressful situation.

Kara moved over to the computer console and opened up the line of communication to the Watchtower.

"Booster Gold, Man of the Future Today, currently on monitor duty, what's the status?"

She wondered who in their right mind would have been put Booster Gold on monitor duty.

"Tell Superman that his father suffered a heart attack," Kara answered at that moment.

"Is this some kind of crank call?" Booster Gold asked which made Kara ready to reach through the monitor before Booster Gold saw her face. "Oh hey Supergirl, no it's not a crank call, I'll tell him right away, but…isn't today the day that Jonathan Kent's supposed to bite the big one?"
Kara was caught off guard by that little bit of news from Booster Gold. She shook it off. "No he's recovering and how do you know who Superman really is?"

"Common knowledge in the future, it's funny how everyone was fooled by a pair of glasses, isn't it?" Booster Gold replied jokingly but Kara just looked at him, not amused with his antics at all. So Booster had just shook off that at the moment. "Right, what do you need to know?"

"Tell him to get to the Smallville Medical Center, Room 310 stat," Kara answered and Booster Gold hastened to deliver the message.

Kara meanwhile was going off to visit Jonathan Kent and Harry followed her off. That was the kind of support that he offered her and Karen and Lind followed.

Plus Kara had a shrewd suspicion that the clone might have had something to do with Jonathan's recovery. Granted she could not prove her theory but it did seem like it was highly likely.

"Another dead end on Cadmus," Green Lantern declared when he had finished the report. "We're getting no closer to getting our hands on the culprit then we were three months ago when we first found out."

Superman was at the table as he voiced a rather real problem that he had with the entire situation.

"It's not just Cadmus that is the problem, the fact is that we're becoming obsessed with it that's the problem," Superman answered as he looked at the Justice League members around the table. "And…"

"I know," Batman commented carefully, as he could almost tell what Superman was about to ask but there might need to be certain steps being taken.

"We could be driven down the road to become exactly what Cadmus may fear we are by Cadmus itself," The Martian Manhunter offered as he looked at the other members of the Justice League who sat around. "Much like many people who try and do things for the good of the people and their freedom, all Cadmus is doing is creating their own enemy."

"It doesn't help when Luthor is feeding them misinformation," Wonder Woman offered when she leaned back and carefully considered her options. "And I don't know about this attempt to lean onto Harry to get information from him."

This was a situation that the League had debated on over and over again until the entire group was hoarse.

"If he has information then he should give it to us, especially if it's for the mission," Batman answered but Superman looked at Batman at that moment.

"I can't believe you. Has the Justice Lords universe taught you nothing? This is the kind of attitude that doesn't become heroes and could lead to that becoming a reality."

"Don't you think I haven't thought of that," Batman replied an annoyed expression crossing his face.

"Hey, simmer down people, simmer down," Flash responded when he waved his hands. "There's one thing that you can't deny, while we've been sitting up here talking about what we should do,
Arcane is actually doing something. Shouldn't that be the League's job?"

Hawkgirl was the next one to speak u. "I hate to say this, but Flash has a point."

"He does," Green Lantern offered in a grudging voice. "But he's essentially locked the entire League out of the loop. All of the information that we had was what Superman could uncover when he was in Luthor's body."

"He does seem to have an inside source that he's keeping hidden from the League," Martian Manhunter answered but before this line of debate could go any further there was a communication link that went off. "Yes, is it urgent?"

"Hey Supes, your cousin just called, she said that there's a family emergency," Booster Gold replied in an apologetic tone of voice.

Superman dreaded the worse especially given the fact that his parents were both getting up there in years. He decided to ask the burning question that was on the tip of his tongue.

"What kind of family emergency?"

"Your old man just went down with a heart attack," Booster Gold responded in a voice that was devoid of his usual bravado as he knew that this was an extremely serious situation. Superman took a moment to adjust his stance. "He's alright, but he's at Smallville Medical Center, Room 310, so you should really get there in case he takes a turn for the worst."

Booster Gold did not want to say that there was a possibility that Jonathan Kent could in fact take a turn for the worse. History had stated that Jonathan Kent did die of a heart attack and Martha had died years later from natural causes. He hoped for the sake of Superman that this was one case where everything was completely wrong.

"Thank you for informing me and I'll be right out," Superman answered as he let out his breath in a resolved sigh. Booster Gold gave him a look that indicated that it was not a problem. "Guys…"

"Say no more, take as much time as you need," The Martian Manhunter responded as the other members of the Justice League would go back to his business just as Superman had departed as he resembled a zombie in both his appearance and the way he walked.

Cadmus seemed so unimportant, Luthor seemed so unimportant, the fact that the Justice League could have turned into the Justice Lords had seemed so unimportant right now. All that mattered to Superman was the man who taught him so much about being a man had hinged between life and death and that had distracted him from everything else for the moment.

The League offered an awkward silence as one of their founding members exited the Watchtower.

"We'll table the meeting and pick up tomorrow evening unless there is a pressing emergency," Batman answered as he returned. The other members of the League did not argue this.

They all did need some sleep as they had been working around the clock for the past number of weeks and tensions ran high. Things would only continue to get tense more and more from that point on out.

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Martha Kent stood in the lobby of the Smallville Medical Center as she waited for it to become
visiting powers again. She had gotten good news from the doctors that Jonathan was going to make a complete and full recovery in a matter of days. Granted he would have to take it easy to really make a complete recovery. Martha knew that might require some kind of restraints to keep Jonathan from pushing himself into the chores at the farm.

Kara and Harry arrived at that moment and Martha just smiled at that point as she was glad that the pair of them had shown up. That had allowed her some relief to see a pair of friendly faces that stood in the lobby.

"Karen and Linda will be on their way in a little bit, we didn't think that Jonathan wanted too many visitors to overwhelm him," Kara answered and Martha smiled.

"Thank you for coming," Martha retorted but Kara waved it off.

"It was no problem."

"Jonathan seems to think that you saved him," Martha said when she looked at the blonde Kryptonian which caused Kara to look at Martha like she had grown two heads and even Harry was rather confused. "He said to tell Kara that I said to thank her before they put him under."

Kara was confused, but she shook her head to clear her thoughts. A bit of smile crossed her face before she looked at Martha.

"As much as I would have liked to save Pa, I wasn't anywhere near the farm last night," Kara answered at that point. "But, he might have only caught a glimpse of her."

Martha was confused so Harry and Kara took a moment to bring Martha up to speed about the clone. To her credit, Martha had taken what she had found out in stride and decided to voice what she had thought from that particular situation.

"I do wonder if despite those people at Cadmus trying to erase her memories if there were not some instincts that she had from you," Martha answered in a somber voice before she added. "Of course, considering that she's technically your twin she would in fact have many things in common with you and it's been said that twins have a special link with each other that cannot be severed by any means."

Kara and Harry responded with a pair of brisk nods, the link might not have been severed, but it sure as hell could have been locked. M'gann tried her best to get the link completely open but if it was blocked at the end of the double then she was not going to really think about that.

'I think after we're done here, we better head over to STARR labs later today,' Harry thought at that moment to Kara and she numbly nodded in response. 'You think that's where your DNA might have been swiped.'

'Yeah, we should have gone there from the beginning,' Kara thought as she wanted to see whether or not Hamilton had known anything at that very moment as Clark had entered the hospital to greet his mother with a hug.

Clark gave Kara and Harry a nod at this point as they waited at that point with Martha filling in Clark about what happened. It seemed like Martha knew enough not to inform her son about the clone theory which Harry and Kara were both thankful for. That was something that reached into the realm of things that Clark did not need to know at this point.

"Thanks for letting me know," Clark said to his mother as a bit of guilt had dripped from his voice as he could not quite meet his mother's eyes. "I was so caught up in Cadmus that…"
"It doesn't matter what you had done in the past, it matters what you're going to do now," Kara replied as Clark started to pace around, nervously, and offered a nod of thanks.

"The Justice League seems to think that you're up to something," Clark remarked to them and Harry just sighed.

"The League really has to mind their own business sometimes, not everything in the world revolves around them," Harry responded at that point. "I'm debating on whether or not I should take the Watchtower offline after the first of the year."

This little statement got Clark looking a bit apprehensive about everything that happened as Kara just offered Harry a raised eyebrow. That was before she had mentally voiced a thought that she had to Harry.

'Are you really going to do something like that?' Kara thought to Harry over the mental link.

'No, but I need to put the fear in them that I might,' Harry thought at that moment as visiting hours were there with Clark and Martha making their way upstairs.

"Mr. Kent is still under, but he should be up and about in an hour, and might be able to go home by the holidays," the nurse answered in a hushed voice.

It was the middle part of December so it would really be unfortunate for something to happen this close to Christmas. Harry and Kara had no idea what they were doing for the holiday season. Last year things seemed so much simple but this year they were smack dab in the middle of the Cadmus insanity and with Astoria so they did not really plan much like the get together they had last year.

A young scientist walked out from his car for another day at the office in Metropolis when suddenly someone grabbed him around the collarbone hard before he was hoisted high up into the sky and deposited on the roof. The scientist trembled in fear as this had all happened so fast and his eyes snapped over to face a young blonde who seemed to be disinterested with his plight or fear.

"Who are you?" the scientist managed in a voice.

"You created me, now I will hurt you," Galatea remarked at that moment a flicker of heat vision appearing in her eyes.

"Please, I didn't know, I don't know why you're doing this," the scientist responded, there was three other scientists had been put in traction but would survive to an extent. "We didn't know what we were doing."

Galatea just had a bit of a smirk cross over her face before she peered down over the scientist at that moment before she grinned.

"The thing is I believe you," Galatea offered in a crisp voice before she launched a punch into the kidneys of the scientist and dropped him to the ground. "Don't take this personal, it's only business. Now what can you tell me about Patronus Incorporated?"

"Harry and Kara Potter run it, they're the top scientific research company in Metropolis and they're expanding outwards," the scientist managed in a wheeze and Galatea felt more of her memories return back to her at this moment.
There was a subtle prod in her mind that seemed like someone was watching out for her and Galatea closed her eyes, she could sense memories that were joyous. There was a planet with a red sun in the background with immense crystalized towers. The memory was very faded almost like she had looked at it as an outside observer.

Then another flicker of a memory where she had been put to sleep by two faceless figures with the hope that they would be safe when their distress signal had been found, but she had waited for over twenty years.

Another flicker in her mind had saw her fighting alongside some guy dressed in blue and red with an "S" on his chest, and Galatea could tell he was quite the boy scout in her mind.

"What happened to my memories?" Galatea asked at that point as she looked at the scientist. "Who am I?"

The scientist trembled as his knees began to buckle and twist in fear as he was unable to really fight her strong grip. Galatea was confused as more memories flickered through her mind.

"Galatea, return to Cadmus base, our sensors indicate that you're having an episode, we need to make sure it doesn't affect you,' the voice of Amanda Waller stated throughout the ear piece.

"I need to know who I am," Galatea managed as her grip tightened on the man's arm and crushed every bone in his body.

'I need to be with him,' Galatea managed but she felt a slight compulsion to return to Cadmus. 'I need to be beneath him, I need for him to be in me. It's torture seeing these things but not living them.'

The scientist had caught a lucky break if one could call it that. Every single bone had been crushed in his body but that was just a minor setback to say the very least. The scientist staggered a bit back on the roof.

Galatea flew back she could feel someone in her mind but it had been blocked by Cadmus. She wanted him, she wanted him badly.

They were keeping her from her husband as so far Galatea had managed to hide the blue ring that was on her finger, but how much longer would it be before Cadmus had caught onto what had happened. And if they found out, there would be no question about it, she would be terminated.

To Be Continued in the Next Arc "Galatea."
Chapter 53: Galatea Part One.

The blur that was Galatea flew at the speed of light towards the set of Cadmus labs that were hidden deep underneath Smallville. She mused how this farm community would have been the last place where anyone would have found a super-secret government project. The implants in her head buzzed as she tried to fight them but there was no real finding them. The blonde Kryptonian clone tried to get her wits about her but it was really difficult to do.

Galatea dropped down to the ground as she began to walk forward slowly, struggling as she did and she drew a rather deep breath. Her greenish-blue eyes flickered a little bit in frustrations before she had made her way step by step towards the room that she had been summoned to. The blonde hitched a deep breath in herself. No matter how much she tried to fight, there was something about her that continued to push her back here.

Waller and several other scientists had waved her into the lab area before Galatea crossed her arms together and offered a crisp nod. The blonde Kryptonian sat herself down on the lab table as they checked her. She was rather impatient, showing this emotion with a dangerous glint in her eyes before she crossed her arms. Boredom was her Kryptonite, well technically Kryptonite was her Kryptonite so never mind.

Galatea felt a stinging on her shoulder as she was put under by the members of Cadmus before she even realized what had happened. The Kryptonite was injected into her system under trace amountsShe only was allowed a fraction of her powers when she entered the facility. Little did she know that when she had entered the door, the blond had been bombarded by red solar radiation before she dropped down on the ground.

"Her vital signs check out as okay," one of the scientists reported to Waller as Galatea was laid out on the table barely responsive; Waller's eyes had snapped towards them before she offered a sigh.

"Her vital signs are not something that I am concerned with, but rather it's the control that we have over her," Waller responded as she drummed her fingers up and down the table. The large woman leaned down as she looked at Galatea. "I don't like how she almost deviated from her mission twice in such a short amount of time. She's drawn to Potter which could be a problem."

Galatea tried to fight her way through the sedation, she wanted to get out of here but those thoughts left her mind when suddenly wires were connected to the top of her head. A pulse of electricity had jump started the mental implants in her head. This action made her even more docile and the breath slowed to crawl when she was put into a sedated state, whilst the tension left her body.

'Compliments of the Mad Hatter,' Waller thought as the microchip would allow them to keep their puppet on the string but something had shorted it out at least once. That was why Galatea could not be allowed out more than six hours for that's the longest she was out there before it shorted out. Then hour after hour she was brought back.

The vital signs indicated that Galatea's control chip was back online and the failsafe Luthor had implanted in the back of her head was still online. That worked rather well for Waller as she tapped her fingers on the side of the table. Galatea still had a lot of mileage that would be brought out of her.

Galatea was hovering in between consciousness and unconsciousness as she felt her free will slip
away from her. She tried to focus on a certain pair of green eyes, that had been another Kryptonite for her to say the very least. These eyes bewitched her and made her feel vulnerable, dare she say it, almost human. She gripped the side of the table before her breath began to breath in and out rather hard.

"Keep her stabilized before we make the intended alterations to make sure she achieves her objective."

Galatea was paralyzed but she could hear every single word that was going on around her. She wanted to know what her objective was because right now she was rather confused. Questions were on the tip of her tongue but the blonde could not really articulate them at all during any amount of time.

She twitched a little bit on the table but they restrained her. Galatea did not want to be a part of this anymore, she had potential outside of being some hired attack dog. She tried to heat vision their hands off to make a getaway but found that her powers had been shut down. The mask had been put over her face as she was put further underneath.

Galatea had gone completely under in a haze at that moment as a cloud of memories. There were voices in a tunnel that she could barely make out. They had talked about her.

'We got to find her before they do something awful to her.'

That was the one statement that Galatea was able to make out crystal clear when she struggled to listen. She grabbed onto the straps before she hoisted her hips up in an attempt to bust through the restraints on the table. It was all for nothing no matter how hard she tried. The blonde Kryptonian clone felt her chest rise and fall as something was injected into her. The needle had a trace amount of Kryptonite on it.

It was not enough to kill her but it was enough to break through her skin. What was being injected into her? She wasn't a weapon, she could feel things. Why were they treating her like this?

Galatea felt her mind go numb as she was drugged with the most docile of thoughts. Subliminal messages were programmed her into head that Supergirl was the enemy and was a dangerous force that she needed to take out. She could potentially destabilize everything that Cadmus had done and endanger many lives.

Supergirl was the villain and Galatea was the hero, that statement continued to cycle in her mind that was what had been fed into her mind. The young blonde Kryptonian breathed in and out with her chest inhaling and exhaling when they proceeded to tweak her mind, slowly pealing back the layers to make her into their own puppet.

She had been strapped hard to the table and any other thoughts had been blocked from her mind. Moment after moment, hour after hour, there were subliminal thoughts about Supergirl and how dangerous she was put into her mind. Galatea's mind tried to fight them but the drug had worked through her mind at that point. The blonde was being slowly twisted into a killing machine.

Galatea's eyes opened in a daze before a malicious and sadistic grin spread across her face.

"And where does your loyalty lie?" a voice echoed in her ear.

"Cadmus, they gave me a purpose and I will destroy all who had tried to hurt them," Galatea responded in a rough voice, feeling the bloodlust that had been directed towards Supergirl. She was stronger, quicker, and had more stamina that much was certain.
The blonde knew what her mission was and knew what she needed to do.

The Cadmus scientists let out a sigh of relief as Waller looked at them. All of them believed that Galatea had been fixed and the weapon would work as it should have. There was going to be no comeback for her this time. All of her free will had been erased but how long it would hold was another matter entirely. For their sakes they hoped it would be a permanent arrangement and not a temporary one.

Jonathan was back in the hospital room and in rather good spirits all things considered, or at least he was in far better spirits than most would had been when they had a heart attack. The farmer had himself propped into a hospital bed and had enjoyed the company that he had. His son had popped in when he could which was something that he appreciated one hundred percent. Clark had visited for a while and had gone.

However, the two he really wanted to see was Kara and Harry, given that he wanted to share with them the curious sight that he saw. It had baffled his mind, and he hoped to get some insight on everything. Sure enough Jonathan had looked up at the pair of them before he took a deep breath as Kara and Harry walked inside.

"I hope you're going to take it easy from now on," Kara responded at that moment.

Jonathan just offered a light chuckle as he had looked up towards Kara and Harry with a smile.

"Yes, I heard the same thing from Martha and Clark, and no less than six doctors," Jonathan answered as he chuckled before he looked at Kara and Harry. "But don't worry, it was only a small heart attack, I really didn't even feel a thing to say the least. But maybe it was my brain that was pulling some kind of trick on me."

Harry and Kara waited rather patiently for Jonathan to enlighten them on what he was going to say. Sure enough the farmer did not allow himself too long to take a deep breath before he faced the pair of them with a smile crossing over his face.

"I managed to see her out of the corner of my eye, she looked just like you, but older and a bit more of an attitude problem," Jonathan explained to them before Kara and Harry just exchanged a tense expression. "She did swoop in there and keep my heart working long enough for the doctors to work their magic."

Jonathan paused before he looked at Harry.

"No pun intended," Jonathan answered before he took a moment to look at Kara and Harry and regain his bearings. "And then the strangest part was that she was there rather quickly and was out. I know a bunch of your twins have been showing up but do you suppose…"

Harry and Kara took a moment to really look at each other before they turned back to Jonathan.

"We believe that when I was being healed from the Darkseid incident, someone took a bit of my DNA," Kara answered in a brisk and honest voice. "And I believe that they cloned me into some kind of weapon."

Now Jonathan Kent was not the most well-read man in the world but even he knew that something was up at this statement that was given by the young blonde Kryptonian. He managed to relax himself as he felt the medication for his heart kicking in. There was one statement that flowed in
his mind, one truth that he had to voice.

"Well she can't be completely bad because she saved me," Jonathan argued at that point shaking his head. "And that makes her pretty decent in my book."

Once again Harry and Kara would have to agree, there was just something odd about the clone. They could not completely put their finger on what that was, but she was far different.

'She's picking up things from you, your passion, your heart, and your heroism, not to mention compassion for her fellow people,' Harry thought to Kara who nodded in agreement with a resolved look on her face. 'She was created by science but when she was connected to you, she got a bit of a soul.'

"Well if she was connected to you it might have taught her to believe in her heart,' Kara thought back and Harry took a moment to think about that. 'We have to find her, Harry, before something bad happens to her.'

Harry grabbed onto Kara's hand, they did have to find her and the pair of them would. Harry and Kara spent a few more minutes standing there as they made some light talk with Jonathan Kent. It was nice to have a couple of moments to reconcile something in their mind.

'Um, guys, hi, sorry if this is a bad time,' M'gann projected mentally through the link, as she used Karen as a conduit to broadcast to Harry and Kara.

'If you have news than it's never a bad time, so shoot,' Harry thought back to her and M'gann shook her head before she returned back to the task at hand.

'Well remember the link that we're trying to track, well I managed to get a fix on it, right before it shut down.'

Harry and Kara felt a swell of hope when they heard that M'gann had located the link but the hope had automatically been cut off when they found out that the link had been shut down. That particular fact had raised far more questions than it did answers but Harry recovered quickly before he responded to the Martian girl.

'Is there anything that you could find out through the link, anything at all?'

'She was going into Cadmus at that time, there was some kind of control chip that they mentally activated, but it keeps shorting out,' M'gann explained to them mentally which caused Harry and Kara to grow interested.

'If it keeps shorting out, she must be fighting it,' Kara thought back mentally.

'Well she does have your will,' Harry thought but then he had feared the worst, even though a part of him had hoped for the best. 'But I fear that will is going to get her shut down. Our only hope is to force some kind of confrontation with her, although that might not end too well.'

Kara would have to agree that kind of fight would be something that would not really end too well. The blonde put her hands through her hair and mentally ran through various scenarios before she sighed. It was agreed on by the two of them that they would have to bring this back to where it all started. Where Kara thought her DNA had been first acquired over eighteen months, nearly two years ago.

This project had been that long in the making and Kara could tell that it was not going to be all that fun for her.
"Harry and I have got to go, something has come up," Kara responded to Jonathan but he just waved that off.

"Hey, the Dukes of Hazard Marathon is coming on in a few minutes, so I might be a bit preoccupied anyway," Jonathan answered in an understanding before Kara and Harry nodded. Jonathan allowed himself a breath before his eyes snapped back to them. "Take care of yourself and if you see your doppleganger, tell her I said thanks for the rescue."

"We will," Harry agreed before he turned around to exit out the hospital with a smile crossing his face. They moved to a set of rooms that had been unoccupied over to the side before the pair of them had set off ready to go.

Arcane and Supergirl flew off towards STAR Labs in Metropolis where they would be having a chat with it's lead scientist and they hoped that they would like the answers. Emil Hamilton had a spotless track record but that did not mean much of anything, just that he was good enough not to get caught with anything.

He did help Superman on one hand many times before but then Superman had threatened him to get Supergirl medical attention. This made Kara quite skeptical about where his loyalties would have lied. They were going to not judge them until they had conclusive proof but there were enough context clues to make them worry.

Emil Hamilton waited in his lab in Metropolis as he had just been given the heads up to expect Supergirl and Arcane to show up. The fact of the matter was when Galatea deviated from her programming and saved Jonathan Kent, this had put her under the radar of the two. Cadmus knew the secret identities of most of the League members but it was just a matter of them putting that information to use when the time was right.

The time was not right as of yet and now Hamilton drummed his fingers when there was a knock outside on his lab door. STAR labs had been funded in part by Patronus Incorporated, something that had made Hamilton a bit agitated given the fact that he would have had to answer to them. Like a good little scientist Hamilton stepped forward before he opened the door and faced two of the so called heroes that he now worked against.

"Supergirl, Arcane, what do I owe the pleasure?" Hamilton asked in a kind voice as he surveyed the two.

Arcane took a moment to look at Hamilton before he realized that the man was calm, almost too calm. It was not the kind of calm that was natural but it was more of an eerie calm that made people wonder where a person's mind was at any given time.

Supergirl was as always prompt to answer as she surveyed Hamilton.

"When Darkseid had brainwashed my cousin, you treated me," Kara remarked to Hamilton. "I fear that some of the DNA you had of me might have been misused to create a clone."

Hamilton's eyes snapped towards both of them but to his credit he retained a calm resolve and demeanor.

"Clone, that could be a problem, but I can assure you that all DNA samples that were in my lab of either you or Superman had been destroyed," Hamilton answered at that point as Harry looked at him.
The statement was technically true which Harry noted. However that did not account for any DNA samples that Hamilton was storing outside of his main lab. Harry had to give Hamilton plenty of credit he was telling all of the right things but really there were so many ways that a statement could have been twisted and contorted. Harry was not one who trusted easily and he pushed forward to gain more information.

"Could you show me the tools that were used to treat Supergirl?" Arcane asked Hamilton who agreed a little too quickly. To Harry, that made him even more suspicious.

It was almost Hamilton was warned that Harry and Kara would be coming and prepared accordingly; he seemed calm, almost a little too calm.

"Of course, right this way," Hamilton answered before he waved the two of them on. The pair had made their way to the lab where they had seen a surgical robot. "The Kryptonite tip was allowed to make a tiny incision to operate but I can assure you that the amount was nowhere near enough to produce even more of a sting."

Harry saw Hamilton move around as Harry saw a printed piece of paper on the desk.

'Project Galatea,' Harry projected to Kara when he read the first few lines of the document.

Kara's alarm increased when she drew a calming breath but shook her head.

'So that's the project, he should have cleared up his desk a bit more,' Kara answered mentally as they moved over to inspect the robot.

"Well, I feel that this is an ingenious piece of equipment and I have to thank you for your prompt work in treating Kara, for if it was not for you, then I wouldn't have met the girl of my dreams and wouldn't have brought Patronus Incorporated to the heights it is at right now," Harry answered as he put the emphasis on those words. "All thanks to you Doctor, the fact that we're changing the world."

Hamilton paled suddenly when he had realized his inadvertent role in enabling Patronus to rise to so much power. Cadmus had constantly branded them to be the greater threat than the Justice League if not for the fact that Arcane, Supergirl, and the rest of their team would not hesitate to use lethal force to wipe them off of the map. They were being watched very closely even though Cadmus struggled for ways to take them down.

"You flatter me, Mr. Potter," Hamilton responded when he recovered. "I don't know anything about a clone but should I find out anything, I will tell you at the first possible opportunity."

Harry and Kara just nodded in response for they had learned a lot about where Hamilton stood but they had other things to do. With a quick charm, Harry copied the documents on Hamilton's death to further pursue them at his leisure. Hopefully they would be able to figure out someone who could clue them in more on what was going on.

'Any luck,' Kara thought to M'gann as she checked in.

'Not as much as I would have liked,' M'gann thought back in an apologetic tone over the mental link.

Kara and Harry stepped down when they had saw a name and address that they both remembered. It was Kara who remembered it more so given that this particular man had tried to poison her and her cousin with the help of Lex Luthor after they were nailed with a Kryptonite war head. Things grew a bit more tense with the two Potters as they suddenly realized what was at stake.
General Hardcastle had been a decorated hero but Lex Luthor had made sure that he took the rap for the entire Superman mess almost two years ago. He had been forced into retirement where he almost waited for his number to be called. There was one reason why Hardcastle expected someone to come and finish him off.

He knew things, things that many people would want him dead for. The General's face contorted into a scowl when he heard about what the government was after, suddenly two figures had popped up. They startled him when they arrived but only for a second, for this was a moment that he prepared for as well.

"Well, Supergirl," Hardcastle responded in a crisp voice as he held a gun up and pointed it at her. "One step closer and I'll put this bullet through you. It's incased with Kryptonite. It might be crude but it will do the job. I'll put the trigger and fire this gun."

"What gun?" Arcane asked (after preforming a switching spell, the general look down in shock to see he wasn't holding a gun but) The General seemed to be stunned as he spluttered in shock. He paused before he stated. "You know what the government has been up to, the fact that they had been creating weapons."

"Oh yeah, I know, this has been going back about thirty years, but first it was because the government wanted weapons to use against the Reds," Hardcastle explained to them in a gruff voice, feeling that he had nothing left to loose. "There were rumors that the Soviets had their own little super soldier program that would transform their citizens. What you might know as Project Cadmus was born from that initial program, Project Red Alert."

Harry and Kara allowed that to sink in before the two of them continued to stare at Hardcastle. They could tell that the general had been bursting to share this information with someone, perhaps out of some kind of personal vendetta, but regardless he knew that they hung on his every last word.

"Over the past ten years, they kept the program up even after the Iron Curtain fell," Hardcastle continued before he took a long sip of his brandy. "Volcana was one of the initial agents but there were others. Some of them got locked away in government cells. We also experimented with the venom steroid that Bane freak had."

Harry and Kara just looked at Hardcastle as they wondered what Cadmus was trying to accomplish. The government organization's motives were extremely shady to begin with but the more they heard, the less they liked. The Justice League was more of an excuse than anything if what Hardcastle had told them was true.

"And now they've become worse than the super powered menaces that they're trying to fight," Hardcastle answered in a brisk voice. "I saw a few of their projects on the table, the Ultimen, and Project Galatea, but there's another project that's far worse than those two combined. The Doomsday Weapon that they want to create to take down the Justice League."

This was news for both Harry and Kara, who exchanged startled looks before they recovered.

"What Doomsday Weapon?" Harry asked.
"They didn't exactly tell me before they shoved my ass out the door," Hardcastle responded with a chuckle. "I don't know much about the names, but I believe that they're something that will damn the human race more than Superman and all of the other capes combined."

Kara and Harry looked at him before Kara spoke to Harry over the mental link.

'I *is he telling the truth?*’ Kara thought to Harry but Harry just nodded.

'At least *what he perceives to be the truth,*' Harry thought back to his wife as they had slowly backed off. 'Luthor made him out to be a *scapegoat faster than either of us could have imagined.*'

Harry and Kara had one more task they could do to try and track down the clone, there were a few old Luthorcorp bases that Cadmus might have reused. They had cleared them all out and had found nothing, but that was over a year ago. What if Cadmus had returned back to them? That was something that Harry and Kara would have to figure out on their own.

Hardcastle sank down on the couch to get himself a drink of brandy from the cabinet, but the glass that he held in his hand got very hot and exploded. He spun around to face the figure that stood in the doorway.

At first Hardcastle thought it was Supergirl who returned and his temper escalated. He turned slowly to face who he thought was Supergirl.

"Look, that's all I know, I swear…"

Hardcastle stopped mid-sentence when the figure entered his cabin when she stared him down with a diamond hard glare. The hardened army general stepped back when instead he saw of long blond hair the figures hair was cut short in a bob style which fluttered in the wind. The army general continued to step back as he nearly tripped over the table when the figure rushed forward.

With a quick grab Hardcastle had been captured in her grasp and pulled forward to meet a pair of glowing eyes. Her normally blue-green eyes had glowed red when she stared at the General.

"What do you want?" Hardcastle asked as he backed off with his heart beating against his chest as his breath hitched in and out before the general shook his head.

"Just tying up a few loose ends, General," Galatea responded with a bit of a smile crossing over her face before she shoved him forward and caused him to crash down onto the ground. "It's nothing really personal."

General Hardcastle's temper had risen once again when his eyes locked firmly on Galatea's.

"You and that Arcane, you think that you're so clever, well you're nothing special, and that Arcane, he's nothing," Hardcastle blustered around this moment in time but at the words of criticism towards Arcane, Galatea moved her hands toward towards General Hardcastle who could not move quickly enough.

Said hands had closed around the throat of General Hardcastle as he kicked and struggled. The Army General was trying to fight his way out of the attack before the blonde wrapped her hands around his throat to squeezed hard. Hardcastle gasped as he could not push off her super strong hands with his knees buckling.

"Who's nothing now?" Galatea asked before she twisted Hardcastle's head like a bottle top. A large crack echoed before Hardcastle fell down to the ground before he slumped down like a sack of potatoes.
Hardcastle was laid out on the ground from these actions when Galatea stepped back. Galatea placed a hand on her forehead before she drew several deep breaths as she tried to collect a few thoughts of her own that she had. There was just something about this entire mess that was confusing her and she knew that those two were looking for her.

Galatea's face spread into a bit of a grin, they would find her alright, or rather she would find them. The game was on and Galatea sped off in the other direction back to Metropolis which was her next destination. The blonde clone took a moment to speed off into the distance before she peered over the horizon to plan her next move and then flew off into the distance.

It was do or die time for her, even though it was die for Hardcastle. She felt her heart beat when she saw a set of green eyes in her mind and the owner of them who could potentially do such great things for her. That was something that replayed over and over in her mind. She had one thing on her mind and she would get what she wanted without anyone standing in her way.

A wind blew through Metropolis as Harry and Kara made their way to a lab on the outskirts of town. This was not part of the main LexCorp set of businesses but never the less they had been over it with a fine tooth comb to see if there was anything of value with it. When they were unable to find anything, they had forgotten about it but now it was worth a second look.

On the first level of the lab there seemed to be nothing that was really of value or at least to the point where it would raise a red flag in their mind to investigate a bit more. Something told them that appearances could be more than deceiving but the deception ran deep as they tried to take a look around. So far, they had turned up empty.

'Seems like there's nothing out of the ordinary in this lab,' Kara thought to Harry after she got a good look around but Harry grabbed Kara's hand tightly with his own. He did not want to jump to any kind of conclusions.

There was one more room on this level that they had gone through and they had struck some sort of pay dirt. The Potters walked inside and saw that they had entered some kind of training simulator room. It was hidden deep in the facility, in fact most of the facility, had there been anything in it had been cleared out.

Kara sat herself down on the computer to see if she could find anything of note that would lead them to the Cadmus bases. Harry watched her back as he half peered over her shoulder. The blonde tried to hack into the computer at that moment but most of the data had been erased within the last few days.

That to Kara was more suspicious than anything else. If nothing else it meant that whoever had input these items on the computer had something to hide. The blonde was getting closer and closer to finding out the information. It was just a matter of arranging the puzzle pieces so they made a bit more sense.

"There are about eight Cadmus facilities from what I've been able to recover," Kara muttered underneath her breath before Harry's eyes turned to her.

"There are far more than that actually."

Harry and Kara spun around before they saw a blonde hover in the air before them. Sure enough she was dressed in a black jacket, a black halter top, and a black pair of tight shorts with a bad
attitude, to match the knee high black boots that she wore.

"Galatea, I presume," Harry responded as he did not keep his eye off of the blonde but something shifted in her eyes. She shook her head as the room around them converted into a carbon copy of Metropolis.

It was some kind of training simulator which Harry found himself to be quite impressed by. Kara took a step forward and tried to speak some sense into her double.

"Look, I don't want to hurt you…"

Galatea flew forward and speared Kara hard into the wall before the blonde was knocked backwards and she slammed hard into the wall. Kara struggled against the grip before Galatea had her arms around Kara with a tight grip. Galatea pinned Kara down to the ground as a glassy look flicked their her eyes.

"Well the feeling isn't mutual," Galatea responded but she tried to fight some kind of inner nature to rip this woman's throat out.

Harry had tried to nail her with a stunning spell but a shield appeared around her to block the spell immediately. That was something that Harry did not expect to be honest, but he could not do any more lethal attacks, for she was not herself. Galatea repelled the attack back at Harry and that was Kara's chance to grab Galatea from behind to force her down on the ground.

Galatea it seemed had some field around her to repel magical spells automatically which mean that a physical assault was something that they had to do instead. Kara wrapped her arms around Galatea's waist before she trafficked her up in the sky and flew higher and higher and higher when she gained more speed. They were two blonde haired blurs when they had popped into the air like the corks they were.

The two blonde Kryptonians exchanged super powered punches, their knuckles cracked off of their skin as they battled high above. Harry watched and was about to join in but Kara projected a thought below to him.

'Just hang on Harry, I think I got this one, but stand by in case it gets ugly,' Kara projected to Harry mentally but she was flipped hard into the water tower.

Kara smashed into the water tower with her costume completely saturated from head to toe in the water. The material clung to her breasts to show the outline of them as her clothes became exceedingly skin tight and Galatea propelled herself back into the air to go after Kara. Her arms and legs were outstretched as she tried to attack Kara with ballistic fury.

Galatea gave a pained grunt as Kara had grabbed a hand full of her hair and snapped Galatea off to the side. Kara propelled herself up and grabbed Galatea around the waist before she slammed her down to the ground.

Harry watched, transfixed as the two Kryptonian blondes rolled around on the ground before they pulled each other's hair, scratched at each other's faces, and ripped at their soaking wet clothes. It was quite a sight that quickly turned interesting rather quickly.

The two blondes began to grope each other suddenly and Kara, without warning, had pressed her lips onto Galatea's mouth, to give her a searing kiss. Kara's hands ran over Galatea's body and Galatea returned the favor as Harry watched.

The two blondes sat on the ground in a most tender embrace as Harry watched their steamy make
out session. He knew for a fact that he did not want to break this up no matter what as he edged closer and closer. The two deepened their kiss as they felt each other up which really got Harry's motor running.

Galatea felt her murderous rage subside as it was replaced by other feelings, feelings that were much better than wanting to kill someone. Her mind went wild with sensations that she felt to be more pleasurable when Kara kissed her hard. She sighed deeply but she only wanted one thing and one thing at all.

The two blondes broke their kiss as the influx of magic had once again caused the implants in Galatea's head to short circuit. With lustful grins the two blondes turned to Harry at that point and spoke in unison.

"Join us, Harry!"

Harry did not have to be told twice.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Harry picked up Galatea into his arms and the clone seemed to be docile before he pulled her into a long kiss. Galatea returned the kiss with fury as her tongue clashed with Harry's, trying to invade his mouth. While the pair had kissed, Kara reached around to unbutton Harry's pants and pulled them down deftly. Galatea's legs locked around Harry as she continued to kiss him deeply with passion.

Kara grabbed her hand around the base of Harry's cock before she began to run her hand up and down the length. Harry moaned deeply into Galatea's mouth as a charm had vanished the remainder of her clothes. She was more mature than Kara and Linda but not quite as mature as Karen in the breasts department.

The kiss broke and Harry grabbed Galatea's breasts without a second thought before he squeezed them hard. The blonde gave a throaty groan when Harry played with her.

"Yeah, Harry, that's it, play with me, I belong to you," Galatea managed when she breathed heavily as she felt more wonderful memories return to her.

"You do belong to me, I saved you from them," Harry stated as he continued to play with Galatea's tits as Kara reached around to play with Galatea's ass while she also played with Harry's balls.

Harry's cock swelled but Kara made sure that Harry did not come just yet, there was still a lot of things she wanted to do before that happy moment. Harry placed Galatea down on the city pavement that had cracked when Galatea and Kara smashed right through it.

"You're going to take Harry's cock in you, and you're going to like it," Kara ordered as she held Galatea's legs open.

"Yes, please," Galatea managed as she felt nothing but burning lust. Her body seemed to be built for two things, sex and violence, and the clone Kryptonian knew which one she had preferred.

"Here it comes," Harry warned her as he brushed his tip against her entrance as a nice little tease before he aimed right into her.

Galatea's eyes went wide as Harry's cock rammed deep inside her nice and hard. She felt so filled up it was not even funny.
"So good, better than the dreams, much better," Galatea panted as Harry's cock plunged in and out of her womanhood. It stretched her out so wonderfully. "Oh that's it Harry, that's it…"

Kara had silenced Galatea's words when she had sat on her face, with her pussy over Galatea's mouth.

"Eat me," Kara ordered and Harry backed her up.

"Yes, eat her pussy like it's never been eaten before," Harry stated to Galatea and sure enough judging by the moans that Kara began to make, Galatea had risen to the occasion as she tongued the inside of Kara's pussy. Galatea's tongue worked Kara's pussy purely on instinct.

Harry resumed his thrusts deep into Galatea's tight core, it felt much tighter as she clench him much harder. Yet Harry was not going to be defeated, he had pleased many Kryptonian pussies and this one was not going to be any different. Galatea's hips rose to meet his as Harry worked into her.

Kara's head reared back to give an ear piercing scream as Galatea licked the inside of her pussy. This was heaven on Earth to say the very least, the fact of the matter was that Galatea really knew how to work a pussy. This only made perfect sense that Galatea would knew what Kara liked better than anything else on earth.

"Such a tight pussy, I'm going to give you so many orgasms," Harry grunted as he continued to spear into Galatea's tight pussy. "Keep eating Kara, taste her, lick her out."

Kara grinded her vagina on Galatea's face as she savored the taste but nothing compared to the fact that Harry's cock ripped into her in such a lovely way. Her pussy was built for him, that much was certain. Cadmus might have intended a different purpose for Galatea but that was really something that she was built for.

"That's it, take my cock, you're my Kryptonian clone whore," Harry ordered to her as he continued to work into her nice, tight pussy.

Galatea felt her pussy clench long and hard at the dirty talk that Harry was given her and lifted her hips up to take more and more of his cock into her quim. The blonde gave a lustful moan before she continued to lick Kara's pussy.

"Oh Harry, fuck her hard, she's really a good pussy eater," Kara moaned deeply as Galatea tongued the inside of her pussy.

Harry plunged deeper and deeper into the blonde Kryptonian's pussy beneath him as he felt his balls tighten hard. He must have been at this for a long time with Galatea having been brought to several orgasms.

The warmth spread through Galatea's body as she felt her lover's explosion coming on. She eagerly lapped Kara's juices as the blonde grinded her cunt into Galatea's face.

Harry groaned as he alternated between groping two sets of breasts before his balls tightened even more but he staved off the relief. Kara removed her cunt from Galatea's mouth with the juices dribbling down her face.

"Look at that dirty slut, Harry," Kara said pointing at Galatea.

"Yes, I'm a dirty slut, your dirty slut, fuck me, fuck me harder!" Galatea cried as she summoned the full force of her power. "Cum for me, make me yours forever, I'm yours, and only yours!"
Harry could no longer stave off his release as Kara continued to lick her own juices off of Galatea's face. This sight combined with Galatea's lustful, throaty moans had caused Harry's balls to tighten before he released a steady stream of cum into Galatea's waiting pussy. The two lovers climaxed simultaneously as they both saw stars and the pleasure of their orgasms.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

It was at that moment where Galatea had passed out from the pleasure and immediately Harry could sense the connection forced open when he had joined with her. The blue ring on her finger was visible as well and Harry knew that she was number four, there was no need to say any more than that.

That was not all Harry could sense as he motioned for Kara to hold Galatea up and steady before Harry rubbed the back of her neck. With another movement Harry had made a magical incision and removed a small capsule from the back of her neck. With another wave of his hand, Harry healed her over.

'What was that?' Kara projected back to Harry in a mental voice.

Harry responded with a mental projection in to his wife. 'It was a capsule that contained liquefied Kryptonite. They intended to release it into the base of her brain and it was going to kill her if she had gotten out of hand. Or at least it was before I removed it.'

Harry scooped up Galatea in his arms as she was sedated by the charm that he put on her. The blonde rested her head on Harry's broad chest half asleep as they made their way back to Patronus Incorporated to remove the rest of the additions that Cadmus had put on her and hopefully stabilize her so she could live a normal life.

She was one of his wives after all and Harry had to take care of her. Kara helped Harry steady her double before they had flown off. They realized that today had been a weird day and they hoped that they could get some kind of relief.

'Rest easy,' Harry projected to Galatea as they got her safely back even though she was sedated and could not think back.

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Lex Luthor sat in his lab as he put the finishing touches on his final project before he would leave Cadmus in his wake. The days of the Justice League also wrapped to a close as Luthor took a long and deep breath to think about it. The cancer continued to eat through him but Luthor was at the point where it would not matter.

He suddenly noticed the red alert that had been activated in the event that the clone had ever been knocked out and taken by Arcane and Supergirl. It was a tricky little addition but it was one that would serve him well and give him plenty of information. The bald businessman's face contorted into a bit of a grimace when he realized what happened.

"This could prove to be a problem but only if she lives to tell them anything," Luthor responded as he pulled open his desk drawer and removed a remote control device.

The remote control was put in his hand at that point and be pressed it. A malicious smile spread over Luthor's face when he activated the capsule that was buried in the base of her neck. The liquefied Kryptonite would be released into her blood stream and it would slowly kill her.
Luthor felt pleasure as he had actually succeed in his attempt to kill a Kryptonian. That was surely an omen to how things would go down on this day. This would be Lex's greatest moment of triumph.

To Be Continued in Galatea Part Two.
Chapter 54: Galatea Part Two.

The blonde Kryptonian offered a round of shallow breathing as she was carried in Harry's arms back to the main floor of Patronus Incorporated. Harry felt a great deal of pain when he had realized what this young woman who resembled his wife had gone through over the past several months to be conditioned. To the people at Cadmus, Galatea was a weapon but there were a few flickers of a hope of something more.

Galatea was carried into the main lab by Harry as he tried to remain calm. There was a feeling that they just removed the Kryptonite killswitch just in the nick of time. There just was something about this situation where Harry figured that Luthor would have activated it if he had been given enough of a reason to. His face contorted into a grimace, that's what normally happened, all roads had lead back to one man and one man alone, and that man was Lex Luthor.

The limp body of Galatea was placed down upon a medical table as Harry went over several options in his mind. None of them were any good to be honest and all of them ensured that Cadmus would have paid if something happened to her. Much like the rest of his wives, Harry had formed a connection with Galatea and that connection brewed deeply within him.

Kara's bright blue eyes were widened a bit, to be honest she felt the pain of what happened, each and every single punishing moment of Galatea's young life, and yearned to do something to ease the pain for her sister. It was hard to hold anything against the girl, because she did not ask to be born from her DNA. Harry placed her down on the table and began a scan of her.

Galatea gave a little cough but the lights were on and no one was home. Harry's expression grew grimmer and grimmer as he had poured over her body and had performed the scans. As it turned out this was far worse than he could have ever imagined with the months of brainwashing, drug treatments and everything else that conditioned Galatea into a dutiful little soldier to do the bidding of Cadmus.

"They really wanted to condition their weapon," Harry managed to Kara as he gripped her hand. She returned the gesture with a smile, as both of them knew what was on the line. "All roads lead back to Cadmus and all roads lead back to…"

"Luthor," Kara responded at that moment as Harry continued to check over her. "Can we disable what they done to her?"

"She's going to be sore when she wakes up but it won't do any lasting damage," Harry answered after a moment. "I have to find a way to stabilize her because at this rate, her cellular structure will break down in a number of months and she'll be twisted into something horrific."

"She's not a monster," Kara replied as Harry squeezed his wife's hand with a reassuring smile on his face.

"I know she isn't but Cadmus did everything in their power to make her into one," Harry responded as he saw Galatea's heaving chest.

He would not allow one of his wives to die, that much Harry could promise them all. It was a vow that he took first with Kara, and it stretched to Karen, Linda, and now Galatea. Right now, Galatea was getting worse and she soon needed treatment. Her breath was labored with Harry making sure
she did not slip under.

"First two mental implants are disabled, now I got to worry about not triggering any hypnotic suggestions that have been left behind," Harry explained to Kara who nodded as the two of them just waited.

Cadmus did a number on her and now Harry wished to ease her pain. Gently, Harry placed a hand down on his wife's forehead as he brushed the hair way from her face before he took a moment to take a breath. The blonde on the table inhaled and exhaled as she shifted in and out of consciousness.

"Harry," Galatea managed in a pained growl and Harry grabbed her hand, to squeeze it, to tell this beautiful, albeit twisted by forces beyond her control, angel that everything was going to be okay. He needed for them to believe that it would be so.

It was said before and Harry will say it again, he refused to allow any of his wives to die. The ring on Harry's finger reminded what was at stake, as he saw an identical ring on Kara's finger that shined bright with a blue hope. The same ring had manifested its way onto Galatea's finger, she waited for him.

In all of her dreams, Harry could sense that she waited for him and even in all of her nightmares Harry thought that he offered a bit of hope. He continued to scan over her with those thoughts as he found more tricky little surprises that Cadmus had left behind. The dark haired wizard prepared to take them all down one at a time to try and make sure his fourth wife was pure again.

All while Galatea held her hand in Harry's and Harry responded in kind when he squeezed her hand like a loved one would through any surgery. Kara smiled down at her and went over on the other side to grab Galatea's other hand. Galatea stiffened a little bit as Kara wondered if there was some residual brainwashing left over.

Then Galatea's grip slacked onto Kara's hand in a blink of an eye as Harry removed another trigger, to remove the subliminal messages for Galatea's mind to be wiped on a certain code phrase. That would not be a problem anymore. Her mind slowly became hers again as Harry tried to figure out the cellular degeneration process and how to reverse it.

Thankfully Galatea's was not as far gone as Longshadow's was and Harry found himself smile just a little bit at that. There was far more hope for his blonde Kryptonian fourth wife as Harry continued to brush the blonde strands of hair away from her eyes. He wanted to see her beautiful face in all of its glory.

'Just a couple hours more and you'll be home free, got to make sure the charms are right,' Harry thought with a deep breath.

A smile crossed Galatea's face as she had never been more peaceful in her life. She felt the shackles removed from her mind, she was free once more. And with that freedom came a certain amount of opportunity. She was never going to go back into that cell once again.

'Cadmus is not going to get away with what they did to her,' Kara thought in a savage manner.

Harry shared his wife's thoughts and knew that if Galatea remembered anything, she might be able to give them a greater lead. Cadmus was on the ropes thanks to M'gann and Starfire but Galatea likely had seen more than the two of them did combined. It was time for Harry to find out just how much she knew.
First Galatea had to be safe and her mind had to be her own once again.

The Question popped up out of the shadows to come face to face with Batman with the Martian Manhunter, Hawkgirl, Green Lantern, Wonder Woman, and the Flash all behind the Dark Knight. Yet it was Batman who was the one who spoke to the Question in his usual gruff voice.

"You saw them bring the sleeper into Patronus," Batman offered at that point before the Question nodded in response before he got to the point.

"They seem to be taking their obsession to Cadmus to an entirely new level, and their minds have been inflamed by the prospect of mystic stones," The Question told the assembled members of the Justice League. Batman was the one who seemed most troubled by the turn of events that had just transpired. "This clone of Supergirl resembles her and while she appears to have acquired mercy and a conscience through her connection with the Kryptonian, she still is dangerous and unstable."

"I don't know," Flash answered when he had turned to his fellow members of the Justice League. "Something tells me that Harry wouldn't have just brought someone in if they had been too dangerous."

Hawkgirl decided to chime in with her two cents. "Harry Potter does seem to have a type, and she fits that criteria."

"Yeah, but if we know anything about Arcane, we know that sometimes he makes Bats here look overly optimistic," Flash responded as he brushed off the look that he had received form the Detective in question. "Call it a crazy hunch but I think that Harry wouldn't have brought our… what's her name again?"

"Galatea, that's the project name I've been able to uncover," The Question responded in his crisp voice. "The real question is why would Lex Luthor go to all of the trouble to clone Supergirl."

"Spite mostly," Green Lantern offered in an off handed voice.

The rest of the members of the Justice League had to agree with that point as they nodded before Batman had offered his two cents.

"Luthor has more plans than just cloning Supergirl. The first time he cloned a Kryptonian, it did not go so well. He continues to attempt to fine tune the process the best he can and he used Supergirl as a template. If I could hazard a guess, I would have to say that this Galatea might not be the first model that he had."

Flash, Hawkgirl, Green Lantern, Martian Manhunter, and Wonder Woman all considered what Batman had to say. As usual, Batman had spoken words that had a great deal of merit and were all worthy of consideration. The Martian Manhunter was the next one who had spoken up to face the assembled team.

"Yes, I do wonder that myself," The Martian Manhunter remarked as he looked at them. "Superman just merely managed to scratch a very slippery surface with what Cadmus might be all about."

The League all nodded as whilst the information that Superman had gotten to them when he posed as Lex Luthor got them closer to uncovering the secrets, they had never been further away. Cadmus had manipulations within manipulations and most of the character members of the group did not trust each other. Batman in particular wondered if there was a higher power involved with the group that Luthor did not even know about.
"We need to find out about this clone and warn them of the threat," Green Lantern added without taking a moment to consider everything.

Hawkgirl shook her head as her eyes snapped back at Green Lantern. She took a moment to collect all of her thoughts before she spoke. "Given how well our meddling went the last time with Arcane, perhaps we should just let this one go."

"Yeah, I'm with Hawkgirl on this one," Flash responded as he shuffled his feet back and forth on the floor.

"We just need to be subtle," Batman offered at this moment as Wonder Woman's eyes now snapped towards Batman's.

"Subtle, you do realize that none of us will be able to even sneeze in the direction of Patronus without Arcane and Supergirl knowing about it."

"She's got a point," Green Lantern offered as he shook his head.

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but wasn't it you who had suggested that we do something about the clone," Batman stated to Wonder Woman

Green Lantern recovered as his expression was on Batman. "Yes, but Wonder Woman brought up a valid point. Potter has us by the throat and if he wanted to squeeze, he could take the entire Justice League down. There's a point where history's going to repeat itself with him and what can the League do to stop him?"

"Maybe we shouldn't try to stop him," Flash offered with a shrug.

There were a few arguments that had gone on with the Justice League but it was the Martian Manhunter who broke in with his usual pacifying tone of voice.

"I do think that we do need to take some kind of action with this problem, but we are dangerously close to creating another problem," Martian Manhunter stated when he shook his head. "There's something known as a self-fulfilling prophecy that we should all think about."

"The Martian's words have wisdom," The Question piped in for a few time in a long time as he adjusted his tie. "Perhaps you should send someone in there to try and discuss the matter with him."

Batman had been on the outs with Nightwing after the entire Starfire incident so he was out. He knew that Barbara would value her friendship with Kara far more than anything regarding the mission, and Tim likely would have refused as well to try and talk them matter over. Still, Batman knew that there was one person that had owed him a bit of a favor after he helped her out of a tight jam and wondered if she would consent to talk to the Potters.

"I have a plan," Batman responded at that moment.

Flash's face twisted in a wide grin. "You wouldn't be Batman if you didn't."

Once again Flash was a recipient of the Batman glare of death.

Wonder Woman offered Batman a few words of warning. "Just don't take it far, because we're on shaky ground already with them all."

Slowly but surely Galatea had returned to her senses after being purged from the influence that
Cadmus had given her. Her head was heavily wrapped up with bandages and she was restrained to the bed which was something that would have grossly annoyed her at any other time. However, given the circumstances, Galatea understood, she did not want to hurt herself or worse anyone else.

The blonde Kryptonian took a long and deep breath whilst the straps restrained her to the bed when she saw the face of Harry Potter look at her. His bright green eyes had warmed her heart when she had spotted him. A smile crossed over the face of Galatea when she shook her head. She was far weaker than ever before but never the less her head turned to face Harry.

"Hi," Galatea managed at that point. "That was quite the ride, it put me down for the count didn't it?"

"As much as I would have liked to take credit for what happened, that was not all me," Harry said as he placed his hands on Galatea's arm. Kara had left to visit Jonathan in Smallville but would return back shortly. She had convinced Harry to stay here with Galatea so she had a friendly face to view when she woke up. "You came so close to dying."

Galatea sighed long and hard, she was pretty much afraid of them. Her arms remained strapped to the edge of the bed for the longest time. The blonde tried to push herself up out of the straps instinctively but she sank down onto the bed. The dark haired wizard grabbed Galatea's arm tightly and looked back at her. There was a moment where Harry paused, with the ticking of the clock in the background being heard.

"Just relax, my wife, everything will be okay," Harry said as he lovingly stroked Galatea's hair as her body healed with the rays of yellow sun. "Your body was shocked by being drained so often than being exposed with trace elements of liquid Kryptonite. I flushed it all out of system and disabled all of the implants. You're going to be sore for a while but you'll be back to your old self before too long."

Galatea's face cracked into a grin before she looked at Harry for a little bit and offered a flippant little comment.

"So I guess there's going to be no multiple partner orgies in my future for a long time."

Harry shook his head at his wife's antics as he brushed the hair away from her face and tilted her chin up to peer deeply into her eyes.

"Yeah, but I'm sure you'll be able to join us before too long," Harry responded when he had adjusted the straps that had held Galatea into place. "We're going to be together, the five of us."

Galatea shook her head as she took a deep breath before Harry loosened the straps just a tiny bit. The slack allowed her to move just a little bit more but at the same time, Galatea was restrained in case of the off chance where she had an episode. There was some time where she stared with her greenish-blue eyes at Harry before she smiled.

"So the nightmare is over, I can begin my life?" Galatea asked at that point when she looked at Harry long and hard.

Harry responded with a bright smile and the squeeze of her hand before he responded.

"You are your own person Galatea, and you can live beyond what you created for. You might have been made from Kara's DNA but you got a lot of good qualities from her. Your intelligence, your beauty, everything about you but you can have things that are just your own. You do have a bit of a take charge attitude."
"Are you saying I have an attitude?" Galatea asked but Harry just responded with a smile. "Well, I got it from the source material more than anything."

"I figure you might of," Harry told Galatea as he tilted her head up to check the back of her head. Galatea winced as her flesh was still a bit tender when she had not healed. Her body had to be drained of all energy so Harry could purge the Kryptonite injections from her. "You and Kara are both driven, but then again that is one thing true no matter where in the multiverse."

Galatea just responded, she knew how driven that her twin was. Most of the memories that had been purged slowly but surely flooded back to the blonde when she had shook off her thoughts.

"All of these memories, none of them are real," Galatea responded at that moment when Harry looked at her with a smile before he cupped her face and gave her a light, tender kiss. Galatea returned it with love and passion that she never thought she would be capable of.

Harry broke the kiss now with his eyes locked onto Galatea's before he responded with a bit of a knowing smile.

"Then we'll create our own happy memories."

"That we will," Galatea agreed when she grabbed onto Harry's hands and barely noticed the fact that the straps were gone.

She would have to have Harry strap her to the bed later on but for a far more pleasurable reason. Her eyes were on her husband's for a very long time when Harry and Galatea peered at each other before Harry brought Galatea a sandwich and some crackers, along with juice.

"Thanks, I guess my body needs to adjust after what happened," Galatea responded when Harry looked at her with a nod.

"And for that, you're going to need food," Harry responded when he looked over his shoulder to see the sun rise higher and higher. "Get some rest, love, and I'll be back. You can meet the rest of the wives properly later."

Galatea smiled at these words, she felt like she knew all of the wives already for some reason, at least that was the thought that went through her mind. Still she knew Kara the best, and would know Linda and Karen better as well. Harry walked off as Galatea allowed herself a moment to come down from what happened with some peace and quiet.

"So she's just resting right now, she should be ready to talk to you all in a couple of hours," Harry told Karen and Linda as the pair of them nodded.

"She really had been put through the ringer, hadn't she?" Linda asked as she gave a bit of a smile.

"Yeah, but Kara and I managed to flush everything from her system and stabilize her DNA," Harry answered as he sat down between his wives. Linda sat down on one side of Harry and began to rub the tension knots out of his shoulder as Karen rubbed his chest a little bit. "Oh that feels good, thanks I've been under a lot of stress."

"That's what we're here for, Harry," Linda answered with a brisk smile before she shook her head and ran her hands over Harry's body.

Before their activities could get too much, the buzzer had gone off. Harry sighed, it seemed like his work was never done. At least that was the thought that passed through his mind before he got up.
With a swift moment, Harry walked over to activate the intercom to hear the voice of Lana on the other end.

"Harry, sorry to bother you, especially after all that's happened, but there's a member of the Justice League who wants to give you the heads up on something that's happening."

"Which one?" Harry asked and sure enough Lana was prompt to answer.

"Zatanna."

Harry paused for a moment before he responded with a bit of a nod. "Tell Zatanna that I'll be down in a minute."

"Will do," Lana replied on the other end of the intercom as Harry adjusted himself.

There was no doubt the League found out about the clone but was it before or after she started her rampage. If even one hint reached Harry that the League knew anything regarding Galatea before the event where he had got her out, heads would roll. In the meantime, Harry resolved to keep an open mind.

Zatanna was dressed in civilian clothes, obviously that stood out less than if she was in her normal uniform. She wore a black t-shirt, a pair of blue jeans, and a black jacket. A nervous expression spread over Zatanna's face as she looked at Harry who acknowledged her with a slight nod. That gave the stage magician turned real magician some time to collect her thoughts before she spoke.

"Arcane," Zatanna remarked in a brisk voice as she looked at the wizard in question. "The Justice League has…"

"Batman's sent you here, hasn't he?" Harry asked and Zatanna responded with a brief nod as she looked at Harry.

"I should have figured that you wouldn't be fooled, although he should have figured," Zatanna responded as she threw back her head and allowed her black hair to fall down past her back. "I guess that's just a point where he trained you a bit too well."

A smile crossed Harry's face before he looked at Zatanna. "The League wants to know about Galatea, don't they?"

"Certain members of the League perceive her as a threat, and are concerned that she might attack if Cadmus triggers certain things within her," Zatanna responded. Harry could tell that she was not convinced with this line of inquiry but was just the one who would have to be the bearer of bad news.

"Is that why Batman asked you to plant a monitoring device in my main lobby?" Harry asked before Zatanna stood up straight as she had been caught red handed. "You should know that nothing happens in this building without my consent. I'm sure the League has informed you about the high security cargo I acquired, three of the four stones."

"Yes, they have," Zatanna responded, as she felt like a fool. Security would have had to be upped for Harry to have such a precious cargo. She looked resolved and stared Harry down before she spoke once more. "Certain members of the Justice League are concerned that you're taking your obsession with Cadmus a bit too far."

Harry had stepped back, did they not think that he learned nothing from his little escapades with the Justice Lord dimension and his meeting with his more twisted counterpart? The dark-haired
wizard shook his head as he held his hands together before the young man offered a long and labored sigh as he leaned forward.

"Perhaps, but you have to wonder something," Harry told Zatanna as he looked at her dead in the eye. "Is it because the League should have taken things further? If Lex had been cut off at the knees years ago by Superman, the entire Cadmus mess might have not happened. And now they seek to destroy us."

Zatanna thought that Harry had asked some deep questions of her but she had little time to think about it. Harry reached over and grabbed a file folder before he placed it in Zatanna's hand.

"Here contains all of the information I've gathered on Cadmus and the results of Galatea's tests, she came up clean," Harry remarked at that moment. "Also, I'd like to give a word to the League."

Zatanna's curiosity bubbled up at this statement from Harry but she shook it off before she looked at Harry.

"And that word is this," Harry added when he saw that Zatanna had given him her full and undivided attention. "The League should do things how they feel fit and I'll do things how I feel fit. Cadmus is getting shut down even if I have to tear them down one facility at a time. After what they did to my wife, there's nothing I won't do."

"I see," Zatanna responded as she got it immediately. "Thank you for the information, I'm sure the League will appreciate it."

"I know they will," Harry replied while he watched Zatanna walk off. He did feel bad that she had been put in this position by the original team members, well six of the original seven, Superman had taken an extended leave of absence to be with his father as he rested.

Harry saw Galatea standing at the stairs, her head was still wrapped up in bandages and she wore a white hospital gown that was see through.

"They shouldn't question you," Galatea remarked to Harry as she looked at him. "After all you've done for them, and you don't have to do anything."

"No, I don't, but I choose to," Harry said with a smile which Galatea returned.

Galatea thought that Harry was a great man but one that did confuse her in many ways. He could be having sex non-stop with his beautiful wives, yet he busted his ass to help protect people that seemed to care less about his efforts. Galatea admired this in some ways but in other ways it baffled her.

"Since you're up, I believe some introductions are in order," Harry answered as Galatea smiled.

"Lead the way, Harry," Galatea said as she offered her hand and Harry took it before the two returned upstairs to inform Karen and Linda about that short meeting.

Lex knew that the end game was coming before too long, he had figured it out for some time. After a few months of keeping the Justice League guessing, the wheels had begun to fall off of the Cadmus bus. Naturally, Lex blamed Waller for this because if she had not unleashed that fruitcake Nygma on the League, they would not have even had a name to go off of.

The bald billionaire took certain things in stride but his little stone swap plan would have worked. If Cadmus had been more attentive and had kept his physical body but soon that would not matter.
Luthor had figured out a way to transfer his mind to the vessel without the stone. It seemed that with the advanced technology Cadmus had gotten their hands on, they had been very blind indeed.

All it would take was a few nanobots to copy his brainwave patterns onto a microchip to insert into the vessel's mind. Then he would utilize the microchip to overwrite Project Superboy's thought pattern with his. All it took was just a bit of genius planning and Lex could have not figured out a better way.

Lex would prove once and for all that science trumped magic in every single way when it counted. He would have a brand new body with a new lease on life. As of now, he prepared the microchip and would insert it into the base of the brain. The clone would wake up and be Lex Luthor but with Superman's powers and none of his weaknesses.

Not to mention the added mystical abilities would give him strength but that paled in comparison to the sheer sophistication of science. The combined DNA of Lex Luthor, Superman, and Arcane would make him unstoppable, that much could not be denied.

Right now, Lex plotted his next move and knew that the end game was close to being at hand. He also worked on a plan to bring down the League and double cross the members of Cadmus in one fell swoop.

Lex had gotten everything that he needed ready, this was a powerful weapon that would wipe out all of the heroes it one fell shot. A small part of Lex honestly wished that he did not have to go this far but there was sometimes where anything could not be helped. They had forced his hand but this weapon would eradicate everything that it touched.

There would be casualties but Lex judged those as justifiable losses.

Elsewhere, Astoria Greengrass knew one thing, and that knowledge had been given to her through the Stone of Rowena Ravenclaw. Harry Potter had liberated Cadmus's little weapon and saved her before Luthor could terminate Galatea with his little killswitch. Astoria had everything that she wanted anyway and it was time cut her ties with the group.

Astoria managed to use a few subtle charms to get some information that would serve her quite well. There were certain project failures that Cadmus had tried long and hard to keep under wraps. One of them was a little number called the Doomsday weapon.

This Doomsday weapon had been the first failed attempt to clone Supergirl, the first Project Galatea, but it had gone really wrong. Or really right depending on the perspective because Cadmus had developed the ultimate weapon. This weapon could crush the Justice League and roll over everyone. The more she killed, the stronger she got, and the more her bloodlust intensified.

That was not all, Astoria knew where the Doomsday weapon was locked up and if she was going to make her grab for the other three stones, to breach Patronus Incorporated she would need a diversion. A diversion that would distract Harry Potter, the Justice League, and Cadmus all in one fell swoop and maybe even give them similar headaches.

Astoria could not think of any better distraction than the Doomsday weapon and now she knew where it was being hidden, it was time to open its cage.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter "Launch."


Chapter 55: Launch.

"As you can see, it is obvious that Arcane made sure everything was okay with her when he brought her in," Zatanna reported to the assembled Justice League. They were all there with the exception of Superman. She slid the paper out in front of the table and Batman was the first one who had grabbed it to take a look at it.

The pause was long when Batman slowly flipped through every single sheet of paper that they had in the folder. Everyone awaited for the Dark Knight to give his assessment on the situation whatever that might have been. The League were on pins and needles when Batman continued to flip through the papers as they waited.

As it turned out they did not have to wait for extremely long for that was when Batman's eyes snapped towards the members of the Justice League. They were stoic as usual but there seemed to be an amount of relief in them. It was the Flash who had spoken up to get Batman's attention.

"Well?"

Batman was only too happy to enlighten the Justice League on what he discovered in the paper when he flipped through them one last time. "Galatea checks out, the scans indicate that she is physically healthy without any defects in her. Mentally and emotionally, well Harry made a note to say that she's loyal to him."

"So in other words, we have to walk around on eggshells when we talk about Harry around her," Wonder Woman chimed in.

"Wouldn't that still make her a dangerous threat?" Green Arrow asked when he looked at the other members of the League. "She's killed a lot of people."

"Most of them are scientists with dodgy records at best, criminals at worst," The Huntress added her two cents as she looked at Green Arrow. "Not exactly the people that you'd grieve for, I'll tell you that much."

"They're still people though," Green Arrow responded as his eyes snapped to them.

"But the problem is where do we draw the line," Martian Manhunter chimed in in his calm voice. "I don't know if any of you have come to this realization, but there may come a time where our hands are forced."

John Stewart was the next one who had piped up. "The Lantern protocols state that murder is murder no matter what the case is. You have to justify it and the crew at Patronus have stepped over the line of what could be considered to be justifiable countless times."

"Actually, you're wrong with that," Wonder Woman answered when she looked at the Green Lantern. "The fact of the matter is that they have killed every single time to protect innocent lives. If that's not justified, I don't know what is."

Wonder Woman was not done and she continued to speak.

"Plus, you were in the marines, don't tell me that you have a soft stance on murder."
"It's completely different," Green Lantern argued when he looked at the members of the Justice League.

"Look, the world in the future is a better place because of Arcane and his wives," Booster Gold answered when he looked at the Justice League.

"How many wives did you say he had again?" Hawkgirl asked when she raised an eyebrow to look at Booster Gold.

Before the Man of the Future Today could answer that question, a cackling noise echoed over the League communicators. Batman bounded out of his chair when he moved forward to trace the signal but it had bounced over several different channels.

"Whoever it is, he's broadcasting it throughout the world," Batman stated when he braced himself for impact. There was that calm moment before something was going to break but the League were uncertain as to what precisely was going to break.

Time stood still as the members of the League waited impatiently for several minutes to see what would pop up over the communication link. It did appear that whoever was behind this had quite the flair for the dramatic which allowed the League to perhaps pinpoint who was behind this. Batman continued to spend a moment to trace the signal better or to at least isolate it so he could trace it.

"Who is doing this?" Flash asked as his eyes snapped up to face the screen.

The Flash's answer was not needed when a very familiar and sadistic voice had echoed throughout the Watchtower. The League all became rattled and on edge before the man in question had spoken to them.

"Greetings, Justice League, this is your better speaking. And Superman, Arcane, and Supergirl, I hope the three of you can hear this as well. It has been a long time coming but the world of capes is coming to a close. It's quite sad all things considered, well perhaps for you, and not so much for me."

There was a long pause where Batman tried to trace the signal.

"No doubt by now, the World's Greatest Billionaire Playboy turned Detective is trying to isolate my frequency. Well have fun trying so for it is being bounced upon several channels, including on satellites in the furthest reaches of space. Do know this, the Justice League has three hours before they cease to exist."

The Justice League stopped when they heard these words; they stared before Batman picked up something else on the scanners.

"We have a situation, Luthor has released an army of those Ultimen into several populated cities, with Metropolis being the focal point," Batman responded as he turned around to face his fellow Justice League members.

"This is Luthor's big doomsday plan," Green Arrow remarked as he remained skeptical.

"No, I think this is just the beginning," Batman replied when he turned around to peer out of the windows of the Watchtower.

For the first time ever Batman was at a loss to figure out what Luthor's game was and Batman wondered if Luthor knew. The failures of the past few battles might have driven Luthor to the edge
of madness and that could not be good news for the Justice League or indeed the rest of the world.

"So, any ideas?" Flash asked to break Batman's thoughts process.

It was Wonder Woman who answered. "We go out there, strike hard and fast, and make Luthor regret ever deciding to take up the fight against us."

"The problem is we have to find Luthor first," Batman answered as he tried to isolate the broadcast transmission but Luthor had thought of everything. He was crafty given that he was able to hide himself for so long. Even when his body decayed from cancer, the mind within remained.

The Justice League deployed into teams, with the biggest one being sent to Metropolis to deal with the invasion of the Ultimen that had poured into the city. With their powers and unstable personalities, the citizens were in danger. Batman considered calling Superman, but unless things got out of control, there would be no need to call Superman.

In addition there was the fact that the Man of Steel's head was not truly in the game given what happened to his father, and Batman needed everyone to be mentally there. The Justice League moved out, ready to fight this latest battle.

Kara flew back to Patronus Incorporated in Metropolis from Smallville as fast as she could go. The blond picked up an immense amount of speed as she got faster and faster with her nearly causing friction when she flew. Despite her fast speed, Kara was able to think really fast when she flew and what she thought about was not really good.

Luthor's plan whatever it was sought to be a bit of a problem, that was what echoed through Kara's mind when she made her way through to the headquarters of Patronus Incorporated. The doors opened right away to recognize her which was just as well as she might have smashed through them.

Once she was inside, she appeared on the top floor with a pop. Kara staggered a little bit but Harry caught her in his arms.

"You heard the message too, didn't you?" Harry asked as his eyes locked on his first wife. Linda and Karen sat in the background as they digested the message as well, but Galatea just looked rather thoughtful as if she was trying to piece together something. "I think this is it, Luthor's going to make his move."

"Yeah, I figured out that much," Kara added when she rested in Harry's arms and offered him a bit of a sigh. "What is his move?"

Linda moved over to the scanners and punched up some information as she hitched in a bit of a breath. Several blinking dots appeared to show problems on the horizon as the blonde Kryptonian offered a bit of a sigh when she tracked them.

"I believe Luthor is flooding the city with Ultimen, and they're more dangerous than the last batch," Linda remarked when she looked at the scanner.

"I thought Harry and Kara destroyed that facility," Karen chimed in when she looked out at the blips but it was Kara who chimed in with a response.

"Well, we thought we did, but you know, Luthor could have…he could have had another one, there are so many Cadmus facilities there."
"So what do we do?" Karen asked as she looked to her spouses for any kind of response that would allow them to seize the day. None of them responded for the longest moment until Galatea chimed in with one simple response.

"Leave them alone, it's just a distraction."

Harry's eyebrow raised curiously at that response from his fourth wife as she shook her head and pushed her hair out of eyes before she drew in a deep breath. Galatea seemed to strain to remember something, something that she heard during her time as a weapon of Cadmus. Kara, Linda, Karen, and Harry crowded around her to try and get her to spit it out, but Galatea struggled to remember everything.

"It's a distraction, for what?" Harry prompted Galatea and then suddenly the answer hit Galatea faster than a speeding bullet.

"It's a distraction for Luthor's ultimate weapon, his plan, he's going to wipe out the Justice League in on fell swoop with it, when it launches."

"When it launches?" Karen asked suddenly as she nearly jumped up into the air at these words. "What is it?"

Karen did not like where this was going as her mind flashed back to what happened in the previous world. Alarm flooded her face as Harry grabbed her hand to calm her down once he had sensed her concern. It was a horror that Karen could not even begin to fathom if such a thing happened again.

"Please explain," Harry said to Galatea when his eyes fixed on hers.

Galatea offered a sigh when she remembered more bits and pieces, all of it flooded back to her. "Luthor has created a dangerous weapon that will destroy any super powered DNA that it encounters."

"And he's got the scans of the League at the very least from the AMAZO robot," Harry chimed in when he thought hard but then it hit him. "But we've got the blueprints from the AMAZO robot and….perhaps we can create something to cancel it out."

"That could take days, even at super speed," Kara remarked in a fretful voice as she grabbed the arm that Harry was not holding Karen with.

"We don't have days, we have to do something now!" Karen snapped as her eyes glowed with fury.

She would not let it happen again, she would not lose another home, she would not lose another Justice League. Luthor was not going to get away with this. Not this time, not this time, oh definitely not this time.

"Calm down Karen, we'll do something," Harry offered her with a smile crossing his face, even though he was not really smiling on the inside. He was just as panicked as his wife was. "We're not going to let this slip by us, you know."

Karen offered a sigh as she relaxed, besides this universe had one thing that the other universe did not have. There was the fact that Harry was standing there and Karen knew that would be an addition that would make all of the difference in the world. All of the difference in the world, that was one point that Karen could not null over in her mind enough. She felt better than she had before as Harry clung to her arm tightly.

"So, do we have a plan?" Kara asked to the other Potters but it was Galatea who had chimed in.
The more she was there, the more she remembered about her time in Cadmus, and she remembered where Luthor might have been.

"Luthor's in a lab underneath Smallville."

Of all of the places, the last one they ever expected to look was a farm village that was off of the map. It was when this was said where the Potters wondered if Luthor appreciated the irony that his base of operations was the very place where his greatest enemy had gotten his roots. There was little time to think about that, rather it was time to uncover where that lab was.

"Lead the way," Harry said to Galatea who nodded with a smile.

The Justice League divided into teams with Flash, Wonder Woman, Green Arrow, Blue Beetle, Plastic Man, and Black Canary being the one deployed to fight the pocket of Ultimen in Metropolis.

"These guys don't seem to have any identifiable pattern," Blue Beetle answered when he saw one of the Longshadows smash through a building at high speed.

"Yeah, they don't, but we got to take them down regardless," Wonder Woman commented as she cracked her knuckles.

Wonder Woman was the first person to lead the charge as she swung her lasso around before it wrapped around the legs of one of the towering individuals. With a tug, Wonder Woman yanked his legs out from underneath him and with a flip Wonder Woman ran up the walls to face her enemy. She nailed him with a kick.

Plastic Man extended his arms to stretch and pull one of the pairs of Downpour and Shifter out to the side and smack them together. They flew down to the ground.

"Easy as pie!" Plastic Man said before a blast of electricity from one of the clones of Juice had fired at him. "Hey, watch it, oww, it's worse than sticking my finger in a light socket."

"Cover your ears!" Black Canary yelled and sure enough the team did before Black Canary unleashed a huge canary cry that rattled the various enemies.

They were down but not out as Juice had fired even more electricity towards the Justice League members. The Flash dodged the attacks at super speed when he ran around. He nodded towards Green Arrow who shot one of his trick arrows to the ground. The arrow caused an explosion to rattle the enemy.

"What are they waiting for?" Flash asked when he looked up to see the huge fist of one of the Longshadow clones to smash onto him.

"For the kill I think," Green Arrow said as he launched a series of arrows in rapid fire fashion. The Longshadow fell backwards with the explosion that echoed.

"Yeah, I figured that much," Flash commented.

Wonder Woman ducked and rolled before she lifted up a piece of debris. With all of her might, Wonder Woman chucked the debris across the sky and it smashed into the Longshadow clone. This left him open for a super speed trip.

"Hey, here's a question, what are we going to do with all of these guys when we take them out?"
Flash asked as two Juice clones from either side moved in. Two bolts of electricity shot with rapid fire precision towards the Flash but true to form he was able to duck. The electricity connected with the two clones and caused them to explode. "Well there's your question."

Three Wind Dragons appeared in the air but Plastic Man wrapped around them with his stretchy limbs before he flung them down to the ground. They spiraled down to the ground where their wind powers were no match for Black Canary's canary cry.

A fourth Wind Dragon swooped in and took out Black Canary to send her flying. Green Arrow watched this happen before he reloaded an arrow and shot it at Wind Dragon but a gust of wind blew him away.

"Arrow, watch out!" Wonder Woman yelled but Green Arrow was punted off to the side like a football and sent flying.

Green Arrow rolled over as he clutched his ribs and tried to return fire, but Longshadow picked up Green Arrow.

"Hang on!" Flash called as he backed up and super sped towards the legs of the Longshadow clone to take him out. Longshadow was staggered but not out.

A creaking sound could be heard before every single fire hydrant in Metropolis broke and sent a stream of water towards the Flash thanks to one of the Downpour duplicates. Flash tried to super speed away from the water but Wind Dragon's contribution made it rather hard to do so.

"Got to try," Flash managed as he tried to push himself away.

Wonder Woman was rammed hard by two rhinos from either side. This would kill a normal woman but she managed to sustain the blow. The action was fast and furious and the Justice League were losing badly. Juice swooped down and electrified the water that Downpour had summoned.

The Justice League all screamed out loud from the pain of being electrocuted, a non-lethal, but still painful, quantity was given to them. The psychics of their powers would control how this attack was delivered. This would not kill them but it made them wish for sudden death.

The water was parted to leave the Justice League down with the exception of the Flash.

"Hey, boss, the Flash has been destroyed, but the others are here," Juice said as the power restraint cuffs had been slapped on the members of the Justice League.

"Other teams are achieving success, pretty soon the entire League will be captured, and will get a front row seat to the end," Luthor said. "If the Flash has died, a pity, but perhaps that will be best for him."

The Justice League were down and carried to the transport vehicle.

In the harbor, the Flash poked his head up above the water as he saw the Cadmus transport vehicle go off with his fellow members of the League in it and downtown Metropolis in ruins. There were several causalities and Arcane seemed to abandon the League in their hour of need.

A more cynical person than Wally West would think that was because Arcane was fed up because of the League's constantly butting heads with him. However, Wally was able to keep an open mind because surely there had to be another reason.

"Hello, can anyone hear me?" Flash asked when he managed to shake the cobwebs loose but he got
nothing but static. Whether that was because his League communicator got busted or another reason, Wally had no idea at all.

Five blurs shot in at the speed of light as fast as they could all the way to Smallville and they knew that there was no time to waste.

‘Through here, and down,’ Galatea mentally projected to them as today was the day where they shut Cadmus down once and for all.

‘They’re going to leave a nasty surprise, aren’t they?’ Power Girl thought over the link when she shook her head.

Security guards were there which would normally not be that much of a problem because of their powers. Harry and Kara thought that a simple stunning field would have to do the trick but the security guards were not taken down.

‘Genetically altered,’ Kara thought when she realized but then it was Karen who had chimed in for her two cents.

‘With Titan’s DNA,’ Karen thought back to them which made things far worse than it was before.

Karen, Linda, Galatea, Harry, and Kara all exchanged determined looks before they all backed up and at super speed they shot like multi colored corks at the security guards. The security guards were much stronger, but there had been one problem. The intelligence had been greatly reduced among all of them.

Matrix split herself into three different versions of her, which confused the security guards. It was weird that there was any confusion given the fact that there were already multiple Kara’s in the battle. Never the less, Matrix split in half in several ways and her doubles pounded away on the enhanced security guards to trip them up.

Arcane flipped into the attack before he slid underneath the legs of his enemy and then joined hands with Supergirl. Supergirl and Arcane locked hands as they spun around at supersonic speed before they bounced off at each other to kick themselves off in different directions as they connected with the enhanced security guards.

The guards had been blasted by their double team attack and had crunched down from the impact when they fell to pieces. The two security guards were down when Galatea and Power Girl combined an attack to punch down a third. The duel punch cracked the security guards in the face.

‘Let’s head further inside, next floor, that’s where Luthor might be,’ Galatea thought when she flew forward as she blasted her heat vision off to connect against her enemies.

‘Hurry, time could be running out,’ Power Girl thought as she was growing really frantic.

Could history repeat itself? That was one distinct fear that Power Girl had for that moment in time, with the blonde Kryptonian flashing through every single doomsday scenario in the back of her head.

Lex Luthor realized more than anyone else that all roads lead back to his past and all roads lead to one spring morning when he was eleven years old or maybe twelve, it was hard to remember after these many years. To be honest, everything ran together Regardless, everything led back to that one morning where Lex was younger, more innocent, and had more hair.
His father had forced him on a trip to Smallville, Kansas, a humble little farming community so Lex could learn the value of hard work. Lionel had constantly belittled Lex about how he was weak and would never amount to anything, oh if Lionel could see him now, if he could see him now.

Lionel had to go and take a business call when Lex had been left in the middle of a cornfield to fend for himself. He had seen it with his two eyes, he had seen it barrel down upon him. The ship had flew down from the heavens like a messenger of violence and nearly crushed Lex.

He had suppressed the memories for a number of years, in fact Lex had convinced himself that it did not happen. The radiation from the ship had caused him to lose his hair and had caused him years and years of ridicule by his peers for his baldness. That was the price that he had to pay for what happened.

But it would be Lex who would laugh last when Superman went down along with the rest of these heroes. Lex knew everything clearly now, it would come full circle. It started in Smallville, it would end in Smallville for Lex Luthor.

In Smallville, Kal-El's arrival had robbed Lex of his hair, but Lex was almost willing to let bygones be bygones. If it was not for the fact that Superman decided to further ruin Lex's life by usurping his title as the favorite son of Metropolis, that really stung Lex deep. Then there was the rest of the Justice League, how Superman conspired with Supergirl and Arcane to steal away the company he built, and ruin his livelihood, his health, along with everything that went along with.

The doors of Lex's lab had been pound on for a short amount of time but the bald businessman took the slamming of the lab doors in stride. An eyebrow was raised a short bit but Lex ignored the doors being busted open where Amanda Waller stormed in.

"What is this I hear about a launch?" Waller demanded to Lex but the bald man just shrugged his shoulders.

"I feel that Cadmus got me what I wanted, and now I'm going to cut all ties," Lex answered when he took a moment to ponder Waller's predicament. The bald headed businessman enjoyed every single moment that he peered at Waller before he a smile crossed over his face. "You really think that you can stop me, don't you?"

"I don't think, I know," Waller answered but before she could move, Lex blasted Waller in the neck with a tranquilizer dart. Waller fell to the ground like a wounded animal as she crashed to the ground. Her fingers twitched toward the gun she had on her but she didn't have the strength. "Why?"

"Why did I shoot you or why didn't I kill you when I shot you?" Lex asked in a mocking curiosity.

Waller grimaced when she tried to push herself to a kneeling position but she collapsed on the ground as the breath slowly, surely had left her body. The woman was down and out as Luthor walked over and stood over her, to give her a sadistic triumph.

"Questions, so many, and not enough time for answers," Lex answered in a mocking voice, as he stepped over and cleared up a briefcase before he exited the lab.

Amanda Waller found herself on the ground when she just waited for the end to be near as one thing was certain and that was it was only a matter of time. She was left awake to comprehend everything as she managed to summon enough strength to reach into her jacket.
The walls burst open to allow Galatea entrance, followed by Arcane, Power Girl, Supergirl, and Matrix. Galatea stopped down before she took a long look at Waller, pleased with her being downed on the ground.

"Waller, that's about where you belong," Galatea answered when she kneeled down before Waller's side as she was not that sad about this woman being taken down.

Arcane's eyes snapped on Waller before he motioned for Galatea to walk over to the side. He looked down at Waller and he only had a few words for the woman.

"What happened?" Harry asked Waller with a raised eyebrow as she tried to struggle to speak. Harry could not feel too sorry for her.

Waller's breath became shallow but being the stubborn woman that she was, she pressed up to speak.

"Luthor, Luthor happened, here, I never should have trusted him," Waller managed in a raspy voice. "I knew he was a snake and I still let him bit me."

Harry realized that this was the passcodes to the device that Luthor was about to launch so they could bypass it and abort the launch. It seemed like Waller was about to confront Luthor and shut it down herself.

It also had information about the whereabouts of Astoria Greengrass which was an extremely useful piece of information but first thing was first, they needed to shut down the doomsday device before the world suffered at large.

Malicious intentions danced in the eyes of one Astoria Greengrass when she made her way down the set of stairs for the Cadmus lab. This should prove to be something that was eventful as the blonde young woman made her way down.

"Hey, you're not authorized to come down here," a guard said before he pulled his gun on Astoria.

Astoria just blasted him to the ground like he was nothing, and two more guards followed when they were toppled like nine pins. The guards were just a minor afterthought as those fools at Cadmus thought that their Muggle security protocols could keep a practitioner of magic at bay.

It did help that said witch had the stone of Rowena Ravenclaw was in her possession with the glowing in her eyes getting more prominent. She was insane with the amount of information that was at her fingertips, wisdom. If there was one thing Astoria craved now was power and the truth was, knowledge was in fact power.

And she had the knowledge to wake up the monster that had been created, the prototype of the Galatea project. Her looks had been warped to the point where her skin was grey and scratched, with glowing red eyes. Her hair was not the usual vibrant blonde that it was, but rather it was white and dead. This was what Galatea was before they stabilized the second model with the DNA of Harry Potter they added to the original Supergirl DNA, which altered the color of her eyes slightly and made her hair slightly messier.

The blonde Kryptonian was not blonde; she was turned into a soulless monster. The woman was in pain and the only thing that could satisfy that pain was the full scale destruction of everything. She had been given an unspeakable hatred towards all things Supergirl as well, something else that served her plans well.
Astoria would set the monster on them while she made her grab for the other three stones. Then the treasure would in fact be hers that much was for certain. The blonde Slytherin slowly unscrambled the security protocols.

The doors would open in three minutes and she would awaken in four, this Doomsday weapon would be ready to go. That would give Astoria more than enough time to escape the premises, but that was something that she would think about later. As of right now, Astoria spun around on her heals and moved off in the other direction.

The doors began to break as more security were called down to this particular lab. The Doomsday creature had broken out of her cell and she was not happy to say the very least. She had pain and suffering.

The tranquilizer darts had no effect on her, in fact they only made her more angry as she moved forward with each step. The crushing noise echoed when she stepped on the neck of the downed attackers.

"Where is Supergirl?" Doomsday growled when her eyes narrowed but the guards backed off in fear.

Two sadistic punches before Doomsday ripped through the flesh of the people who tried to subdue her. As far as she was concerned, everyone was an enemy and everyone enabled that perfect prodigal blonde to be hidden for a very long time. She continued her rampage as she couldn't be stopped.

She would find Supergirl and anyone else in the way of Doomsday would be completely and utterly annihilated. The door was ripped to pieces as her sanity had degraded along with her looks when Doomsday, Galatea Version 1.0, had degraded to an insane level.

To Be Continued in the Next Arc Doomsday.
Chapter Fifty Six: Zero Hour Part One.

Swift and precise, Astoria Greengrass did a little recon outside of the Patronus Incorporated office complex in Metropolis. Astoria knew that she might only have moments at the very most to pull this trick. The stone of Rowena Ravenclaw pressed against her temple when she felt herself empowered by the pure personification of power that it offered and the potential excited her. Astoria's breath hitched long and hard when she slid into position.

Security was tight, but to be honest, Astoria did not need a stone to figure out that fundamental fact. She edged carefully towards the building to see that there were several layers of locks. The locks allowed for one layer of security but when Astoria placed the stone to her temple, there was just so much more to the security of this dwelling.

The door handle heated up in her hand when she touched it for the briefest second, forcing Astoria to retract her hand from the edge of the door. So far, everything did not turn out as she hoped for. The blonde took more steps to the side and proceeded to make her movement, carefully and knew that drastic times called for drastic measures.

The locks on the door switched at a random interval, at super speed, where only a super powered mind could process the switching of the locks around the door. Astoria frowned when she noticed this; things grew frustrating the more she leaned in and the more she thought about the problem at hand.

With a nudge, Astoria rapped on the door but it did not budge for an instant, another nudge proved more of the same. A third nudge before Astoria's reflexes kicked in to allow her to do a forward roll and land on her feet. She stood facing the door and saw it illuminate in a bright light that covered from high above the building in the sky, to what she was sure was below the ground. The Muggles noticed nothing as they walked by. Then again, Astoria figured that was the intention of the charm.

'Think Greengrass, this stone isn't helping you at all,' Astoria thought with frantic fury, she felt the treasure in her hands but at the same time, she felt the treasure slipping away from here. Greed motivated Astoria to continue her obsessive quest past the point of any reason. 'There has to be something that you must do to get in there, something that the Potters overlooked. But what is it?'

Astoria puzzled this matter over in her mind to the point where her head throbbed from the overthinking. Little did she know that the Stone of Ravenclaw slowly sapped her own deductive reasoning and made her grossly dependent on the stone, to the point where she could not string together a thought without constant aid from the stone. Not unlike users of hard drugs, Astoria ignored all of the signs despite the fact they smacked her in the face long and hard.

Magical artifacts could lead to a heavy addiction and dependence on them, when overused.

The blonde Slytherin needed the power that the stones offered, the treasure was right in her grasp, she tasted the treasure, she felt the treasure, she could see it in her mind's eye. Neville may have betrayed her, everyone else in the world may have betrayed her, but Astoria would have what was hers.

The Stone started to hum, almost as if it sensed its fellows within the Patronus Incorporated office complex. At least that's the point Astoria determined when she held the stone up to her ear, trying
to hear what it was telling her. The whisper of the power of the stone caused it to rattled.

The drug of greed coursed through the veins of Astoria Greengrass, it was time, she was very nearly close, the time was near, the power was at hand, in her hands. Astoria's lips moistened when the thoughts flickered through her mind. Once again, Astoria tried to look the building up and down, the heart thumping across her breast. The power intoxicated her, the stone clutched tight to her breast, her eyes wide and bloodshot, her breath ragged, and madness rattled her.

Astoria knew that with another moment of effort, she could get what was hers; the stone knew its brothers and sister were inside, it called out for her to reunite them. Potter kept them away, but Astoria would have her birthright. The blonde lusted after the treasure, lusted after the power and prestige that would give her.

There was always another way in; even the best prepared magical defenses had some kind of flaw in it. Even though Astoria had to admit that these magical defenses were among the top, better than anything she ever saw. Yet, the greed would allow her to rise up to face the challenge, to grab the gold.

Astoria tapped her fingers on the side of the Stone and felt it speak to her. The stone called Astoria forth upon her quest, a quest where she needed to fulfill her destiny, and grab the treasure. She would not be denied that, but Astoria knew that time ran shorter, shorter, and shorter yet. The blonde rushed forward as if her very life depended on it.

Pressure was necessary for a group to function to their fullest or even individual people worked well under pressure. One did not know how good they were until they had been thrown into the pressure cooker where the lives of theirs or others were on the line. There were instances where pressure seemed to be on and many people fell hard, but others rose to the occasion and became a hero beyond what many expected. That was what true heroes did.

Harry and his wives, Kara and Karen especially, had been in this situation more often than not several times over the years. They might not prefer to play the hero game, but that did not stop them from being the best in the world in what they did. Every single time they stepped up, the pressure was on nine times out of ten, but this time there was more on the line that before. Therefore, the fight was going to be more dangerous. History tended to have an amazing way in repeating itself, and that's what history was going to do today.

Harry and his four wives stood with Waller on the ground, none of them really tripping over themselves to help the woman to her feet. Presently, Kara flipped through the portable drive that Waller gave them and scrolled through it quickly. A relieved smile crossed Kara's face the more data she saw and the more that Waller collected on Lex's little weapon. She could not help but share one poignant observation.

"Yeah, I don't think these two trusted each other at all."

Karen regarded that statement with a grin when she eyed Kara and the data. "There's never any honor amongst thieves but the real question is….we can save the world, right? It's not going to happen again, is it?"

Harry grabbed her hand in a comforting manner, squeezing it.

"Not on my watch," Harry responded before he loosened his grip and moved over to Lex's
computer. On the one hand it was heavily encrypted as Harry suspected it might be and knew that Lex seemed intent to protect his plan, whatever it was. Of course, there was no such thing as too good. "Kara, you can get in here I think, with the codes you have."

"Disable the weapon permanently so Cadmus or no one else can use it again," Linda remarked when she put her fingers through her hair and threw her head back with a sigh to squint her eyes and remembered what happened in her universe.

In that universe, Harry Potter was going to cause destruction for the world given his desire to take over the world. Linda remembered that version of Harry in the Justice Lords world, but in this world, Harry was going to save the world. It was an interesting change in the world but Linda shook her head. There was no time to think about what was going to happen in that world, she was in a new world, in a new home, and she was going do what she was going to do to help.

"Do you need any help getting in there?" Linda asked in a nervous tone of voice when she hoped that the world was not going to help. The blonde took a moment to look at her sister wife, but Kara shook her head before she offered a smile then she cracked her knuckles and continued to hack into the computer network at Cadmus.

"I got it, there's no way anything could happen," Kara answered when she closed her eyes for a moment and mentally crossed her fingers. There was another statement that she was going to note as an afterthought. "Unless Luthor sets this up to go off in the next ninety seconds, then we might be kind of screwed."

That was not the statement that any of them wanted to hear as Karen grew rigid, but Harry threw his arm around the oldest of his wives. Karen took a moment to reflect on the situation that was happening, she would not let this happen and stepped forward to offer Kara advice, but really she was doing everything Karen would have thought of. Karen smiled when she realized that this world was in capable hands, everything would turn out alright and the four Potters watched their wife continue to type into the computers.

Kara bit her lip nervously; hoping that this would work as well as she thought it was. She hoped that everything was going to work out for the best but until she got the signal that the Doomsday Weapon was shut down, nothing was for sure. The blond continued to type faster and faster, as each every individual line of the code inputted into the system. The blonde bit down on her lips, closing her eyes.

Time continued to tick by as Kara pressed the return key and crossed her arms. At that motion she closed her eyes, Galatea closed her eyes, Harry closed his eyes, Linda closed her eyes, and Karen clutched her fists onto Harry's arm. They waited for the signal, was Kara too late or was she just in time?

"Doomsday Weapon aborted and shut down."

"You did it!" Harry yelled when he reached forward and embraced Kara before pulling her into a long kiss which Kara returned with fury. Their arms and legs entangled with each other.

Karen let out the breath she was holding because it was a tense moment. History was about to repeat itself if Kara had not gotten in there, but they made it. By the skin of their teeth true, but they made it. The four blondes wrapped their arms around Harry, it was his plan that got them in there, even if Kara was able to hack into Cadmus computers to shut down the doomsday weapon.

Galatea broke apart when she noticed a blinking light on the side of the computer before she turned around. She walked over to face her hands on the side of the desk and leaned forward to look at the
computer. A frown crossed over her face when she noticed two things and more memories came flooding back to her.

"What is it?" Harry asked when he walked over to his fourth wife to throw an arm around her.

"Luthor's got the Justice League," Galatea answered in a crisp voice, that was not something that she worried too much about, her loyalty was to Harry and her fellow wives, the League could come and go as far as she was concerned. "But not Superman or the Flash yet…but other than that, he has them all."

Kara felt relieved that her cousin was safe but less so with the other members of the Justice League. Something told Kara that this was just in fact beginning, even though she shut down the Doomsday Weapon. Someone like Luthor would have a plan, a backup plan, and a backup plan to the backup plan. That was just how someone like him rolled but Kara thought that they just scratched the surface of what he was up to.

"That's not it," Galatea answered when her neck craned to face the computer. "Someone released the other."

"What do you mean the other?" Harry asked to Galatea noticing her worry, with Kara, Linda, and Karen seeing that Galatea was distressed. The wizard put his arm around his fourth wife, pulling her into a hug tightly.

"The prototype of me, the original project Galatea before the additional DNA was used to stabilize me," Galatea explained when she threw her head back to give a long sigh. Her eyes snapped back to face her family. "She's a bigger Doomsday weapon than that device you shut down, in fact that's what the people at Cadmus called her, Doomsday."

There was no question about it things were going to get worse before they got even better. The danger did not pass, rather it was just beginning. The Potters simultaneously realized that they about reached the Zero Hour.

Lex Luthor bathed in his grand moment of triumph as it occurred when his Ultimen brought back more and more members of the Justice League for him to hold captive. The restraints held them in place and soon they would understand their doom. The bald billionaire took time to appreciate the glory of his plan as it came together every second at the time. Luthor placed his hands on his temples, when he adjusted the microchip. Soon the microchip would allow him to transmit his own brainwaves into the mind of the clone.

Luthor tapped his pen together when he waited for the Doomsday weapon to be launched and obliterate all super powered people on Earth. The data would allow this to happen and he waited for it to happen. Luthor continued to wait as the clock wound down, but as it turned out, the explosion never happened.

'What happened?' Luthor thought to himself before he stepped over to the computer and tried to access it. He realized that someone hacked into his main computers to disable the doomsday weapon before it could achieve its intention. The bald man slammed his hands down onto the table in frustration. 'This wasn't supposed to happen this way, this wasn't supposed to happen!'

The intention was that the Doomsday weapon was going to launch to blast through everything and obliterated everything. Yet that did not happen this way, that was not going to happen, and Luthor
realized that Waller betrayed him. Luthor's mind continued to degrade when the cancer overwhelmed him and he slumped forward, breathing heavily, blood dripping from his mouth when he hacked it up.

No this could not happen, he had to win, he had to succeed, really he must succeed. The bald man clutched the side of the desk to hold himself up when his vision blurred over. He reached into a case and opened it, his hands trembled while he did so. Luthor picked up the syringe and stabbed it into the side of his arm.

Luthor's eyes widened when the injection pumped into his body to heal him, it was synthesized by the DNA of several super powered individuals that allowed his body to hold the cancer at bay, for a time at least. The bald headed disgraced businessman staggered before he felt himself heal but it would only heal him for a few hours. A few hours was all that he needed to build himself back up before he stroked his head and wiped the sweat off of his brow.

There was another thing that came to mind for Luthor when he analyzed every single angle from this dastardly situation. The bald man understood the importance of always having a backup plan, that was important for business, but he needed to move quickly before his life expired. While he still had resources to divert the signal, the walls started to tumble around him. If Supergirl, Arcane, and the rest of their diseased family and friends hacked into the signal, they could trace him to this location.

Luthor noticed one man missing from the heroes that he captured, Superman was not there presently. A frown crossed over the face of the bald man, when he tucked on his shirt and slammed his hands against the table. How could his master plan be accomplished when the person that he needed to gain his revenge on not present? The answer to that question was so obvious that even a five year old could answer.

Luthor finally learned his lesson about leaving everything to chance, there was always the chance that the Justice League were going to escape. Heroes were annoying like that, they escaped from situations that should have killed them. Every time Luthor gone up against Superman was that when he thought the Man of Steel was going to be finished off once and for all, he had annoyingly pulled away from the battle as the victory despite all logical indicating that he shouldn't. Superman was one who slipped out time and time again.

Yet, here he was or rather here he wasn't, the Man of Steel missed from the event. Luthor would not feel complete without finishing off Superman. He needed to succeed and to succeed Superman must die. The bald headed man had a contingency plan before he typed in to the Cadmus database. The government would be after him once they found out what Luthor did, but he needed to delay them with a crisis. Just a bit longer, just a bit longer, that was all that Luthor needed before he could succeed in his plans. Plan X-09 prepared to be launched by the bald businessman, it was tricky but it would be effective.

The pods launched into several populated cities, robotic duplicates of the top members of the Justice League, programmed with their powers using AMAZO's technology. All programmed to explode within three hours time and kill everyone in fifty mile radius instantly. Luthor would arrive under the guise of Superboy, another survivor of Krypton and help pick up the pieces, while he took control of those survivors of Earth, building his utopia over the ashes of the demise.

Despite all of the setbacks, all could be erased with this plan when Luthor continued to work on the failsafe, while the Justice League slept.
Superman sped back to Metropolis when the news of the attack on the city reached his ears over the radio. His father encouraged him to return because the world needed Superman. So the Last Son of Krypton did not argue too much, because he needed to return to get his mind off of the events that happened on this day. He flew through the skies with his cape fluttering in the air next to him and the Man of Steel dropped down to face the city.

As it turned out, the Man of Steel was a bit too late to get to the battle when he turned around before his head twisted from one side to the other. There was rubble throughout the city and the Man of Steel floated forward at super speed to scan the rubble with his X-Ray vision. The Man of Steel took a moment to reflect open everything when he realized that more things were encased in lead.

That prevented the Man of Steel from finding everything that was in the city but he noticed that the real heroes, the fire fighters and policemen, shifted through the rubble. The Last Son of Krypton continued to move around before he slid aside and saw the downed form of the Flash who pulled himself out of the ocean.

"Supes, this is awful, the Ultimen took them all," Flash remarked when Superman pulled the Fastest Man Alive out of the water. Flash's legs kicked and squirmed for a little bit, but Superman pulled his teammate out up to his feet and gave him the support to walk. "I tried to communicate with them, but they're gone, and Luthor's…"

Superman held up a hand when several figures blasted from the sky. The Man of Steel could not believe his eyes when he saw them in the air, robotic copies of the original seven of the Justice League. The double of Hawkgirl flew down to smash the globe of the Daily Planet with her mace. The mace cracked against the concrete before it smashed to bits and pieces, fluttering to the ground.

The Martian Manhunter double dropped down, followed by Batman, Wonder Woman, Green Lantern, Superman, and the Flash. Their eyes glowed with sadistic fury when they stepped forward one step at a time. Superman and Flash faced the robotic duplicates when they stepped back.

Flash rushed at his robotic double at super speed and held his hand forward in a fist before he smashed it into the chest place. Vibrating his fist at super speed, he tore apart his robotic double with ballistic fury. Flash backed off to brush his hands off before a green energy construct shot out of the air to smash him in the face and send him backwards into the piles of debris.

Superman unleashed his heat vision at the robotic Green Lantern duplicate to fry it into ashes. That was before Wonder Woman dropped down from behind him and shot a lasso to tie tightly around Superman. Superman struggled when the robot Wonder Woman pulled him forward but the lasso severed with a quick hit.

The Man of Steel staggered backwards to crash down onto the ground and he looked up just in time to see Power Girl. Power Girl raised her arms before she proceeded to smash the Wonder Woman statue to bits with ballistic punches. The statue crumbled from the series of punches. Supergirl and Matrix joined the battle next to take out the Martian Manhunter robot that tried to attack the Man of Steel.

Superman turned around to face his double, the Man of Steel faced off against the Man of Steel, and both of them smashed hard into each other. One Superman connected with another Superman, the Man of Steel took on the robot hard and fast before the real deal grabbed the robot around the arm before he ripped the arm off with savage fury.
"Four down, three to go!" Superman yelled when Arcane blasted the Hawkgirl double, who reflected his magic with her mace.

This allowed Galatea to jump into the sky before she grabbed robot Hawkgirl around the head and gave a mighty tug. Hawkgirl's head ripped off with a mighty tug and dropped down to the ground. Sparks flew in every direction, when the blonde tore the head of the robotic adversary off its shoulders.

Robot Batman slid forward to arm himself for battle but no robotic duplicate could be prepared as Batman was. There was no way a computer could duplicate the intelligence and being prepared that Batman was. Supergirl and Arcane had this one, Batman tried for an attack that he showed them during the early parts of their training.

This was a folly when the two of them dodged the attack, pivoted, and smashed the robotic Batman into bits with a combination of strength and magic. Supergirl and Arcane dropped to the ground before the blond ripped a robotic module out of its remains.

"So do you think that we can use that to deactivate the other robots?" Power Girl asked when the blonde Kryptonians, Superman, and Flash all crowded around. Flash caught this statement off hand and decided to speak up.

"Other robots?" Flash asked in confusion and Arcane was only all too happy to elaborate this point for the Fastest Man Alive.

"This is Luthor's backup plan, to launch robotic duplicates of the Justice League, they've already launched into several populated cities around the world," Arcane explained with a statement that gave Superman a moment of mortal dread.

Despite the fact that he was faster than a speeding bullet, Superman could not defeat all of these robots. The Man of Steel shook his head before he took a moment to figure out what was going to happen. The Justice League was down several members and that presented another problem, they all needed to get them away from Luthor. The only matter was coming up with a plan, which Superman saw his cousin smiling about.

"The Justice League is not the be all and end all in heroes, there are other heroes out there," Supergirl commented when she put her hands to her chest. "Galatea and I can study this module to see if we can find a way to deactivate the robots remotely. If anyone is able to help me defuse Cadmus technology, it's Galatea."

Galatea nodded, she noticed everything, and there was also the fact that the original AMAZO blueprints were on file at Patronus Incorporated. It was only a matter of cracking the code to find out what Luthor did with those copied powers that he uploaded into the androids. Then they could disable them.

"He made more Superman androids than anything else," Harry added when he recalled the data they found in Luthor's lab. "The androids are set to self-destruct."

"We can't worry about what might happen, we got to go and find help," Flash answered before he sped off at the speed of light. Superman flew off after him to see if he could rustle up a few allies who had not been captured.

Supergirl and Galatea returned to the inner offices at Patronus Incorporated to work on a way to unleash a virus that would cripple all of Cadmus's technology and computer systems. Working on something like this could take time, although given the AMAZO technology at their disposal, they
had a leg up further than anyone else might have had.

Power Girl, Matrix, and Arcane all left to rally some friends to help take out the androids the best they can, time ran out on the world, but it was always darkest before the dawn. It was only after they deactivated this threat could they worry about Doomsday. The robots were upgraded with help from Astoria to withstand magic, but knowing her, she left some kind of backdoor so Luthor could not use them on her.

It was a matter of exploiting it.

A first crack echoed throughout the city, followed by a second crack, and then a loud crash when a hulking figure jumped out of the sky. Her skin turned grey, devoid of any form of life with bone plates sticking out of her back and dead white hair flowing in the wind. The monster advanced on the city as she knew that there was only one objective first and foremost on her mind. The destruction of Supergirl would be at hand, that was the only memories that she had and she would only be at peace when the blonde haired heroine was ripped to shreds.

There was no lifeline to Harry Potter that kept Galatea sane in this monster, no it was far from it. The monster stepped on the ground hard before she gritted her teeth to feel the pain, pain she felt only could be sated with the grisly demise of Supergirl. The engine of destruction continued to move forward and knock parked cars out of the way as people fled in terror from her unconventional appearance.

The eyes of Doomsday shifted to the billboard high above the city that depicted Patronus Incorporated as a shining beacon of hope. This hope was a tool of fools that she wished to extinguish when she snuffed every ounce of light that was Supergirl. Doomsday stepped to the side when she smashed through a parked car. An old lady looked up on the street, awed and in fear. Before Doomsday grabbed the old woman around the head and twisted it like a bottle cap before she flew backwards. The old lady dropped to the pavement with blood spurting out of the back of her head. The monster did not care about her plight, rather she marched forward and raised her hands in the air before she jumped high and landed outside of the Patronus Incorporated office complex.

Her senses lead her here to Supergirl, she sensed the other one that was nearby, the one Cadmus programmed her to destroy. She slaughtered all of the scientists and security that tried to prevent her from her mission. They were nothing but insects to her, Doomsday realized that now more than ever before as she tried to force her way through the entrance.

"You think this feeble barrier can keep him down," Doomsday growled as she spoke for the first time and raised her hands high in the air before smashing them down upon the barrier. "You will allow me in so I can destroy you."

It was then when the barrier faded from around the Patronus Incorporated office building. There was a slight flaw in the magic where there was enough of Kara's DNA in the monster to register her as Kara. Magic tended to be wonderful, but ultimately flawed, still this was not a point that Doomsday would belabor when she scaled the wall one step at a time.

She scaled it with agility that many would not expect from someone with her girth but she reached closer and closer up the wall. The young monster gritted her teeth with fury when the enhanced hearing picked up the voice. It was a voice she was taught to hate, one sadistic and was associated
with violence, with her pain. The voice she must snuff out above all us for her to get peace.

"I think if we triangulate the signal we should be able to transmit a recall signal that can shut down all of the computers in Cadmus."

Doomsday's fists tightened in future, Cadmus, it did not matter, all that mattered was the end of her pain, the end of her suffering, the end of Supergirl. The monster proceeded to smash through the wall with all of her might.

Kara and Galatea worked on the virus to upload into the robots and then into Cadmus to shut them down for good but there was a loud crash that jerked them out of their thoughts. Another loud crash echoed and this caused Galatea to bounce up to her feet. She felt a slight buzzing in her head when she almost collapsed to one knee. Thankfully Kara caught her before she dropped completely, but the blonde Kryptonian did not recover all that well.

"What is it, Galatea?" Kara asked in a concerned voice, feeling the stress in her fellow wife's face.

"The Doomsday Weapon, she's here," Galatea breathed in a heavy voice as she felt dizzy from being up close to the original version of Project Galatea. Kara helped her stand up straight but they had bigger problems than posture.

The wall broken when Doomsday broke through to face both of the blonde Kryptonians, but to their credit, they stood their ground. Kara backed off before she flew at the monster at super speed and punched it with all of her might.

That punch was not strong enough for Kara when her knuckles cracked against the monster and she launched backwards into the wall to crash hard, with swollen knuckles. The monster advanced upon her but Galatea was the next one to try the attack. Galatea bounced off of Doomsday with punches and kicks galore when Kara tried to recover but nothing Galatea did seemed to work.

"Enough," Doomsday growled before he grabbed Galatea around the head in an attempt to squash the clone's head like a watermelon. "You delay the inevitable, and you will die too."

"You first," Galatea grumbled when she burned through Doomsday's hand with her enhanced heat vision while she burned the skin and connected with the forehead. With enhanced focus, Galatea tried to burn through Doomsday's forehead into his frontal lobe to perform a little brain surgery.

Galatea flew back against to connect with Doomsday to rock her with an enhanced punch and send her flying out the window to the pavement below. Kara pulled herself up, thrown off guard when she tasted her own blood and it did not taste good. Galatea grabbed Kara to hold her up to a standing position.

"So, did we kill her?" Kara asked when she peered down into the city, hoping against hope that she achieved success.

The loud smashing noise answered that question when Doomsday propelled herself up to face the two blondes again. The attempted lobotomy did not work as well as Galatea hoped that it would.

"Not enough," Galatea groaned when Doomsday approached both of them. Kara and Galatea stood next to each other, determined, focused, and ready to go before they stepped back and launched themselves forwards.

The attempted attack was countered and the two blonde Kryptonians propelled back. A sadistic grin spread over the face of Doomsday before she bent down and picked them up with her hands to crush them. The two realized quickly that she was immune to both magic and Kryptonian attacks,
in fact she felt no pain whatsoever.

"Time for you to die," Doomsday growled when her hands squeezed around the throat of Galatea and Kara in an attempt to snap both of their necks. The two girls struggled but they were outmatched.

To Be Continued in "Zero Hour Part Two."
Chapter 57: Zero Hour Part Two.

Kara and Galatea swung from the hands of Doomsday as she tried to crush their skulls, her tight hands wrapped around their heads. The two blonde Kryptonians kicked and squirmed when the monster's grip wrapped around her heads before the monster tried to finish them off. Galatea and Kara summoned the full strength of their powers within themselves, before the blonds unleashed a stream of heat vision.

The blast knocked Doomsday's back and causes the monster to slightly to loosen her grip. After that attack, Kara and Galatea backed off and gained acceleration before the two of them slammed into Doomsday. Doomsday staggered back and slammed against Kara and Galatea, but they dodged her attacks, again and again, they flew off to the side to circle around Doomsday. Doomsday gained momentum before Kara and Galatea locked hands and did a forward roll motion, before blurs when they did.

Their feet connected with Doomsday before the two of them knocked their enemy out of the window. Doomsday flew out of the window going down further and further with Galatea and Kara smashed against her hard with their fists. Their fists connected with the chest of the monster, staggering her back with the shot but it did not put the monster down for the count completely.

"Crush you!" Doomsday growled as her eyes narrowed in sadism before Kara and Galatea summoned bits of debris before they swung them around. The debris smashed against Doomsday to force her further and further down to the ground. The ultimate destroyer crashed down onto the ground with a solid impact.

Kara and Galatea followed Doomsday down to the ground, the bottoms of their feet smashed down onto the top of the head of the destroyer. Doomsday's knees buckled underneath her before Kara and Galatea smashed their elbows down on the side of the neck of Doomsday. There was a moment where the dust cleared and Kara and Galatea both took deep breaths.

They unleashed the full force of their super breath on Doomsday to knock her over parked cars but Doomsday fought through the gale force of the winds. The power was immense but she was still dangerous. The wind was so cold that it froze her skin over but it was not enough where she would be stopped in her tracks. Rather Doomsday hoisted up a huge chunk of the pavement before she dove up into the air and smashed the pavement down onto Kara's head.

Kara's knees buckled from underneath her as she crashed down to the ground, struggling to breath. Doomsday stood over Kara to give her a mighty bellow before she smashed down against Kara with a fury of punches. Galatea backed off and tried to kick Doomsday, however Doomsday grabbed the foot and flipped Galatea up to send her flying without usage of her powers.

Galatea propelled halfway across the city at super speed before she crashed hard against the ground. The blonde girl staggered when her back smashed against the glass of one of the adjacent of Patronus Incorporated. She grabbed her arms and rubbed them before the blonde rushed forward again at super speed.

Another shot and Doomsday smashed Galatea back like she was an insect before the monster turned her attention back to Kara. Doomsday picked up Kara before she wrapped her hands around Kara's throat and hoisted up Kara before she tossed Kara off to the side like a piece of tissue paper. Running forward, Doomsday kicked Kara in the ribs like she was a football. Kara winced from the
impact when Doomsday picked up Kara and grabbed her. Kara tried to force her way out but Doomsday grabbed her around the neck in a head vice and twisted.

"You...can't stop me," Doomsday growled but Kara's eyes lit up and she tried to heat vision the monster's head off. This caused her to fall back on the ground, blood dripping from her mouth. Doomsday staggered back before she dropped down to one knee and rubbed her temples.

"Want to make a bet about that, you hideous freak?"

Galatea returned at super speed and slammed Doomsday with full force to send a sonic boom throughout all of Metropolis. Doomsday crashed down to the ground but the monster shrugged off the assaults. Galatea knew that this was coming so she reached into her bag. With a swift motion, Galatea held up a chunk of the glowing blue rock in her hand and Doomsday dropped to one knee.

"What is this?" Doomsday growled when she tried to pull herself back up but felt this rock hurting her. Nothing could hurt her, this did not make any sense.

"It's called Blue Kryptonite," Galatea responded, ignoring the fact that the rock was burning her hands while she used it. Doomsday tried to go back to smash Galatea but Galatea fired back and it smashed into the chest of Doomsday hard into her chest. Another slam of the blue Kryptonite rock rattled down across the chest of the monster, followed by a third stab, and a fourth. Again and again, Galatea plunged the rock into the chest of her enemy.

The rock wounded the monster, that's what Blue Kryptonite did, it damaged her completely, black, disgusting blood dripped down from the wound of the monster. The monster's knees staggered to a kneeling position before Galatea grabbed Doomsday around the head and punched her hard into the air with the rock.

Doomsday flew up into the air as Galatea flew higher and higher to smash Doomsday with the rock again and again. A jagged piece of the Blue Kryptonite broke off so Galatea took aim to stab it into the chest of Doomsday. Doomsday's knees buckled before Galatea grabbed Doomsday around the throat before flying her higher and higher into the sky.

"You can't stop me!" Doomsday growled but Galatea hoisted the rock and smashed it into the monster's head before Galatea grabbed Doomsday, before she slung Doomsday hard into the wall, grabbed her, and launched the monster high into the air.

Doomsday flew into orbit and tried to return back down to Earth but Galatea wrapped her arms around Doomsday before she dove back down with her. The two gained momentum when fire surrounded them. Galatea's clothes burned on reentry but Doomsday's body crumbled to nothing when she continued to slam the blue Kryptonite into her hard.

With a sickening smash, Galatea drove Doomsday into the ground with a sadistic impact. Galatea's hands scrapped from the impact but she rolled over to see Doomsday completely burn into the ground, falling with a huge explosion. A part of her hoped that Doomsday was in peace but Tea could not feel too sorry for her.

Completely naked, Galatea flew over and saw Kara down on the ground in pain. Worry flooded her face, feeling the twin bond she had with Kara. The blonde closed her green eyes, before kneeling down beside Kara.

"I hope this works," Galatea whispered before she held up the final chunk of blue Kryptonite and pressed it down on Kara's skin.
Blue Kryptonite held healing properties for normal Kryptonians just as much as it hurt imperfect duplicates, but this Kryptonite was extremely addictive. Still desperate times called for desperate matures and Galatea waited when Kara healed underneath the gentle embrace of the blue Kryptonite.

Kara pulled herself up, with only a few remains of her clothing left from when the monster ripped it off during the fight, but that was more than Galatea, when all of her clothes burned off upon reentry. The blonde Kryptonians exchanged a smile, but they had to get back to what they were doing before Doomsday attacked.

The world was in danger of coming undone and they kind of had to fix that.

The screams of panicked civilians filled the ears of anyone who was near enough to see it. Hal Jordan was on route when he held his Lantern ring, perfectly charged, when he meet the robotic duplicate of his fellow Green Lantern, John Stewart. Hal stared down the fake Lantern duplicate.

"No robot can perfectly duplicate the potential of the Green Lantern rings," Hal responded when he raised up a spiked chain construct and swung it around several times gaining momentum, before he smashed through the fake John Stewart bot.

Superman bot dove at Hal Jordan but Hal created a construct of simulated Kryptonite which caused Superman bot to slow down to a grinding halt. It appeared that the robots had the weaknesses of the League members as well as their strengths and that was something that Hal Jordan was going to exploit one hundred percent. Hal swung a buzzsaw made from his ring to slice through the Superman bot.

Two Hawkgirl bots and a Flash bot dove in but the fastest Man Alive himself ran in at super speed before Flash punched the Flash Bot in the face.

"Hey, stop getting my face ugly!" Flash yelled at the Flash bot before he dodged a swing from the Hawkgirl. Had he not been so fast, the mace would have crushed his skull.

An arrow shot from the air but the Hawkgirl bot smashed the arrow back. The arrow gave an explosive charge and damaged the Hawkgirl bot. Artemis stepped in with a smile across her face before she aimed another arrow tried to take out a Martian Manhunter bot. The Manhunter bot became intangible and the arrow passed through him.

"M'gann, you're on," Artemis told her and Miss Martian shifted from one of the civilians on the ground before she floated into the air. She used her mental abilities to shut down the Martian Manhunter bot before she placed her hand through the robotic chest place and caused sparks to fly in every signal direction.

Three Superman bots blew up when Starfire flew in to send star bolts at them before the young alien flew in.

"It's been a very long time since this has happened!" Starfire cheered before she dodged an attack from Superman bot and blew it's head off. "I've forgotten how much I enjoyed blowing up robots!"

Raven appeared and her eyes glowed before she ripped apart several of the Wonder Woman bots. They all exploded to the ground and Beast Boy charged in, turning into a rhino. Beast Boy speared through one of the Hawkgirl bots on the ground to rip her body into several pieces.

Nightwing dove down to come face to face with a Batman robot. Batman bot tried to attack Nightwing but Nightwing dodged the attack before he aimed a kick. Nightwing kicked Batman bot
before he smashed it into oblivion.

Batgirl dropped down beside Nightwing, amused look on her face before she sent explosive pellets at a Batman and Flash bots to cause them to explode. "You enjoyed that, didn't you?"

Nightwing didn't answer, instead he pulled out a huge staff and swung it around before he dove forward and smashed it into another Batman bot's chest. This was a wonderful bit of therapy and Robin jumped down from behind him before he threw several explosive pellets down. The pellets detonated and blew several more Batman bots off.

"There seem to be a lot of these things," Cyborg remarked from the other end of the city after he sent down a Wonder Woman bot and tried to plug into the back of it. "If we can create this uplink to Patronus Inc, we could shut them down. Just keep those things off me."

"Got it," Raven responded when she blasted several of the robots back.

Artemis stood side by side with Red Arrow before their arrows shot forward in the air and flew towards the robots. The arrows stuck in the chest cavities of several of the robots before they blew up with explosive fury before their knees buckled down. Artemis and Red Arrow shot more arrows into the air and they exploded while they watched Flash rush in.

"A hundred down, a hundred more to come!" Flash yelled before he outran his robotic duplicates and they smashed against each other with ballistic fury.

They crumbled from the impact and Flash ran into them super speed at them before Hal Jordan used a green catcher's mit to scoop up the robots and fling them out into the sky. They flung into the path of Starfire and Miss Martian who destroyed them with their powers. The Martian Manhunter robot tried to sneak up on them but he was not fast enough. Batgirl released a flash bang and burned through them.

"Upload is ready, ETA two minutes," Supergirl informed Batgirl over the uplink suddenly and abruptly.

"Right two minutes, and there are more coming, Luthor's recalling them all here," Batgirl added when she interfaced with the equipment at the Batcave to double check the frequency.

The march of robots continued to move when the heroes continued to fight but the robots started to vibrate. All of the heroes exchanged apprehensive looks when they were on pins and needles. There was a moment of time where they felt apprehensive and knew that time was running out. Cyborg turned to face the assembled group of heroes.

"That's not good, that's not good at all," Cyborg responded when the team was put in the pressure cooker and they knew time was about to run out.

Pressure was something that was good for all, that fact could not be stated enough but there were instances where the pressure was on too tight. The robots began to vibrate but the uplink was in progress. It was a race between the uplink and the explosion, which would come first? The heroes did not even get close to the remaining robots, for fear of the explosion coming.

Just in time, the virus uploaded and the robots shut completely down. It was a mere three seconds before they would have exploded when they were shut down. They could barely even cut it closer. The dust cleared but only part one of their mission was done. It was now time to liberate the heroes that had been captured by Cadmus and that was going to be easier said than done. Thankfully the world had a few more heroes than the Justice League.
"The events of today have indicated one thing to us, and that is we were wrong to trust Lex Luthor for anything regarding the government. As of this moment, Project Cadmus is shut down and all parties involved will be investigated. We apologize for any inconvenience that this may have caused any of the American people or indeed any of the citizens of the world. With any luck, this black mark against us will be removed and I hope that the obsessive actions of Lex Luthor, where he could have killed countless, will not reflect badly on America's standing with the rest of the world."

The United States President stood to give this address, the secret service surrounding him, when he gave his speech. The Luthor debacle with Cadmus was a nightmare, a storm the likes of which that he never wished to have seen during his time in the highest office in the land. As the commander in chief, he knew that there were going to be people in his own government that would have their own agenda. Yet this was something that was far beyond anything that he ever comprehended in his wildest dreams. This was the personification of everything in his wildest nightmares.

The President wiped the sweat off of his brow to really set in what transpired, this was the crisis that would define his presidency. When he heard about Cadmus, the President nearly threw a fit but it was too late to shut it down. The Justice League raised many questions for sure but they were a necessary part of what kept this country safe and secure. While the President was not their biggest fan in the world of the League he was not a detractor either.

As long as the Justice League towed the line and did what was right, without putting the people in risk, the President would stand aside to let these men and women do what they did to protect others. Other world leaders agreed with him, for the most part, which was a shock given that world leaders rarely even agreed what to order for lunch.

And if the Justice League became a problem, then it would be the President's responsibility to shut them down, not some shadow government group like Cadmus. The fact they could take responsibility and try and do his job was something that the President received great annoyance from. He was going to make sure this group was investigated.

"Mr. President, what is your intentions for Lex Luthor?"

"Mr. Luthor is nothing but a criminal and a terrorist, his obsession with Superman has put the lives of innocent men, women, and children in peril," the President responded when his eyes looked out into the crowd of the press that surrounded him. The right answers were needed but the President had no idea what those right answers would be at this point in time. "We want the American people to feel safe and secure, but with someone like Luthor, the security is something that we have not been assured. That stops now with the investigation of Project Cadmus."

True to form, the President clapped but suddenly the lights at the Press Conference flickered when a familiar voice could be heard.

"Did you really think I would let this one die this easily?"

The voice of Lex Luthor echoed throughout the room, smug as the snake that he was. The Secret Surface was on edge to shoot first and ask questions only when it suited them. They fingered their guns, on the trigger and ready to pounce.

"Did you really think that it would be over this quickly?" Luthor taunted in a smug tone of voice and the President stood up on his feet. He was not going to back down from any man, especially one like Lex Luthor.

"Luthor, show yourself!" the President yelled, he was a lot braver than he was given credit for.
"I'm disappointed in the American people, supporting an alien as their savior," Luthor responded when he spoke. "You see, when you work with the government for months and months you learn certain things and you find out certain things. Like the secret stash of nuclear missiles that you have, pointed towards certain enemy countries. I wonder what would happen if they will fire. I doubt North Korea would take too kindly to you doing that, who knows, they might respond in kind. Or how about Iran or any other country you would like to wipe out but don't have the guts to take the necessary step to do so?"

Lex Luthor paused when the full situation settled in to the group, he was willing to incite nuclear holocaust just to stick it to Superman. That had gone beyond obsessed, that gone to the realm of fully and completely psychotic. The cancer caused Lex's mind to completely snap and he offered a chuckle.

"I'm a fair man and I'll offer you a deal," Lex Luthor responded before he paused. "And please do save the rhetoric about how you're not going to negotiate with terrorists. Only a fool would pass up the opportunity that I'm going to offer you. Especially when the alternate is the death of countless people around the world in a nuclear holocaust."

Lex paused when the President prepared for the worst; this was the darkest hour of the world and for America. They had no idea how Lex found out about the nuclear missiles but knew that he was not one to bluff, he would launch them. Then the other countries would launch their missiles and it would be a catastrophe. All of the people against nuclear weapons would see their worst fear come true but it would not a picnic for those who supported them either.

"The deal is this, renounce Superman and then have him surrender to me, and my finger won't slip on the trigger, I'll even release the Justice League members that I have kept as prisoners," Lex responded when he paused and continued in the most malicious tone that he could manage. "You have fifteen minutes. Don't delay. The clock is ticking."

Clark Kent was in the press area and he used his super hearing to pick up the frequency before he sent it off to Harry, Kara, and the rest as they waited on the other end. True to form, Luthor stuck his own head in a custom fit noose just like they predicted.

Lois's eyes looked towards Clark when she knew that she sat on the story of the century, providing that there was someone alive enough to read it tomorrow. She looked at Clark who peered over his glasses before he looked up into the sky.

"So what are you going to do?" Lois asked to Clark.

Clark turned his head around before he adjusted his tie and his glasses.

"I'm going to give Luthor what he wants, the only thing he wants," Clark responded before he sped off without another word.

Lois wondered if Clark knew what he was doing, because time ran out on the League and the rest of the world. Her pen nearly ripped through the paper from all the notes that she took and sighed when she ripped off the sheet of paper on her pad. The politicians in the room looked worried and rightfully so.

The clock was ticking as Lex said and Lois had a feeling of dread in the pit of her stomach that she could not place.

Lex drummed his fingers off the side of the table where he sat and checked his watch with his
finger on the trigger. Potter and his sluts foiled every single one of his plans so far but he still had one more up his sleeve. All he needed to do was press one single button and the missiles launched to obliterate everything in their path. The plan was simple yet sadistic in its elegance, but from the ashes, there would be a brand new world created from the survivors that Lex would rule in his new form.

A whooshing sound was heard and true to form Lex looked up, a grin crossing over his face when he saw Superman standing there to face him. Lex seemed like a man who had been resigned to his fate when The Man of Steel stared at him. These two men gone around back and forth so many times that it was hard to keep track. Yet, both figured that today's battle would be the final battle between the two of them, one way or another.

"I'm impressed, Kal-El, you actually had the intelligence to find me, bravo," Lex responded when he clapped his hands slowly and nearly sarcastically. "Or did you have technical assistance?"

"Your vendetta has gone too far, Lex," Superman retorted back but the bald man stared back at Superman for a long time. It was hard to tell what he was going to do; his finger was dangerously close to the remote. "After all that what happened, you're willing to destroy the Earth to get to me?"

"The second planet you lost Superman and all the better, you're trapped down here with me in this underground bunker, so you'll see what remains," Lex answered before Superman grabbed Lex around the shoulders. "Really, Superman, we all know how this is going to end by now? You don't have the nerve to kill me, let's not pretend otherwise."

Lex allowed the remote to slide out of his hand.

"Perhaps I should thank you for what you've done," Lex continued and Superman was caught off guard by this statement. "This dance between you and I goes back a lot longer than you ever realize. It goes back twenty six long years ago to a cornfield in Smallville. Nice little town, everyone knows everyone else you see. A humble farm community filled with salt of the Earth people, always working, always breaking their backs to scrap together a life for themselves."

Superman's curiosity got the better of him and his posture relaxed.

"I was a young man then, innocent, naive, with a head full of great red hair," Lex mused when his eyes were on Superman's while he went back down memory lane. "My father took me to Smallville to get me to appreciate a hard day's work, because he called me lazy, unmotivated, an accident, a disgrace, a waste of good sperm, and any number of things. Needless to say, my father was a real bastard."

Superman noticed Lex seemed to be having some kind of psychotic break, so perhaps it would be best to keep Lex talking so Harry, Kara, and Karen could do their thing with overriding the launch codes Luthor had.

"But don't worry, I killed my father, at the age of eighteen I put a bullet in his head," Lex responded when he stared back at Clark, almost in fond remembrance. A smile crossed Lex's face. "He said that he loved me with his dying breath, it almost moved me."

"You're twisted," Superman responded when he looked back at Lex but Lex's face twisted in a sadistic smile.

"Yes, Kal-El, I'm twisted, the entire world is twisted, we're just living in it," Lex responded when he drew in his breath and faced what he thought was the greatest menace the Earth ever saw or will see. "But, it's how people remember you after you're gone that matters. With my father, no one
remembers his name but with me, they'll remember me. The entire world will remember me. They'll remember me as the man who took down Superman."

Lex slid into a compartment in his suit and pulled out a silver medallion. Superman's knees crumbled out from underneath him when he slid to the ground. He dropped to the ground, the mystical charm weakening him and transfiguring his body so all of the yellow solar radiation was blocked from his body, but something was different about this sunlight.

There was a green tint coming off of the amulet.

"You know, Kal-El, I thought long and hard about a viable substitute for Kryptonite, when they cheated and took that weakness away from you," Lex answered when he kneeled down beside Superman and smirked in his face. "Everyone needs a weakness, everyone needs their Kryptonite, which is why I found myself disappointed they took away yours."

Superman felt his skin constrict and condense like the moisture sucked from it and Lex enjoyed him slowly wither away like nothing.

"The radiation from your ship cost me my hair and your heroics cost me the city that I built on my back," Lex continued when he stood on Superman's body. "It's just as well, because this little mystical gem is going to cost you your life. It saps your strength faster than Kryptonite even did, soon the world will know that Lex Luthor..."

Lex screamed when a flaming spear slammed in the back of his neck to kill him instantly. Kara sped in to pull Superman out of harm's way for medical attention before Harry pocketed the mystical gem Lex used for further study later. Thankfully, Lex was so wrapped up in his obsession with Superman that he did not even launch one missile.

Just like that, Lex Luthor was on the ground, his last breath leaving him, the blood splashing from the back of his neck, and the breath leaving his body. The blood splattered from his face when Karen appeared and Harry turned to address her.

"Download all of the data that you can, we'll have a look at it later," Harry suggested to Karen who nodded. "I'll go around the floor and see if there's anything I can grab. Find where the Justice League are and release them."

Karen responded with a nod but before Harry could do anything else there was a buzzing in his head and sure enough there was someone who tripped an alarm on Patronus Incorporated. The dark haired wizard ran off and knew that it was big. Through the chaos someone dove in the backdoor and Harry did not need to guess who that was.

It was time Astoria made her move and it was time for Harry to make his move to end her.

Greed danced through the eyes of Astoria when she made her second journey into the Patronus Incorporated office complex. This time, the defenses were down thanks to the effort of the Doomsday creature. Releasing her was a calculated risk that paid off in the end, if she destroyed anyone, it did not matter. Astoria would get what she desired.

"YOU!"

Hermione popped in to attack Astoria but Astoria dodged the attack of the spell. With a flick of her wrist, Hermione sent a series of birds with razor sharp beaks at Astoria. Astoria, empowered by the stone, knew what to do to block the attack. The blonde Slytherin flicked her wrists and the birds blew into bits. The feathers fluttered to the table and Astoria fired a steel spike towards Hermione.
Hermione blocked that attack when she turned and flicked her wrist before she returned fire with an attack of her own.

Two deadly spells ricocheted off of each other and Hermione dodged the attack and rolled to grab Astoria around the arm to pin her down to the ground. When magical methods failed to work, a physical attack was the most logical line of attack. Hermione tried to grab Astoria around the neck to remove the amulet but a flaming slicing motion hit Hermione in the midsection.

"Remember that curse, Granger, I remember you nearly died from it," Astoria said with a nasty smile but Hermione had her Amazonian strength this time so she pushed back. Astoria flicked her wrist and the super powered spell went through Hermione's mind.

Hermione collapsed to the ground and her breathing became shallow. She screamed in unbelievable agony before she went oddly silent. Her eyes were blank and expressionless with no motion in them. Her pupils dilated when she rested on the ground, her back on the ground.

Astoria stepped over Hermione, that particular curse would keep Hermione trapped as a prisoner in her own mind until someone lifted it. She was surrounded in a prison of her worst memories which Astoria hoped her mind would snap from. It was nothing less than she deserved for trying to keep Astoria from getting her hands on the treasure.

The vault door opened and Astoria prepared to claim her birthright. The moment of joy was quickly replaced with a moment of pure anger, outrage, and Astoria screamed from the accidental wave of magic that burst. The stones were not here, someone removed the stones from the vault before she got there.

Someone cheated her out of her birthright, cheated her out of her destiny, and suddenly Astoria saw a green blast of light fly next to her. She transfigured a chair into a horse to run in front of the curse to block it. The drapes behind her turned into snakes that tried to bind and bite her, but Astoria sliced into them with her magic.

"It ends tonight, Astoria!" Harry yelled when he tried to blast Astoria with another attack but the blonde witch evaded the assaults.

The Stone of Ravenclaw held in her hand and Harry had the other three stones on his person, but yet Astoria was unwilling to make a move. It was a game of human chess with neither wanting to make that first crucial mistake. Harry wanted to wrap this up quickly so he could end Hermione's suffering and he blocked Astoria's attempt to burn his face.

"You should never have gotten involved in this, Potter!" Astoria yelled at the top of her lungs when her eyes snapped at Harry. "You have everything that you want, family, friends, people that love you, several wives, but I have nothing but this treasure. This is the only thing that I need, why do you stand in my way?"

Harry, at the end of his rope, fired a spell off towards Astoria to try and burn her hands to force her to drop the stone. The amulet around Astoria's neck prevented any kind of magical and physical assault from getting through. Harry was going to have to think outside the box to take Astoria down.

Think he did, he shifted his hand and the floor vanished beneath the pair of them. Harry could fly but Astoria could not. Astoria lost her balance and fell hard on the floor before.

The amulet snapped off her neck from the impact and Astoria laid on the floor, panting, with blood dripping down her mouth. Astoria pulled her head up and Harry dove down to face her. The Stone
of Rowena Ravenclaw clutched in her hand and blood dripped down her mouth. Harry rushed forward.

The Ravenclaw stone glowed and began to vibrate when it got closer to its brothers and sister. Harry stopped when the stones in his bag began to vibrate as well before the three stones levitated in the air.

The stones fused together in mid air, pivoting in the air and began to spin like a top. Around and around it went whilst it blasted multicolor lights from in that lit up downtown Metropolis.

Seizing her moment, Astoria touched the glowing stones but Harry had the same idea, he grabbed them at the same time. The light engulfed both and they felt every single nerve ending on fire.

There was a pop, the stones crumbled to dust, and Astoria and Harry disappeared in a blinding flash of light!

Both were gone with no one knowing where they vanished to.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter "Transport."
Chapter 58: Transport.

A bright light, an earth shattering bang, and a lack of perspective of where one was, that was a deadly combination that Harry could not really shake off, not really. The dark haired wizard took a moment to readjust his bearings when he dropped onto the ground. The young sorcerer knew that he was in far worse fixes in the past but for some reason, everything that transpired in the past paled in comparison. The final Potter shook his head and took a deep breath before he wondered where the stones went too.

Actually a better question would be, where did he go? That was a problem that was most vexing to Harry when he turned around and brushed the dust off just in time to turn around. Mist surrounded him from every direction and the young man could barely see which way was which. All he knew was that little bint Astoria just gave him the slip again.

In another life, at another time, a fact like this disturbed Harry but there was nothing compared to where he was, where he could go, and where he should be. The dark haired wizard brushed his hair out of his eyes before he spun around on one foot and turned the other foot around to see where he was heading.

Wasteland, there was nothing but a wasteland for miles and miles around. Harry lifted a hand and tried to cast a spell to light the way but there was nothing, not even a pop, not even a flicker of life, nothing at all. The weird mist rising through the air had done something to him where he could not perform magic at all. No matter how hard he strained, no matter how hard he tried, there was a block.

This did not bode well for Harry but he pressed on, if nothing else this young magic user thrived and survived when most people would have counted themselves out for a long time ago. The dark haired wizard stood on his feet before he continued to walk forward through the mist. The lack of ability to light the way before him really began to lead to a greater annoyance to the youthful hero. Yet, like a true wizard, he pushed on. The young wizard would not be denied what was before him, that much was for certain.

A ghostly whisper caused every single hair on the back of Harry Potter's neck to stand up on end as he turned around and tried to listen hard. He heard it again and again, more whispers, ghostly as ever before.

"It's mine!"

The whisper occurred again, possessive and Harry shook his head when everything came back to him. Someone moved in the shadows and the young wizard stood firmly on his feet, ready to attack whatever was out there and you better believe that there was something out there. The dark haired wizard was on pins and needles when he tried to move forward.

"It's mine, and you can't have it, the shiny pretty is mine!"

Harry moved through the mist when he saw Astoria on the ground, legs folded, in numb shock when she saw the runes carved into the stone. They seemed to be the symbol for treasure, for power, and then there was one that loosely translated into Pandora's Box. As for what the other symbols meant, well the young mage still was working those out.
Harry wondered what in the hell Astoria's greed threw them into but he had a feeling that he would not like it whatsoever. With a swift motion, the young hero moved over towards the greedy witch, who blinked again and again and it was obvious why she was blinking.

The clouds above the mist formed into some kind of map, the question is what did it lead to? That was what Harry wanted to know and obviously Astoria wanted to know as well.

"You will never leave here alive, I will kill you for trying to take what is mine! MINE!"

Harry tried to activate the ring but something in the air jammed it. None of it made any sense whatsoever and Astoria sat on the ground all the while, her legs folded as she rocked back and forth like she was demented. She tugged at her hair, nearly pulling it out and she saw something when she touched the rune stones. The part-Kryptonian wondered why it did not affect him but perhaps that had something to do with the fact that he did not seek the treasure, rather he sought to stop this would be thief from grabbing the treasure.

Astoria sat there, her eyes blank, devoid of any kind of emotion whatsoever, it would be so easy to grab her neck and snap it without any magic at all. That's what Harry sought to do before she snapped out of the trance and tried something underhanded and devious. He reached forward and tried to grab this dangerous witch around the neck.

Some invisible force knocked Harry backwards and caused him to fly to the ground. He landed hard on the ground and winced at the pain that was not pleasant without the ability to perform a spell to cushion his fall. He should have known that it would not be that easy, it never was that easy and the young master of the arcane stepped back up to his feet, his joints sore and his bones ached.

"None of you will get your paws on it, do you hear me, it's mine!"

"I'm not here the treasure, just tell me where here is!" Harry yelled back at the force who grumbled before he answered in a distrustful voice.

"LIES! LIES! All of you are here to take it from me, just like those four warlocks, well you can't have it. IT'S MINE! ALL MINE!"

Harry wondered if what he dealt with here was an overly powerful force with the mentality of a spoiled brat but there was little time to worry about that at this present moment. Right now, Astoria's mouth opened and a deep voice came out of it that was most certainly not hers. It was too deep and dare he say it, manly.

"You cannot hope to stop it Harry Potter, only to contain it," Astoria said in a deep voice, as she nearly growled. Her eyes glowed with yellow energy when she stared down at Harry. "Hope will be lost one it is released, and even you cannot stop it. None of the colors will be able to stand up to it."

"What is it?" Harry demanded wondering what Astoria was talking about but sure enough he got his answer. Granted, the young wizard was not certain if it was one for his liking.

"You will pay for slaughtering my children Harry Potter, you will pay," the entity within Astoria said. "Parallax is coming and the entire universe will be entrenched in fear."

Harry heard about the legend of Parallax during basic Lantern training, it was the one of the worst entities in the entire universe and it fed off of the fear, the mistrust that people had deep within their souls.
'Astoria, what have you done?' Harry thought before he paused and shook his head. He failed to find a way to destroy the other three stones. 'What have I done?'

There was no time to feel sorry for oneself, rather Harry jumped in for action but then his mysterious friend gave another scream. This time it was more panicked than ever before.

"MINE, DO YOU HEAR ME, MINE!"

"HARRY! HARRY!"

These screams echoed from Kara and panic gripped over her as she stepped forward out of the darkness. Breath left her body when she entered the Patronus Incorporated office complex that had been turned inside out by some mysterious force. Exactly what this force was, the blonde alien had not the slightest idea whatsoever. Karen, Linda, and Galatea followed her close behind and they all learned several things from that moment in time.

Their rings did not function, there was not a spark, not a connection, which meant one of two things. Either Harry was dead or transported out of range, which meant that he could be in any number of strategic locations in the universe. Exactly where that was, Galatea, Karen, Kara, and Linda could only begin to guess. They hoped that he was not dead but the quartet of blonde Kryptonians were not about to place a wager on his survival.

The second thing they heard was a mysterious humming sound coming from inside of Patronus Incorporated.

The third thing they noticed was Hermione lied out on the floor, the lights were on, but no one was hope.

"Hermione!" Karen yelled before she sped over and Kara followed her, heart thumping in her chest. It was a simple matter to lift the spell but it was not something that they could do without working together.

"What happened?" Kara asked when Hermione awakened, shook the cobwebs and her face twisted into a scowl.

"I'll tell you with happen, that filthy little snake Astoria happened!" Hermione yelled while she scrambled up to her feet and looked around in an attempt to see if she could still locate Astoria on the premises. Much to her disappointment, the witch was not there and the Amazonian witch curled her fists in anger. The dark haired witch folded her arms and looked into the sky. "She's...not here."

"No she isn't, please calm down," Kara answered when she moved her friend over to the chair and Linda punched up the security footage from the last ten minutes.

There was Astoria breaking in, Hermione fighting Astoria and getting taken down, and then Harry and Astoria's fight occurred. The stones reunited and the moment they touched, everything faded to black, before they shook their heads. Kara frowned before she placed a hand on Linda's shoulder.

"I want you to play that back and rewind right now," Kara ordered to Linda and the shape shifting Kryptonian angel did as she was told, playing back the moments. "Slow motion please."

Kara and the rest watched intently when there was the beginning of a hum that they heard and only
those with super powered hearing could pick up a faint whisper. The faint whisper echoed in their ears but it was heard by all.

"Parallax is coming," the voice whispered on the other end of the connection and Kara, Karen, Linda, and Galatea all appeared alarmed. Hermione offered a quizzical expression to the quartet of blonde Kryptonians.

"What is it, what did it say?" Hermione wondered, when she folded her arms impatiently.

"It's Parallax and he's coming," Kara answered and Hermione took a step back, confused as anyone might be. "Parallax is an entity of grave proportions, an entity that feeds off the fear of others, and will continue to consume anyone until they are destroyed. He's not unlike the Dementors were but he was far worse."

"We've got...we've got to do something," Hermione chimed in and it was no sooner than those words left their mouths, Luna and Neville popped up.

"What did we miss?" Luna asked with her usual cheerful innocence and Kara brought her back up to speed as quickly as she could.

Luna and Neville looked shaken from what they heard but there was no time for them to say anything, because that was the instant where Hal Jordan turned out now and they wasted no time in filling him in before he could get a breath out.

"The stones have been united, but it's far worse than we thought," Kara told Hal before he could even greet them. Hal turned to Kara with a confused expression on his face before the blonde Kryptonian regretfully gave him the bad news. "One word, Parallax, if you know what that means, you know the danger we're in."

Hal knew all too well the pressing danger that they were in and he turned around before he activated the ring to call into Lantern central.

"Yes, 2814, what is the nature of your emergency?"

"Parallax," Hal responded over the communication link, and Kara, Karen, Linda, and Galatea crowded around. The young test pilot turned Lantern shook his head before he spoke to them. "He's...connected himself with the stones somehow and when they were united, it may have broken open his prison."

"So this is far worse than we have feared," the guardian said over the communication link after barely a moment's pause. "Your Lantern rings will be useless against the entity, as will magical powers. As long as anyone is within proximity to it, they will suffer. We are working on a failsafe plan to defeat the entity."

"I believe I may have a solution."

The Entire Patronus Incorporated crew turned around to see a man standing there. He was tall, dark, with a goatee, with a yellow version of the traditional Green Lanterns uniform. He was the fallen Green Lantern known as Sinestro. And his arrival was not met with fanfare.

"You," Hal remarked with a mistrustful gaze when he turned to the disgraced Green Lantern. "What are you doing here?"

"Brazen as always, you never change, Jordan," Sinestro fired back when he stared down the Green Lantern. "I'm not here for afternoon tea, but rather I've heard of the entity, Parallax, and I wish to
assist you."

Hal gave a skeptical click of his tongue which Sinestro responded more words.

"Do not be a fool, Lantern, I have no wish to see all life be decayed and withered in paralyzing fear. I am not the villain that the oh so wise Guardians of Oa have painted me to be. I knew of Parallax's coming long before you even put on that ring and I took steps, necessary steps, steps that got me removed from the Corps."

There were many skeptical looks to go around but Sinestro pressed on even further.

"I have a plan whilst your powers will be useless against the entity," Sinestro answered when he stepped forward and used his own energy ring to construct a diagram of what he had in mind.

The assembled group remained silent while they mulled it over in their minds from each individual angle.

"You have to admit, it is workable," Kara answered when she read the diagram.

"The Kryptonian is wise, but I expected nothing else from a race that was advanced, although perhaps you were not too bright, as you pinned all of your hopes upon an artificial intelligence," Sinestro remarked, both giving Kara a backhanded compliment and insulting her entire race.

Galatea was not in the mood to play these political games and most certainly she was not in the mood for insults.

"I just want my husband back and I'll tear anyone to pieces who tries to stop me," Galatea answered in a firm voice, Harry and her fellow wives were the only things in the world that mattered to her, the rest of the world could live and die as they pleased.

"And you will have him back, once we complete this plan," Sinestro responded as he looked back at the second oldest of the Potter wives.

Galatea, Karen, Linda, and Kara knew what was on the line, they knew that they could lose everything if they did not find their husband. They were taking a calculated gamble trusting Sinestro but it was better the devil that may stab you in the back, than the devil that will destroy all life. At least that's what the conclusion they came to in their minds.

"Hey, Kal, you on your way to the Whitehouse?" Kara asked through the communication link.

"Yes, why?" Superman asked over the ear piece, feeling a bit of doom coming in.

"I have information news to brief you on, and he might want to know, this isn't over, it's just began," Kara answered and Superman dreaded what his cousin was going to tell him.

"Continue," Superman responded with a sigh and continue was what Kara did, filling him in on every grueling detail.

"The problems of today and the near deaths have one cause and that is the Justice League. The so called white knights of the world have plunged us into everlasting darkness."

"Why are we listening to this trash?" Hawkgirl asked in annoyance before she walked over to the radio but Wonder Woman stopped her from smashing it into bits with her mace.
"Now, everyone has heard of the so called protector of Gotham City, Batman, but how many of those criminals that are in Arkham are because of his antics as a vigilante? It's my opinion that Batman is the cause of these criminals like the Joker, Poison Ivy, and the Mad Hatter, and also that Batman should be locked inside Arkham Asylum with the rest of them, with the key thrown away."

Batman folded his hands across his lap and recovered from the ordeal of being imprisoned, but these words, it was something that he heard constantly. And something that there were a few times that he almost believed more than a few times. It was something that went along with the territory of being the Gotham City protector, where there will be people who always assumed that he had something to do with the problems in the world.

"And now they've got their orbital space station above our heads. Tell me, do they fancy themselves as gods among men? These so called heroes cannot identify with the common man and women, do they even pay their taxes?"

"Hey, Uncle Sam gets everything that I owe him," Flash responded in annoyance before he added as an afterthought, annoyance crossing his voice. "And does all the charity work I do mean squat?"

"Who is this clown anyway?" John asked when he found the need to construct a hammer with his lantern ring and bash the radio into hundreds of little pieces. Somehow the Green Lantern managed to restrain himself, almost in time.

Green Arrow was prompt to come in with the answer. "He's G. Gordon Godfrey...don't take anything what he says personally, he rips into everyone. He's got the personality of an electric eel."

"The real question is why are we listening to him?" Huntress asked, about ready to walk down whatever this radio station was and give G. Gordon Godfrey a piece of her mind or more likely her fists.

"It's almost over," Black Canary said and she was thankful for that. The crime fighter did not know how much more she could take of this drivel that poured out of the airwaves from Godfrey's mouth.

"And it's best to hear a balanced view of all viewpoints, no matter how caustic," Batman chimed in before he added at the skeptical looks from the fellow members of the Justice League. "Even if Godfrey is less than balanced."

"Less than balanced, that's putting it mildly," Booster Gold added when he chimed in, helpfully adding his two cents.

There was something about that G. Gordon Godfrey guy that he should know and inform the League, but it was not coming to him. Oh well, if it was a life and death matter, it would come back to him. If it was important, than the Hero of the Tomorrow...Today would remember it.

"I hate to tell you this, but it's not just Godfrey," Blue Beetle answered in a tense voice when he switched through the radio stations and sure enough, there was skepticism towards the Justice League.

Granted it was not as heavy handed and malicious, borderline slander that Godfrey spewed out, but be that as it may, there were some pointed words delivered. The world lost trust in the Justice League and likely things were going to get worse before they got better. People wanted the easy answers, the easy way out, and not the right answers.

There was no time to mull over that problem for another problem found its way into the minds of
"We have another situation," Superman's voice cut in over the frequency.

"Will this day ever end?" Hawkgirl asked and the Justice League knew the answer to that question. There was a long pause before Superman briefed them on the situation as he found out about it.

"Waller, prior to this Cadmus incident, your record had been spotless and without reproach. But this was an error that we cannot overlook."

"I understand Mister President," Waller answered when she looked back at the President with a firm expression. The truth was, every bit of chewing out she received, it was something she deserved. Amanda Waller made a deal with the devil himself and got burned. She accepted that and hoped to move beyond the black mark Cadmus gave her. "I will give you names and locations to all of the Cadmus facilities, along with those who worked in them."

"Even that might not get you a pardon for your crimes, Miss Waller," The President answered in a calm voice. Waller understood perfectly, she did not want a pardon, rather she wanted to make things as right as she could. Cadmus seemed like a good idea when it started but it lead to one mistake after another. The memories of what transpired haunted Waller as she turned them all over in her mind, to consider each and every one of them. They tormented her like a wicked twisted sympathy of terror but that was the past. She looked forward to the future and what it might bring.

"Information is important to making sure the ugly stain of Cadmus gets wiped out and the right thing is done," Waller offered but there was a knock on the door.

The President walked forward, with two of his bodyguards on either side. On the other side of the door stood Superman. The two parties felt surprised with his appearance but both of them recovered quickly.

"Superman, this is quite an unexpected honor," the President remarked when he looked at the Man of Steel who stood back from him. "And I must offer my most humble apologies of what happened today, I swear on my reputation as United States president that I didn't have anything to do with what happened with Cadmus."

Superman responded with a reassuring smile, that was something that he felt he could trust, the word of the United States President. If one could not trust the leaders that they elected, then who could they trust? The alternative scared The Man of Steel but he always put his faith in those who were chosen to serve the people. That was something that kept him sane.

A voice that sounded an awful lot like Lois in his head mocked him about being naive but the Man of Steel shrugged off that thought. He wanted to inform the President of what was going to happen because the American people had the right to know.

"We may have a problem and the League feels that it's your right to know," Superman commented and Waller stood up straight, eyes on Superman. "An evil entity is coming that will crush everything in its path. It's called Parallax."

The President shook his head as Superman handed him the information that Kara wired to him. With another motion, the United States leader took the papers in his hand, each word appeared to
be more grim than the next. The Commander in Chief saw the entire last couple of days flash before him and unfortunately, this was out of the depth of the fine men and women in the United States army. Not that he doubted their capabilities but there were times where as a leader he had to be reasonable.

"It's reasons like this, why we need the Justice League, wouldn't you agree, Miss Waller?" the President asked to Waller who offered a cowed nod before she turned to Superman.

"May I see that print out please?" Waller asked and Superman, after hesitation, handed it to her. The large woman took the papers and read over it for a matter of moments.

No one said anything at all but the gears in Amanda Waller's head turned around three hundred and sixty degrees of the way. She read through each bit of the printout before she realized what Cadmus ultimately did. In its attempts to save the world from the Justice League, it helped seal the world's doom for something that was far worse.

"To say this is a problem would understand the matter entirely," Waller answered when she looked back at Superman. "This may be the darkest hour the Earth has ever seen but...there may be a way to defeat the entity."

Reservations filled Superman for that moment when he looked back at the woman who impart helped mastermind the current state the Justice League was in. On one hand, she dangled off to the side like Lex Luthor's dutiful little puppet on a string, but on the other hand, Waller was fully one hundred percent in control of her actions. The fact of the matter was that no one put a gun in the back of her head, pulled the trigger, and made her go up against the League as they threatened her life. No, Amanda Waller did that willingly. The Man of Tomorrow turned away for a moment away from Waller and the President to consider all options.

That was one of the many reasons why Superman refused to trust her one hundred percent. Perhaps he picked up a page from Batman's playbook one too many times, but he was suspicious of Waller's intentions. Being as subtle as a flying brick to the face, The Last Son of Krypton's expression turned towards the disgraced head of Cadmus before he addressed her.

"And I suppose there's something in it for you."

"Mistrust me, as you should, Superman," Waller answered when her steely gaze matched Superman's eyes. She adjusted the cuffs on her coat before an intense expression glared through her. "But the only thing in this for me is to cleanse my soul of what happened over the past year. If you're to give me this one chance to right the wrongs, I will never bother you again."

"Patronus is working on a plan but naturally a backup is appreciated," Superman informed Waller.

"Potter, I should have known he'd be on this," Waller whispered in a voice that only someone with super hearing could hear.

"Actually, Arcane is the one that is in trouble, the stones Cadmus was after formed and transported him and Astoria Greengrass off...we don't know where," Superman interjected and Waller turned her head to go deep into thought mode.

Greengrass, that was just perfect, another snake in the grass that bit Waller hard when she should have known better, the world was better off without her and Luthor. And Waller admitted now more than ever before that Arcane was the most important hero that the world had to offer. He could keep the League in check and could take those necessary steps to take out the most dangerous criminals. Criminals she worked with, foolishly.
Waller turned around as Superman was willing to listen to her proposal on behalf of the Justice League. If it made sense, the Man of Steel would follow it.

Harry walked through the wasteland that stretched on for miles and miles. There was one thing that should be made perfectly clear about the young wizard. Scared was not something that he did, even in the worst of times. Yet, there were times where he knew enough to be on his guard and to be prepared to attack at a moments notice. The half blood Kryptonian sorcerer stepped forward a few inches and the wind blew around him.

He stopped and stared to see what was in front of him; a giant cave made of orange rocks sat before him and Harry pushed himself up on his heels to get a better look. He saw the cave in all of its spender, what was before him and also saw that the word "mine" scrawled into the side of the cave repeatedly. It was all over the cave, scratched into the side of the cave, "mine, mine, mine." All words scrawled around cave, each growing more expressive the further Harry ambled in.

Harry stood forward and saw a flicker of Astoria Greengrass, she somehow made her way to the cave. Curiosity was something that got the better of people more often than they cared to remember and it was something that got the better of this particular young man. The sorcerer slid towards the cave and drew in a deep breath before he placed his hands on hips and squinted in the distance to see what was before him.

MINE!

That word was in big bold letters and once again Harry stepped forward to investigate everything more.

"All I want is to know where I am!" Harry yelled at the top of his lungs, his temper getting the better of him. It had been a long time since his temper had gotten the better of him. "LISTEN, I WANT SOME ANSWERS AND I WANT THEM NOW!"

The rocks cracked a little bit to shift around and several monsters made of stone, held together by some kind of orange light appeared. Harry stepped back when he saw them coming at him and he remembered he could not perform magic. For most wizards, this would be a problem, but this particular magical user was able to improvise.

He was not defined by the fact that he could perform magic, Harry had a vast arsenal of skills at his disposal and with a swift motion, The Boy-Who-Lived grabbed the spear nearby in his hand. Said spear hung from a statue.

"KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF OF THAT, IT'S MINE!"

Harry ignored the childish resident of the cave, rather he took the spear in his hand and with expert motions swung for the fences to smash his way into the enemies. The dark haired wizard smashed through his enemies swiftly to connect with them. The spear impacted the enemies and drove deep into their chest cavity.

Smash, swing, swing, Harry connected with them viciously, before he took a step forward and ran the spear deep into the chest cavity of them once again. He kept pushing forward, never straying from the chosen pace. The spear swung around in his hand, before he moved forward and with another deep jab, he knocked the rock monsters for a loop.
Harry heard the rustling and saw the glint of a treasure, but on top of the treasure, stood an orange power battery that hummed and was so tempting to reach out and grab in his hand. In fact, it compelled him to touch it.

An ugly creature who smelt like he did not take a bath for centuries swooped in to face off against Harry and the orange energy surrounded him with a wave of light. The creature rounded upon the young master of the arcane, snarling and spitting at him like an overgrown attack dog. The young wizard stood his ground and held his hands up in the air before his head turned to address the creature, whatever it was.

"I'm not here to take the treasure or anything else you have here," Harry remarked in what he hoped was a pacifying voice although he was slowly losing his temper. The dark haired wizard leaned forward to look this creature in the eye. "Just step back, and stop attacking me, trust me, I don't want to be here any more than you do."

"What are you talking about?" the creature asked when he looked at Harry. He snarled when staring down the dark haired mage before he continued to speak. "I want to be down here, I have it down here, I have it, I have it!"

The creature dove on the pile towards the top of the orange lantern with his eyes glowing in a greedy and absolutely insane manner. His eyes flickered to the left and to the right before he gave a loud growl out loud. He hummed merrily, lovingly cradling the item.

"My precious, my precious."

Harry wondered what the major malfunction of this creature was and he turned around to face whatever this thing was. Neither took their eyes off of the other.

"What is your name?" Harry asked him, his eyes flickered towards the creature but the creature shifted, body still over his orange lantern, before his beady little eyes locked onto the Blue Lantern ring bearer before him. He snarled with a sneer, spit flying down his mouth before the distrustful gaze locked onto Harry.

"Who wants to know?" the creature demanded with a distrustful gaze when he fixed his expression onto Harry's more, not blinking and practically burning a hole into the face of the young sorcerer.

Harry decided that this line of question was not going to get him anywhere, so he switched tactics to a more deductive approach, an approach that was stealthier, an approach that was worthy of Batman. The dark haired wizard spun around to face him before a smile crossed his face.

"I have a reward for someone...but I don't know who it is, and since you won't tell me my name, I can't tell you if the reward is for you," Harry responded with intentions of misdirection flashing through his eyes.

The creature's eyes peered onto Harry's, before a mistrustful gaze popped in them, and he took a moment to consider the offer this visitor gave him. It was amazing to see how much uglier this creature looked when he was deep in thought but the Boy-Who-Lived had little time to consider this fact. The creature poised on top of the treasure, on the lantern which continued to glow, before he offered one statement to the Blue Lantern. Greed dripped through the statement.

"What kind of reward?"

"I don't know," Harry responded when he shrugged. "It was extremely valuable, whatever it is."

"It should be mine then!" the creature growled in a hiss when he jumped up and down in
excitement in a growl. "Gimme, gimme, gimme!"

"It depends, is your name Parallax?" Harry asked when he turned to the creature but the creature's eyes widened in fear.

"Do not speak that name; do not speak it, fool, he will kill us all!"

Harry figured this was the case, he had to deal with some kind of intergalactic Voldemort, but he was only worse. The dark haired wizard spun around to face the creature as he jumped up and down and one gold coin rolled down the mountain of gold and diamonds and other trinkets. The creature jumped down the mountain and landed at the feet of the young male magic user.

"Mine!"

"Yes, yours, take your filthy treasure, it's only a drop in the hat for me given how much money I have," Harry answered who could sense even without use of his magic that the treasure had some kind of dark taint, with the orange power battery being the top of his dark taint.

The creature's eyes widened, all he heard was that this young man had a lot of money, and if he helped him, perhaps he could gain even more treasure. He could gain even more shiny pretties for his collection and that was never a bad thing.

"I know of a way that might be out of here, but it's going to cost you," the creature stated, greed dancing in his eyes.

Harry figured give the attitude of that creature, that was more than likely so he braced himself for the damage and what the creature thought that was owed to him. Once the powerful sorcerer got his powers back, temptation would certainly visit him to knock this creature around but now he had to play nice with the creature. At least until its usefulness has been fulfilled, then the Blue Lantern would cut all of his ties.

"The name's Larfleeze," the creature chimed in when he sent spit flying towards Harry at this point in time.

"Charmed," Harry answered when he looked at him but the creature's eyes darted greedily towards the blue lantern ring on the young wizard's hand.

"Nice shiny," Larfleeze commented when his hands darted forward but this was where Harry drew the line to being nice at him going for his ring.

Harry smacked the creature back hard before he turned around and twisted the arm of the creature behind his back before throwing him down to the ground. The creature rolled over in pain and Harry's eyes looked down at him.

"We'll talk about getting out of here first, then we'll discuss matters of payment," Harry said with his eyes blazing towards the creature who rolled over and nodded his head carefully, the nasty expression never quite leaving his face. "Is that clear?"

"Yes, clear, of course, but do not hurt my precious," Larfleeze rasped through his teeth before the dark haired wizard stepped a few inches forward.

"You will find that escape is futile, Harry."

Astoria Greengrass stood at the end of the tunnel, the same eerie yellow energy glow surrounding her as she stepped forward.
"Astoria, Parallax has tainted you!" Harry yelled before he grabbed the spear and tried to perform a mercy kill, but Astoria flicked her hand and the spear distinguished into dust from her motion. The sorcerer took a calculating step back off, he noticed that she did not have any problems doing magic, but that was something that they would have to figure out at another time.

Astoria’s laughter got more prominent, yep it was official, the stones and her greed fried her brain before she turned around to face Harry.

"He has not tainted me, but rather empowered me, to open my eyes to see what I could do. I can take anything that I want now and nothing is going to stop me."

"I can stop you!" Harry yelled but he felt foolish the moment those words left his mouth and Astoria's laughter was cold and mocking.

"You speak with bravado but do not have the powers to back it up Harry Potter. You are nothing but a squib until you find a way to leave this realm. And you will only be leaving this realm in pieces."

While Astoria was talking, Harry moved into the shadows quickly to scale his way up the walls of the cave and as such, the empowered witch turned around, frustrated that she lost track of her prey. She could not have it all until Harry Potter was dead.

"This isn't hide and go seek Harry!"

Harry recalled the last time he heard his words, but that was beside the point, the sorcerer was not hiding. He was far from hiding, he was forming strategy, strategy that would hopefully win him the day and succeed to defeat Astoria. With a swift motion, the skilled magic user dropped down before he picked up a set of the gold coins before he flung them as projectiles at the face of the Greengrass heiress.

"NO!"

Astoria obliterated the coins one at a time and blew her fingers off, casually, a smile crossing her face. Larfleeze looked anguished when his shiny pretties had disappeared before his very eyes, they were his property. She flicked her wrist and bindings wrapped around the young wizard to hold him up in the air. Harry never was closer to being destroyed than he was right now.

"Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived-No-Longer."

To Be Continued in the Next Arc, "Parallax."
Chapter 59: Parallax Part One.

Harry struggled against the grip of Astoria's power, there was no doubt about it, she was allowed to use power whilst his power was shut off one hundred percent of the way. Despite that, he was not going down without a fight. The dark haired wizard tried to push back out, struggling and kicking his legs every inch of the way. The young wizard tried to push out of her grip but no matter what he did, Astoria had him down.

Parallax really did a number on his powers and amped hers up but Harry knew despite his lack of magical powers at the moment he could still beat her. It was simply a matter of finding the will power, the inner strength, the ability to push on out with the battle. It was something that separated the winners from the losers and something that drove Harry Potter to do what he did.

And push on out was what Harry did, he managed to somehow through sheer force of mind tap into enough of his power. It was not nearly enough to nail Astoria with a brutal assault, far from it, but it was enough to send Astoria staggering back several inches across the floor. Larfleeze watched the battle, sadistic intentions flickering through his eyes, when he dove onto the pile of gold, his beady eyes.

"You were a fool for stopping me," Astoria remarked whilst her eyes flashed with primal fury when she raised her hands and tried to blast Harry, but the dark haired wizard dodged each and every individual assault. She became more infuriated with each passing moment "You can't run forever."

"Not forever, just long enough to defeat you," Harry fired back before he removed a sword from the wall and swung it with primal fury. He tried to break through Astoria's defenses but the sword clanged with the invisible barrier. Harry and Astoria pushed back and forth, trying to gain a position that would work. "Astoria, after all of this time, you're defined about one thing, and that's your greed. And you've allowed this soulless creature into your heart, he doesn't care about you, you're just being used as a means to the end."

"You can't stop me!" Astoria yelled as her eyes glowed yellow but before she could responded, a blonde blur shot in and with full force, she punched Astoria back into the wall with super human strength.

Astoria landed with a sickening crack before Kara dropped down next to Harry and he smiled when his first wife was there beside him. The blonde Slytherin before them stepped backwards, but Karen popped down, followed by Linda, and then Galatea, the four of them stared down Astoria ready to go. The young witch seemed to be undisturbed by their presence, in fact she made a motion with her hand, almost as if she gave them the universal sign to just bring it.

'She's asking for it,' Kara thought, even though she realized that the mental link was down as long as they were in this particular realm.

She still had reserves for her normal Kryptonian powers, but she tried to use them wisely. The blonde shot forward before she dodged the flaming daggers Astoria conjured in the air. The daggers could kill a normal human and given their magical properties, they weren't too much of a
A yellow cage appeared around Astoria and Sinestro popped up, holding his ring and held it, before he willed the cage to close around Astoria. Astoria screamed in primal fury, hate dripping from her.

"It's not going to be that easy," Kara responded with a sigh as the other three Potter wives nodded. Sure enough, Astoria, Parallax, summoned the full force of her fury and dove over for the orange power battery, her eyes glowed with the personification of power. The blonde moved closer, closer, closer, the power was at her hands.

"NO, THE SHINY PRETTY IS MINE!"

Harry thought it was good that they could count on Larfleeze's greed at least as he dove towards the orange lantern, before Astoria could get her hands on it. Larfleeze slid down the pile of gold and treasure, clutching "his precious" in his arms, his beady eyes focused on them all. The crazed creature was not going to let everything go down easily but neither as Astoria, she rushed forward, getting closer and closer. The young woman came close to reaching what she felt was hers.

Sinestro swung a spiked yellow ball to knock Astoria back and the blond flew head over heels, nearly landing on the back of her head to give her a hell of a concussion or snap her neck. The blonde rested with a long sigh, rolling over with the pain.

Astoria would kill them all, all of them, they would all die, she would kill them dead; this was her treasure, she worked hard, it all had to be hers! She would have the power, she would have the glory, she would have it all!

The combined yellow energy with the orange energy made Astoria quite manic indeed and she rushed for the orange power battery, but suddenly lasso swung out of nowhere. The lasso wrapped around Astoria and she struggled, trying to get out, and she turned her head around. Kara zoomed over before she grabbed Astoria around the head roughly and twisted her neck. Astoria's head snapped back with Kara snapping Astoria's neck with her super strength when Hermione held her in place with the lasso. She arrived with the rest of them, hiding herself in the shadows until the right moment to strike. Finally, the blonde girl slumped to the ground and a large glowing yellow demon bug flew from her before it disappeared from the realm.

Just like that, Astoria was dead, although the cuts on Harry indicated that it was not easy. Hermione looked at Astoria with grim satisfaction, it was a shame but that's the way life went sometimes.

"It's not over, I take it," Karen spoke up whilst Galatea saw the demon bug escape and shook her head.

"No, it's not over, just beginning, just great," Galatea responded and Sinestro turned to them, wishing that he thought about this failsafe.

"Parallax would have a contingency and even my ring won't hold him at bay," Sinestro stated in a rough voice when his beady eyes focused on the figure that disappeared into the distance. The space bug made a clean getaway to cause havoc they could not even realize right now.

Harry could not even think about Astoria, and how she was finally done, rather there were far more pressing problems. Other problems that made Astoria look like a rather minor menace indeed and the young mage turned to his four wives. Linda, Galatea, Karen, and Kara spun around, the four of
them ready for action and ready to take down this menace once and for all. Of course, they could not do anything if they were still trapped in this place. The group made their way out of the backdoor, back to Earth, and back to hopefully defeat this monster for its influence spread long and hard.

Larfleeze only cared that they left his pretties alone and he rested on top of the glowing orange battery, not too sad to see the back of them. Why did he care about Parallax, the creature was not in here and he left his treasure alone, so Larfleeze was content.

All of it still was his; all of it will always be his.

A chilling calm filled the air; the type of calm that made people almost expect something was up, something was in the air, but what that something was yet to be determined. All they knew was the calm made the hairs of the back of their neck stand up. The news of what happened involving the Justice League and the slander that was directed towards the group of heroes echoed through the ears of the people. It was to be expected and naturally people were entitled to their opinions no matter how off base they were.

Opinions about the Justice League were mixed; some people felt the League were a good thing as they always were whilst others found that doubts manifested about how good they were. Many people wondered if the Justice League were really the white knights they portrayed themselves to be. Fear was a powerful motivator and one that crippled the hearts and minds of the best people out there.

Fear could be stirred by others easily to manipulate their own desires and there were many voices who did simply that.

The voice of G. Gordon Godfrey was the loudest and most annoying to really slam into the Justice League, his tormenting tone was hard not to listen to. Like him or hate him, there were many people who conceded that he had a point about the Justice League, in fact every thing that he said rang true with the deep rooted fears of people. The so called heroes in the world might be just as bad as the villains, and they caused a great deal of collateral damage in their attempts to save the day. Their grandstanding, reckless, attempts to save the day, that's what the Justice League were all about.

"And I tell you, those robotic duplicates, one might think that they were a well calculated scheme on the part of Lex Luthor. But, tell me this, was Lex Luthor not a benevolent and charitable businessman who helped build Metropolis and bring people like you and me out of the slums, to put food on our table and money in our pockets, at least until the moment where he met Superman? Fellow Americans, it seems to be that it was Superman, the unwanted alien visitor, who drove Lex Luthor, the red-blooded American human, to the brink of madness. In fact, mark my words, Superman was the one that killed Lex Luthor. And now his cousin and several versions of her have shown up from alternate dimensions. Once again, I believe that we're on the cusp of an alien invasion from this so called dead planet of Krypton."

The words of Godfrey were hard to block out, this was an example of the many things that he said over the past couple of days that feed the paranoia of the people in this country. Godfrey was a loudmouth, but in his ramblings, there were certain statements that spoke to the average American man and woman, and indeed elsewhere in the world, there were many people who believed Godfrey's rhetoric. It was hard to argue against it when it was going so long and so fast, drilled into the head of every single person out there. The dark depressing thoughts of what the Justice League could do echoed through their minds.
"It's impossible, it can't fall to this level."

Wall Street tended to live and die more often than not due to investor panic. There were instances where investors stuck in for the long haul but there were other instances where there was a rash of selling and buying. The people on the floor of Wall Street had one of those days and all of them felt their hearts size up in a deep, crippling panic.

"Stocks are plummeting!"

Panic was a word that people threw around a bit too much, in fact it was thrown around to the point where it was absurd and people tended to overstate certain things throwing everyone into a panic. Yet, there was panic on the floor on Wall-street, when the rash of stocks being sold continued to increase.

The rapid selling and trading caused the stock market to drop by a hundred points, two hundred points, with the fear of what might happen in the future settling in. People lost their heads and continued to panic, hoping to sell off everything before it was too late. Even normally even tempered investors who normally kept their heads above the water saw the writing on the wall and armed themselves with a rash of buying and selling. It was chaos personified on the floors of the stock exchange, fear gripped the nation and twisted people to a level where they lost their minds.

Such a fear was what the entity thrived on, it was what he fed on. That fear ravaged the hearts and minds of people and allowed them to make stupid decisions yet that led to an irrational level of panic and despair. There was even more for Parallax to feed off of, when he gained enough energy to pull the world into a crippling state of panic. The fear increased with each passing moment, with more and more people scared with what happened.

"Stocks across the nation dropped three hundred points today on average, with people wondering if this may be the beginning of the biggest economic recession in years."

"Could this be the darkest hour for the United States of America as they head into the holiday season?"

That was the question that echoed in the minds of many people and they wondered who they could blame. The scapegoats were many, with the increased fear bubbling through their minds. The politicians in the country, the investors in speculated and treated their stocks like they were nothing, and the dot com bubble going bust over the past couple of years made things even worst. There were these scapegoats and more, but there was more prominent scapegoat that echoed through their heads.

The words of G. Gordon Godfrey continued to resound through their head as he ripped into the Justice League and lambasted them for several questioned actions. Actions they had no control over but naturally the public turned a blind eye to logic. With many people latching onto the easiest explanation ever, the Justice League seemed to be of perfect of a scapegoat as anyone else. At least that made an immense amount of sense when the people in this country continued to panic.

The panic and the fear Parallax continued to feed off of, when the demon space bug continued to grow as more time passed, it got stronger, as did the fears of the common people.

Winds blew through the deserts on a brisk night when Superman flew out into the desert, holding Amanda Waller up in the air, with Batman, Wonder Woman, and Green Lantern following in the distance. While Waller seemed ready to repent from her actions and help the Justice League deal with latest threat, there were many doubts about how sincere she was. Especially when these
doubts came from Batman, trust was not something that came easily to them, after Waller buried herself deep into the government group known as Cadmus. It was a matter of rebuilding that shaky trust.

"The League seems to be at its lowest popularity wise," Waller commented briskly before Superman set her down on the ground and she staggered a bit but recovered instantly. "But that's not something that you could worry about right now."

Superman suspected that Waller would not worry about that at all; in fact given the evidence with her past actions, he reckoned that this woman felt a small amount of satisfaction that the League was taken down a few pegs. The League and Cadmus were not the best of terms to begin with after everything that occurred; this latest alliance was tense at best and really could fall apart. Even if Cadmus was only around barely anymore after being dismantled over the past week; the bad blood between Cadmus and the League boiled over and would remain there.

"I'm sure you're just jumping for joy over that," Superman told Waller in a brisk voice, trying to keep the bitterness out of it but Waller shook her head.

"Contrary to popular belief, I'm willing to admit when I've made a mistake about something and it seems as if I was premature in some ways about how the League is needed. Granted, I still hope that there is a day where we don't have to depend on a group of heroes in capes and colorful outfits to swoop in and save the day from the vile elements that threaten us all, but for right now, the League is needed. For now, at least."

Superman considered the woman's words and found that he agreed with them very much. "Believe me, Waller, I share the same sentiment and then some."

The team settled down on the ground, with Waller walking forward. Superman followed her close behind, Wonder Woman, Batman, and Green Lantern continued to move in. The same thought was in the minds of every single member of the Justice League. And that simple thought was if they could trust Waller. The fear and paranoia that gripped the world also wrapped it's ugly hand around the throats of the collective four out of the original seven members of the Justice League.

Thankfully it was Green Lantern who had the presence of mind to speak up.

"Remember, keep your wits about yourself and don't get paranoid, Parallax will feast off of it in an instant."

"Noted," Batman offered in a gruff voice but his eyes remained fixed on the back of Waller's head who pulled back a keypad before she opened up the door to an underground bunker.

"Thankfully this is one of the few that the government hasn't confiscated," Waller told the members of the Justice League as she turned around to face them. The League wondered about the resources that Cadmus had at their disposal. Wonder Woman was the one who spoke up to ask the pressing question.

"How many of these facilities do Cadmus have?"

Waller turned towards the members of the League and calculated over everything in her mind before she decided to to answer their question.

"That is a question that the government is trying to determine, Luthor managed to hide a lot of them, but it's going to take us some time to figure out how to find them all. I'm hoping that what's in this one will help up with our Parallax problem."
The Justice League waited, skeptical thoughts in their minds, but never the less they followed Waller down the winding set of stairs to the underground bunker. Once again, they tried not to let the thoughts of fear they had overwhelm them while they prepared themselves for one of their tougher battles.

One thing, The Justice League knew the time wound down each and every single moment they were down here. Waller led the way and they hoped that they were not being led into a trap but Batman was the one who stood up the most alert when he watched what Waller was doing. If this woman made one wrong move, she would be taken down. That was a guarantee that could be taken to the bank.

Yet Waller did not make any wrong moves, she prepped herself to make the right move, the first of many when she redeemed herself from what Cadmus did to the Justice League. She walked over to a vault and paused before she turned back around to face Green Lantern. Lantern paused and when the vault opened, his ring shorted out, despite the fact that he charged it before he arrived here.

"What's going on?"

John Stewart suspected a double dealing at that moment but Waller nodded towards him before she closed the vault door and his Lantern ring returned back to full power.

"I know it works now," Waller responded when she turned to the Justice League and took a moment to collect her thoughts before she explained what Cadmus cooked up this time. "It's a device to negate the Green Lantern rings and I hope that with a little reverse engineering, we'll be able to formulate a way to negate Parallax."

The League wondered if everything was going to right for them but there was little choice but to follow Waller at least for now. The device she showed them was the best chance they had to defeat Parallax, or at least negate him long enough where they could swoop in for a more permanent solution. Batman, Wonder Woman, Green Lantern, and Superman met eyes and all nodded.

"I believe that this will lay the groundwork, but I have something in my Fortress that could help amplify the signal once it's modified," Superman explained to Waller and Waller's eyes snapped towards Superman. "But you're not going there because I don't have that level of trust for you yet after all that's happened."

"The Big Blue Boy Scout is capable of human emotion, who knew?" Waller chimed in while she held the device in her hand and once again Green Lantern's ring shorted out. John Stewart's face contorted into a grimace, and kept his eyes firmly on Waller. "It's time to save the world."

Back at Patronus Incorporated, Harry, Kara, Karen, Linda, and Galatea returned, along with Hermione, and the entire group realized that this was not over. No it was far from over, their torment began to take hold with a fever pitch. The reports of the stock market plunge got back to them and to be honest, it did not take a rocket scientist to figure out that something was entirely wrong.

"So now what?" Kara asked when she asked the one question that was on all of their minds.

"Parallax is jumping from mind to mind of people, he could be anywhere," Harry explained when he collaborated his findings.

"He could take over any one of us," Linda stated when she looked out the window but Galatea grabbed her hand and shook her head.
"Trust me, that's the kind of thinking that we don't need," Galatea said when she took a long sigh and continued to look out. Metropolis was calm, at least for now, but when rush hour started and people lost their minds, what would happen? Chaos could reign, that much the young Kryptonian clone thought, at least that was her theory.

Harry went over everything that happened in his mind and reflected on the events; Parallax could only handle Harry in a domain of his own creation but despite that all he could not defeat Harry head on. That was a curious flaw in the entire system that Harry found it prudent to exploit and push on through. He stood by his wives, their rings worked well, and Kara turned around to face him.

"Do you have any idea how to beat him?" Kara asked Harry before she snaked her hand into his and gave him a hopeful squeeze.

Harry wished he could answer that question but he lacked a certain amount of something to see the events of today through, the dark haired wizard remained on his toes and carefully placed his hands down on the table. He turned around and considered everything before him.

"I'm sure Sinestro has a few ideas, otherwise he wouldn't be standing around here still," Harry commented when he turned to the fallen former Green Lantern.

Sinestro remained silent before he spoke.

"The situation is far direr than I believed," Sinestro commented when his voice remained crisp and cold, focused on the five Potters around him. The Blue Lanterns, the little social experiment of the Guardians, to be honest, Sinestro respected them but he thought that they were a bit too soft for their own good. That was the reason why he left the corps, even if the Guardian would claim they kicked him out. "The entity grows and that human Godfrey is not helping with his stirring up everyone into a frenzy."

Harry agreed with Sinestro on that point, Godfrey did not help.

"He's getting into their minds, perhaps there's some way we can block his access," Karen suggested off of a whim.

"You mean, some kind of signal to numb the minds of everyone in the world, just for a second, to block the fear?" Kara asked and Karen nodded.

"But in that second, we'd need to find Parallax and bombard him with a physical assault, otherwise he'll get back in and he won't let go," Linda answered when the entire group turned around.

Galatea remained quiet when she shared some information that finally returned back to her.

"Cadmus developed a device that could in theory shut down the Lantern rings, maybe with the proper calibrations, it could do the same for Parallax," Galatea suggested as she waved her hands to the side and the group suddenly felt a rush of hope filling their beings. Perhaps there was something to this but the fact of the matter was that this was something that Cadmus developed. So they were not one hundred percent in the trustworthy category.

Be that as it may, Harry and the others thought that this was worth a shot, there was no time to waste, the group made their way over to get in touch with Superman. Kara was the first one to reach the communicator in the Patronus Incorporated office complex as she reached over and flicked it on. The communicator slowly came to life when Kara waited patiently before she got a signal and received communication on the other side.
"Hey Kal, it's me," Kara responded while the communicator went alive on the other side. "Galatea says that Cadmus has a device that might be able to shut down the Lantern rings and..."

"We can reverse engineer it to make it work for the Parallax entity, yes I know," Superman responded over the other end of the communication link before he paused and turned back to him. "Do you have an idea of how we can speed up the process, if at all?"

Kara deferred the situation over to Galatea who took a bit of a pause before she responded by rubbing her chin before she cupped her hands to her chip.

"Just reverse the influx matrix and hook it up to your Fortress, and the signal should be strong enough," Galatea answered when she placed her hands on her hips and threw her head back in thought. "Of course, this only works in theory, we've got a margin of error that is wider than the Artic if we mess up and Parallax will only get stronger if we do."

"But it's the only shot we got," Batman chimed in over the communication link.

That was one point all of them could agree about, everything fell into place, slowly but surely. There was little time to wait around and waste, time was running out and the Patronus group worked on their end to get the signal up where they could spread it through the satellite array that moved through the entire world. The felt glad that they got those satellites up and running, they would serve them rather well for this mission.

The main issue was to make sure the signal did not get polluted in any single way but the five Potters got to work nice and slowly, time ticked by. What seemed like a simple manner over four stones unleashed this pandora's box of chaos.

"I believe this particular frequency will work," Karen answered as she placed her hands on the computer array and the group crowded around, crossing their fingers that it would.

It was do or die, now or never, it was the time to figure out what they were made of. Once the device was engineered on the League's end, they could release the signal and then Parallax would be driven out in the open.

There were so many things that could go wrong with what they had planned but they had to cross their fingers and hope for the best.

Flash carefully lead a group of Zatanna, Black Canary, Plastic Man, and Blue Beetle towards the chaotic scene that was the New York Stock Exchange. The Martian Manhunter followed closely at a distance in an attempt to piece together the panicked thought process. It was their hope that with those thoughts, they would be able to find that one common denominator that would allow them to defeat the entity. It was mostly a crap shoot but with the powers of the Martian Manhunter, he would hopefully be able to pick something out of the line up before him. The Martian leaned in and thought about it long and hard.

"So any luck, J'onn?" Flash whispered to the Martian Manhunter before he placed his hands on the side of his head. The Martian Manhunter considered the problem at hand before he responded.

"I'm afraid not, the panic is intense, but nothing that is strong enough to indicate Parallax," the Martian Manhunter responded when he placed his hands on his hips before he looked outward and thought long and hard. "The problem is how to pinpoint the thought patterns of..."

"Yeah, that's a problem but I'm feeling a heavy residue, I don't know about you guys," Zatanna responded when she placed her hands down on the sign and sure enough there was some kind of
"Then it seems as if we must remain sharp," The Martian Manhunter answered while his eyes
glowed to pick up the thought patterns but there was nothing but a thump, thump, thump, sound
that echoed throughout his mind. The Martian stood on the ground, focused, he waited, he
watched, he prepared, everything that went along with the preparation, that was what he did. "I
sense..."

"Hey look it's the Justice League!"

"Get out of here you capes, you're no good!"

The Martian Manhunter turned around to face the growing restless natives and they took a moment
to regard the situation before them. The entire team stood before them, with the Justice League
bracing themselves for a battle. Superman and Green Lantern both warned them that this had a
potential to happen but the people on the street shook their fists before they surrounded around
them. They stepped forward and it was time for the Martian Manhunter to take a moment to try and
pacify the entire situation that was at hand, everything grew from that moment in time, the thoughts
overwhelmed him.

"Hey knock it off!" Flash yelled before he ducked a tomato that was thrown at him. Then there
were rocks and broken bottles.

"DLEIHS KCOLB!" Zatanna shouted to create a shield around them to block the attack the attacks
of the broken bottles and the flying rocks that went after them. This defensive maneuver caused the
natives to grow even more restless and they continued to hurl debris along with insults at the
members of the Justice League.

"Hey, that magic girl, she assaulted us with her voodoo!"

"None of you are needed!"

"Godfrey's right, you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem. Get the hell out of
here!"

"MARRY ME FLASH!"

These statements continued to echo through the ears of the Justice League when the crowd
marched upon them to shake their fists, sadistic and furious, the riot was just getting stirred up. The
Martian Manhunter tried a subtle probe but they were too far good. The anger bubbled within them
grew to fever pitch and Plastic Man was the one who was brave enough to break the silence.

"Hey guys, I don't know about this but maybe we should get out of here."

Black Canary sighed; they were in for a penny, in for a pound, before she turned around and
opened her mouth. The Justice League knew that this was the point where they covered their ears
when the canary cry rattled them to knock them backwards. The Justice League staggered back but
this attack only delayed the inevitable. The Justice League backed off but suddenly the group,
including several police officers who were supposed to withhold the law stepped forward.

There was no question about it, this riot backed the Justice League against the wall but with the
negative energies flowing in the minds of these people, they had found their target.

Now it was down to everyone else to contain it.
To Be Continued in Part Two.
Chapter Sixty: Parallax Part Two

Seconds ticked by as the moment of truth got closer and closer with each passing instance but not for the first time, pressure washed over the crew at Patronus Incorporated. They had their individual abilities and things that they needed to accomplish for however long they worked as a well-oiled machine. The trio made their way closer and closer to the destination and they would not falter no matter what obstacles were thrown in their way. For if they faltered on this day, then the task they had would doom the rest of the world. There was no question about it, this was the time where it was do or die.

The images flickered off of the screen like a taunting beacon of what was to come, the five Potters moved around to get everything set up. The members of the Justice League, sent initially as a means to pacify everything turned out to be pulled into the battle with ugly intentions in mind. The League had the best intentions in mind but the worst of humanity bubbled out to torment them.

It was all because of one thing and Harry sensed the entity working its way in. The equipment picked up the fear of the people but thankfully thanks to the enchantments around the Patronus Incorporated office complex, they were playing on Harry’s turf now.

The last time Parallax fought him, he trapped Harry into a dimension of his own making, this time, the rules will be a bit different and Harry would make them or break them.

The dark haired wizard turned his attention to his four wives, all of them bustling around to ensure that the stars were aligned and everything would go according to plan. Kara and Karen worked together to check on the arrays to see if they were in order. Linda and Galatea prepared to encode the transmission that would hopefully break the sadistic control that the menace had on them all. The four blondes exchanged nods with each other when smiles crossed their faces.

"The inverse matrix is good to go."

"The array of satellites have been put online without any consequences."

Both teams fired back at each other but Harry was in touch with the Fortress of Solitude to see how they were coming on their end. Ten minutes passed so it was time for Harry to check up on their resident boy scout to see how everything was coming along.

"How's it going?" Harry asked Superman over the other end of the communication link and the frustrated grunt told Harry all of what he needed to know. A pained grimace spread over Harry's face. "That bad, isn't it?"

"That bad and worse," Superman offered him when there was a clinking of metal. "We all heard the reports, it seems like are attempts to make peacekeepers made things worse."

"Their deep rooted fears manifested into full blown phobias," Kara responded with a deep and mournful sigh when she did the final check to see if the arrays were good. "Looks good on your end, how about on your end, Karen?"

"It's good to go and we're ready to launch," Karen responded whilst she pressed a few buttons and prepared to activate it when the League was ready on their end.

"I don't like it, things are too quiet," Galatea responded when she leaned back against the wall and
Harry reached over to grab her around her hands gently, before he pulled her into a tight embrace and a smile crossed his face.

Harry, like he always did, prepared to offer some reassurance even if the situation seemed to be damning in many cases and dooming in many others. The dark haired wizard would not allow the prospect of certain fear and destruction put a damper on his holiday spirit. Not if he could help it anyway but naturally it was easier said than done to say the very least. Harry grabbed Galatea's hands.

"I know you just got your life back and you distrust a lot of things, but remain hopeful that this will all pan out," Harry answered before he pulled his newest wife into a long embrace which she returned. Linda stepped over, perched and ready to go, a smile crossing her face.

"I've been through a few of these situations before and I must say, the pressure is on," Linda answered; she stepped forward and Harry pulled his arm around her, sharing a moment with his two newest wives.

"When the pressure is on, that's where heroes thrive," Harry answered when he cupped both of their faces and looked into their stunning blue eyes. He leaned forward and offered Galatea a light kiss on the lips and then moved over to the same to Matrix. The two exchanged kisses with Harry, his lips lingering on his for the joy and the passion that he offered them. His merest motions reassured them that everything was going to be okay, somehow, someway.

Harry walked over once he got done with these two wives to check on the progress of his other two wives. Kara relaxed with a sigh of relief before Harry wrapped his arms around her tightly from behind and she relaxed, appreciating the warm and friendly gesture. It was the kind of hope that poisoned a monster like Parallax and Harry gave it in abundance. He spun Kara around and captured her soft lips in a tender kiss.

"You did a great job, Kara," Harry answered after he broke and then he picked back up, before he pressed Kara against the wall once again, his tender, loving lips reaching hers and their tongues dancing with passion. Harry backed off after a moment and grabbed Karen before he kissed her as well. Karen wrapped her arms around him tightly, her ample breasts pressed against his chest. Harry backed off and looked at her in the eyes. "You did so as well, Karen."

Kara and Karen exchanged smiles, they felt appreciated, all of them did and they placed their hands on each other before their expressions became calm and resolved.

"No matter what, no matter how, we're in this today, the five of us," Harry added as an afterthought when his eyes expressed the gratitude on them all.

"Agreed," Kara responded when she looked at them all, daring them to bring out any contradictions but there were none that could be offered.

"Yeah, let's do this," Linda offered with a warm smile.

"We can beat them, together we can beat anyone," Galatea added in a firm voice, showcasing the passion in her blue-green eyes when Harry grabbed her and his fourth wife rested a head on his arm.

"I don't think I have anything else to add, except the sentiment is the same with me," Karen added when Harry spun around and walked down the row of wives and gave them one kiss at a time. Each kiss had deep meaning and made them enjoy the taste of his lips on theirs.
Harry spun around before he clicked on a communicator and checked back in at the Fortress.

"I'm almost ready, two more minutes," Superman stated with a sigh, it was obvious the Man of Steel could feel pressure just like the rest of us. "Don't worry, we've got it under control."

Harry knew that everything was under control that was one thing he could count on with the Man of Steel and everything that he brought up. He stepped around and his finger was on the bottom. He waited for the good to go word. The word came a bit later.

"Now."

Harry pressed the button to activate his signal and a second later, Superman activated his signal from the Fortress. The two locked onto the entity and Harry kept an eye on the progress with his scanner, hoping that this would be the thing that would allow them to win the day.

In typical Harry Potter fashion, nothing ever went completely right, as they were about to find out.

Parallax felt the world around him go completely numb and knew that all emotions had been shut off. That was before a pulse wave shot from the air and struck the entity long and hard to blast him. Parallax felt himself bombarded; he gave them credit, it was nearly enough to take him down.

But at the same time it was not nearly enough, the hideous monster pushed himself forward, his eyes glowing with sadistic fury and he pushed himself out of the cage that was created. There was no question about it, he nearly found his way into a tomb but he broke out. The monster still lived and the monster wanted better food of than this rabble; something that could sate his desires more strongly.

As long as they wore the blue hope rings, that crew was untouchable but Parallax had other fish that he would go after, other fish that he would manipulate, he made his way to the Artic where they tried to take him out.

Superman, Wonder Woman, and Batman assumed that it would be over but in a piece of news that heroes should be used to by now, it was not over. As a matter of fact, it just began and the Trinity found themselves washed over by a wave of energy.

The Man of Steel flew out of the Fortress to see what it was all about but suddenly he stopped when he saw the Artic burn around him. He flew further forward and saw the entire Earth burning around him, the decay of the burning soil filled the nostrils of the Man of Steel. There was not a moment where he went by and heard the screams of terror that got snuffed out before too long.

The marching echoed from all around and the Parademons popped up, which only meant one thing and that was Darkseid was near. Superman's heart thumped against his chest with frantic fury, his breathing became more labored and he flew forward.

Then he saw it, if things could not get even worse, he saw it. Or rather he saw them, all nailed up, bloodied and battered. Lois was the first one he saw, blood dripping down her wrists. Then his parents, Kara, Harry, Jimmy, Lana, and everyone else were nailed up for the world to see. His fellow members of the Justice League also were in chains and they were slaughtered one at a time.

The faster Superman ran, the further he was away. Batman went down, Wonder Woman, Flash, Martian Manhunter, Green Lantern, all of them were blasted by the power of the gigantic form of Darkseid who seemed to grow bigger the more life he snuffed out.
"No, none of this is real, even if it was, Harry and Kara...you overplayed your hand," Superman breathed but the sinister form of the super-sized Darkseid laughed at the top of his lungs.

"Perhaps it is truth Kal-El, but I am much larger than you could ever comprehend, let's take you back on a journey," the Darkseid entity/Parallax showed him.

The mist whirled around him and Superman saw his parents put him on the rocket ship on Krypton and send him to Earth. He watched as the explosions rang off in the background, people screamed out in horror, other children sank into the ground, not fortunate to be sent off. Crystal towers fell on women and children, squashing them to bits, blood spraying as they were impaled by the structures.

"You had to live, while all of them died, Kal-El."

Jor-El walked up to him and Superman found himself noticing him. Lara looked at Superman as well, with a frown on her face.

"You should have died with the rest of them, for the disappointment that you proved yourself to be," Lara responded in a crisp voice, cold and unfeeling.

"You are not worthy of this symbol and not worthy to be my son," Jor-El stated coldly as he ripped the "S" off of Superman's chest.

"Why didn't you save them, Kal-El?"

Clark turned around to see Kara standing there and she looked at him with distrustful eyes and glaring expression.

"Why didn't you save my parents?" Kara asked as she stepped forward, hurt and anger in her eyes. "Were you too busy saving a cat from a tree? Were they more important than your aunt and uncle?"

Kara smashed her fist into Clark's jaw and he dropped to the ground, blood splattering from it from the force.

"You were too late to save them, and I can never forgive you for that."

Kara slammed Superman down on the ground and she kicked him in the ribs.

"No...I didn't...I didn't...I'm sorry," Superman stated when his hands shook.

"Kara only pities you because you're weak," Harry added, looking down at Superman with disdain.

"He is quite pathetic, isn't he?" Kara asked with malice in her eyes and she kicked Superman hard below the belt, causing him to wince.

"Clark, I'm disappointed in you, I didn't raise you to be weak," Jonathan Kent replied when he showed up to back hand Clark across the face. "I didn't raise a Nancy boy of a son."

"Clark, I can't believe it, I'm ashamed to be your mother," Martha Kent responded, looking at Clark gravely.

Clark was surrounded when people blamed him for everything while Parallax continued the mind rape of him; forcing his worst fears to come to light.

In the Artic, Superman stood, eyes diluted and a yellow glow around him. Wonder Woman and
Batman stepped forward and Wonder Woman reached forward to grab Clark but Batman grabbed her hand to stop her.

"Touch him and you'll end up infected," Batman informed her and Wonder Woman stepped back, never feeling more helpless than she was now.

"Kal, if you're in there, fight it!" Wonder Woman yelled at the top of her lungs trying to get her friend and colleague to wake up but it was no use.

"Kent, snap out of it!" Batman shouted sounding more rattled then he would ever let on; he tried to activate a sonic pulse to jolt Clark out of dream land but he was dead to the world.

Back in the prison of Clark's mind Parallax created, Lex Luthor walked up to Superman and peered down at him.

"How does it feel, Kent?" Luthor asked him before he held up two hands that had Kryptonite brass knuckles and began to pummel Superman with shot after shot. Superman felt weakened by Kryptonite in his own mind, with his mind clouded, it felt real and he felt weakened, even though he had been cured.

His mind was assaulted so much and Luthor continued to pound away at him with his Kryptonite knuckles, creating welts and bruises on the face of the Man of Steel. The Justice League, both sets of Clark's parents, Kara, Harry, Jimmy, Lois, and Lana all cheered Superman's beatdown whilst they slurred his name and reputation.

"Kal-El, it was only logical that you were destined for disappointment," the voice of Brainiac remarked. "You will not be able to save yourself, all have judged you to be weak and inept to be Earth's protector."

"Wrong, you're wrong," Superman grunted but he fell to the ground and once again, he was subjected to the destruction of Krypton.

"Succumb to your deepest, most dark fears, Kal-El."

Back in the Artic, Superman, like a puppet, prepared to fly off. Wonder Woman swung her lasso and wrapped it around Superman's waist to try and hold him back. She gave a mighty tug and mist filled the rope before it touched her hands. Batman knew what happened and he was too late to stop it.

"Diana!"

Wonder Woman's eyes dilated with the same yellow aura that Superman had and both of them flew off.

Batman knew that he could not get infected. He patched into the Patronus Incorporated main frame and reported in with both the Potters and the League.

"We have a situation," Batman reported in his usual business-like manner. "Whatever anyone does, do not directly touch Superman or Wonder Woman. They are contaminated and dangerous."

"Superman and Wonder Woman under the control of that monster...that has bad news written all over it, doesn't it?" Linda responded and the collective group nodded, that was the understatement
of the century if they ever heard one. And Kara and Harry studied the energy reading that they had to come up with what they hoped to be a workable solution.

They hoped that they could find some kind of fallout plan or at least a failsafe where they would be able to shut down the entity before it spread. Harry and Kara worked together in harmony without speaking before they came up with a conclusion that they thought would benefit everyone.

"So I was thinking, Parallax's origins might be the key in how to stop him," Harry informed the group and all of them nodded, to see what he had to say. "The Phobos Totem that we destroyed back when the Scarecrow had it, tapped into similar energies that ended up creating the Dementors. A modified Patronus spell could potentially defeat the entity if we time it right."

"That would make sense," Linda agreed, using their company's name sake seemed like a sound plan.

Galatea had one fundamental flaw in that logic that she was going to point out.

"But that thing isn't going to let us defeat it," Galatea argued as she put her hands on the front of the table and rolled her hips back before she offered a long sigh. "So what do you think we should do?"

"I think we should play this one by ear and see what happens," Harry offered the entire group before throwing his head back.

There was another annoyance that presented itself in the form of everyone's favorite shock jock.

"And we continue to watch as the Justice League continues to reek their own brand of havoc, with Superman and Wonder Woman assaulting a group of civic protestors for daring to exercise their own rights. I tell you, the Justice League and especially Superman doesn't respect truth, justice, and the American way and I want a call to arms of all people to raise up to face this menace. Some might call G. Gordon someone who has cracked but look at things logically, how much as the League actually helped us?"

"Can I just fly down to whatever basement he's broadcasting from and punch him in the mouth?" Karen nearly pleaded with Harry, giving him puppy dog eyes as she did so.

"How would help us?" Linda answered, not that she blamed Karen for her desire to nail Godfrey in the jaw, that was something that was shared by her as well.

"I don't think it would but it'd make it a lot easier to think," Galatea chimed in with malicious intentions in her eyes and true enough Godfrey's borderline slanderous words against the Justice League continued to rattle through their ears.

Harry and Kara brought up all of the data that the Patronus Incorporated main frame had on Dementors and the Patronus Charm, and cross referenced it with the data that Sinestro gave them regarding Parallax.

"I trust you have a plan or are you making this up as you go along?"

Speak of the devil and he shall appear, Sinestro stood across from them and Harry and Kara simply smiled back at him, a calculating expression dancing in their eyes. It was several moments before Harry, Kara, Karen, Linda, and Galatea even made eye contact with the leader of the Sinestro Corps.

"I believe that this probe that we're going to launch will actually weaken him enough," Harry answered when he looked at the rest of the team. "And then we send him to a sector in space where
there is no life where he'll hopefully wither and die."

"A sound plan, but you're going to need an Interstellar Portal Device to accomplish such a task along with bait and someone to launch the probe," Sinestro responded, despite being twisted, he was one that thought over everything no matter what the cost.

"I can fly it in," Hal Jordan offered when he returned.

"Your lantern powers are useless up next to the entity, remember that, Jordan," Sinestro answered, watching Hal with a critical eye.

"Yeah I know, but I'm more than a pretty glowing ring," Hal responded with a shrug of his shoulders.

"And I can use my powers to confuse him," M'gann answered when she popped up seemingly out of nowhere. Then again, she posed as one of the many employees Harry had and gladly took the job Harry offered her as a chance to mingle with humanity a bit more.

"But someone needs to fly the probe directly in, someone who could take anything Superman dishes out," Sinestro added when he looked at the group.

Harry prepared to offer but he was cut off by one member of his team.

"Let me do it."

Harry spun around with an apprehensive look in his eyes when he saw the person who spoke but to be honest, he was not surprised that she offered. Given the fact she thought that she had something to prove and perhaps a bit of guilt after what happened, even if none of it was her fault. Still Harry suspected that he did attract some rather stubborn and powerful girls in his time.

"Are you sure?" Harry asked Galatea but her expression told him that she could not be surer of anything in her life.

"She sure looks sure," Karen answered with a grin on her face when she put her arm around her sister wife. Galatea relaxed against Karen's shoulder and right breast. "If you wanted me to..."

"No it has to be me," Galatea answered whilst she firmly looked at her fellow wives and then at Harry, hoping that they could get what she came from. "After what happened with Cadmus, I need to find a way to prove myself and this is a way."

"You don't have to prove anything to anyone," Harry answered to her with a firm expression on his face before he pulled her into a tight embrace. "You're just as good as the others."

Galatea leaned up and pressed her soft lips against Harry's with a sigh before she broke apart all too soon.

"I know I don't have to but I choose too," Galatea answered when she shook her head from side to side and clutched her fists tight and shut. "After Cadmus, I want to prove that my mind is my own and nothing that anyone else can enter without permission."

Harry shared that desire for her, and he hoped that she would find that to continue to be true.

In the meantime, there was no time to waste, they had to get to work on the probe and they moved together. They first had to distract, then trap, then insert, and then transport. It was a four step plan but getting Parallax to let go of Superman was going to be the hard part, Wonder Woman as well.
Kara shuddered to think what her cousin had to go through in his mind and Hermione, who remained quiet all this time, shuddered to think what Diana had to go through. They found this got personal when their own family members were drawn into this.

Diana felt herself surrounded by nothing but ice on the island that was once beautiful. The ice statue that was once her mother was prominent in the center but the other Amazons were there as well. Diana rushed forward to touch Hippolyta, but the statue broke into several crystal fragments and she was helpless to stop it from shattering into nothingness. Diana's breath hitched into herself and sure enough, they all broken.

"None of this would have happened if you never left the island."

"You're a disappointment Diana!"

The echoes moved around her and breathed into her ears but there was a faint whisper of "Diana, Diana, Diana" in her ear from someone. The whisper got more prominent and there was a scream of "none of this is real!"

Diana spun around to see a young girl with green skin and red hair standing on the island and the Amazon felt her eyes blur over.

"Diana, you got to snap out of this," M’gann responded to her in a light voice when she grabbed Diana around her raven locks to shake her free from the entity’s control.

The Martian Manhunter tried to break Superman and Wonder Woman from their prisons but he could not and in fact he had to pull out so he did not get infected by the entity at first. M'gann made sure to try a different approach, when she knew what was happening. She offered the Amazon princess a smile and words of reassurance to let her know everything would pan out as expected.

Plus the fact that her powers were much stronger than J'onn’s helped a little bit.

"It's not going to end badly Diana, trust me, nothing that happens is real, in fact, you're coming close to hurting people," M'gann offered her when she brushed Diana's hair away from her eyes. "Step back into it, face them, and..."

The ringing echoed through their mind and M'gann managed to pull Diana out of her own torment at the last possible second before Parallax grabbed a hold of her. The way she did it was not pleasant but at the same time, pleasantries were not something she could afford to worry about right now.

Diana fell to the ground, her knees banged against the sidewalk and her breathing nice and heavy but Superman was still under his thrall, breaking things with his hands to try and stop the destruction in his own mind. His eyes glowed yellow and his super breath blew out to knock the bystanders head over heels, causing them to tumble backwards.

M'gann had to go in to his mind and pull him out as well before it was too late, then they had ten seconds to launch the probe. Jordan was going to pull a risky stunt but she felt he was up for the challenge.

Superman felt the destruction of Krypton, the doubting voices over and over again and the very real pain of getting pummeled by one of his worst enemies. It was an endless loop in his mind, one that he could not break out. The same words that he feared would one day be said and there would
be even more. Krypton was destroyed again and again, and the taunting voices echoed.

"Why did you let them die?"

"You're a disappointment."

"Not worthy to wear this symbol!"

"How does it feel Kent?"

"I wish I would have left you in the cornfield!"

"You were an accident, Kal-El."

The voices echoed through his mind before than a Kryptonite enhanced punch and suddenly everything stopped. Luthor froze around him.

"Break the cycle, Kal, fight it! Nothing you see here is real."

Clark shook his head and felt a pain in his chest, as his vision blurred, half of the sight was on the rapidly decaying Krypton and the other signs were on the carnage that he caused to try to make it stop in the real world.

"No, Kal-El, this is the truth, your own guilt will be your prison," Brainiac stated but Superman stopped.

"No more, I can't take it anymore, you've broke me," Superman responded when he looked up at Brainiac with blood shot eyes.

With another motion, M'gann launched a bolt of psychic energy to rattle the force within.

'Now is the time!' M'gann thought, biting down on her lip, hoping that this would work.

Just like Wonder Woman, a rattled and dazed Superman fell out of the mental prison that Parallax constructed for him. His eyes looked bloodshot when they became undulated and his hands scraped up, he had his hand on a bumper on a car that he crushed and people backed away for him at fear, fear that Parallax could still feed on.

Fear that he could not feed on for long for it was Hal Jordan who flew in and immediately, without warning, Galatea jumped out the front of the pain towards the glowing entity that she spotted with her X-Ray vision.

"You're not going to have me, or anyone else again!" Galatea yelled when she launched the probe into the body of Parallax.

The pulse of hopeful emotions, activated remotely by the blue lantern rings filled through the monster. It was the inverse of fear and Parallax swelled up before he deflated, weaken and sealed in the probe but for how long? That was the question.

They didn't have any time to calculate the probability of how long he would be in that probe before he found a way out. Galatea picked up speed, so fast that the friction threatened to burn her clothing off but the blonde Kryptonian clone could not allow herself to be bothered by such things. She moved closer and closer, her heart beating.

Blood pumped to her as she heard the faint whisper in the entity.
"I sense your fear that you won't be able to save them in time that you'll fail."

"I sense that you won't shut up," Galatea answered when she gritted her teeth and she made her way into the main floor of the office building. Kara, Karen, Linda, and Harry stood by to wait for her arrival. "Guys, portal, now, thanks!"

The probe started to wane and the portal was open to a dimension that was devoid of all life, not one bit of emotion existed, whether positive or negative. It was nothing but rocks and more rocks, with not even a trace of plant life, nothing was there.

In other words, it was the perfect place to stash him and Galatea launched the probe into the portal.

"Close it!" Karen yelled and for a brief second they feared Parallax broke out.

The portal shut behind him with no means to return home. That dimension was chosen due to the fact that it did not have any life whatsoever so it would be the perfect place for such a monster to whither and die. The Potters exchanged pleased smiles at a job well done.

The monster was defeated and they could breathe a bit easier. While it remained to be seen whether or not the world would shift back to normal, the future seemed much brighter than they left it.

"All and all, this was a day where we came out ahead, despite not getting off on the right foot."

The Martian Manhunter stated this question back aboard the Watchtower where the original seven plus Harry, Kara, Karen, Linda, Galatea, Hermione, and M'gann stood before them. This optimistic belief was shared by two of the League members at least when Flash and Hawkgirl seemed to want to look at things in a positive light. Batman, being Batman, offered one statement that summed up who he was in a nutshell.

"We were lucky," Batman offered them without another word when he crossed his arms and the League smiled, that was who Batman was, that was what Batman did. The Dark Knight was someone who did not bring positivity to the party, rather he caused a great deal of negativity to be offered. The World's Greatest Detective knew they all thought that his words were more than paranoid but he felt they spoke the truth.

"I'd agree," Superman responded when the League was surprised by Superman's lack of optimism. "There were things that I saw in my mind...that I hoped were false but at the same time, I can't help but wonder if any of them have a kernel of truth in them."

"They were merely illusions, Kal, nothing that you saw in your mind was true and just," Kara answered, looking at her cousin with a warm smile.

'It rattled him, I think,' Galatea thought, despite his overbearing and cheesy manner, Galatea felt a small bit of respect to Superman. Then again, technically speaking, he was her cousin, kind of, in a matter of speaking.

Clones were complicated to say the very least.

Clark saw those bright blue eyes stare back at him, the same blue eyes that showed him malice just a short time ago. The Man of Steel wondered if Kara blamed him; he honestly could not blame her if she blamed him for not being able to save her parents in time. His question was on the tip of his tongue to ask her but he could not bring himself to say anything.
"Parallax is dangerous, he brings the worst out of everyone, but somehow I doubt that we have to worry about him much longer," John answered and the team all nodded, no they did not have to worry about him much longer.

Kara, Karen, Linda, Galatea, and Harry checked the Patronus Incorporated computers for any trace elements of Parallax but found he was banished. Of course, they were on their toes in case they were wrong. They left nothing to chance all of them.

"Parallax might be gone, but the fear he left behind continues to grow," M'gann responded as she watched them.

"Are you going to..."

"Pass," M'gann answered when she looked at J'onn who was surprised by her presence. "The Justice League is not something that I'm interesting in joining. There are other...things that I might be intrigued by but I don't know."

She left her words hanging in the air to allow the League to ponder the mystery. Hermione winced when she heard the radio come back to life and once again, the cutting words of Godfrey echoed through their ears. It was obvious what he was on about right now, it was another attempt of his smear campaign to take the Justice League down.

"He's got to be lead on by someone," Karen responded in deep though her eyes glowed at Godfrey's words, the same rhetoric he blasted on about how the League were threats, menaces or both.

"Don't be too sure, some people just like to stir up trouble," Harry answered when he snaked his arm around that of his wife and she sighed before she leaned towards him.

Whatever Godfrey's game was, the fear he left behind was going to grow. The seeds against the Justice League were about to grow into something more, vines of discontent so to speak. The five Potters knew this to be true and the mob mentality was a greater enemy than any enemy the League fought. The League was the convenient answer to the ills of the world, maybe not the answer that was right, but the answer that people wanted to hear.

All Godfrey did was start the fire and said fire burned out of control when it got stirred by others. The team waited for what happened next, and knew that things were going to get much worse before they got better, that much was for sure.

One crisis was averted, actually multiple crisis points were averted but the fun so to speak only just begun.

Harry and his group left Patronus Incorporated to see Neville and Luna waiting for him.

"So the danger of the stones was averted," Luna offered him with a smile before she turned to Neville. "I'm sure you wanted to deal with Astoria yourself but life doesn't work out that nicely all of the time."

While it was true that Neville would have liked to gain some revenge on Astoria for her double dealing him and tricking him, the fact of the matter was that things did not always work out that way. That was something that Neville accepted willingly and he leaned against the wall, looking in the mirror at the scars that will always be a souvenir on his face. Of course, what was deep within him was more prominent than the scars on his face.

"I'm glad that she's not out there hurting anyone," Neville answered with a sigh.
"So am I Neville, so am I," Harry responded to Neville and Harry was ready for some rest and relaxation, it was a long last few days and hopefully the insanity would taper off a bit.

Galatea waited for Harry with a wide smile on her face in the main bedroom of the Potter house. This was something that she waited a long time for. Despite the fact that the blonde got pleasure from Harry and Kara, she wanted some pleasure when her mind was clearer. Galatea wore a white robe and nothing on underneath, she didn't want to waste any time with Harry and properly bonding with her husband.

As it turned out, she did not have to wait too long. Linda popped up first dressed in a thin black robe that showcased her long shapely legs and her bust. The blonde smiled when she sat down next to Galatea and Harry arrived before them, he wore a bathrobe of his own.

"Let's not waste any time," Galatea responded as she reached forward and wrapped her arms around Harry, before she worked open his bathrobe to reveal her husband's sculpted body.

"Let's not," Harry agreed when he could tell that she was really horny and he wanted to oblige her.

"Yes, that's great," Linda answered as she untied her robe as well and Galatea dropped hers as well.

_Smut/Lemon begins._

Harry took a moment to look at two of his beauties. Galatea was a slightly younger version of Karen with her short hair, but her eyes were different. She had the same beautiful face, rosy red lips, large breasts with pink nipples, flat stomach, smooth shaved pussy, and long legs with shapely hips. Linda had longer hair, but she was beautiful and she could make her body any shape she wanted thanks to her shape shifting powers.

"Oh I want a piece of that," Galatea responded before she dropped down her knees and grabbed Harry around his throbbing pick before she stroked it slowly.

"Me too," Linda agreed when she licked Harry's head when Galatea stroked it.

Harry thought life was good when his two newest wives went to town on his throbbing rod. Galatea licked and stroked his length and Linda went down between his legs to work over his balls, licking and suckling on him. The two girls offered a long and loving kiss to his ballsac and sucked a little bit on it.

"Yes, love that," Harry breathed when both girls bathed his balls and Galatea raised into the air before Harry cupped her pussy and stroked her nice, warm folds. He stroked her clit with his fingers before he spread Galatea's pussy lips, they looked very pink and inviting, not to mention aroused with juices dripping from them. "Time to take a taste."

Harry stuck his tongue down Galatea's pussy and she put her hands on the top of Harry's head as he went down on her, licking her pussy with his tongue. Galatea spread her legs and threw her head back, while she played with her breasts with a stark moan.

"Yes, yes," Galatea whined and Harry lifted his hand up to play with her breasts to stroke them and mold them in his hands.

Linda slurped and sucked on Harry's cock before she pushed it down her throat and closed it around him tight. She applied massive suction when she went down on Harry's cock, practically inhaling it.
within her mouth. Her tight lips encased around his cock and she looked up at him, even though
Harry's eyesight was obstructed by Galatea's pussy. She watched as Harry played with Galatea's ass
and breasts.

As a result of this visual, Linda placed one finger in her pussy and pumped and out of it, while she
grabbed Harry's balls before she squeezed them and continued to go down on his member.

'Tastes so good, I love your taste,' Harry mentally stated with Galatea whilst he went down on her
pussy and licked her, before he switched to her clit and nibbled it. Then Harry turned his head
before he went back to down on her nice pussy.

'Yes, eat her, while I suck all of the cum out of you,' Linda thought to Harry.

Harry felt like this was a good prospect as he stuck his tongue deep inside Galatea's love box while
Linda made her lips softer and softer, along with wetter when she went down on his pole. Linda
threw her head back and Harry felt his cock hit the back of her throat.

'So going to cum,' Harry thought when he buried his face into Galatea's sopping pussy.

Linda understood that and sped her motions before she sucked him long and hard, making loud
suction noises when she pushed into her pussy and simulated her love button as well. The blonde
breathed in and out happily when she slurped and sucked on Harry's throbbing phallus.

Galatea's eyes glazed over and she burned her heat vision into the ceiling when she reached a
climax. Harry's touch was like fire. Her pussy clenched several times and completely soaked
Harry's face with her love juices, splashing them against his face in a heavy quantity.

This action caused Harry to shoot his cum down Linda's throat and she rode out her partner's
orgasm, while she was brought to one of her own. The cum splattered down her throat and his nuts
drained their fluids down her throat.

Linda slid back with a sigh, as did Galatea but they were not done. Harry slid back on the bed and
pulled Galatea into a kiss. Galatea straddled Harry's lap before he grabbed her breasts and groped
her. The blonde clone Kryptonian tasted herself on Harry's face and she tasted so good. She slurped
and sucked Harry's juices off of her face when Harry rested on his back.

Galatea felt her lover's erect penis scrape against the side of her stomach, teasing his cock against
her taut flesh, a lustful smile crossing her face.

"Ride me, I want to see you bounce," Harry told her and Galatea sank down onto Harry's cock with
a swift motion.

She rose up and down onto Harry's thick rod when she bounced up and down on him, their hips
clashing together. Both sets of super powerful hips met back and forth when Harry thrust up and
down deep into her, the movements speeding up.

"Yes, yes, yes!" Galatea yelled whilst she bounced up and groped her own breasts to give Harry a
show. She licked her breasts when she cupped them and continued to gyrate her hips onto Harry's
throbbing penis; she squeezed her love box tightly against him. She made sure Harry saw each and
every moment that she made.

"Oh, feels good, yes, feels great!" Harry grunted when he grabbed Linda and pushed her pussy onto
his mouth.

"YES!" Linda yelled when she felt Harry licking her sopping wet center, tasting the juices, and
then his tongue started to rattle inside her as it made a hissing sound. The blonde threw her head back and screamed for the heavens.

Galatea grinned when she continued to bounce and reached forward to grab Linda's breasts, rubbing them and playing with her standing nipples, rubbing her hands over Linda's breasts. Linda threw her head back and moaned when she rode Harry's tongue.

"Like that, how about this?" Galatea asked when she leaned forward and placed her mouth over one of Linda's nipples and sucked on them.

'So good, I can see what you're doing, suck on them like you're a nursing babe,' Harry projected to Galatea.

'Yes master,' Galatea thought to him when she latched her mouth on Linda's nipple before she rolled her tongue around it, slowly tasting and savoring the notion, licking around it and then she suckled it.

Linda felt Galatea pull her hair, suck her nipple, while Harry ate out her pussy with Parseltongue. This was a combination of sensations that increased the warmth of her body and the blonde continued to grind on Harry's face. Galatea grabbed Linda's ass as well and thrust her finger up her ass.

"Oh yes!" Linda screamed at the top of her lungs.

'So hot, both of you, so sexy,' Harry thought when he kept eating Linda's pussy, savoring her peach and feeling her orgasms get more and more intense. Linda soaked his face with juices again and again, to the point where they rolled down Harry's cheeks. 'Fuck all the cum out of me, Tea.'

'You got it lover," Galatea answered; she slammed herself down onto Harry's hips and watched Linda's eyes flush over with lust.

Harry's two newest wives double teamed in for a bit longer before Linda released her juices one more time onto his face.

"Cum in me, I want your seed in me, fucking shoot it up into this clone cunt!' Galatea yelled at the moment whilst she felt her lover tighten into her.

Harry's blast of cum was intense before he spurted his seed into Galatea's womb to splatter her. His thick, virile cum washed around her opening and it dripped out of her when she pulled off of Harry's dick.

Linda moved over to take Galatea's place, stroking Harry's back to full mast with her hands and Galatea also sampled a taste of Linda's juices off of Harry's face. She liked what she tasted on him.

"My time to get a taste of this meat," Linda answered when she straddled Harry's lap when he brushed against her opening. She felt like fire coursed through her body and Harry laid back.

"Come and fuck me, baby," Harry breathed as he grabbed Linda's tanned globes and squeezed the flesh of this beautiful angel that mounted him. The blonde sank down onto him. "Yes!"

Linda slowly gyrated herself on Harry's member and felt his cock enter her, stretching her out long and hard when she fucked him. She offered soft moans of "yes, yes, yes!"

Galatea saw her ass and after she grabbed it, she wanted a taste of it. The blonde moved over to the trunk and opened it up to pull out a huge strap on which she strapped on and she flew in the air
right above Linda on the bed. Linda was lost in the moment when she continued to ride Harry long, hard, and fast. The blonde rubbed her nipples before she paused and made eye contact with Harry.

'Do it, fuck her ass while she fucks me,' Harry mentally encouraged her and Galatea grinned.

Linda was surprised but pleased by the unexpected and welcomed intrusion with the strap on. Galatea fucked Linda from behind with the large sex toy, it felt almost as good as Harry.

"Like that bitch, keep fucking him, mm kay,' Galatea groaned as she nibbled on Linda's ear and played with her breasts.

Linda felt thrilled when both cocks filled her holes and the thrill continued when Harry and Galatea played with her breasts, rubbing them and massaging them. The double teaming action felt good and Harry activated his ring.

"Oh Harry, yes!" Galatea yelled at the top of her lungs when the Blue Lantern hands squeezed and grabbed her bouncing breasts when she sawed into the backside of Linda.

"I can feel them just as well, two nice sets of breasts, nothing better!" Harry yelled when he thrust up to meet Linda's bouncing.

The blonde screamed at the top of her lungs when Galatea plunged into her ass hole and Harry plunged into her bottom. Harry's eyes showed them subtle cues with what he desired for them to do him and it felt so good when he was in a threesome with this beautiful blondes.

"Give it to me baby!" Linda grunted when Harry pounded her pussy from below and Galatea pounded her from behind, before she slammed in and out of her, rubbing the inside of her.

The power felt rather good as the magical sex toy channeled Galatea's cum through the dildo and it splattered into Linda's ass. The cum rolled out and Galatea caught it onto her fingers. She eagerly slurped the cum off of her when she continued to push herself into Linda's rectum.

"So hot, going to cum soon, but not enough you girls do again," Harry answered when he pushed up against Linda and could tell that he hammered her pleasure spots.

Linda was lost in the desire of Harry's cock inside her, stretching the inside of her, before the blonde stretched out long and hard. She breathed heavily when both her lovers played with her breasts and her eyes flickered with each vision.

"Mine, more, mine, fuck, fuck!" Linda babbled when Harry continued to slam into her and her pussy clenched around him tightly. "Cum need it!"

"Yes, of course!" Harry grunted when Linda lubricated his prick which slid into her and with a few more thrusts, Harry had an explosive orgasm while Galatea had one of her own through the sex toy.

Linda went down with the pleasure some time later with cum flooding both of her holes but she constricted her muscles to pump every single bit out of her lovers, when they all collapsed in a pile. They were drenched in sweat and their own juices.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

Galatea, Harry, and Linda rested on the bed in each other's arms with Galatea smiling. They did not notice that Karen and Kara sat on the other end of the room, stripped naked with their juices rolling down their thighs when they watched the show.
Suddenly, Kara grabbed Galatea and pulled her into a long kiss and Karen grabbed Linda and did likewise. The four blondes made out and Harry realized that the fun was not over, in fact it was just beginning. He felt himself grow and the dance began anew.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter "Conner."
Chapter Sixty One "Conner"

Smut/Lemon Begins.

The four blonde beauties above him took turns sensually making out and running their tongues through their mouths and then they all turned around to face Harry with lustful gazes.

"Now it's time to pleasure our husband," Kara purred lustfully before she cupped Harry's balls in her soft yet strong hand. Harry felt the pleasure of her vice like grip around his nut sac.

"You know what to do," Harry grunted and Karen, Galatea, and Linda took turns licking his penis when Kara squeezed and fondled his ball sac. "Shit ladies, it feels good, so good."

"We aim to please," Galatea answered when she really ran her tongue over Harry's member, tasting it and then suckling on it.

Galatea and Kara turned before they embraced each other, their pussies rubbing together when they did so before the two blondes made out, their eyes flickering with desire when they grabbed the asses of each other tightly. The blondes really got into their actions.

On the other end, Linda and Karen did the same thing with the benefit of Harry being able to reach up and grab their breasts and slap their asses.

"Yes Harry!" Linda screamed at the top of her lungs as their husband stimulated their pleasure centers, shoving his fingers in and out of their pussies.

"More please!" Karen shrieked as Harry's hands fondled her boulder sized breasts.

"Yes, so hot," Harry moaned before Galatea took his cock in her tight little mouth and began to suck on him deeply, when Kara went between his legs and lapped up his balls. Karen and Linda added to the pleasure by taking a nipple in their mouths and suckling them when he fondled their nice tits.

They got Harry warmed up and very erect for a little bit before Karen took her turn on Harry's cock. The other three girls sighed but Karen sank down on Harry's cock.

Harry felt her tight sheath wrap around his very willing member when he instinctively reached up to grab her nice tits and Karen bounced with fury on them.

"Ride that cock!" Harry yelled as Karen continued to bounce up and down on top of him as Galatea, Linda, and Kara took turns slapping Karen's hot ass when she rose up and sank back down on his member. "Yes, that's it."

"Oh, you're cock feels so good, keep doing that," Karen breathed whilst Harry pumped his penis into her tight quim and hit her pleasure spots with intensity.

Linda took one of Karen's large breasts and Galatea took the other before they began to suck on her large eraser sized nipples. The two blondes gave the oldest in their group pleasure while they got a close up look to watch Harry's meat slip in and out of Karen's waiting lips, giving her more pleasure than ever before.
"Don't forget about me, Harry," Kara purred in his ear while she hovered above him.

"Wouldn't forget about you ever, love," Harry grunted as he fingered the pussies of Linda and Galatea in tune to thrusting up into Karen's tight box, drilling into her. He grabbed Kara's hips and pushed her pussy down onto his mouth, licking out the inside of her and tasting the wonderful juices within.

"YES!" Kara screamed out loud with a force that could be heard from miles.

'Such a nice pussy, all of you, I love my mouth, dick, and fingers in them, but now... I want more,' Harry breathed before he closed his eyes and tapped into Matrix's power of dividing himself in half.

Galatea and Linda squealed in delight when they took the second Harry and began kissing him furiously. Harry grabbed Galatea's breasts before he squeezed them and she flickered her eyes shut with the joy, she could not get enough of these actions. She could get extremely horny and extremely wet by her husband's mere touch.

"Love your touch, my husband," Galatea breathed and Harry buried his face in between Galatea's breasts when Linda wrapped her arms around Galatea from behind and kissed the back of her neck out. She summoned a dildo and aimed it with mischievous intentions in her eyes. "OH YES!"

The dildo rammed hard up Galatea's ass and Linda worked it into her, while Harry's cock slipped into Galatea's sopping folds. She gave a loud scream of pleasure as she scratched and clawed at Harry's back.

"You're a little nympho, you know that?" Harry asked Galatea as he pumped his cock into her tight pussy.

"Yes, for your cock, I love your cock, I need your cock!" Galatea screamed at the top of her lungs when Harry pushed into her from the front as Linda pushed the dildo into her ass.

"You're such a cock whore," Linda breathed in Galatea's ears when she fondled the other girl's ass cheeks.

"Yes, and proud of it," Galatea moaned at the top of her lungs.

Meanwhile with the other Harry, Karen, and Kara, they were going at it like rabbits on the bed. Karen rode Harry's cock at super speed, having cum several times. Her center was nice and slick as his cock slid in and out of her folds.

"I love this, I love this," Karen breathed and Harry conjured two blue lantern construct cocks before he stuffed them into the mouths of his two wives.

"Mmm," Kara groaned whilst she felt the energy cock fill her mouth with the delight. When Harry came, it was going to be in her mouth as well as Karen's pussy.

'Yes, Harry, eat me out with your tongue,' Kara thought to Harry while his tongue continued to lick the inside of her pussy and Harry's tongue rattled in her. 'Oh, fuck, that never gets old.'

'Yeah... felt your orgasm from over here,' Galatea thought in a labored manner before Harry and Linda double teamed her much to her delight. She also felt everything that the other wives felt, every pleasure, and her body felt that it was on fire.

Harry felt everything his other self felt along with his wives and knew that a long time later, he was
at his edge, at his orgasm, before his balls sized up.

'Harry, fill me up with your seed, I need it in my womb!' Karen thought in a labored manner when she looked up at Harry with dirty eyes while she sucked the "cock" in her mouth.

Harry's balls tightened and he came hard in her pussy. Karen screamed out loud when she felt the pleasure, and the other wives felt the same thing. They saw a bright white light when the pleasure in their minds and sexual organs exploded.

Karen slid back as Harry's cock deflated. Kara wanted her turn however, and she slid over, with Karen smashing her tits around Harry's cock.

"Oh, such a pleasure," Harry groaned as Karen rubbed her tits up and down to pleasure his penis, stroking him with the massive fleshy globes that she had attached to her hot body. "Oh yes!"

Galatea, Kara, and Linda took turns sucking and licking on Harry's cock before it was back to full mast. Still despite that, Karen gave Harry a few more tugs with her breasts, she loved it when Harry tit fucked her, her massive breasts around his huge rock hard cock was a natural fit.

Harry was rather rock hard as Kara slipped his member into her pussy, pushing down and their hips clashed together in the passion.

"Love this pussy!" Harry screamed as Kara rode him like the mad woman that she was and Galatea, Linda, and Karen played with each other for his benefit, stroking their pussies, spanking their hot asses, and squeezing their supple fleshy globes.

"This pussy...yes...loves...fuck Harry...you!" Kara moaned whilst she bounced up and down on Harry, squeezing him nice and hard with her pussy. Her inner muscles squeezed his throbbing prick.

The blonde Kryptonian felt the only cock she'd ever allow touch her in her and watched the other three wives pleasure each other, they were so hot playing with each other.

Harry grunted when he reached up to play with Kara's sweaty breasts while he rolled his thumbs over her nipples and the pleasure coursed through both of their bodies. He thought that they were getting stronger with each bonding as Kara squeezed him when her powerful orgasm rattled her being, her tight quim wrapped around Harry's throbbing prick.

"Yes, yes, fuck me!" Kara yelled as she gyrated her shapely hips on Harry's cock before she sank back down and it buried deep into her.

Harry was balls deep into his Alpha and he loved the experience, his cock thrust up into her, their strokes met with fury, and the glow surrounding each other.

"Yes, yes, yes!" Kara breathed with each orgasm coursing through her, her mind lost to the pleasure that was given, and Karen, Linda, and Galatea continued to play with each other, fingerling each other, and making out.

They felt Kara's pleasure as Harry gave it to her, and Harry and Kara felt the pleasure that they got from their pleasure so it was a huge cycle of pleasure.

After a time, the dance drew to a close, but Kara milked it out as long as she could by riding Harry's cock slowly for a little bit but Harry grabbed her hips and pulled her down on him.

"I'm going to cum now, squeeze me tight!" Harry yelled at the top of his lungs.
Kara sped up her motions at super speed when their hips clashed together with the two firing back and forth until Harry's balls tightened and he flooded her pussy with a heavy stream of cum.

All five Potters collapsed covered in sweat and sexual fluids, feeling content with what transpired.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

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A snow storm kicked up in Metropolis that threatened to cover the city streets with inches and inches of snow. They were calling for three feet of snow and anyone who wanted to drive better do so before it was too late because they would be trapped in the city for the holiday season. There was nothing but the white stuff all around as Christmas rapidly approached. It was almost around the corner as everyone prepared for the holiday season at hand and thought about the joyous pride that the season offered.

Of course, after everything that happened, Harry didn't really think too much about the Christmas Season, in fact he barely thought about it. Last year, Harry and Kara took care of the holiday festivities for their friends and family but this year, a few days before Christmas, it got pushed to the back burner because everything that was happening in their lives. They were sure they could cobble something together at the last minute but it would be a hard sell to do.

"You know, most people take a break around this time a year."

Kara and Harry spun around from the work they were doing to see Hermione standing in the doorway with a smile on her face when she surveyed her two friends. The other Potters were busy checking in at other outposts, leaving Harry and Kara alone at the Patronus Incorporated in Metropolis. Business was booming for them but they still felt the need to go over a few things. Harry waved for Hermione to invite her in and Hermione happily entered the room before she sat down.

"So after everything that's happened, how are you doing?" Hermione asked Harry with a smile when she sat down.

As of late Hermione was going through a crisis of identity but she decided to keep that quiet from Harry.

The Hermione parts of her personality; well they still thought of Harry as her brother and thus had only platonic feelings for him. One might argue that she might be in denial but that was her story and she stuck to it.

The Donna Troy parts of her personality, well they thought of Harry as something else. It was confusing and gave her a headache.

"We're recovering from everything, I wish the League's reputation would do the same," Harry answered Hermione and Hermione responded with a nod.

She knew where Harry was coming from, the fact of the matter was that Godfrey really laid into the Justice League and now he took some shots at the United States Government for lying down and taking what the Justice League had. Godfrey was one of those people who had a face that Hermione thought was extremely punchable. She knew she should likely take this in stride as Godfrey was trying to start trouble; he was like a male version of Skeeter in many ways but he made it hard to ignore him.

"The problem is Godfrey is saying the things that people want to hear," Kara answered with a sigh
and because of that, Harry reached over to place his hand on Kara's to offer her comfort. The blonde relaxed when her husband's grip tightened around her hand. "Parallax is gone but he's kept the fear alive and well."

"You should hear Diana talk about him," Hermione responded as she shook her head.

"I overheard her the other day," Harry answered as he looked at his best friend with a smile. "Your sister has quite the mouth on her, all things considered. I didn't know she knew some of those words."

"Even Flash struggled something nice about Godfrey," Kara added, and really when the Flash couldn't be cheerful because of something, that meant that they were an irredeemable bastard.

The buzzing of the intercom came to life and Harry figured that it would be something. The young wizard pressed a button and he heard Lana on the other end.

"Harry, Amanda Waller is here...she wants to discuss something important with you," Lana stated, she sounded a bit annoyed by playing the messenger and she was not a big fan of Waller after the role she played in the Cadmus mess, which lead to the slandering of the League which included her best friend.

"What's Waller doing here?" Kara asked, Waller was not her favorite person after all that's happened with Cadmus and she clutched her fists.

"Say what you want about Waller, but she has real brass balls by coming here," Harry answered and Hermione offered a grimace.

"That's not something that I wanted to envision," Hermione responded but the three of them made their way downstairs to see if they could find out what the woman wanted.

Amanda Waller stood there, surrounded by six armed guards, which were there to make sure she did not run off and not for her protection. She helped the President and the rest of the government go through the various files that Cadmus had, uncovering the secret projects that Cadmus was undertaking. Most of them were looking at various diseases and how to weaponize them and also cure them. That research was something that the United States Government was interested and confiscated.

Waller's eyes snapped towards the trio of Supergirl, Wonder Girl, and Arcane when they made their way down the steps. She knew this was going to be an awkward meeting and potentially one of the last things, if not the last thing that Waller ever did. However, they had to know about what happened, and Waller was not happy what Luthor did. This project Superboy was not on the Cadmus books officially and was one hundred percent unauthorized.

The government would be interested in weaponizing this and Waller knew that this was something that they could not fathom what they were doing. In fact, the government tended to get in over their heads a lot and Waller counted herself in that mess. She learned her lesson, she hoped that others would learn their lesson too. Otherwise, the American people would have much bigger problems than the Justice League.

Waller also wanted to shut up Godfrey because he was doing more harm than good but the little thing called "freedom of speech" allowed him to spout his drivel. As long as the League did not take legal action, he could go on, and to take Godfrey to court, would mean that the League would have to reveal their secret identities as a public record.
Something told Waller that was a step they did not want to take.

"You wanted to see us, Waller?"

Waller heard the voice of Harry Potter as he turned up with Supergirl and Wonder girl.

"Mr. Potter," Waller answered in a crisp voice when she took a step forward and offered a hand to shake but Harry did not take it. She should have suspected after all that what happened, so she quickly and gracefully withdrew her hand. "Given all that has happened between us, I'm sure I'm the last person that you expected turning up at your door for help."

"Yes, but tell me why you're here," Harry answered as Kara and Hermione stood next to him, the trio did not take their eyes off of Waller at all.

'I don't trust her at all,' Kara thought to Harry.

'I don't either, but she wouldn't put her neck in a noose by coming here without a good reason,' Harry thought back to Kara, waiting for the other shoe to drop.

"I've uncovered this project of Luthor's and I think when you look at it, we can both agree that it would be a disaster if the United States Government tried to grab this project as a weapon," Waller responded before she handed a folder to Harry who snatched it.

Harry had nothing but a sour expression on his face when he read this paper. When Waller came to him for help, this was among the last things he suspected to find with her. He handed it to Kara, who read over it as well and she drew in her breath, inhaling and exhaling.

"Great Rao," Kara breathed as she saw the details of the project. "We're going to have to get together a team and..."

"We'll go in, don't worry about it," Harry answered as he turned to Waller, raising an eyebrow. "Is there anything about Cadmus security protocols that you need to tell me?"

Waller proceeded to enlighten Harry on that nasty little fact and he took in all of the details that he could. They needed to get in and grab this Project Superboy before the government got their mits on him. If Harry's hunch was right, it would not be a good thing if they tried to weaponize this project with the potential power set that he had.

The state that they would find him in, well that would be another thing entirely.

Harry assembled his team to go down into what amounted to a secret lab underneath a secret lab. Harry and his wives lead the charge, with Hermione behind them. Luna and Neville popped up to give their input, and Artemis, Miss Martian, Batgirl, and Robin walked down the tunnels as well.

"Kind of the place that gives you the creeps, isn't it?" Robin asked but Luna shook her head.

"What's down here tends to put the fear in the hearts of most men and women," Luna offered before Neville responded by shaking his head.

"So we better stay focused."

"Pretty much, yes," Luna agreed cheerfully.

'I'm sensing a thought pattern that was like mine,' Galatea thought as she leaned up against Harry, edging swiftly down the tunnel. 'So Lex...succeeded in cloning Kal-El.'
'It seems that way...and wow what a way to do it,' Kara thought as she made her way down the long and curved tunnels and used her X-Ray vision to see through the walls or try to. 'Lead of course.'

'No sweat any more,' Linda responded with a grin; she stepped forward to transfigure the lead into a different substance that they could see through.

'We're getting close, I can feel it,' Harry thought to his wives, preparing to head further down the tunnel.

They stopped at a large set of doors and Artemis looked over her shoulder towards them.

"May I do the honors?"

Harry smiled back at the young archer. "Be my guest."

Artemis gritted her teeth before she took a step back and took careful aim. Her perfect eye hand coordination was great for aiming and shooting an arrow and that's what she did, blasting the lock on the door. Everyone stood back and the door blew open to reveal a secondary lab area.

"It's like something out of the twilight zone," Robin commented and Miss Martian stopped.

'What is it, M'gann?' Harry projected through to her.

'I hear thoughts, and none of them are happy, they're feral, confused,' M'gann responded before she turned to the group and spoke out loud. "Everyone better watch their step, there's something in there...and it's not the welcome wagon either."

Galatea was the one that took a step forward, she had no idea how she knew the right way to go, she knew, that's all that there was to it. Perhaps Galatea retained many more memories than she thought but at this moment she stepped forward into the light to manipulate the latch on the door, twisting it.

Smoke and mist poured from the door and Harry and Kara took a moment to siphon it away before they could choke on the stuff. They shivered a little bit and sure enough it was about around the area where Waller indicated that it would. The Project was encased in a pod in stasis fluid and his eyes were shut for now.

'Sweet merciful Rao,' Kara thought as she whistled so ever long that she looked at the subject in the pod.

It was uncanny how much he resembled her cousin, in fact there very few differences, subtle as they might turn out to be. His face and hair were exactly the same to the point where he could have passed for a younger Clark Kent around fourteen or fifteen years old. There was a moment where Kara ran her hand over the latch of the door and saw the white top with the silver "S" on it and the black pants he wore.

"Well, we might as well open it up," Harry offered to his wife as he looked over his shoulder.

Everyone interpreted that look to stand back and hope that things would not go south in a hurry. The group stood around with Harry twisting on the knob and the front of the pod opened.

"Don't make any sudden movements, it might startle him," M'gann remarked to them in a soft voice and they all nodded to wait when the pod opened and the fluid that submerged him in stasis, ready for Lex's sadistic experiment to swap minds that never occurred.
The young Kryptonian/human hybrid in the pod stepped out, his eyes widened when he looked at the entire group, they waited for his reaction, whether it be good or bad.

"Don't be alarmed, we're here to help you," Luna offered in a pacifying voice.

The Project Superboy clone was not pacified; in fact he dove out towards them. Kara, quicker than he was, blocked Superboy from lashing out at the group. Superboy and Kara struggled for positioning with this attempt to pacify the situation breaking down in a hurry.

"I think...things have degenerated," Harry managed as he let out his breath.

"His mind, his body, all of it," M'Gann answered as Kara was pushed back but Harry rushed in to catch her.

"Stand back," Artemis answered before she pulled out an arrow and shot at Superboy to momentarily overwhelm his senses.

She figured if that arrow was designed to take out Superman, than taking out Superboy or whatever this clone was called would be no sweat at all. Superboy swung his arms around and screamed out in agony before Harry, Kara, Galatea, Linda, and Karen hit him with stunning spells at the same time. It took three different barrages before he was dropped to his knees, before M'Gann implanted a mental suggestion into his head. His knees buckled.

'Sleep, don't worry, everything will be okay,' M'Gann stated to him and Superboy dropped to the ground when the entire group turned to look at her. She shrugged. "It's a Martian thing."

"I can see that," Harry responded as he looked down and watched Superboy on the ground but it would be a while before he woke back up.

"He got put through the ringer, didn't he?" Batgirl asked when she looked at them all.

Harry did not respond to anything at that moment rather he looked down at the fallen body of Superboy when his fingers twitched on the ground. Superboy was not completely out but he was out mostly enough to remove him from the premises, at least Harry hoped so.

"Luthor didn't perfect the cloning process as much as he thought he did," Karen answered, performing a few basic scans on him as she talked. "We better stabilize him before we get him back to Patronus."

They all nodded when they took steps to get the Project Superboy back before he was wrapped up and transported back. Kara decided to be the one to give her cousin the news, it seemed like she always gave him bad news.

"Hey, Kal, there's something else we found out," Kara answered with a sigh before she closed her eyes and threw her head back, biting down her lip before she shook her head around. "Yeah I know you're...recovering about everything that happened, but don't worry, anything you saw in there, it's not something that you should worry about."

Kara could tell that Clark was beating himself on the inside for whatever Parallax showed him to damage his mind and use him as a vessel to spread the fear. However, her cousin needed to understand that there were some things that were beyond his control and that was just the way how things were. There were times where someone needed to pick themselves back up and go again.

"Just please try and get there as soon as you can, you need to deal with this, I know it's kind of being thrown in your lap but I'll explain everything that you need to know."
Needless to say, Superman was thrown for a loop about the bit of news that Kara gave him and he leaned back, trying to figure out what was happening. Lois tagged along for the ride as her eyes narrowed at the thought when she tried to reconcile it in her mind.

"So Lex made a clone of Clark and himself, which in all ways was their son," Lois answered when Clark shuddered at the implications. Lois slapped her fist to her palm. "I knew it!"

"You knew Lex was going to make another clone?" Clark asked in confusion before Lois shook her head.

"No, I knew that all of these schemes were a weird attempt to get in your pants, Lex did have a lot of issues, he was more obsessed with you than is healthy."

Clark raised an eyebrow before he turned around to face Lois with half smirk and half grimace.

"You're telling me."

Lois paused, before she added the other thought popped into her mind. "So congratulations, Smallville, you're a mother."

"Wait, why do I have to be the mother?" Clark asked and Lois offered him a smile.

"Because, do you think that with Lex's ego, he's going to want to be the woman in the relationship," Lois stated as she patted Clark on the head.

Karen poked her head out of the lab before she sighed in thought and floated over to talk to Kara. The two Blonde Kryptonians locked eyes and hands as well before Karen informed Kara, Clark, and Lois about the process of what was going on in the other room.

"Superboy...he's stabilized and hopefully he's not far gone where we can fix him where he can function in society," Karen answered, hating to voice the possibility that Luthor's DNA could potentially corrupt the young clone's mind forever. She wanted to keep an optimistic opinion and a few thoughts before she turned around. "Maybe in a little bit, you'll see him, Harry will work his magic and all will turn out well."

"If anyone can figure out how to make this work, Harry can," Galatea answered with a confident expression as she stepped forward and stood next to her two fellow wives. Galatea relaxed against them as she waited for the diagnosis to be given.

Galatea thought about how she was conditioned to be a weapon, how Cadmus did everything in their power to make sure she fell into line. Despite that fact, Galatea broke free through her conditioning and made her own destiny, it was not easy but she did it. The blonde Kryptonian smiled at the thought of her overcoming their brainwashing and she folded her arms over her chest before she thought about every single moment she shared with Harry so far. Her bond with him gave the blonde some needed strength to push herself to the next level.

She shuddered to think what her fate might have been if she did not break free from the conditioning that Cadmus gave her but it was not good. Harry gave her a chance to live life that she would not have received before and she would be grateful for it.

Karen and Kara nodded and Linda popped out of the door to give an update to the group that was assembled on the outside.

"Should I take it from the smile on your face that what you have to tell us is good news?" Lois remarked as she eyed the group of Potters.
"Depends on what you consider good news," Linda offered, giving a statement that made Lois and Clark wonder what she had up her sleeve. The blonde Kryptonian did not leave them hanging for all that long and she reported what she had for them. "The physical degeneration process is stabilized and now Harry has to work on the mind."

"His mind was never meant to be stable, so let's hope that we can get it back to where it should be," Kara offered as she cupped her chin in her hands and stroked her hair back.

"M'gann and Harry are trying the best they can but these things take time," Linda responded when she ducked her head back in to take a good long look at what they were doing.

Clark knew that he had to take responsibility for this double of him, it was the right thing to do but Harry and Kara seemed to want to help with everything, which eased his burden. It was something that Clark was grateful for. This was not a battle that they could do alone.

"He's been aged up until the age of fourteen and given an education that was equivalent to that," Karen informed Clark to pull him out of his musings and the Last Son of Krypton leaned back with Lois putting a hand on his elbow.

"At least we know what his development is," Lois offered, but her mind did wander to something else that she was chomping on the bit for.

She would be getting some face to face time with Mr. Godfrey after the New Year for a little point counterpoint about his recent slanders of the Superheroes. Lois made sure to go in with both guns loaded so she could tear down his arguments with counterpoints of her own. Clark warned Lois not to get into too much trouble but Lois scoffed at that thought from her boyfriend.

Since when did she ever get in trouble?

Okay she might have gotten in trouble a few times but nobody's perfect.

All they could do was wait when the clock ticked down one moment at a time and Clark felt himself grow more on pins and needles. He was sure less than an hour passed since he arrived at Patronus but at the same time it lasted even longer when the time passed. The last son of Krypton waited for that moment in time where he would find out what the status of his clone was, for better or for worse.

'Good news everyone,' M'gann projected to them all mentally which caught Clark off guard and made Lois jump in the air. 'I think that the repairing of his mind is a success mostly. Other than some anger issues he has, but...that's more based on what he is, then anything else.'

'Do you want me to talk to him?' Clark thought to M'gann and she paused before she nodded.

'That would be for the best, he'll want to see you,' M'gann thought back to him.

Clark knew that part of being Superman was manning up and taking responsibility for certain things. He knew of the potential anger issues that came along with growing into super powers, he knew all about them given what he experienced.

He entered the room and he saw Superboy on the bed, his head wrapped up and his expression calm.

'Harry used a calming spell on him,' M'gann informed Clark when he seemed to question his calm and tranquil state. 'He'll...be mostly fine.'
"I know who you are," Superboy spoke for the first time when he looked at Clark with a crisp and cool expression in his eyes.

"I'm glad," Clark stated as he looked at Superboy, the tension could be cut with a knife between the two of them, neither really knew what to say. They were the same but different.

M'gann, Harry, and Linda exchanged a tense expression, things were going to be awkward and in fact, the tension was thick that they almost choked on it. Clark and Superboy stared each other down, neither wanting to speak about what happened.

"What is my purpose?" Superboy asked quietly as he stared Superman down and the two continued to maintain the staring contest.

"You ask a deep question," Superman responded trying to shake his head. "After all of this time, I'm still trying to figure out what I'm doing here."

It was true, despite all of the times where Superman saved the day, all of the times he pulled people out of the fire, the Man of Steel had doubts about where he would belong. The Man of Steel narrowed his eyes when he looked back at his younger duplicate before he offered him words like his father might have offered him had the situation been reversed. Superman thought that he picked up something from Jonathan Kent over the years, hell he thought he picked up a lot of something.

"It's down to you to find the purpose in life but I think that you'll find that it's easier to relate to people when you try and blend in," Clark continued as he spoke to Superboy. "There's a place where you can stay that will allow you to find a way to blend in."

Superboy gave an anxious expression towards Clark but he decided to trust in him and hope that he knew what was for the best.

The Kents were glad that Clark phoned ahead about the circumstances because they needed a moment to reconcile what happened in their minds. They were also surprised how close they came to certain doom in their home town and to think that Lex Luthor set up shop underneath their noses. It was a lot to swallow.

The hospital released Jonathan just in time for Christmas, something that the Kents were glad about. Granted, they had to essentially black mail Jonathan to make sure he took it easy and he was up on his feet, looking out the window but a narrowed eyed expression from his wife prompted him to sit down.

Martha did not want to go through the horror of her husband going down like that ever again, that was honestly too much for her to handle. Had it not been for that Galatea girl, they would not be around to argue about Jonathan not taking it easy. Thanks to her divine intervention, Martha felt blessed on this holiday season, with two days before Christmas and the snow coming down.

She understood that Harry and Kara might not be able to handle the Christmas festivities this year thanks to all that had been going on. Martha heard snippets of it on the news and could tell those two had a full plate, actually that entire clan had a full plate. Martha hoped that they would take it easy, Clark as well, after all that happened, they could all use some downtime and relax after the last few months. At least that's what her hope was but Martha knew better than anyone else that sometimes things were easier said than done.

It was a hope she hung onto during this holiday season when she heard the noise up of the driveway and she spun around.
"I told you they'd be here before too long, Jonathan."

Jonathan responded with a light shrug of his shoulders before the entire crew arrived at the front door steps of the Kent Farm, with Harry, Karen, Kara, Galatea, and Linda all leading the charge. Then Lois and Clark followed them, pushing through the snow before they tried to find their way in. Then Luna, Neville, Artemis, Barbara, Tim, and M'gann followed them, with the young man who they found it was Clark's son/brother/clone, it was hard to really tell.

"Well if this isn't a pleasant surprise," Jonathan responded as he looked forward to see the entire group waiting there on the door step.

"We did phone ahead, didn't we?" Kara asked and Jonathan and Martha smiled before they allowed the entire group to move inside when introductions were made for the people that the Kents aren't that familiar with.

"Glad to see you back on your feet, Dad," Clark remarked when he looked at the older man.

"After dealing with your puberty and teen angst, I don't think that a heart attack is going to keep me down for very long," Jonathan answered in a good-natured tone of voice.

"Well as long as he listens to the doctors, then he should be fine," Martha answered when the group made their way into the dining room. Thanks to the magic of magic, Harry managed to adjust it so everyone fit.

"Don't worry, I'll put it back when we're done," Harry answered but the Kents shrugged off his words, they were not all too bothered with it.

"That looks nice," M'gann offered with a bright smile as she sat down at the table.

"Tastes even better," Kara answered with a smile, M'gann didn't know what kind of treat she was in for but she would soon get to experience one of the wonders of the Planet Earth, Martha Kent's cooking.

Kara smiled when she thought about that, sitting down next to Harry on one end and Galatea took the seat on the other end, with Karen sitting to the left of Galatea and Linda setting to the right of Kara. Tim, Barbara, and Artemis took a seat at the table on the other side. With Hermione, Neville, Luna sitting in a row, and M'gann, Superboy, Lois, and Clark sitting down in a row. The Kents managed to find room to squeeze in.

"Hey, you made food and you didn't invite me."

Wally West zipped in out of nowhere and helped himself to the food at the table, with Tonks following him with an exasperated expression on her face.

"Wally, one of these days, I swear you're going to choke," Tonks answered as she shook her head.

"Hey, you can just give me mouth to mouth if I did," Wally answered with a grin but Tonks shook her head once again.

"Trust me, with all the spells I know, I'll find something less pleasant than mouth to mouth to stop you from choking."

Clark leaned over towards Superboy before he spoke to him.

"If you'd like, you can stay on the farm," Clark answered and Jonathan nodded.
"You're welcome here, you're family, and I appreciate the help," Jonathan added to the younger version of his son. "Especially considering the doctors have benched me. The farm doesn't run itself after all."

"I'd like that," Superboy responded but it was Luna, as Luna tended to do, who brought up a completely valid point.

"Well if he's going to start school, won't he have to have a name, like a secret identity or something?" Luna asked in a dreamy tone of voice. "I mean, people would wonder if he's called Superboy, and you know how kids can be cruel."

That was an all too unfortunate point that all of them agreed about and the group exchanged a tense expression before they racked over their minds.

"I've always like the name, Conner," Hermione chimed in with a smile.

"I'll second that vote," M'gann added.

"Conner Kent, that does roll off the tongue," Lois chimed in when she mulled it over in her minds. "Nice and alliterative, I like it."

"And for a Kryptonian name if you ever go public as a hero, how about Kon-El?" Clark offered and Conner thought about it before he nodded.

"Conner Kent, Kon-El...but I wish I could come up with a better name than Superboy," Conner responded as he looked at them but Luna smiled back at him.

"I'm afraid that Spanner's already been adopted by me," Luna answered which caused Artemis, Tim, and Barbara to snicker.

"I'll have to live," Conner answered dryly when he put his hands on the table and enjoyed his first real meal compliments of the Kents.

"Yeah, I'd advise you eat something before Wally inhales all the food," Tonks answered before she smacked him lightly on the knuckles with a smile.

Galatea, Karen, Kara, Linda, and Harry laughed when they enjoyed a nice dinner with family and friends when snow came down over Smallville. It looked like a Christmas card out there and the winds blew but they were inside the warmth and that was all that mattered.

The day was reaching fast for the Ministry of Magic election and Sirius Black waited on pins and needles for what was about to happen between him and Lucius Malfoy. Sirius expected Lucius to pull some dirty trick out of his hat at the last moment to get his grubby little hands on the position of the Minister of Magic but there was nothing that happened quite yet. This fact made Sirius anxious on pins and needles when he crossed his hands over the table.

"Galleon for your thoughts, Padfoot."

"Do you want me to keep the change or not, Moony old boy?" Sirius asked as he saw Remus pop up and smiled. "This is it, the election's are after the first of the year."

"Hermione created you a rock solid campaign and Lucius's campaign is built on establishing the status quo," Remus responded thoughtfully. "You know, we might actually have a chance of winning this thing, after all that's happened. From the Prisoner of Azkaban to Minister, that's quite
"When the book closes on my life, it will be," Sirius answered when he looked up into the sky and pondered every little matter. He turned back around to face Remus. "I don't know what might be worse, if Malfoy wins or if he loses. He's going to be insufferable either way."

Sirius half expected Malfoy to do that under handed tactic.

"Running for public office ages you, so the Muggles say," Remus offered as Sirius's eyes turned towards him, wide eyed. "And being in public office ages you even more."

"As if Azkaban hasn't done a bad enough job on me," Sirius responded as he folded his hands over the table and rocked back before he twirled his hands through his hair.

Nerves got to the best of people and they got to Sirius.

The thing that actually shook him the most was that there was a chance that somehow, someway, Sirius Black could actually become Minister of Magic. Getting to the top was the easy part, as Hermione reminded him, it was not getting knocked off when he was there that was the problem. The Black heir held the latest polls in his hand and a picture was worth a thousand words.

He was winning.

There was no question about it, Sirius found himself flummoxed when he read those returns. He could not believe it but it was true, he was winning. The Ministry election could be in the palm of his hand and he turned it over a few times, thinking about what could happen.

Sirius Black could pull this one off.

"What if I do win Moony?" Sirius asked; he turned to Remus after a moment's thought and raised an eyebrow.

"Merlin have mercy us all," Remus offered in a joking voice which Sirius gave him a mocking glare for. "No seriously, Sirius, if you win, then we'll be a lot better off if Lucius Malfoy got his mits on the Ministry of Magic office."

Sirius conceded that point was true, to be honest, he never really gave more of a serious thought to everything regarding the Ministry of Magic office until now. What if he won, what if he won indeed? That was a consideration that Sirius mulled over in his mind and took several moments to figure out everything.

"I won't say that I've got this one in the bag, Moony, but damn if it isn't close," Sirius answered after he looked over at the latest poll results, the numbers of how far ahead he jumped ahead of Lucius Malfoy was there.

Polls were not an accurate means of determining the results for an election.

The election was not over until the final vote was counted, and Sirius reminded himself of a truth, polls were one thing, actually winning this election was another thing all together. Lucius was not out of the race now, oh no, he was far from out of the race. He still had the potential to pull some dirty trick out of his hat to really cut Sirius's chances off at the knees.

Sirius Black, Minister of Magic, could it happen?

Maybe it could happen.
Should it happen?

Sirius knew that there would be many people who would run for the hills if that happened. Snape in particular will roll over in his grave Sirius was sure when Sirius even ran.

Was Sirius almost looking forward to it?

Another question that would only be determined in time but things looked bright for Sirius Black.

The final leg of the election was coming up in the New Year, let the games begin.

What if he did win?

Even the thought of Sirius Black becoming Minister scared Sirius Black.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter "Election Day."
Chapter Sixty Two: Election.

"One way or another, it will be over after today."

That was the statement that Sirius Black stated when the Ministry of Magic election drew to a close and he sat down at the table with a long sigh, when the voters went in, pretty soon the future of the Wizarding World would be in the hands of one of many people. Lucius Malfoy and Sirius Black seemed to be the two odds on favorites but that never meant anything in an election. It was not over until the final vote was counted and until that final ballot found its way into consideration, they were not going to expect anything to be over.

All Sirius considered himself with was the fact that he could do his part to keep the power of the Ministry of Magic to falling into the hands of Lucius Malfoy. Sirius didn't care who the Ministry was, even if it wasn't him, as long as it was not Malfoy, and that was a fact that he reminded himself of. There was no need to go over what was happening, Sirius knew of the doom that would await them if Malfoy got his hands on the Ministry of Magic position.

Hermione waited on pins and needles, it had been a tense few months and there were whispers that there would be a mass write in campaign to get Harry into the role of the Minister of Magic. Given that all Harry had to do and the fact that he didn't want to touch the country of Wizarding Britain with a thirty nine and a half foot pole that would be an utter nightmare if Harry got in the office. Hermione actually crossed her fingers and rooted against her best friend, hoping this write in campaign was a nasty rumor.

Of course, there was one person that they all agreed would be a bad idea to get his hands on the Ministry position and with each vote, Hermione twitched, she was nervous.

"So do you think I got this one in the bag?" Sirius asked as he leaned over towards Hermione.

Hermione wondered if Sirius had this one in the bag, that was a good question and one that Hermione did not have the answer to. Of course, the fact of the matter was that as long as Malfoy did not win, everything would work out according to plan.

"I almost sit here, expecting something to happen," Sirius responded before Hermione's face contorted into a stern glare that McGonagall would be proud of when she stared Sirius down.

"Please do not joke about something like that," Hermione responded when she leaned back on the chair and looked up, the time for talk was done, it was do or die.

To be honest, Hermione was surprised that no one popped up to try something.

A loud crash echoed from above and people screamed when Hermione peered over her shoulder, giving a little wince at the thought. As it turned out, fate was tempted and it decided to be an utter bitch when she turned out, in a black cloak and mask by the sounds of things. Hermione's eyes blinked when she drew in a deep breath before this woman offered a grizzly proclamation.

"I'm here to make sure that a grave injustice does not happen!" the woman bellowed as she sent people running for cover when she blasted fire from her hands. She practically snarled and seemed beyond all reason or sanity. "I'm going to take down Sirius Black once and for all!"

Sirius wondered what he done to this person, although to be honest, there were a lot of people he
pranked back in the day at Hogwarts and many of them did not have a sense of humor. He wondered if this particular person took a dose of the vengeance pills before heading out to the polls and decided to pop him off.

"Whatever it is, I don't suppose saying that I'm sorry is going to help," Sirius managed but then the blast of light shot out and Sirius winced when the impact barely missed him. "Yeah, I thought not."

The woman overturned a table and Hermione prepared to fight her, no matter what the cost was.

"Look why don't you..."

The woman gave a primal yell of rage and a purple light was sent at Hermione. Hermione, remembering what this particular spell did the last time, dodged it. The crazed woman rushed Hermione but Hermione blocked the attack and threw her to the ground.

"Look you psycho bitch, what in the hell is your problem?" Hermione demanded in a fierce voice as security was sent for but the woman went right for Sirius like it was no one's business.

The woman rushed Sirius and tried to blow through him with ballistic fury, but Hermione threw herself in front of Sirius.

Several spikes shot through her defenses and speared her in the stomach, causing Hermione to drop to the ground, blood splattering from her stomach. She coughed blood and twitched her fingers grew numb.

'Great, I'm going to die again,' Hermione thought in a hazed manner before she rolled over and looked up, her chest congesting with the blood splattering from her mouth.

A crimson blur shot it and knocked the woman away but before the Flash could grab her, the woman disappeared away in an instance. The Fastest Man Alive stood on his feet and looked around completely baffled. His feet might have been fast but there were times where his mind slowed down because of instances like this. He shook off the cobwebs and tried to ask the one question that they were sure that they wanted an answer to.

"Who was that woman?"

Tonks showed up on the scene as everyone was crowding around and the Healers were there but Hermione twitched her hand, when she felt the burning sensation going through her stomach. That magic was dark whatever shot her.

"I don't know, but we'll worry about that later, and I'm sure Harry'll want to know about this," Tonks responded as her head inclined down to look at Hermione who looked in pretty bad shape.

Hermione coughed a little bit, causing blood to fill her throat and she could not move.

"Do you have any ideas, Mr. Black?"

"Many, but I wouldn't want to point the fingers," Sirius answered as he looked around but the woman, whoever she was was gone as he made sure Hermione got out of there safely. He really hoped that Harry would not remove his head and mount it on his office wall because that was the hit that Hermione took for him.

"Do you think Malfoy was behind it?"

Sirius considered the point but while Malfoy was sneaky and underhanded, there was something
about this attack that didn't seem to be very Lucius Malfoy. The more he thought about it, if Malfoy wanted him dead, he'd poison him or send him a cursed letter or something sneaky, not make the attack so public.

He wouldn't make a public spectacle on election day but there were many people pointing the blame at Lucius Malfoy, which made Sirius wonder if he would garner some sympathy votes based on what happened. Not that mattered after what occurred.

Sirius tapped his fingers and waited, hopefully the news regarding Hermione would turn out for the better.

"So I'm wife number four," Galatea remarked in a crisp voice when she sat side by side with Harry and Harry nodded before he reached over and squeezed her hand in his. "How many versions of Kara are you going for before you call when?"

"Well, there's two more," Harry responded as Kara smiled and wrapped her arms around Harry tightly.

Galatea pondered something before a smile crossed her face and a look of mischief danced in her eyes, before she considered something.

"Of course, I don't think it can be disputed by anyone that Kara Zor-El is the hottest woman in the universe, no matter which version of it of her it is," Galatea remarked thoughtfully when she peered in Harry's eyes and Harry gave her back a look that said "damn straight." Galatea decided to press on a bit more whilst the iron was hot. "But you know, a man of your power and skills...you have a few more options."

"Galatea does have a point," Kara answered as she looked at Harry, rubbing the back of his neck. "We can get the six versions of me sure, but...it doesn't mean that we can't have an occasional treat beyond the usual course."

Harry got the feeling that they thought about this plan for a long time.

"Harry, you're a pinnacle of manhood, any woman wouldn't fight too hard if you wanted them, all you need to say is a word, and they'll be there in bed with us," Galatea added when she ran her fingers through Harry's hair. "You don't have to do it, but consider the options. They don't even have to get the blue rings, they don't have to be married to us, just a little fun here and there. Call them mistresses, concubines, fuck buddies, whatever, but you shouldn't limit your options to one group of women. After all, there are a lot of young women out there that would enjoy a little stress relief as only you could offer. You wouldn't want them to suffer, would you?"

Kara thought that was a point that would consider and Harry looked to be considering the options over in his mind and there were many that he could consider. Before there was much more of a consideration to be made, the doors burst up in Patronus Incorporated and the Flash rushed inside, looking rather frantic when his head darted back and forth.

"I've been sent to deliver you a message, but first of all, please don't kill me," Flash answered as he blinked and stared down Harry.

Galatea, Kara, and Harry exchanged a curious expression, someone begging for his life always tended to be an auspicious start to say the very least. The young dark haired wizard and two of his blonde Kryptonian brides leaned against him, putting his arms around them with a smile on their faces.
"Spit it out already," Galatea responded in her firm voice when she stared down at the fastest man alive and under her burning glare, he could not spit out what he needed to say fast enough.

"It's...it's Wonder Girl," Flash spat out before he turned his head around and turned to face them. He tried to stammer out what he was going to say but there was a moment where he paused a little bit. "There was some nutjob who tried to attack Sirius, and...she took Hermione out instead."

"Did you see who it was?" Harry asked as he stood up and the Flash shook his head from side to side.

"They're bringing Hermione in...I think you better check on her, whatever she got hit with, she's a wreck," Flash answered as he rushed down the stairs away from them.

Kara, Galatea, and Harry did not have one moment to spare, they rushed down to where Hermione was, getting the news as it came in.

'She took a bad hit, I'm seeing her right now,' Linda thought to Kara, Galatea, and Harry through the bond link and they sped up their motions.

They spotted Hermione lying in the Hospital Wing in the Patronus Incorporated complex, strapped to the bed and her body pale, covered in blood. Karen and Linda stood over her, nervously looking over her before Karen spun around to face Harry, her eyes narrowed when she looked at Harry.

"Whoever did this to her, they were playing for keeps," Karen responded as she placed her hands down on the table and eyed Hermione nervously.

"Whoever did this to her, it wasn't for her, it was for Sirius," Kara responded as she looked at her friend and performed a few scanning spells. "The good news is that she's stable, the bad news is that if that curse hit in the wrong place...well Hermione wouldn't be here any longer."

Harry placed his arm around Kara's waist in a valiant attempt to reassure her and himself that everything was going to be okay but unfortunately, everything was far from okay after what happened. That psychopath took his best friend out, she was there, but at the same time, she was down for the count. A pained grimace escaped Hermione's lips when she stirred back to life and looked at Harry.

"I didn't almost die again, did I?" Hermione managed as she felt the pain go through her, it was hard to breathe.

"Hermione, I don't know what I'm going to do with you," Harry answered as he shook his head at the young woman on the bed.

Hermione tried to collect her thoughts, to be honest, she was trying to protect the best interests of Sirius but the fact of the matter was that she took that a little too far. She saw Harry and the other wives standing around her, trying to stabilize her and Karen grabbed a potion before she gently tipped it down Hermione's mouth.

Hermione pulled a face, the taste was quite frankly borderline terrible but the fact of the matter was that the potion did its magic. It caused her body to heal quite nicely and she felt a stinging within her, whilst her toes curled and her nose twitched. She drew in a pained breath all of the way and rocked back on the bed, the brunette bookworm blinking her eyes all the way.

"I wish I could have told you who attacked me but she had a disguise on," Hermione offered in an apologetic voice but Harry shook his head at her.
"It's quite alright Hermione, get some rest" Harry responded before he mentally conversed with his four wives.

'You're going to do something drastic to the person that did this, aren't you?' Linda asked to them through the mental link and they all nodded. 'Yeah, I thought so.'

'Linda and I will stay here, you three should go and figure this out,' Karen thought to Harry, Kara, and Galatea through the communication link.

Kara, Galatea, and Harry all headed off, thoughts of revenge dancing in their mind but then Galatea stopped before they could fly off and into Metropolis. There was one theory that grew prominently in her head that she had to voice.

'You know, whoever did this, they'll be back to the scene of the crime,' Galatea thought to Kara and Harry.

'And that's where we're going to stop,' Harry thought in a firm manner and the group flew off on their way off to the scene of the crime.

They would get to the bottom of this and figure out who was the one who tried to knock Sirius off and who attacked Hermione.

"I refuse to dignify this slander with a comment!"

Those were the comments that Lucius Malfoy made when he was in a rage when he heard about what happened to Sirius Black. First of all, if he tried to have a political rival assassinated, he would do so in a more subtle and cerebral way than try and make someone make a public spectacle out of the situation. That defied all conventional logic and wisdom and Lucius shook his head in disgust when he thought about this more and more.

Lucius Malfoy drummed his fingers off of the side of the table before he looked up and gritted his teeth before he had the press ushered out.

"If you want to look at anyone, perhaps you should take a closer look at the International Confederation of Wizards and their chosen candidate, Reginald Perez," Lucius answered as he gave the press a quote that they could chew on. "How much do we know about this man? I don't think that we know much of anything at all, and we don't know what he might be capable of."

The press jotted down this statement on their little note pads.

"I don't have any love loss for Black, but only a fool would sabotage their chances with such a ill thought out attack," Lucius answered before he stepped forward and watched the press go out. "Good day to you."

Lucius had nothing good to say to the assorted members of the press when they left, his mood soured every single moment when they were there. They were nothing but vultures, especially when they tried to unearth secrets that were none of their business to begin with. Lucius clutched his fist before he turned around to look at the latest poll returns.

Why would he do such an ill-informed attack when it torpedoed his chance to win in such a manner? He wanted to get to the bottom of this to clear his head. Lucius had no delusions about the fact that he was capable of some rather twisted things but twisted was one thing, careless was another. He was not capable of this level of incompetence and he made his way down to prepare for his victory speech. He knew that the old communities had not voted yet and they could be
enough to swing things in his favor.

While Black being put out of the way would help him with his goals, the fact of the matter was that such an attack could put him under a microscope. He made his way down a winding set of stairs to a dungeon area in Malfoy manor.

"It seems like the Granger girl was attacked and yanked into the crossfire," Narcissa remarked as she turned around and normally Lucius would happily embrace some uppity little Mudblood getting knocked off.

Unfortunately the fact that the Mudblood got attacked meant that he would be shoved into a microscope because his views on her type were well known. Lucius did not sugarcoat them at all and he crossed his arms before he leaned forward, peering out the window into his Dungeon area, even though it technically did not lead to anywhere. It was merely an enchantment.

"What are we going to do Lucius?" Narcissa asked as she looked at her husband.

"We're going to do what Malfoys always do," Lucius answered with smug satisfaction etched on his face.

He paused for a moment, before he allowed himself to think about it.

"We're going to succeed."

"I'd hate to disappoint you, but all purebloods will suffer for the existence of living!"

Narcissa turned her head around and gave a gasp when the same woman at her cousin's rally appeared.

"You are but a pestilence that will be destroyed!" the woman yelled at the top of her lungs before she held up a set of daggers and super charged them with magical energy before she flung them down the steps towards Lucius.

Lucius avoided the attacks, barely, and she flew down the steps, before she slashed her hand and Narcissa screamed in blood curdling agony when she was dropped down to the ground. Narcissa collapsed to the ground, blood splattering from her mouth when her body gave a harsh spasm and her limbs twitched.

Lucius stepped back, reaching for the emergency Portkey, between tending to his wife and saving his skin, he knew what the answer was. Narcissa was on the ground and the woman leaned down.

"You've allowed her blood to spill for you, coward!" the woman yelled at the top of her lungs when she shot the orange light through the portal.

Lucius was gone, fast as he arrived, but now he knew that this person had it out for both him and Black. In fact, that made Lucius's mouth contorted with distaste, thinking that he had something in common with Sirius Black.

"Soon, the world will know who I am but I will continue the sacred mission of the Hogwarts Killer and destroy the last remaining vestiges of the pureblood menace," the woman howled at the top of her lungs before she made her way off to seek out more people to destroy.

Black was another one that was ripe for the picking even though she regretted the necessity for spilling the innocent blood of another.
He was allowed to live after killing twelve Muggles and that put a strong distaste in her mouth, if he was not a pureblood, he would have been either given the Dementor's Kiss or sent through the Veil that much was for certain. He never suffered for the injustice he caused.

Now there was also one piece of business beyond Black that she had to take care of and that was the final Potter.

Sirius swayed back and forth on his feet when he looked over his shoulder when Harry, Kara, and Galatea all showed up to face him.

"I don't know...perhaps I should concede the election," Sirius answered but Kara shook her head.

"The Sirius Black I know wouldn't give up that easily," Kara answered in a swift voice and Sirius decided to respond with a shake of his head.

"I know, but the Sirius Black that you know wouldn't really think too much about his actions," Sirius answered as he looked at them all. Galatea, Kara, and Harry clutched their fists when they looked at them. "After all of this, I never thought I'd got this far."

Harry decided to offer his godfather the one explanation that he thought was feasible before he shook his head and peered at him. There was a moment before he responded to Sirius and gave him his honest assessment on the situation.

"After you've come this far, I don't think you can turn back now," Harry responded, before he tried to give Sirius his perspective on the matter. "If she tries anything, we'll take her down."

"And if she doesn't try anything, at least you'll be able to get a little insurance," Kara added as she leaned against the wall and they all waited for the other shoe to drop.

Galatea thought that the attacker would not be stupid enough to attack twice in a row, especially in less then a day. She kind of hoped that he was, but the blonde Kryptonian clone stood forward, arms crossed. After what happened to Hermione, Galatea itched for a fight and she could tell that her two spouses felt the need to go forward with a fight as well, with Harry and Kara crossing their arms together.

"I don't think she'll be stupid enough," Kara responded but at that moment there was a loud explosion that caused Kara's attention to jolt away from what happened.

'Then again, maybe she is,' Karen thought through the mental bond and Harry, Kara, and Galatea shook their heads.

'She's there, I can sense her, but I can't see her,' Kara thought when she clutched her fists together and swung in the air with expert precision.

The masked witch jumped into the attack and went after Kara, Galatea, and Harry; she had no idea what the problem of these three were but she knew that she had to succeed to take them down for the good of the world. A bolt of light shot through her hands.

Kara dodged the bolt of light, trying to pinpoint the invisible foe that she was fighting but the blonde Kryptonian continued to shake her head around from side to side. The blonde cracked her knuckles before darted around to try and figure out what she was dealing with.

"There she is!"
Galatea yelled when she heard the breathing of her enemy, her heart beat steadily in her chest, and the blonde shook her head before she moved around.

"She won't get away!"

That was another promise but Kara, Galatea, and Harry had no idea if they were going to be able to keep tried to box their enemy in.

Harry dove into the air and smashed down onto her to rattle the ground underneath her enemy. He could hear her stagger, the armor around her prevented X-Ray vision from being used but at the same time, it did not mask her other senses.

Kara brought the attack outside, sending her enemy flying into the snow with a flipping kick and the young blonde sent her enemy flying at super speed. The blonde rushed her and sent flying backwards before she landed down onto the ground.

"NO!"

This scream echoed in the ears of them all, with Galatea moving in before she used her heat vision to try and draw in her enemy for an attack of Harry.

She tried to amp up the power of her armor but there was a problem, it was not meant to draw in this sort of power. She shuddered in pain, with all of her nerve endings on fire but never the less she propelled herself forward, to send the super charged daggers at her enemies with the end to kill.

Harry, Kara, and Galatea sent the super charged daggers down to the ground and blew them up.

'I've got her now,' Galatea thought before she dove up into the ground and caught her with a glancing punch to the side of the head, sending the attacker down to the ground hard.

Kara ripped the suit off of her when it flickered, causing her to twist and attack in the air. The mask was the only item still on but not for long when Harry propelled himself up in the air towards her.

Harry yanked the mask off of the woman and dropped down to the ground, flipping to his feet and landing with expert precision.

The woman might have been de-masked and de-armored but she refused to go down without a fight, but the three Potters aimed their blue rings at her and boxed her.

'So do any of you know who this is?' Galatea thought in confusion when the woman tried to push and slam her way out of the box. They noticed that she was putting up quite a struggle all things considered but how dangerous that made her, the group did not know.

The woman practically snarled at them when she tried to push herself out of the box that she was put into. The three Potters exchanged quizzical looks and now the assembled members of the press, along with the International Confederation of Wizards walked onto the scene.

"Who are you?" Harry demanded to the woman when she tried to push her way out of the box she was put in.

The woman's eyes went bloodshot when she stared down Harry with the most sadistic of intentions in them, like she had a huge problem with him. Harry never met the woman in his life but he supposed that she would have some issues with him after everything that happened. "I'll never say my name to you, I've been chosen to spite the wicked, vengeance will be mine!"
"I think she's nuts," Galatea whispered in a low voice to Kara and Harry.

"You think?" Kara responded with a raised eyebrow and the blonde shook her head before they stepped forward.

Harry broke into her mind, he was not in the mood for any games.

"Her name is Sophia Prescott," Harry answered as he pulled out of the woman's mind and she screamed at that intrusion. To be honest, Harry did not go in too deep. Rather he peered over his shoulder and looked at Sirius who seemed completely baffled. "Do you know this woman?"

Sirius threw his hands up into the air defensively before he spoke, shaking his head as he did. "I've never met this woman in my life.'

"Well that settles that," Galatea offered as she held hands with both of her spouses.

'Something tells me that doesn't,' Karen interjected through the mental link and the blondes smiled when the woman spat and sputtered indignities.

"You might not remember my name Black, but I remember you, you're the one who killed all of those people in your crazed vengeance. Children died, women cried, men burned, but you were allowed to walk free."

"Yeah after spending twelve years in a hellhole you nutcase," Sirius responded as he placed his hands on his hips and stared back at her but her eyes flickered with fury and vengeance, she clutched her fists tightly and peered up into Sirius.

"I won't go down in vein, I murdered your cousin Narcissa Malfoy," Sophia Prescott snarled when she looked at Sirius. "And I would have killed you and Malfoy, if I got the chance. And someone will, all of you purebloods are cut from the same mold..."

She grew silent given the fact that Galatea constricted the bubble with her blue lantern ring and crushed every single bone in her body. She decided that since she heard all she wanted from her, they knew that she was a psychopath and that was all they needed to know. Her attack did not have much meaning; she was really out of her mind.

'Sometimes the most dangerous person is the one that no one has ever heard of,' Kara mused to Galatea and Harry who all nodded.

There were no witnesses and as far as anyone knew, Prescott blew herself up in her attempt to kill Sirius once again. The group walked out and looked up to see if this was over. There was always a chance that there were more than one attackers, so it would be time to step forward and figure out what they were going up against.

Thankfully there was only one attacker, for what that was worth and the only person who suffered for the attack fatally was Narcissa Malfoy. Hermione took a good hit but the good news coming back from the Shining Light Foundation was that she was going to be okay, all things considered, she was going to be perfectly fine.

Once everything was cleared up, Harry, Galatea, and Kara could stick around and find out who won the final polls, was it Sirius, Malfoy, or someone else? That was what they were moments away from finding out when the chaos cleared and the ballots got tallied. Who was going to be the first Minister of Magic going into a bold new era? Or would it be more of the same?

Hopefully the winds of change would be blowing in the right direction and Lucius Malfoy would
not be the one to maintain the status quo.

Anticipation was often times worse than the actual event, there was something about waiting for the other shoe to drop that made people wonder and worry about everything that was before them. Sirius Black understood that more so than anyone else when he sat at the edge, the final polls were being counted. He waited, rocking back and forth, and drawing in a slight breath, hoping that everything would come out okay. Whether or not he became the Minister, he would know what was happening at the moment.

Sirius shook his head, he felt a knot grow in his stomach but to be honest that was the nerves talking, something ate through his stomach like a flesh ridden parasite. His stomach twisted when he turned around before Sirius placed his hands on his hips and waited.

"Three quarters of the way counted, checking for duplicate ballots, five minutes and we'll know who the next Minister of Magic is."

Sirius slapped the palms of his hands down on the table and waited when Kara, Galatea, and Harry waited for the results as well, the trio looking at him. There was a moment where they all looked at each other, times ticked on for a little bit before they shifted in their seats and waited for Sirius. Lucius sat by them out of reach, a stoic expression on his face, as did Reginald Perez, the third candidate, and the one who was hand selected by the International Confederation of Wizards.

"We'll know for sure, one way or another," Kara answered as she clasped her hands over her lap and peered out when they counted the ballots.

It was so very tempting to listen in with her super hearing but Kara restrained herself and kept her eyes and mind on everything at hand.

"The wait is killing us, isn't it?" Galatea asked as she looked at everyone, the members of the press standing by.

"Do you even have a victory speech if you win?" Harry asked to Sirius and Sirius thought about that matter at the moment.

"No, not really, I'll just make it up as I go along."

Harry, Kara, and Galatea smiled at each other, with Harry placing an arm around the shoulders of both of his wives, they should have known. There was not a hitch in the arrangements other than what happened with the near attack and Lucius seemed to be rather calm considering that his wife died.

Little did they know that Lucius's rage was directed towards Harry Potter, his rage bubbled deep into the surface, he was able to save Black from certain assassination. However, his wife was unable to be saved and then that did not include his son, someone that Lucius blamed Potter and Dumbledore for what happened to them. There would come a day where Lucius would gain his revenge on Harry Potter and take him down, there were no questions about it.

For now, Lucius waited and Lucius watched everything, before he folded his hands over.

The clock ticked on by several seconds at a time, the tension could be cut with a knife when Kara, Galatea, and Harry twisted their heads and blinked several times. The ballots continued to be counted and soon they would know one way or another.

"Coming in third place in the Ministerial election, Sirius Black."
Sirius bit his tongue and hitched in a breath, when he realized that there was a chance that Lucius Malfoy could have beaten him. Then there was also a chance that Sirius could beat him still but the chance was not good. Sirius waited on pins and needles for the second place.

"Coming in second place in the Ministry of Magic election for 2002, Harry Potter!"

"What?" Harry demanded as his eyes nearly bulged out when Galatea and Kara found amusement at the expression on their husband's face.

'Oh boy, the look on your face," Kara chortled whilst she looked at Harry, lovingly running her fingers through Harry's hair with Galatea' doing the same, before they rubbed their husband's shoulders.

"Pretty damn good for a campaign you didn't even lift a finger in, coming in second place," Galatea answered before she offered Harry a light kiss on the lips. She pulled back with a wicked grin on her face. "It goes to show you that less is more."

Harry leaned back, he came so close to winning the race for the Minister of Magic election but now he saw Lucius Malfoy wait, he knew that this was coming. He knew despite Sirius's best efforts, Malfoy had enough friends in low places where he was going to win the Ministry of Magic election. Kara and Galatea sensed this fear and agreed with it as well, the blondes waited for what Harry was going to do.

"And the winner of the Ministry of Magic election...REGINALD PEREZ!"

'What do you know, the other guy won,' Karen commented through the bond link before she shook her head. 'The other guy...that I know nothing about.'

'Yeah me either, where did he come from?' Linda thought in confusion when Galatea, Kara, and Harry all felt relief at the fact that Lucius did not win. 'You thought that Lucius had that one in the bag for a second.'

'Pretty much, yeah,' Harry agreed mentally to the blonde through the link who shook her head.

'Yeah, we're going to...yeah at least we have a Minister...who isn't Malfoy,' Kara finished lamely in her head, she had a lot better declaration but it got lost on the way.

'Well, that was fun, all of it,' Galatea thought back to her as she crossed her arms together. 'So what do we do next time?'

'Lucius looks fit to kill,' Kara thought as she looked at him, and then she paused before she commented. 'And there he goes.'

'Lucius knows that he's lost his immunity from being in the election and therefore someone could take a shot at him, and we could take him down,' Harry thought to them, cracking his knuckles.

It was true, for now, they would allow Lucius Malfoy to leave because they had more important things to check up on, to allow him to live with his humiliation. Hermione's health and well-being was something that was far more important than any revenge, even if it was on someone like Lucius Malfoy. That much was something that Kara, Galatea, and Harry could take to the bank.

Relief was on the face of Sirius Black, he did not win and neither did Lucius, to him that was a cause of a celebration. And by celebration, he was going to return home and get rip-roaring drunk. He could not think of any better way to cement not winning the spot as Minister of Magic than that.
With the spirit of the graceful loser, Sirius shook hands briefly for the new Minister, wished him the best, and popped off into the night.

"I'm relieved that neither Sirius nor Malfoy won to be honest with you," Hermione commented as she clutched her side and felt herself heal. The imploring eyes of Harry, Kara, and Galatea looked at her and Hermione rubbed her side before offering a bit of a sigh. "I'll be fine after a little rest, all things considered, I've had worse."

"That's only putting it mildly, Hermione," Harry said as he looked at his best friend. "You know when I told you to protect Sirius's best interests, I didn't mean it to be so literal."

Hermione shook her head, Harry really should have known her better but she was a bit hot tempered and jumped into the line of fire more often than not. While she had no idea what Reginald Perez would do with the office of the Minister of Magic, the one thing she could sleep safely about is that he was not Lucius Malfoy. Lucius was out there after today's defeat and she could tell that Harry, Kara, and Galatea anticipated his next move like the rest of the world did.

"Well, I for one hope that things settle down after a little bit," Hermione mused as she shifted and offered an expression at them.

"Settle down, with us?" Kara asked as she shook her head.

"You must be joking," Galatea added with a grin on her face, she might have been relatively new to this but things settling down...yeah fat chance of that happening ever. At least that's what they thought.

"If you're going to be fine..."

"I'll be fine Harry, trust me."

There was no point in arguing with Hermione with her jaw set and firm like that and Galatea and Kara grabbed Harry around the arms, before dragging him off into the night. The two of them pulled Harry off into the shadows and smiled when they looked at each other with smirks crossing their faces.

"Well I think it's time for celebration," Kara whispered as they linked arms with Harry and the three of them popped off to the Potter beach house.

"Yeah for your stirring second place victory," Galatea added as she squeezed her husband from behind with a tight hug and smiled when she nuzzled her nose into the back of his neck.

"You two are the real prizes," Harry responded to both of his wives with a grin.

Galatea and Kara exchanged smirks before they both took Harry up to the bedroom. He did not fight it that much for he knew that their actions would be his own reward.

They pushed Harry back into the bed and tore his clothes off, rubbing their sexy hands down his body, feeling the muscles and taking turns kissing him. Then after that action, it allowed the real fun to begin.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

"I think we should begin the real party for tonight," Galatea purred as she grabbed Harry's package and squeezed it tightly with her hand, a smile on her face.
Harry grabbed Galatea and flipped her onto the bed, before he was on top, kissing her on the lips firmly. Galatea locked her arms around Harry's head before she pushed Harry into her supple breasts, sighing at the efforts before Harry worked her top off, freeing her breasts for their confinement.

Kara worked off the bottom half of Galatea's uniform before the blonde Kryptonian dove between her legs and began to munch on her wet snatch. Galatea breathed heavily with Kara attacking the bottom half of her body and Harry attacking the top half, suckling on her breasts.

'She's a little nympho, isn't she Harry?' Kara thought to Harry when their mouths worked their magic on their lover.

'Yes, she's getting wet when we've barely touched her,' Harry responded back when he grabbed Galatea's breasts before he squeezed them. His tits felt so nice in his hand and he latched a mouth onto her nipple before he began to suckle on the tasty flesh.

"Oh yes," Galatea groaned as Harry feasted on the buffet on her chest, it caused bolts of pleasure to fill her body.

"Like that, well you're going to love this," Kara said with a grin when she rubbed Galatea's clit with her finger before she pressed down on it with a certain amount of pressure, causing her to scream in joy. Kara aimed two fingers and sank them into Galatea's dripping pussy.

Galatea found Harry's cock hanging by her mouth and she greedily grabbed it, rubbing up and down the length, before she licked his balls. With another movement, Galatea stuffed Harry's cock into her mouth and began to suck on it hard, her eyes staring at him while Kara feasted on the moisture in between her legs.

"Yes, yes, yes!" Harry groaned as he grabbed Galatea's face before he fucked her face long and hard, banging into her face with his cock.

Galatea spearheaded up and down his length with her mouth, enclosing it in her tight cavity.

"Such a good mouth," Harry whispered as Galatea blew him, rubbing her nose against his pubic hair when she inhaled his cock deep into her throat. Harry hissed through his teeth when Galatea took his manhood into her throat, squeezing it with all her might.

'Kara too,' Galatea thought as her chest rose and fallen before she unleashed her juices into Kara's face and then Kara floated up.

"Have a taste, Harry?" Kara invited him and Harry grabbed her face before he licked Galatea's juices off of her face right before her very eyes. "Oh yeah, clean me up and cum down that whore's throat."

Harry pumped into her throat before he unleashed his tasty seed into her mouth. Galatea gulped it up when she continued to suck the cum down her throat, before she allowed a little cum to remain on her tongue.

Kara grabbed Galatea, with a saucy grin dancing in her eyes before she grabbed Galatea and sucked the cum off of her tongue before Harry's eyes. The two blonde beauties moaned when they sucked the cum off of their tongues.

Galatea and Kara ceased their actions at a moment before they offered a round of rock, paper, scissors. Kara grinned when she won the battle and hovered above Harry. She rubbed her slit against Harry's cock head, making it twitch near her with his juices.
Harry needed his wife's pussy wrapped around his cock, so he grabbed Kara's hips and shoved her down onto his cock.

"Yes, that's the stuff!" Kara groaned as she felt Harry's cock go into her and immediately, Galatea moved behind her, summoning the magical strap on. She placed it on and grinned before she aimed for Kara's ass. With a swift plunge, Galatea began to fuck Kara's backside. "OH YES!"

"Fuck her dirty ass from behind Galatea," Harry groaned as he lifted his hips and pushed his cock deep into the center of Kara.

"Oh, I intend to," Galatea said with a dirty expression in her eyes as she smashed into Kara's ass when she played with her breasts and Harry did likewise when he pushed his prick into Kara's twat.

"Yes, fuck me, fuck me hard!" Kara screamed at the top of her lungs when both of her holes were filled. She was not capable of being much more vocal than randomly sexually charged yells.

Kara panted heavily with the both of them screwing her hard; her husband's cock stretched her out beyond all conventional belief or wisdom. The three of them cut a great pace, with Kara drilled from both ends, sometimes one after another, and sometimes they were done simultaneously. Regardless the two hot sex organs connected with her, pushing into her, plunging into her tightly, one thrust after another, one thrust at a time.

"Oh great Rao!" Kara moaned as she felt this double team assault continue.

"Such a heavenly pussy," Harry breathed as he felt her warm sheath rub his throbbing prick the more he pushed up into it. Kara sank down, gyrating her hips in motion to really work his cock and the fact that her eyes widened every time Galatea pushed back and speared into her was pure erotic fantasy.

"Such a tight ass!" Galatea yelled as she smacked it hard and fingered her ass a bit before she pushed back and slammed back down into the ass of Kara.

The two covered in a nice degree of sweat, with Harry and Galatea rolling their thumbs and tongues off of Kara's sweaty breasts when the continued to play with her.

"Fuck, fuck, oh yeah, fuck!" Galatea yelled whilst she channeled her girl cum through the magical sex toy and splattered it into Kara's ass.

"Oh yeah!" Harry yelled and he gave one mighty thrust before he unleashed his cum into Kara's waiting pussy after a long time of hard fucking.

Kara slid off him but Galatea removed the sex toy before she got between Kara's cheeks and started lapping her own cum up with her tongue, twisting and contorting it into Kara's tight asshole.

"Fuck, you're so dirty, eating your cum out of another girl's ass, I love it," Harry breathed before he spread Galatea's wet lips apart.

"Fucking do it!" Galatea groaned and sure enough, Harry speared his cock into her pussy, before he pushed in and out of her with rapid fire fury.

Harry cut a decent pace when he slammed his throbbing member into Galatea's wet pussy from behind, his balls slapping and beating against her thighs in tune with each thrust. Her moans got louder and louder, when he continued to beat into her.

Kara shivered in pleasure as Galatea licked the own load of cum she deposited between her supple,
firm cheeks and then Galatea spun her around before she dove between the legs of Kara, licking her pussy out.

"Oh great...that's a good spot!" Kara yelled as Galatea vibrated her tongue into Kara's pussy, licking and suckling on her.

"You eat a good cunt, Tea," Harry grunted as he continued to saw into Galatea from behind, stretching her pussy out. It stretched around him, fitting his cock like a velvet glove and he continued to pump into her with the love, supple thrusts that he offered, pounding into her cunt.

'Mmm, keep, doing that,' Galatea thought through the mental link, indulging herself in the creamy delight within Kara's folds and licking her nice and hard, taking a moment to really take a taste of the joys between Kara's legs.

'Yeah, love that, really love that,' Kara panted heavily when she played with her nipples and lifted her hips off of the bed to meet Galatea's tongue.

The three of them kept their pleasurable actions up, the dance getting more intense when time went on and Galatea's face was saturated with Kara's cum, with Harry's cock saturated with Galatea's slick pussy juices.

Harry gave a grunting growl, when he played with Galatea's breasts before the two felt fire with their organs meeting. Then Harry turned around and plunged deep into her pussy, getting closer and closer to the climax before his balls tightened.

Galatea felt his seed sprayed into her pussy as she gave Kara one more last loving lick, before she slowly peaked out from Kara's pussy, the Alpha's juices trickling down her face with Galatea smiling with the joy.

The three collapsed on the bed, knowing that this dance could continue once they had a few seconds to catch their breath.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter on 7/19/13 "Face-Off."
Chapter Sixty Three: Faceoff.

Lois Lane sat with her legs crossed and her arms folded when she went over a set of notes at the Daily Planet, today was the day where she would go into enemy waters and defend the Justice League. The Justice League had more important things to do then to engage some rabid dog like Godfrey and besides that was beneath them. Lois shook her head, she knew that Godfrey was someone who talked big but she'd see if he backed it up when confronted by a real opinion.

"Godfrey seems rather anxious to have you on your show."

Lois turned around and saw the twenty year old girl with short blonde hair and violet eyes who was the newest Intern at the Daily Planet. The young woman tapped her fingers on the side of the desk and looked at Lois. According to her, she decided to swing by to stay in Metropolis for a few months, after she took a very long trip from a distance place. Lois could not get more of that out of her cousin.

"What are you trying to drive at, Chloe?" Lois asked as she looked at the woman with trepidation.

"Well, you know how people like Godfrey are, he's got something up his sleeve," Chloe remarked when she looked at Lois, shaking her head with a smile crossing her face. "I know you don't back down from anyone at all either."

"Damn straight I don't," Lois snapped back as she folded her arms over her chest, before she inclined her head forward and looked at Chloe. "Look, I'm pleased to see that you are taking an interest in this Chloe but I can handle myself and can handle someone like Godfrey. I've chewed up people like him for lunch and spit him out."

Chloe shrugged when she looked at her cousin with a smile on her face before she spun around on the chair and looked up into the sky, shaking her head. The young blonde took a moment to tap her fingers on the side of the desk. Two people showed up at the Daily Planet.

"Are you here to try and talk me out of going after Godfrey?" Lois asked when she looked at the two new arrivals before she turned to Chloe. "Oh, Harry, Kara, this is Chloe Sullivan, my cousin. Chloe, this is Harry and Kara Potter."

Chloe nearly spat out the coffee that she was drinking when she turned around and caught a sight at Harry.

"Since when do you know Harry Potter?" Chloe asked as she looked from Lois to Harry and Kara.

'This wasn't in the archives,' she thought to herself.

Lois was gobsmacked at this sudden statement from her cousin before she turned her head around and looked at her, taking a moment to take a breath. "Since I met him over a year ago...wait a minute, you're acting like you know him?"

Harry wondered this as well, granted he did know a Chloe Sullivan, although she was an alternate version of her from a dimension that was taken over from the Justice Lords. A charming girl, except for the time when she tried to blow his face off with a bazooka, then she was not that charming. That was beside the point.
"Yeah, you're acting like you know me," Harry responded when Kara looked curious.

Chloe had to think quickly, her meeting with Harry, brief as it was, technically did not happen yet from his perspective. Given the nature of her mind and how quickly it could process information, the young woman was able to think up a lie rather quick.

"Hello, your fourth year, my fifth, I tried to ask you to the Yule Ball and made a complete idiot out of myself," Chloe responded as she scrambled for an explanation that she hoped that Harry would not doubt too much.

The truth was she hoped that Harry would buy that one; she figured that there were a lot of girls that made idiots out of themselves during that time. Well actually there was no figuring about it, Harry told her about it.

Harry stopped there were a lot of girls that asked him to the Yule Ball that year, but he had been foolishly pining over Cho.

"I was a year ahead of you at Hogwarts, in Ravenclaw," Chloe responded quickly. "I spilled the pumpkin juice on you."

Chloe looked mortified when she remembered this but then Harry smiled when he remembered that.

"Yeah, now I remember that, I think you've changed a bit since then," Harry remarked, he was pretty sure that there was a girl that spilled pumpkin juice on him, when he looked at Chloe and Chloe nodded her head a little bit. He was not sure that she was the one but then again his mind was a blank that year.

"Hey, Potter, my cousin's not Kryptonian, she's off limits!" Lois barked as she looked at Harry and Kara, but she had a smile on her face despite the mocking sternness in her eyes.

Chloe smiled, sadly. She knew perfectly well what a Kryptonian was and she knew one when she was a teenager in Smallville. Naturally given what happened when she tagged along, or perhaps stowed away, with him during a trip to the future. Then her curiosity bit her big time when she touched that artifact. Clark never could live with himself, so she let the Legion wipe all of his memories of her, at least all the meaningful ones, as well as Lana's when they got back.

To them, she was just a friend who they knew in High School who moved away. Which she technically did, Chloe only came back to attend Clark's funeral, even if she knew that he was not really dead because that's what the future said.

Harry smiled at Chloe, partially to screw with Lois.

"Maybe we wanted to expand our collective," Kara commented with a smile and Lois wanted to take the stapler on her desk and bash it into her head.

"Today's the day Lois, are you sure you want to go through this?"

Chloe stood rigid for a second, hoping that Clark did not recognize her. Thankfully he did not appear to do so. She was glad that he did well for himself despite her not being there. Not that she would have held any great role in the grander purpose that Superman had in life.

Lois jumped up to see Clark standing there and Clark had a smile on her face before Lois shook her head. "Geez, Smallville, you give a woman a heart attack sneaking up on them like that."
"I didn't mean to do it," Clark offered but he thought that sneaking up on Lois and startling her gave her a lot of amusement. Granted, if he could sneak up on Batman without him knowing that Clark was here, then his life would be complete. "But seriously, Godfrey today, you're going to go in there with someone who rips people apart."

Lois felt annoyance and decided to convey this fact as the only way she could.

"You know, you people think that I've gone soft but I'm going in there with both guns blazing and I'll blow Godfrey out of the water. They didn't call me Mad Dog Lane because I had an affinity for rabies infected canines. I've went toe to toe with Lex Luthor, I think I can handle some shock jock like Godfrey."

"Okay Lois, it's your call," Clark answered as he threw his hands up in the air.

Kara turned to Clark at this point before she looked at him. "How have things been? Is Conner setting in okay?"

"Yeah he's fine," Clark answered before he spoke in an undertone so only those with super hearing could hear him. "Conner has the super speed and the X-Ray vision but that's all the powers he can have. I'm guessing he'll grow into them in time, Luthor would have likely aged him a bit more."

"It's good that he's not having any side effects," Harry added before Clark nodded.

"Or Luthor didn't leave any nasty surprises behind," Kara inputted as an afterthought.

There was many times where Clark thought about this clone and he felt a certain amount of responsibility to him, perhaps not like a son, but perhaps like a younger brother. That was what Clark thought of with Conner and he took a moment to consider this. The farm would do Conner good, it did him good after all when Clark was that age and helped him grow into the Superman that he was.

'I'm glad he's doing okay,' Galatea thought through the bond link, being a fellow clone, Galatea felt a certain amount of kinship towards Conner.

'Yeah, he'll be fine, just like you'll be fine,' Karen thought back to them when she shook her head.

Lois meanwhile prepared to enter the ring with Godfrey and all of them could tell that Lois prepared to go in for a fight, no matter what.

"So Chloe, it's a shame that you have to leave after today," Lois added as her eyes faced Chloe's. "Maybe I can come and visit you sometime. Where are you going again?"

"Far away, it will take a very long time for you to get there," Chloe stated in a cryptic voice, when she turned around and Lois moved over to check her e-mail but found her computer being unresponsive.

"Damn computer, I swear, you'd think that…." Lois responded but Chloe nudged Lois over the side.

"Here," Chloe remarked and sure enough she managed to get the computer to respond again.

"How did you do that?" Lois asked her cousin in disbelief. "The tech geeks tried to fix it and they keep running into walls."

Chloe smiled. "I guess I have that certain touch with computers."
"And now for all of you who are sick and tired of hearing old G. Gordon Godfrey's voice about the ills of the Justice League, well in the interest of fairness, I'm offering a consenting opinion to be spoken. See, I'm not such a bad guy but don't think for one minute that I'm going to go soft on this person just because I'm letting her say her peace."

Godfrey paused for a moment before he allowed himself to speak, there was a calculating smile on his face, even though those listening to the radio could not hear him.

"Please, put your hands together and give a warm welcome for my guest at this time, Miss Lois Lane."

Lois walked into the studio where she waited the Godfrey bashing the Justice League to conclude.

"I must say, Mr. Godfrey, I've been waiting to be on this show for a long time," Lois answered whilst she maintained eye contact with the shock jock, seeing his beady little eyes, gray hair, and the fact that he resembled a bit of a troll.

"Today's topic is super heroes and why the government should keep them on a tighter leash," Godfrey answered as he looked back at Lois in the eye. "Miss Lane, you know about Cadmus, the entire world knows about Cadmus, and how they were shut down because the heroes felt threatened. They felt that since someone was going to make their actions accountable, so they needed to step up and take control. What are they hiding?"

Lois turned to Godfrey. "First of all, Cadmus was run by Lex Luthor..."

"Ah yes, Luthor, a noble man who was assassinated by the heroes when all he was trying to do was to protect the world," Godfrey answered when Lois stared him down.

'About as noble as my foot odor,' Lois thought scathingly as she stared a hole through Godfrey's head.

"The United States Government should make sure all super heroes register with the government, their powers and their secret identities, in fact full background checks to make sure that they are legal citizens," Godfrey answered before he stared down Lois and gave her the opening to respond.

Lois, being Lois, absolutely responded.

"Look Godfrey, it's not that simple. The heroes keep their identities a secret because they need to protect the ones that they care about. Some psychopath could go after their civilian friends or family and we'd have more blood on our hands."

Godfrey sensed an opening with Lois's words and naturally, he pounced on it. "Interesting sentiments Miss Lane but I must say, what about the numerous police officers or government officials out there who take down the bad guys? Why aren't they allowed the same privilege as the super powered crowd? Can you deny that their friends, their family is put in the same danger? Of course no one can deny that, because it's the truth."

Lois froze for the first time in her life and wondered about Godfrey's points. She felt doubt swimming in her mind.

"Perhaps it's that the heroes think themselves as special or perhaps they think themselves as above the average Joe and Jane out there," Godfrey added as he stared down Lois at this point and Lois offered a moment to shake her head. "Miss Lane, denial is something that will not suit you well."
Lois clutched her fists, she doubted violence would serve her well but Godfrey seemed to know that he got her trapped into a corner. Perhaps Lois should have listened to Clark and Chloe and not engage Godfrey in battle. He was too much of a troll not to even consider her points.

"Could it be that the great Lois Lane has been rendered speechless by the truth?" Godfrey asked, his voice grating on Lois's mind and nerves at that point.

"No, I'm just trying to figure out why someone like you gets off at bashing the people who save everyone's lives and ask for nothing in return," Lois managed after she finally found her voice. "It's because of Superman that people like you are able to spout your drivel on the airwaves as much as you do."

"I believe in a little thing called Freedom of Speech, Miss Lane," Godfrey answered as he turned his attention to the woman and a sneer crossed his face. "I'm sure you've got it in your pretty little head that these so called heroes specialize in upholding truth, justice, and the American way, but nothing can be further from the truth. The League censored Lex Luthor and I'm trying to get the truth out."

Lois decided to bring up a point that was eating away at her for some time.

"And if you're so afraid that the heroes might do something, what makes you think that they won't come after you?"

Godfrey agreed that this was likely a good point but naturally he had a rebuttal.

"If they do, then I will die as a martyr from the cause."

A line rang and Godfrey answered the call.

"I have a question for Lois Lane," one of the people stated on the other end of the line. "How do you sleep at night knowing that you glorify some illegal alien because of your stories?"

"What?" Lois demanded, unable to believe that this question was referring to.

"I've heard Godfrey, I've lost my job and I'm going to lose my house thanks to Superman," the man stated in a frustrated voice and Lois shook her head.

"No, no, listen, it's not because..."

"I wouldn't expect you to understand, you live in some posh house somewhere, living up the high life, and swimming in pools of money. But the common man, we're not too fond about Superman. He does not embody the spirit of this great country. He should be sent back with the rest of them."

Lois wanted to bang her head against something, did they know that a reporter's salary was not that glamorous? The term starving artist could classify reporters as much as the next person but Lois found herself backed against the wall at these words that Godfrey encouraged.

She realized one thing, Godfrey merely fanned the flames but he did not start the fire. There was a certain amount of anti-Superman sentiment after the Darkseid mess but it seemed to blow up even more and the rest of the Justice League was taken along for the ride.

Lois wondered about Godfrey and wondered if he had marching orders from someone or if he was some nutcase trying to stir up as much trouble as he could to get ratings on his show.
Harry, Kara, Karen, Linda, Galatea, Hermione, Luna, and Neville all watched along with the rest of the world the reports for the Shining Light School of Magic as they came in and also listened to Lois's performance on Godfrey's radio show. They all had to admit that Lois did a good job in conducting herself but at the same time, she was not allowed to get her head above the water that much was for certain.

"Give Lois some credit, she's not going down without a fight," Hermione offered, admiring the fact that the woman could not give up at all.

"That much is true, but she's going to get taken down pretty harder in the process," Galatea responded as she saw Kara, Karen, and Harry only half pay attention to the words Godfrey spewed out.

"And then we have the Patronus Incorporated and their shady business tactics, using alien technology to spy on us."

"Oh boy, Godfrey's barked up the wrong tree with that one!" Karen snapped angrily before she got up to her feet but Harry and Kara held her back.

"No, Karen, don't feed the trolls," Kara muttered with a statement she heard everything before her and true enough while Lois was able to offer a somewhat neutral perspective on the situation, if any of them got involved, Godfrey could frame this as an attack from the super powered community on the normal people and more wannabes could come out of the woodwork to implicate the League.

"So much hate and fear mongering, I wonder if he's even able to live a happy life," Luna commented in a light and sad voice but the group shook their heads, that was a good question to say the very least. "I don't even know what his game is at this point, maybe the wrackspurts infected his mind?"

"Wrackspurts, the least of his worries, I think...semester looked pretty good," Kara responded after she looked over the reports from the Shining Light School of Magic. True to form, they had a higher average for their grades through one semester than during the last fifty or so years at Hogwarts.

"I'm very pleased with how they're going actually, goes to show you that a little revolutionary thinking combined with the parts of the magical world that do work is a winning formula," Harry added as he looked over the reports that Kara held in her hand.

It was very true, the Shining Light School of Magic performed higher than every single expectation, and now Kara and Harry wanted even more with their school project. The trio waited for the next move that could be made when they tapped their fingers on the side of the table.

"And now, I must ask you...

Linda moved over and twisted the knob to turn off the radio.

"Lois left in a huff a while back, I feel that enough is enough," Linda answered before she looked at her fellow wives, her husband, and his friends.

"I had enough a while ago, blimey, I thought Skeeter was bad," Neville answered as the words of Godfrey banged into his head. He would have fit well in the old world. "So this new guy, Perez..."

"Well the only plus going for him as that he's not Malfoy but it's not like he's had a chance to make anything work or screw anything up," Harry chimed in as he looked at them all and all of them
nodded. "The election is two days ago, old news as far as I'm concerned."

"I still can't believe that you came close to winning," Hermione managed as she shook her head when she clutched her tender ribs, she was still a little bit sore.

"I would have voted for him," Luna chimed in her usual dreamy voice which caused Harry to shake his head. "After all of the good that you've done in the world, you would be the best person for the job."

Neville inclined his head, he would have to agree, and he was glad that his head was clearer than it was previously. After what happened with Astoria, Neville felt he dangerously slid backwards down a slippery slope.

"So, what do you think Lucius is up to?" Luna commented as the entire group turned around to face her. "He's been oddly quiet after the Ministry election, I wonder if there was something wrong with him."

Harry suspected that there was plenty wrong with Lucius Malfoy as well, he was not one who would conceded defeat graciously, especially with all that they were through. Narcissa's death likely was something that affected Malfoy in a negative way. Despite being an irredeemable bastard in many ways, Harry got the sense that Lucius's wife and son were the only two things that he might care about.

And now with those things removed from him, there was no telling what Lucius might do out of desperation. Yet, with Malfoy off of the grid, they could hardly predict what his next move would be.

"It's possible that Malfoy's conceded defeat," Harry answered but Hermione snorted in a very unlady like manner.

"Yeah, and pigs fly."

"Maybe if they come from Krypton," Karen answered with a grin as she watched them.

"Yeah, a super powered pig, I suppose the next thing you want is a super powered cat, dog, and horse," Galatea answered with a snort and a roll of her eyes and they all laughed at the absurdity of it.

Harry also gave some consideration to Godfrey's words, the satellite system that they had up, that was going to be a problem and something that would make people inclined not to trust them. Of course, Harry convinced himself that he was only spying on people who he considered to be a threat. There was nothing to that, other than the fact that there were many people who tried to intervene with their own thoughts and commentary on the situation.

There was a slippery slope down the ladder, there was one step towards the Justice Lords territory and the image of Lord Potter echoed in his mind rather freshly. The fact of the matter was that Harry spun around and took a look at all four of his wives and his friends.

"You can't be considering what that nutcase is thinking is anything near what's true," Galatea responded as she grabbed Harry's arm tightly. "If people want to turn on you because of all you've done for them, I can't help but think this. Fuck them, fuck them all."

While Galatea's words were crass and bold, she did raise a good point.

"Harry trust me, you're not turning into him, you're doing this to protect people, and not enhance
"your own interests," Linda offered to him with a smile.

"Yeah Harry, we know what your heart is, pure and noble, and nothing can damage it," Kara answered as she grabbed the hand that Galatea wasn't holding.

"For sure, remember what that ring on your finger symbolizes?" Hermione asked and she smiled. "Sure it symbolizes the bond you and Kara have through your marriage, but it also symbolizes another thing, and that thing being hope. The hope that there is going to be a better tomorrow, a hope for a future that you will live in and thrive in."

"And Patronus is the bright light that we all need," Neville chimed in at that moment and the others nodded their heads. Neville decided to get something off his chest. "And for what it's worth..."

Harry cut him off. "Neville, we were both wrong in some ways and right in some other ways. Could we just leave it at that?"

"We can," Neville agreed with a nod as he stared back at Harry, feeling that Harry might be more charitable than he would be in that point.

Harry and his brides looked through the numerous files that they had on Patronus Incorporated and the Shining Light School of Magic, they had some big plans for the first half of the year 2002, they hoped that the future would be so bright that they needed shades.

The future was something that allowed them great promise and even greater potential.

Lucius Malfoy strolled through the hallways of his manor house, in a nasty mood, and after everything that happened, it was easy for anyone with a few functional brain cells to figure out why. He stepped forward into the Manor and looked at everything, he was so close to winning the Ministry Election but the people in the country did not have the stomach to allow him to win. Now Malfoy was back to square one and that was something that he hated. He tapped his fingers, drumming them off of the side of it, and his eyes narrowed with distaste and despair.

Some nutcase of a woman decided to take out his wife as well that was something else that Malfoy could not bare, not even at the slightest. His wife really was someone that Lucius cherished, almost as much as the Malfoy name, in fact there were times that he cherished both her and his son even more so, rare as they might be.

His son, his reputation had been destroyed when Astoria Greengrass popped up and decided to go on her insanity fueled joy ride. Lucius knew that there would come a time where everything came crashing down but he did not think that it was this soon.

The ICW swung the election, he knew it, he felt it in his heart, and he knew that if it were not for them, he would stand there before the world as the new Minister of Magic. Now that he had nothing, nothing but a room full of old artifacts that collected dust. Given the magical monetary system fell flatter than anything, selling them would not be a good idea.

Not to mention he had that purple crystal in the case of his basement and taking a look at it, Lucius had no clue whether it had any magical properties within it. The crystal hummed in his hand, practically vibrating a little bit and now Lucius felt intrigued.

What was this crystal?

He picked it up in the Artic and much to his surprise, it seemed rather sold. Banging it against a hard surface did not seem to do any damage whatsoever. There was no scratch, not even a nick, the
Crystal was solid and remained in the hands of Lucius firmly.

What was going on with that crystal?

Lucius had no idea, not even the slightest but he felt that it was his time to exploit everything that went along with the crystal. He needed to find a way to break it open and see what was inside. He heard something, a whisper, but what was inside.

Maybe it was a gateway to some realm that Lucius could tap into to gain power and prestige, that seemed like a logical assumption.

What was in this crystal?

Lucius shook the crystal but there was nothing, not even a hint of the delights that came from within and now Lucius stepped forward, drawing in a breath calmly.

He had to make a few Floo calls to the right people but he was sure that he stumbled upon some kind of mystery to the universe. The crystal in his hand offered the key to power that was beyond even the wildest dreams of Lucius Malfoy and he had a great imagination for such things.

The old pureblood heir walked across the wall and saw everything before him, there were times where he sensed that he stood at the edge of greatness but there were things that blocked him. What kind of things blocked him, that was the main question? Lucius shook his head and tapped his walking stick a few times.

He was at the edge of questions that plagued mankind for years and years, but could he answer them? Only time would tell with what happened. Lucius took another step forward before he leaned his head into the fireplace.

"Get to my mansion immediately, I have a project for you to work on."

That statement was always something that caused people to jump up and take notice, when Lucius Malfoy barked, there were people who tended to listen. That much was for certain and several robed figures exited the fireplace, determined and curious expressions dancing in their eyes when they arrived.

"What is it, Lord Malfoy?"

Lucius was prompt to answer the question when he held out the crystal in the palm of his hand. Said crystal glowed and pulsed before him, before it gave an unearthly humn.

"I want to see what you can do with this crystal," Lucius offered them and the men nodded, they were some of the best in the world at what they did.

If anyone can get their hands on the crystal and figure out how to release it secrets, it would be them. They worked at the Department of Mysteries for years, and they were able to unleash the secrets of life, secrets that many men and women could not even begin to dream of.

Lucius paused for the briefest instant, time was something that was not a luxury he enjoyed or employed, but he knew that if he put in the time and energy to this crystal, he would unlock some kind of secret. His teeth gritted when he thought of everything, before he crossed his arms and stared back when they hovered over the crystal.

Lucius's face turned into an impassive expression before he nodded his head.
"Did you find out anything about the crystal? Do you have any theories?"

The wizards shook their heads.

"It's unlike anything we've ever seen on Earth."

Lucius figured this to be true and he leaned forward to face this wizard's before he spoke in a crisp voice that let them know what they held in their hands was important and could not be damaged.

"And it is unlike anything you will ever see again, mark my words and heed them well."

Now the interest grabbed them even more by the throats, it was a project to release the power within that crystal but it could take days, weeks, or maybe even months to break it open. Lucius could have slapped himself for forgetting about the crystal he held, in his lust to become the Minister of Magic, he saw that there was a more direct pipeline for the power that he had in his hand.

If only he could get it working, he would be in good shape. If he got things working, Lucius Malfoy would be able to become the master of the world that he was meant to be.

"Keep working, and update me on your progress."

"I hope that in all of the excitement that the mask has not become real and you did not forget your mission."

Those were the words that echoed in the ear of Hawkgirl from her commanding officer from Thanagar when she stood to give the latest report of what was occurring on Earth. The army was getting pushy at her lack of success and she started to have second thoughts, not that she would voice them to her superiors. That was not a way that she did things but she stepped forward, a firm expression in her eyes before she spoke.

"Officer, we need a little bit more time but we can find a way through the defenses."

"They are Earth defenses; they should not be difficult for you to find a way through."

Shayera sighed deeply before she shook her head and fixed her gaze on her commanding officer. How to get him to understand, that would be a huge challenge, but she tried. "Yes, Earth defenses, maybe, but they are coupled with alien technology."

"That is not my problem, your mission was to make sure everything runs smoothly, we're running out of time. Earth is the perfect battle ground for us to replenish and restock our resources, if we make use of it."

Hawkgirl understood that statement more than anything, she knew what her superiors were and that was extremely impatient.

"More time, that's all that I need, more time," Hawkgirl offered as she kept herself calm.

"If you don't find us a way through, we'll force our way through."

Shayera was about to stay that was a stupid idea given everything but she did not see the point when she shook her head. That was a lesson that her superiors would have to learn the hard way. The red haired woman stood forward, clutching her mace around her hands before she spun around and walked out with the thoughts going through her mind, the conflict.
She had to sneak out of the Watchtower and fly to a distant planet, under the pretext of following up on a distress call to contact her fellow officers given that Shayera knew for a fact that all communication on the planet went through the Patronus Incorporated satellite system. Harry hinted that it was a sophisticated hybrid of technology and magic that judged on intent rather than words.

The intent was that the Thanagarians designated that this planet was perfect for the war with the Gordianians that they thought for years and years ago. The race was proud and warlike but they could be stubborn to a fault.

The Earth weathered many storms before and the more Shayera stood around, the more she realized her entire race might be put in peril if they should try the invasion. Those thoughts moved through her mind when she flew towards the Watchtower in the vehicle.

She stopped in, waving at Black Canary, Green Arrow, and the Huntress who all passed her before the woman sat down at a chair, offering a sigh.

"You look flustered."

Shayera looked surprised to see Tonks on the Watchtower but when she saw Wally a bit behind her, there was no reason why she would not be on there.

"Yeah, I feel...it's just what's happening with Godfrey," Shayera responded as she turned around to look out into space, there were many threats out there that would try their shot at Earth. Perhaps her people would be the least of many evils.

"I hear you about that," Flash stated with a smile on his face, there were many times where he wanted Godfrey to shut up. Now normally Flash would be someone who did not say anything mean about a person but no matter how hard he tried, there were no redeeming qualities about Godfrey that he could find and he looked as hard as he was able to.

Right now it felt like the Justice League were in between several big battles. Sure there were a few crisis situations but there was nothing that they could not handle.

"The people are afraid of us."

The Martian Manhunter stated this in a calm voice but there was an expression that flickered through his eyes that betrayed what he really thought about. To be honest, the Martian Manhunter thought about everything on Earth and despite the fact that he grew fond of humanity, there was no denying that the people of this planet could be capable of some great spite.

"I know they're afraid of us but it isn't right," Flash responded as he sighed and Wonder Woman eased over.

"I still think that Godfrey's being allowed go off on us unchecked, there's someone who is helping him but who?" Wonder Woman asked after she clutched her fist, thinking about Godfrey and trying to resist the impulse to wrap her hands around his throat.

Who was helping him indeed? That was the question that went through the minds of many members of the Justice League and they turned around, looking at each other for a couple of moments. After Cadmus, there was a sense of despair and a sense of who they could trust.

"Perhaps in some ways, he has a point," The Martian Manhunter admitted in a grudging voice.

"A point, no, he doesn't have a point," Hawkgirl argued fiercely when she looked in the eyes of the Martian Manhunter to dare him to contradict her. "Someone like Godfrey, he doesn't have a point,
he's twisted, demented, and everything that goes along with that."

"Perhaps, but we need to consider all angles," Martian Manhunter stated but Wonder Woman shook her eye, the spirit of a warrior flashing through her eyes.

"I can't believe this, we can't let a weak person like Godfrey tear the League apart."

"Yeah, as long as we stand together, we're strong," Flash offered as he tried to get a rousing statement out of that one but many people were not jumping on the bandwagon.

There were many grim thoughts echoing through the minds of the League members and instances where they wondered who can trust who. Cadmus left their mark and many people wondered if Cadmus was right to take down the Justice League. Including those people who were in the League themselves.

Or as Batman put it, "perhaps they are not part of the solution, they are part of the problem."

They refused to believe that but at the same time the damning evidence stared back at them in the face as more people feared the League than the criminals. Something needed to be done but it remained to be seen what that something was. All they could do was sit back and wait for what was to come and hope that the League could redeem themselves in the eyes of the public.

In the distant future, a sad, pathetic nobody of a man worked in his garage, taking his collections of items that he liberated throughout history. He cataloged his entire collection in painstaking detail, taking moments to look over it with the greatest of care before he heard a voice that directed him away from his work if only slightly.

"DAVID! DAVID! ARE YOU HIDING IN YOUR GARAGE AGAIN?"

There was a voice that practically screeched at him and David felt a bit stiff but he shook his head took a deep breath. David Clinton was a man who had developed a theory, a theory that he could travel back to any time with the help of his Chronos Suit. Yet, there was a fundamental flaw in it; he could not take any objects that could change the fabric of history.

"Yes, Edith dear, I'm here," David answered and his wife, an overbearing woman with light brown hair entered.

"I thought I told you to throw away all of this junk a week ago!" Edith screeched which David cringed at; her voice was like nails on a chalkboard to him.

"It's not junk, it's treasure, documents that are liberated throughout history," David stated as he walked around to show Edith them but his wife's eyes narrowed when she stared down her husband. "I've done it...I've mastered time travel."

"You mean the thing that got you kicked out of Yale because they thought you were insane," Edith responded as she looked at him through scathing eyes. "Mother was right..."

David clutched his fists together but restrained his darker impulses to open up a worm hole and shove his wife inside.

"No, she wasn't right, she was wrong, very wrong," David answered after he took a moment to inhale and exhale before he twisted his attention to his wife. "I've taken these trinkets throughout history."
"You've stolen them?" Edith asked in disbelief when she looked at David.

She could not believe that her husband would even have the slightest bit of ambition to be a thief that was something that was beyond her thought process. Sure enough, David recoiled, a spineless jellyfish like he usually was and took a step back before he stated in a meek voice.

David Clinton turned to face his wife, looking at her before he stated. "No, I've used this device, the Chronos Suit, to liberate items from history, like the napkin George Washington once wiped his chin with or Hitler's favorite paint brush or..."

"Junk that's what it is, junk!" Edith yelled in an overbearing way when she backed her husband down. "You can't do anything right, you could have taken stock tips, or famous jewels or gotten the winning sports teams for next week and bet on them."

Clinton shook his head.

"No, no, you can't do anything that will damage history."

Mount Edith blew her top. "YOU WORTHLESS, GOOD FOR NOTHING...YOU INVENT A TIME MACHINE AND CAN'T EVEN FIND ANYTHING USEFUL TO DO WITH IT!"

David Clinton put on the goggles to his suit and activated it before he looked at his wife. "I can think of one useful thing, I can use this machine to get away from you!"

Clinton turned around before he vanished into nothingness, disappearing into a beam of light.

With another flash of light, Clinton popped up as he adjusted himself and pulled out the checklist that he had on him. He was inside the main vaults of Patronus Incorporated, he knew the company and he knew in this vault there was a burned out Kryptonian crystal that went missing on this day.

Said crystal would be in his hands and in his collection, after all if it was lost to history, no one would miss it.

It was just like that the alarm did not miss David Clinton and the man cringed when he spun around to see Harry, Kara, and Hermione standing before him.

"No, you weren't supposed to see that!" Clinton yelled when he stepped back and his hands grew rather clammy but he adjusted his suit and shot through the time portal.

"What did he take?" Hermione asked but Kara and Harry did not answer, rather they held open the portal with their rings and pushed through.

"Come on!" Kara yelled and Hermione followed her through the time portal.

There was a large bang and Harry, Kara, and Hermione fell to the ground with a thud. All three of them were not hurt, they could not be hurt unless by a huge force. However, there was something in the air and Harry, Kara, and Hermione knew that they were not at Patronus any more for sure.

"Where are we?" Kara asked as Harry reached over and helped his wife up to her feet. He made sure she was okay but Kara shook off the minor pains she had from being shot from the time portal.

"Actually, I think the real question is when are we?" Hermione asked before she turned her head around.
There was no answer to that question but Harry took a step forward to see what was before him. The young wizard stepped forward; his green eyes flickered before there were a quartet of pops.

Harry, Hermione, and Kara looked up in awe and they saw them standing there, they could not believe it but they saw them standing there in the flesh before them. The four of them, the Hogwarts founders, Salazar Slytherin, Godric Gryffindor, Helga Hufflepuff, and Rowena Ravenclaw stood, larger than life. The Teenage Trinity was awestruck for a moment but suddenly the Founders rounded upon them with Godric leading the charge.

"They are with that dark sorcerer who gave our enemy those artifacts, therefore they must be destroyed."

Harry was about to protest those words but suddenly the Founders attacked them, so Harry, Kara, and Hermione realized one thing and that was that they were in for the fight of their life. They prepared to fight the Founders of Hogwarts, who did not seem to be in the mood to listen to reason at all.

To Be Continued in Warped Part One: The Time of the Founders.

When Harry got out of bed today he knew one thing and that was getting attacked by the Hogwarts founders was not something that was on the top of his to do list or even in the top ten spots of said list. Yet there the four founders of what was once one of the most prestigious magical schools in the world were there before them and attacking them. Rowena Ravenclaw lived up to her names by sending a group of ravens with sharp claws towards Harry who waved his hand and blasted them away.

Harry used the lantern ring to add Hermione into the mental link, because they needed to be in perfectly harmony if they wanted to get out of this situation alive. Although the Boy-Who-Lived could not think of a worst situation no matter how hard in tried, racking his brain yielded nothing. And he had been in many worst situations, he thought. Although to be honest, all situations paled with the numerous animal guardians that dove bomb at them.

'What do you think there problem is?' Kara thought as she dove out of the way, flying into the air. The blonde alien shook her head before taking a moment and placing her hands on her hips. A stone griffin came to life but the extra-terrestrial sorceress raised her hands before the stone vibrated apart and blasted into thousands of tiny pieces.

'Damned if I know,' Hermione replied as she waved her hand and once again blasted them apart. The guardians the Hogwarts Founders created busted apart with each passing movement. The young Amazonian Witch ducked her head and rolled, before she conjured a sword, super charged it with magic, and slammed it into the deadly eagles that tried to dive bomb her in mid-air.

That question echoed through the mind and hammered through the back of the head of the young Potter heir with each passing motion. Harry wondered if the founders assumed that they were someone else but the young sorcerer knew never to make these assumptions. Said assumptions lead to faulty information before he dove into the air and sent himself flying into the air to smash into his enemies with ballistic fury.

"Don't let them pass, they're with the other one!" Godric yelled as he tried to conjure more defenses from the castle.

"Look, I don't know who you think we are, but we're not here to attack you!" Hermione shouted at the top of her lungs as she waved her hand from one side to the other and the Hogwarts Founders seemed dubious at her words but there was a certain amount of truth to them.

Salazar Slytherin in particular looked calculated; he wondered how they got here. Three people like that did not show up seemingly out of nowhere with powers like that, not without a reason that was sinister. The cunning Slytherin house founder waved his hand and suits of armor stampeded towards them, intent for attacking.

"Second line of defense activated."

Kara and Harry closed their eyes, before they powered up their heat vision and launched a blast of laser fire through them. The knights blasted apart one at a time and as a result of this attack they crumbled down to the ground. The two Potters nodded before the super powered spouses flew their way up to the castle towards the founders. Hermione grudgingly followed behind them, cursing the fact that they had to fly.
Was walking really all that bad?

To be honest, Hermione felt herself a bit more ease with flying but it was not her favorite way to travel. Even if it was statistically the safest way in the world to travel, at least that's what she heard. It was not something that she believed with any conviction. The Amazonian witch flew higher and higher, with the founders standing at the top of the podium for as long as they waved their hands.

"We can't let them up here!" Salazar yelled as he shook his head and the Founders nodded before they adjusted their stance to tap into the full abilities of the castle.

'They're trying to block us,' Kara thought to Harry but the young wizard waved his hands to allow them a way through. The Blue Lantern ring locked onto the Hogwarts defenses before it pushed through and established a link for Harry to try and formulate how to break through a flaw.

One of the Lantern Rules is no matter how many defenses there were, there were always flaws.

Kara, Harry, and Hermione flew through to slam into the Hogwarts Founders and send them flying off guard. All four of the Founders spiraled to the ground, going ass over tea kettle, their robes flopping over them. The trio of time travelers stood above them, one dark haired wizard, one Amazonian witch, and one Kryptonian sorceress all towered over the downed founders. None of them were happy and all of them wanted answers.

"What was the deal with that?" Hermione demanded as she crossed her arms long enough to stare down at the Founders. The four powerful magical users got to their feet, staggering up to a standing position.

"You aren't with the others?" Helga Hufflepuff asked, raising her eyebrow in confusion.

Kara's mood darkened when the hint of an accusation hung in the air and her eyes snapped towards the head of the Hufflepuff House. "No, we're not with them...there was some weirdo that we followed through a time hole here and then we got attacked by them."

"So, you're time travelers," Salazar Slytherin responded in a calculating voice when he weighed the options of the situation. Being the ultimate Slytherin, he calculated, waited, and watched every single little moment before he figured out what he'd do.

He would have to get more information before he determined what to do next.

"Do you find it that hard to believe?" Harry challenged but Slytherin shook his head to the side.

"Believe me, after all I've seen, there's nothing that I won't believe," Salazar Slytherin answered as he stared down the emerald eyed wizard before him.

Harry wondered what Slytherin would say if he found out that his heir caused such destruction. He knew by now not to trust the historical view of what people were. After all, the phrase history was written by the victors flashed through the mind of the young sorcerer and he knew that it would be no less false in the Wizarding World. The young wizard stepped up to face him.

There was one thing about time travel that flashed through his mind and that was that each second they were in the past; there was a danger of time unraveling. Especially if they were sent back this far, the butterfly effect could be rather large and they could be dangerously close to creating a temporal paradox. Harry knew of this and Kara knew of this as well. Hermione knew too well of this, because of the lectures she had regarding the Time Turner in her third year.

The trio knew they had to watch their steps.
"Why did you think we worked for the other?" Hermione asked as she placed her hands on her hips, feet planted firmly on the ground, and eyes burned through the Hogwarts founders.

In another life or at another time, Hermione would be over the moon to talk to the Hogwarts founders but as of this moment, the annoyance of the situation weighed any kind of joy that she had. The Founders attacked her and two of her best friends. Therefore the joy Hermione would have upon meeting them faded out for the distaste that she had for the situation.

Godric was the one who took the opportunity to speak with the group and his eyes twisted towards them. "Over a year ago, a mysterious man with a time suit arrived and was jumped by a group of powerful dark wizards and they made him...they made him use his technology to bring them weapons from the future."

"We liberated one of these," Rowena added in a calm voice when she grabbed a disc and Harry, Kara, and Hermione gasped when they recognized the insignia on it.

'Patronus Incorporated,' Kara thought after she read the label and eyes narrowed as she looked into it. 'But I don't recognize this technology. After all of the things we invented, I have a good memory but...yeah.'

'No, I'm pretty sure this hasn't been invented yet,' Harry thought back to his wife as he snaked his arm around her waist and pulled her closely so the two could study it together. 'Which means this guy plucked future technology out and there is this group who uses it to take over the past.'

'As primitive as Earth technology is now, it's even more so a thousand years ago, and this is futuristic even by Kryptonian standards,' Kara thought after she used her X-Ray vision to study the technology, trying to get a good look at what was before her. 'This is...wow, I wonder when we invent this one. We must have come across some advanced race and been inspired.'

'Yeah, but someone else has been inspired by technology that you've yet to invent,' Hermione reminded them.

The entire group nodded, that was a bit of a situation they had to deal with but the group shook their heads and remained calm with everything. If they could track down the person with the time suit, they could send all of the technology back and return home.

"Do you have anything about our mysterious traveler?" Harry asked and the Founders locked eyes, it was almost like they conversed without words.

"We know he's been nabbed by someone named Salvatore Vandal, he has stronghold many miles from here."

"So far his attentions to take Hogwarts have failed but he will succeed," Helga added in but Kara, Hermione, and Harry shook their heads.

"No, he won't, not if we can help it," Harry stated in a firm voice when both Kara and Hermione looked equally determined to prevent any kind of victory. The dark haired wizard took a moment to cross his arms before he spun around. "I have a plan."

"That's a hyper stasis influx field or to put it in lamens terms, you can paralyzed someone while standing from a thousand kilometers away or more, depending on the power source."

The young man locked in the dungeon slumped against the wall when the imposing man dressed in black robes with dark hair and a goatee stared down at him. This man had been around for many
centuries before and would be around for many centuries later. He went under many aliases throughout the years but the current one he used was Salvatore Vandal. He was with a group of magic users, all of them having grudges against the four founders of Hogwarts.

Centuries ago, he was merely a caveman, only interested in the prospect of gathering food. However, a giant space rock came down from the sky and embodied him with powers beyond the dreams of most mortal men. He could not be harmed, especially by the harshness and bitterness of the world. To this savage man, that bode well for his prospects. It was all about survivor.

"Such fascinating trinkets you have in the future," Vandal stated as he stared down the man in the cell who slumped.

David Clinton could not be considered the brightest man in the world. The point where he married his shrew of a wife mandated that point to be true. However, there was one thing that he did know. He felt compelled to let his captor know this as well.

"I must warn you, when you continue to take such trinkets out of the future, you damage the timeline," Clinton pleaded but once again, these pleas fell on deaf ears.

Vandal's face contorted into a scowl when he pressed his hands against the bars. The man towered over Clinton who knew that he pushed things a bit too far with his protests. "And tell me, is the future one where I rule and all worship me as their leader?"

"Well no...but..."

"And it is not worth persevering my friend," Vandal remarked in a crisp voice as the orbs around him elevated. "Seek out the Hogwarts founders and eliminate them. I must prepare for my conquest on their castle."

Clinton's face contorted into a very pained grimace, he warned this man about the dangers. He knew what this man was and what he could become. Yet it was not as if the time traveler had any choice in the matter. Rather he found himself locked in a cage to contemplate the fact the future was his.

Or rather the future that was never meant to be, time travel could give one a headache.

All for a stupid crystal that did not even work...even if it started to hum now, why did it start to hum? Vandal turned around and noticed the humming before he entered the cell and snatched the crystal out of Clinton's hand.

"It seems like you've been holding out on me, traveler," Vandal stated as he eyed the crystal greedily, the thoughts of what its power could do danced in his heads. "I wonder, what this crystal could do?"

"I'm not sure, it was supposed to burn out, there's no telling what it might do," Clinton stated when he tried to plead with Vandal but once again it was not unlike having a discussion with a brick wall. "Don't...meddling with the time to this extent..."

"You will be silent."

Chains wrapped around David Clinton's body. The man already was disheveled along with in good need for a meal, a good shave, and likely a hot shower as well. Although he did fit into this time period well, where the streets were paved in not gold but shit, that was one thing he could take to the bank. It had been over a year since he got here, plucking more and more dangerous technology further and further into the future. It was to the point where the Patronus Crew long since moved
for the most part to New Krypton.

The history books were rather specific about that point about Harry Potter and his many wives, his many, many, wives, there were a countless number of wives. Clinton knew that he kept picking up women for a very long time, in any number of dimensions, especially after he expanded his horizons past a certain selection. Thousands of descendants as well throughout history, it was absolutely absurd and a blissful utopia of a world was created.

Aliens were also much more accepted and Earth finally joined the Galactic federation, even if they were one the newest planets all things considered. They were rather low on the totem pole but as many said, Earth had great potential to grow and prosper. It was a matter of them lasting long enough as other alien races sought Earth as an easy conquest.

"I will find out what this crystal does, it may be the key to allow for my triumph," Vandal stated before he held the time belt in his hand to taunt Clinton. "And I'll be taking this with me when I make my travel, lest you have any ideas about escaping."

The plans Clinton formulated in the back of his mind about escaping were dashed immediately, there would be no way out, not this time, perhaps not ever again. He knew that he would be trapped in the past regardless of what he did or did not do. That fact became apparently clear.

On the bright side, at least he did not have to hear his wife nagging him.

Clinton drummed his fingers on the side of the cell; the only reason why Vandal kept him alive was to explain the new technology to him. Once this conqueror caveman's conquest completed, the time traveler felt a stirring suspicion that he would be executed like any other enemy.

The time belt, with all of the magic in the air, there was no telling what it could do. Clinton based the time belt technology off of magic-protection shielding that was invented at Patronus Incorporated along with other bits of technology made in his Chronos suit. Granted it was not a perfect duplicate, as technology from that particular company was notorious in its difficult to counterfeit.

He took his hat off to the Potters with that one, they really made it hard to steal their technology.

Now there was a matter of his escape although the time traveler wondered if Vandal would even need him. If that crystal worked as well as it should, than Salvatore Vandal would be untouchable and no one could stop him. That proved to be doom for the future prospects of David Clinton when he folded his hands up and leaned against the wall.

It was not too much unlike waiting on Death Row for ones number to be called. With each passing second, the clock ticked by as he edged further and further to the edge.

Time would pass, would he?

Something told Clinton that things were going to get better before they got worse. The only hope he had was that those three found a way to follow him to the past. Although given the nature of time travel, by the time Supergirl, Wonder Girl, and Arcane arrived, they might be too late for either him or to save the time line.

He made a mistake going to the past but once he got out of there, Clinton vowed that things would change. He would not be this helpless ever again.

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Hours passed since Vandal left Clinton in the cell and annoyance crossed his face when he tapped
his foot against the side of the cell. The time traveler wished that his captor would have the foresight to leave a book for him. At the very least, it would be some way to pass the time and not be bored out of his mind. For now all he could wait for the next time where Vandal came back and demanded his help on a new piece of technology.

A loud crash echoed from outside of the cell and Clinton's ears perked up at the noise. He knew that things were going to get a bit more interesting and a loud crash connected from outside. Whoever was outside made short work of the guards outside the dungeons. Clinton rocked back and forth with his heels locked together whilst he waited for his saviors to show up. There was a moment while he waited and crossed his arms before the loud sounds of combat echoed outside once again.

"That's going to leave a mark, not to mention a mess," Clinton commented dryly as he stood back and leaned forward with a hand to his chin.

The doors burst open and one of the security guards was sent flying to the ground. The trio of heroes entered and walked around.

"The guy we're after, he's got to be here somewhere," Kara stated before she spun around to search, hovering a few inches off the ground, with her arms crossed.

"Actually I'm behind you, Supergirl."

Kara spun around and saw the disheveled and unshaven for of David Clinton, locked in the dungeon.

"You're the same guy who entered our building!" Kara yelled as she stared down Clinton.

Clinton nodded in a crisp manner. "That's correct, Supergirl, your security improves much over time but it was positively primitive to the standards the time where I've come from so it was mere child's play to crack it, although it was not perfect. I was after the crystal that powered the portal that sent you to the dimension where you met your second wife, it was a historic trinket."

"That crystal doesn't work anymore," Harry stated but Clinton shook his head.

"Yes, perhaps but it started humming in my pocket a while before you arrived," Clinton stated before he turned to the three of them. "I'm guessing the magic in the air might have jump started the abilities within the crystal."

Kara paled a little bit with Harry reaching forward and grabbing his wife's hand when he sensed her distressed. The expression on the blonde's face indicated that there was nothing good to happen with the crystal behaving in such an erratic fashion. It took a moment for the Kryptonian girl to regain her bearings before she spoke.

"The crystal is humming, to say that's not good will be an understatement."

Harry was afraid of that but he prompted her with the obvious question. "How so?"

Kara's face contorted a little bit into a grimace before she shook her head. "It will blow all in a two thousand mile radius into microscopic molecules."

"Yeah, that's what we call, not good," Hermione agreed after a moment of silence.

"And without my time belt, there was no way to recall the future technology and make sure it does not do any damage lingering in the past," Clinton stated when he mused the matter before him
before folding his arms over. The young time traveler stepped forward. "Providing it has not already done any damage, it has been a year before you arrived due to the nature of the time hole."

"I feared as much," Harry responded as he scratched his chin and turned away.

Harry's problem as he saw it was that there seemed to be no telling how much damage occurred at this juncture. So far, the three of them remained standing in the land of the living, which bode as a good sign as reality did not seem to be erasing them as of yet. That was one good point that resounded in their minds when the young wizard calculated the angles of the problem.

The main problem here was that there could be so much technology with the time belt recalled in a year, that it could be a bitch to reclaim it. That might seem like crude terminology to use but the dark haired wizard shook his head to reconcile every angle of the problem. The most dangerous belief resounded in his mind and that was that the people who were responsible for what was happening.

'That was our technology,' Harry thought to both Kara and Hermione.

'No, no time for a guilt trip, not today,' Hermione responded in a stubborn voice before the brunette turned to the two Potters and offered what she thought was cold, hard, logic. 'Besides...you haven't invented the technology in question yet, so none of this could be your fault'

'True,' Harry thought grudgingly after he shook his head and analyzed the disc. 'If we had the Patronus Incorporated technology tracking number we could shut all of this down.'

'The problem is it won't be developed for a thousand of years, unless we grab the time belt and the point would be moot,' Kara thought back to them. 'And there's the crystal...that's the worst of all.'

If the crystal exploded, it could kill people that were not supposed to be dead. The young Kryptonian witch understood the potential of what was at stake even though time would unravel. She wanted to return home to see her friends, her family, wives.

"Patronus Incorporated is one of the top technology companies in the world in my future and likely further in the future from my future as your company and your number have wives grew," Clinton mused a little bit when he folded his hands over his lap and shook his head, before leaning back.

Harry, Kara, and Hermione all had the same burning question but at the same time they knew that it was too dangerous to meddle in the affairs that would prevent the future from being set in stone.

"I can help you get the time belt and reverse everything, if you allow me out," Clinton added and looks of trepidation flickered on the face of both Potters and Hermione.

To be honest, they were in two minds of everything that happened. On the one hand, Clinton knew technology from the future that was not even invented. So he would be a great asset to say the very least. On the other hand, he caused all of this when he used the time belt to bring everyone here.

'I don't know if I trust this guy,' Kara thought to them and Harry nodded his head.

'We'll keep a close eye on him, and get the time belt back, and defeat Vandal and we'll deal with him,' Harry thought as he mulled it over in his head. The young wizard shook his head before he offered a moment to consider what was happening. 'Did you ever hear of a plan where everything could go so badly?'

'Likely we've been in the middle of one more often than not,' Hermione thought as she looked at Harry and considered everything before she let out the breath she held. 'But I don't think we really
Kara stepped forward towards Clinton when she weighed the options over in her mind before she gripped the iron bars. With a pull she tugged them open and grabbed Clinton, keeping a close eye on him.

"Let's go," Harry managed before he lead Kara and Hermione out of the room to go and find Vandal.

'I can hear the crystal, it's humming loud, that will lead us straight to him,' Kara thought as she clutched Harry's arm and the ground rumbled a little bit.

'We're running out of time,' Harry thought as he held up the coin in his hand that Godric gave him. 'The founders are moving in, I hope they can handle themselves.'

'They were the best of their time, I'm sure they can,' Hermione thought back but there was a distinct lack of conviction in her thoughts.

Still it was always darkest before a new day.

Salvatore Vandal stood with the crystal clutched in his hand to prepare for the next move. There was an instant where the caveman turned would be ruler turned. He had the technology that would make him the master of the world from the future and it would even circumvent sorcery. So he was in a good mood when he stepped forward, surrounded by his men. The would-be ruler turned to them, holding the crystal tightly.

"We will storm their castle and take the fight to them."

"Actually Salvatore, you got that backwards."

Godric Gryffindor led the charge of his fellow founders to stare down Salvatore Vandal. The twisted man turned to Godric who stood brave and bold with Rowena, Helga, and Salazar picking up the rear behind them.

"It was a calculated risk to come here I'm sure," Vandal stated as he held a disc device out of his hand and flung it through the air. An array of lasers fired in every single direction causing them to duck and dodge frantically. The founders scattered so they could not be struck by the attacks.

Salvatore Vandal released another disc and in a flash of light, all four Hogwarts founders found themselves ensnared by the light. They struggled unable to break free and they tried to find their way out.

"This was a folly," Vandal answered as he stared them down, wondering what they could be thinking and how they could think that this was a good thing. No doubt his efforts over the past number of months whittled down the sanity of the Founders. The foremost four magical users of their time and perhaps any other struggled to escape from their containment but no matter what, they could not break free at all. "But then again, I assume you knew what was on the line."

"We knew it was worth the risk," Godric responded as he shoved his shoulder against the field but there was no way to break out.

Rowena's face crossed into a knowing smile before the brilliant witch fixed her eyes on Vandal, with a twinkle in said eyes. "This is what you might call a distraction."
The disc below them shattered into microscopic fragments and released the four founders from their cages.

"Subdue them!" Vandal yelled but then he realized that none of his technology worked at all.

Rowena dove underneath the attack before she flicked her wrist. The brilliant witch conjured a lasso made of fire that burned into the skin of her attacker. Said attacker struggled to find a way to escape the containment but this was a folly action. The brilliant witch slid underneath another attack before she turned to Helga and the blonde witch nodded.

A combined attack from the snakes shot forward which allowed Salazar to control them.

"Kill," Salazar hissed in Pareltongue and on that command the snakes shot forward their fangs bared. The founder of the Slytherin house directed the actions of his preferred mascot when they bit into the legs, arms, and other parts that lead to the discomfort of the wizards.

Vandal wondered what went wrong and Godric Gryffindor rushed into the attack. Both attacks collided and pushed back, with neither fighter giving any quarter to the other. Sweat rolled down the cheeks of both enemies and eyes bulged out to reveal their blood shot nature. Both parties panted and tried to push back and forth but so far there was nothing to it.

"You can't defeat me," Vandal grunted as he pushed Godric back, using the miniature force field to subdue his attackers.

Godric smirked at Vandal, knowing more than the conqueror did. "Defeating you was never my plan."

Kara flew in while Vandal was distracted and yanked the crystal out of his hand. The caveman jumped in surprise when the crystal yanked out of his hand, the attack came seemingly out of nowhere. He made a mad dash for the crystal but now it was Hermione's time.

Hermione rushed in, sliding in and taking the legs out from underneath him. Vandal staggered, with the time belt in his hand, before Harry dove in flying high above the air.

"No, you can't have it!" Vandal yelled but Harry yanked the time belt from his grasp and the trinity of attacks hoisted Vandal off of the ground.

He flew back down to the ground with a thud.

"We can't kill him, for if we do, he won't be alive to help Kal return in the future," Kara stated in a frustrated voice that was the one problem with Vandal Savage that they had, as frustrating as it might be.

He did many bad things in the past but he redeemed himself in a bad future that never happened. Hopefully sometime in their timeline, Savage would receive that gift of redemption. Right now, it would be a long and winding road for him until the end.

Time travel made their brains hurt.

Kara frowned when she held the crystal in her hand when it began to vibrate it.

"Yeah, don't celebrate our victory this soon, because this crystal is about to explode," Kara breathed before she closed her eyes and considered what should be done. "I'm going to try something."
Granted it was something that was utterly stupid and defied all sense but Kara knew that if she left an highly unstable crystal on Earth and it blew up, the entire time stream could be destroyed beyond all belief. Before Harry and Hermione could react, the blonde alien took flight, gaining speed. She went up, up, and away, passing the orbit of the Earth.

The blonde flew further and further through Earth's orbit, gaining super speed when she moved further and further into orbit. Her breath got more labored when she left the Earth's orbit but the Blue Lantern ring activated to form a shield around the young girl. For this fact, Kara was grateful for this shielding because she had to get the crystal far away as possible. She picked up as much speed as she can.

She reached out of Earth's orbit, going past Venus, all the way to Mercury, and she moved towards the sun all at super speed. The heat of the sun felt like a mild tickle thanks to her genetic makeup. Kara went past this solar system's sun, feeling the heat but manage to go to the edge of the universe where a pocket universe was behind the sun.

There was a theory with Kryptonians that Earth's sun was once a planet that got superheated and potentially all of the survivors went in a pocket universe. Whether or not that was true, Kara could not determine this but right now she took the crystal and hurled it into the hole.

Off in the distance, she saw a few land masses, there seemed to be an entirely different solar system on the other side of the sun, populated with primitive life. Kara thought it would be interesting to study but she had to turn around. The heat of the sun caused the shield around her from the ring to flicker and the blonde alien knew that time ran short.

Picking up speed, Kara gained more momentum when she made her way back to Earth, with the defective crystal taken care of where no one could touch it again.

She reentered the orbit of Earth to drop down on the ground, where Harry greeted her with a smile and wrapped his arms around her in an embrace.

"I've done it," Kara stated before Harry pulled her into a long and passionate kiss. She returned the kiss with toe-curling fury, the tongues of both parties clashing together for domination.

"I don't think there was any doubt," Hermione answered to the two young lovers before the broke apart. "I think...well I think to clear this stuff up and return home."

Kara and Harry nodded, that was a prudent thing for sure.

Clearing up technology from the future was something that was a long project that took a couple of days even with their powers and some help from the Founders, but Harry, Kara, and Hermione wanted to make sure that everything left in the past returned to the future. Clinton seemed eager to help, perhaps out of penance for what he did. The trinity sighed when they cleared up every single bit of technology that littered the ground.

"Remember, if we leave one circuit in the past, it could have drastic changes of the future," Harry said to both girls who nodded in response. "We managed to wipe everyone's memories..."

"Yeah, we got them all, they don't remember this adventure," Hermione added with the rebels that worked for Vandal were lead off. Vandal himself escaped through the night. "Something tells me this day will have serious ramifications whether we want it to or not."

"I believe there is one final step to take and that is to wipe our memories as well," Rowena answered and Hermione opened her mouth. "It is unwise to have any foreknowledge of the future,
even the indirect. I'm sure that Hogwarts stands strong after all of those years."

At these words, Kara, Hermione, and Harry exchanged tense expressions with each other and decided to allow them to keep going on under the assumption that everything was fine in the future. There was no reason to tell them otherwise even if there memories would be erased the moment the Teenage Trinity left. Still it was best to have fewer memories and information to remove, it worked out much better that way.

Salazar cleared his throat. "The longer we linger, the more of a chance that our memories become a danger to our future. I'm sure we're all go down in the history books as respected founders and all of our family lines will be treated with nothing but dignity."

The Slytherin founder paused before he added with a bit of a warm smile towards Godric.

"And I'm certain the friendship between Godric Gryffindor and Salazar Slytherin will what legends are made of and our houses will get along and the unity formed with the Founders is going to last forever and a day."

'It only they knew,' Harry thought to both Hermione and Kara.

'Agreed,' Hermione thought, wondering exactly when the relationship between Slytherin and the other founders took a turn for the worst. Something happened with them, the real question was what and more importantly when.

Kara and Harry used their Blue Lantern rings and summoned their power within them. This action relaxed the four Founders enough for the two Potters to pick through their memories and erase the past year from their brains. The only thing they remembered was the fact that the Founders rose up and defeated someone named Salvatore Vandal.

The same thing was done to Salvatore Vandal, Vandal Savage, whatever one called them before the three of them let Savage get away. His memories were modified to erase any involvement with Harry, Kara, and Hermione in them. All he would remember was the defeat at the hands of the four Founders. That would serve them well and likely would be a point that he obsessed over for the rest of his days.

It was much too tempting to meddle with other parts of his memory to change him because in an alternate future, Savage would need to come to some kind of realization so he could help Superman. If there was no reason to come to that realization, then there was no reason why he would help the Man of Steel.

Harry regretted that thousands of lives would have to suffer but they could leave no trace about the fact that they were present in the past. Once they got back, the time belt should erase everything that happened and restore reality back to where it was. At least that's what the theory was.

The young sorcerer hoped Clinton cooperated with the efforts but now there was only one thing left to do. Harry held up the time belt and looked at it, he was sure this was based off of the technology that Harry, Kara, and their wives would invent in the future. However, it was something beyond him.

Clinton seemed ready to help.

"Here, you need to adjust the space influx to the time codex for us to properly punch a hole through time, allow me," Clinton stated and before Harry reacted, the time traveler activated a fail safe on the belt. Said fail safe propelled Harry backwards and sent him flying back into the arms of Kara.
David Clinton's eyes narrowed and sadism reigned in him, enjoying the fact that he got one over the great Arcane. If lighting struck him down then, he'd die a happy man.

"Or maybe I lied."

The time hole opened up and Clinton went in it, with Harry, Kara, and Hermione knowing that they could only do one thing.

Harry and Kara once again held the time hole open with the Blue Lantern rings before they shot themselves inside.

'How far back did he go this time?' Kara wondered without taking a breath.

'I don't think we went far back, I think the real question is how far ahead we went,' Harry thought as his head turned around and the young wizard wondered where he was.

It looked like Gotham City, except it was not the Gotham City that they knew. It was bright and shiny, the real city of the future but it appeared that there was still crime.

Like the flying pumpkin basket that hurled through the air at their feet and started to hum a little bit before it exploded. Kara and Harry used their rings to shield it before they saw a group of colorfully dressed criminals. They all dressed like clowns with one notable exception.

The first member of the team was a large tall man in clown make up and a black trench coat named Bonk.

The next member of the team was an obese clown on rollers named Chucko.

The next two clowns were a pair of twin girls dressed like Raggedy-Ann dolls, they were the Dee-Dees.

Another clown was also dressed a bit like the Scarecrow, and he threw the pumpkin bomb, his name was Ghoul.

The final clown was not a clown, but rather a mutated Hyena named Woof, sadistic and giggling as the rest of his fellow criminals.

They were the Jokerz and they ruled Gotham City 2045, moving forward.

"Looks like the gangs all here, Dee-Dee," one of the twins said.

"It's Arcane, Dee-Dee," the second twin said as she stared them down.

"I hate that guy, Dee-Dee, he took us down last time hard," the twin stated.

"I agree, I liked when he was called Spanner better," the second twin repeated.

The twins threw out their electrified whips but they dodged the attacks, and Kara fried them with a heat vision.

"Look, the original Supergirl, she doesn't play fair, does she Dee Dee?"

"No, let's give her something that she'll remember for a long time. Maybe that will teach her to play nice."

A flying blur shot out of the sky and super breath knocked the Jokerz backwards. Harry moved in
to try and take them down with magic but fields warped around their bodies to prevent the attack. The dark haired wizard realized that once again, someone co-opted technology from Patronus that as yet to be invented.

'Damn it, they can repel...well the cavalry is here,' Harry thought, his train of thought being thrown completely off.

A young man dressed completely in black lead the charge, with a red bat insignia on his chest. He was followed by a young Asian girl wearing goggles who armed a bow and fired an arrow with expert precision to send her enemies flying backwards. The third member of the team was a middle aged man who sent static energy from his hand, shocking them with lightning bolts. The fourth was a girl with pink air sticking out from underneath her mask dressed in a black version of the Flash's uniform.

The fifth party stopped and stared at Harry and Kara. She had long dark hair like Harry and Kara's blue eyes, dressed in a black half shirt with a red "S" on it, with a green skirt that extended down to her legs. She stopped what she was doing and addressed Harry and Kara with surprised astonishment and widened eyes.

"Mom, Dad?"

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter, Warped Part Two: League of the Future on July 28th 2013.
There was little time to reconcile that little fact; it hit Kara and Harry full on and even Hermione was thrown off her game. Of course, by this point, they needed to focus on what they were doing. The Jokerz were back on the attack and they were meaner than ever.

The loud explosions rattled the city streets when the Justice League of the Future went against their greatest enemies at this present time, the Jokerz. The archer girl fired a trick arrow to fly over her head and land on the ground. The explosion caused the clowns to scatter but they would not be scattering for long. This was simply a mild diversion to deter the entire group and allow the League members to move around and focus on a more collective attack.

The Batman of the Future, or so Harry assumed, took charge of the battle. He spoke in voice commanding such authority that would have not been out of place with the original. "We need to scatter, regroup, they have resources, weapons, beyond anything that's known to many, even in this time period."

"He's been taking weapons from the future, are future, stealing the hard work of my family," the girl who addressed Harry and Kara stated when her eyes glowed and the young Kryptonian witch fired a high intensity blast with the heat vision towards her enemy but it hit a wall. "The energy fields repel magic, damn it."

"There's back door in there, we've got to find it," Kara answered as she hoisted up a chunk of pavement and swung it at the two twins who scattered.

"The problem with these back doors is that they've been shut, whoever this Chronos guy is, he's found a way to lock me out of the technology," the young girl stated when she dodged the attack. The speedster rolled in to trip up Chucko. The large clown went down but the others scrambled for their attack.

More attacks were dodged, with each individual clown trying to take out the heroes but they managed to manipulate their attack against them.

Batman jumped up before he propelled himself into the air. Ropes wrapped around Bonk and send him down. He dodged the flying pumpkins from Ghoul.

Kara aimed her heat vision to cut through another pumpkin and caused the Jokerz to scatter, the team not realizing how dangerous everything was getting. They shook off the attacks, cringing a little bit but regrouped. It was time to take things back a step and focus and hope that today's battle would not be lost. Their boss would be very displeased with them.

"We need to show these do-gooders that the Jokerz rule this town."

"Yeah we've got to get out of here, go run, I mean, we've got to get out of here fast, they're gaining us, after what they did the team, they're not going to, they're not going to…."

The archer girl interrupted her friend who started talking really fast when she got upset and got flustered extremely easily. "Blur calm down, we're not going to win this unless we focus, work together as a team and beat them. We've done it before, we can do it again"

The statement that they did not have such weapons went unsaid.
"Right as a team, I know that, or I knew that rather, oh they've got the heavy weapons," the young girl stated as she clutched her hands together and started to shake nervously at super speed.

"No heavier of a weapon than this," the flying girl stated raising a fist before she joined Harry and Kara in an attack to knock the Jokerz back.

The clowns flew backwards from the impact from the magical energy blasting from the hands of the three super powered individuals. They thought that this would be easy money and easy meat but the group of clowns found themselves flying backwards. They staggered, blinded from the mist and coughing, shaking their heads.

"Time to find a way out of here," the Batman of the Future stated as he repelled up before he turned to the middle aged hero beside him. "A little cover would be nice, Static."

Static nodded before he raised his hands up and sent the electricity forward to batter the enemies and cause them a mild amount of pain.

"This isn't how we planned it to happen?"

The Jokerz grimaced and grunted as they watched the group fly off. They were not running per say but a good regrouping was necessary for them to win the battle. They most certainly were not running. Heroes did not run, at least not in theory. However people who wished to live might make an occasional strategic retreat so they could win the battle. It was important to go and live and fight another day.

With that fact, the entire group made their way out, shaking off what happened.

"Patronus Incorporated, I believe that there are resources there that might help us even in the future," Kara answered but the girl who addressed the Potters earlier as her parents shook her head and a sad expression crossed her face.

"As much as I would like to help you with that, I'm afraid it's not possible. The Jokerz and their leader destroyed all of the buildings."

Harry and Kara somehow doubted that but until they got more information, they could not really contradict that fact.

"We can talk about that later," the future Batman said as he looked over his shoulder and quickened the pace. While he was nowhere near paranoid as the original model, it did not mean that he could slack off with the vigilance.

"Yeah, we got to move it, you know hustle…..AH!" Blur yelled before she nearly fell but the flying Kryptonian girl caught her.

"You are the only person in the world that I know that can be clumsy at super speed," the girl stated before she shook her head and the speedster stuck her tongue out at her in response.

Harry and Kara exchanged a tense expression, their rings still remained active, this was a good thing, even if the past could not be assured until they stopped Clinton. They would need his technology, technically their technology, to find a way home.

The two of them eyed the girl before them before they asked the question.

"Who are you?"
There was an awkward moment in time before the young girl turned towards Harry and Kara with a smile on her face. "I'm Alura Lily Potter, I'm your daughter. I'm the Supergirl of the Year 2040."

She paused for a moment before she shook her head.

"That's all you need to know really, " the Kryptonian stated before she crossed her arms and the others nodded.

The Batman of the Future in particular chimed in with a few words again. "Trust me when I say that you don't want to know about what's happened in your future."

Batman, Terry McGuinness, knew all about that, about knowing too much about where one came from. Even if the time stream settled, there was a chance that not all of the loose ends would be tied up. Chronos already managed to destroy a lot and there were rifts in time that were getting worse and worse.

And there was a chance that nothing in this future would be stick and all of them could disappear at any time.

As for Terry, well he knew Supergirl and Arcane and all of their wives, their many wives, their dozens and dozens of wives, all too well. In fact, Harry did have a direct hand in the entire Batman of the Future thing, although who knew what would happen if the future did not change back to the way it was. His future was shaky at best.

"Where are we heading, the Watchtower?"

"It got shot down years ago," Batman answered as he turned his head around for a minute, hoping that no one followed him. "There's one place on Earth that we can go."

Kara and Harry had a good idea, although they were interested in learning more about their daughter. Despite this fact, they remained focused on fixing this, the entire future was up in the air thanks to one man and they had to stop him. Especially when they realized that their future technology was behind this; so it added a personal touch when they tried to go and take down Clinton.

The team thankfully did not meet any more trouble from the clowns, although it was a matter of time before they would.

"After all I've done for you clowns, taken you from garden variety street thugs and gave you technology beyond your wildest dreams, all you've done is fail."

David Clinton was far from the meek man he started out from when he invented the Chronos suit. He inclined his head, placing his hands on his chest and stared down his lackeys, minions, stooges, whatever one wanted to call them. There were many terms he could use. The time traveler had the perfect adjective for them and that was incompetent.

The clowns, to their credit, cowered into line, all of them looking at them.

"The Justice League should not have defeated you, and you should have defeated Supergirl, Arcane, and Wonder Girl, you knew they were coming for months. You should have prepared, you should have taken them out with the element of surprise. There can only be one reason why you didn't defeat them and that was someone leaked the plans to the heroes."

Clinton drummed his fingers, his wife standing in the background, and tapping her fingers,
nervously drumming off the window. She rocked a bit, back and forth but said nothing.

"It wasn't us boss, we never would have done it," Bonk stated as he looked up at his boss through fearful eyes.

"I know it wasn't you, Bonk, you're too stupid to show any ambition but let's take a look at the footage," Clinton answered as he drummed his fingers before he called it up.

There was a transaction going on, two pairs of hands exchanging credits. Batman handed credits to Chucko, who handed the Batman of the Future information.

The other Jokerz back off from Chucko like he carried some disease that he did not want to catch when the eyes of their leader turned to the large clown. The clown rolled back a little bit, drawing in a breath and shaking his head.

"It seems like someone has been a very naughty clown."

"Boss it wasn't me, I swear, it wasn't me."

"The footage doesn't lie, Chucko, I think you need a time out and you need to find out what happens when people cross me," Clinton responded in a low and almost sinister voice, that did not fit the man he once was before this time. He waved a hand.

Chucko was not about to take this lying down, the clown took a step forward but he froze in time. A blinding flash of energy shot through the air to connect with the chest of the thug before them. The rest of the gang stared when their fellow gang member disappeared into the light. None of them moved a muscle, almost as if they were afraid that the same fate would befall them if they pushed their boss too much.

The large clown landed on his feet, his knees buckled slightly but other than that, he stood his ground. He found himself in prehistoric times, far away from the high-tech future he knew. The large clown maintained his stance, looking around and to his credit, did not flinch.

Instead, the clown snorted when he looked up at the dinosaurs before him, large and growling, many would piss themselves if they were in this situation. Chucko, perhaps out of some false bravado, pulled out a staff before he looked to the heavens.

"You think I'm scared of this shit, well the joke's on you, I'll be running this place in about a week."

No sooner did these words leave the clown's mouth did a large meteor rock fly from the sky at a ballistic speed towards him. He looked up, muttering and shaking his head, before the end came for both Chucko and the dinosaurs.

Back in the future, Clinton turned to the rest of the clowns, all of them scared shitless. He must say, after forty some years of being pushed around, it was good to have people who feared him, respected him, and bowed before him. For at this moment, David Clinton had power and he was not going to relinquish it for any reason.

"Do you know what killed the dinosaurs?"

The members of the Jokerz fretfully shook their heads, their hands trembled when they stared at their leader, their boss. Once again the fear that radiated off of the faces of his henchmen was music to the ears of one David Clinton. It caused him great joy, it caused him to want to sing and dance a little bit. Fortunately, he was able to shake off that urge and compose himself with dignity
before he addressed the gang.

"Well I can tell you that Chucko does, and if none of you clowns want to share his fate, I want you
to do one thing and one thing only and that's annihilate the Justice League."

Clinton always wanted to say that, "annihilate the Justice League", it gave him power and control.
He spent years in the future studying up on the famous super villains in the time and picked up a
number of lines that would make him the top of the heap. He practiced his villain monologues in
front of the mirror every morning; he must say he was getting pretty good at it.

"Yes, Lord Chronos."

That declaration was music to the ears of the time lord when he smirked and looked at them,
wavering them off.

"Then go, time is money," Clinton stated and sure enough the Jokerz went. Clinton spun around to
look at his wife before he amended that statement. "Well actually time is the continuous motion of
particles throughout space in a linear fashion but for some reason; the clowns understand the
money analogy much better."

Clinton put himself down on the couch in his palace he brought old buildings from across time and
space, relics that were priceless, he had Batman's first cowl that had been dyed pink in a place of
honor on his mantle. While he did not finish off the Batman himself, it was still a mark of how far
he came.

And finally his wife respected him; he showed her that he was not worthless after all. All it took
was Clinton taking over all time and space and becoming a Time Lord, with the power of the
Technology of Patronus Incorporated that made his Chronos suit. He killed Supergirl and Arcane in
the future; he would make sure that they did not live in the past once his men finished them off.

He hated what the represented in the future; a blissful utopia with Supergirl, Arcane, and their
countless wives, dozens it seemed, and it stopped on more innocent men like himself. Well
Chronos would have the last laugh, he would do what Lord Voldemort, Darkseid, Brainiac, Lex
Luthor, The Joker, Ra's Al Ghul, Vandal Savage, Sinestro, Lord Potter, the Reach, Trigon, General
Zod, and many others failed to do, he would bring down Harry Potter.

That was number one on his bucket list and he would do so with dignity, like his wife rubbing his
shoulders. He relaxed when he allowed her hands to work their magic.

"Ah that's a good spot dear, keep that up," Clinton stated as he leaned his head forward and
contemplated his plans.

"David, dear, if I may ask a question of you?" Edith asked and Clinton nodded, showing his wife
that she had his full and undivided attention. "Do you think…do you think that you could get my
mother out of that horrible place?"

Clinton offered a smile, he sent his mother-in-law into the Phantom Zone to be ripped apart by the
monsters within. Whether or not she survived, well it was not like he cared. She was always a shrill
harpy that degraded him.

"David?"

"In a minute, I'm basking in my glory at the demise of Supergirl and Arcane," Clinton stated when
he looked up. "Granted, they're not dead yet but in due time, our Kryptonian power couple will be
merely a footnote in history and Chronos will reign supreme through all time and space."
Edith voiced a rather real worry she had.

"David, don't you think you're being a bit premature?"

Clinton shook his head, it was not the first time his wife accused him of being premature although for different reasons. He drummed his fingers on the chair when she continued to rub his neck.

"I got it under control, quit nagging," Clinton responded as he shook his head. "I need a few more buildings from Ancient Rome and Gotham City will have respect and prestige. Maybe the original Coliseum, that would be great, it'd really fit in next to Arkham, wouldn't you say?"

"Didn't you tell me that it would be dangerous to take items out of the past?" Edith asked but Clinton's face twisted into a grimace.

"I'm doing this for you," Clinton stated but he sprung to his feet and turned around to face his wife, eyes narrowed in fury. "No matter what I do, nothing is ever good enough is it. Oh I should have married the guy with the seven figure income, with the nice car, with three houses, but that guy, that guy won't go down in history as the man who destroyed Harry Potter! He will be the Boy-Who-Lived-No-Longer!"

Clinton howled at the top of his lungs this statement looking quite crazed before he stormed off, his clowns knew when to contact him, he was going to take a nap, it had been a long day.

Edith moved off, she had a big screen television and all the bon-bons in the world, she could not be bothered with her husband's petty tantrums. Let the Lord of All Time wreck reality, see if she cared?

Her shows were still on in the future, that's all that mattered to her.

"I believe introductions are in order when we get here," Alura stated as she followed them to the Batcave. She turned to Batman. "This is….

"Batman and that's all you need to know," the Batman of the Future remarked in a crisp voice. He was on edge, especially for Batman. There was a very real possibility that some of them might not exist in a matter of moments. They saw two of their team mates disappear and another one killed violently by the Jokerz within the last few months.

"Blur, but my real name is Cass…..AH!" Blur stated before she tripped over a rise in the floor.

"That ball of trouble is Cassiopeia West, the daughter of….well put two and two together," the archer responded when she spun around and smiled when she faced the party. "My name is Lian Harper but my codename is Trickshot because I never miss."

"Your Aunt Artemis gave you a big head, Lian," Alura responded as she shook her head.

"Yeah, talk about a big head, really big, it's scraping against the ceiling, yeah, that's it, scraping," Blur stated when she shook her head around in a hyperactive manner.

"You need to either cut down on the sugar intact or increase it," Batman stated when he looked at the hyperactive speedster when she bounced off the walls.

"Yeah, no kidding, you must be the second most annoying speedster I've ever had the misfortune of meeting," Alura answered when she shook her head and smile, before clapping her hands. "Although nothing on Impulse, you're really nothing on Impulse."
"Oh, I'm sure we all know why Impulse gets underneath your skin, A," Lian answered with a knowing some and a wink.

Alura felt flushed but recovered quickly, allowing Harry and Kara to exchange a tension filled look.

'We come into the past with a daughter who is late teenager, maybe early adult, and we've barely even thought about having children,' Kara thought to Harry, shaking her head.

'Well, it's not like this will come to be,' Harry thought back to his first wife.

'Our family, most certainly it will be, this future with this nut case ruling it, not if we can help it,' Kara thought back before she locked hands with Harry.

The group entered the Batcave before three of their members stopped short and saw the grizzled old man sitting in the chair. Kara stopped and stared when she looked at the man in question, there was no mistaking the demeanor on that guy.

"You know, you're one of the last people that I'd ever expected to see alive."

"I'd imagine," cranky old Bruce Wayne stated as he clutched his cane, a canine companion on the ground next to him, chilling like dogs tended to do. Ninety years old did not dim Batman's paranoia or his resourcefulness. "It's good to see you again, after what happened last time."

Harry caught the meaning in Bruce's words. "What happened last time?"

"We died in the future, didn't we?" Kara stated as she let out a breath and her blue eyes widened.

"It was the human purification mutant, they had it out for aliens and Chronos supplied them with technology, your technology to destroy you," Batman responded as he eyed the couple who helped him so many times before or technically will help him. "Then he erased them from history and took all credit for your demise but now he wants to wipe you two out of history. He has a vendetta, something about how he can't stand what you two stand for."

"All of the wives you'll have in the future, that's what he can't stand," Lian chimed in and Harry and Kara exchanged a look of trepidation.

"How many wives do we have in the future?"

"Worry about that as it happens and not now," Bruce answered as he cut her off, the surly old man grumpy and bitter as one might expect him after he hung on for some long. "We need to find out more about Chronos."

"But if they're here and I'm here that means…." Alura started but Batman cut her off.

"Not necessarily," Batman stated as he looked at them. "Time and space is dangerously coming close to unraveling and none of us might not be here in a moment, from what we've experienced, team mates disappearing into the night, Chronos is some kind of time lord."

"No he's a thief that stole Kryptonian technology, our technology and co-opted it, something we'll be fixing when we get back or tightening up on best we can," Kara answered as she looked at Harry and Hermione who seemed to agree.

"For sure," Hermione responded when a smile crossed her face.

"Do you have any way to stop Chronos from damaging the future any more with that time suit of
his?" Batman asked and Harry paused for a moment.

This was an extremely good question, one Harry wished he answered more promptly but he had ideas in his head. Sure enough he took a moment to look at the group before he nodded in response.

"I've got the Artihmancy nearly figured out, if I can hack into the suit's temporal functions, I might find a way to reset it from the moment where he first went on his time jaunt," Harry responded before Kara added her two cents.

"It's a one in a million shot that this will even work."

Old Man Wayne remained surly but nodded when he looked at the ground, rising from his chair and leaning on his cane. It held him up but one should not count out the former Batman because he needed a cane. He was still as tough as nails.

"Right now, it's the only shot that we have."

Hermione opened her mouth to say something but something tragic struck the entire group when they looked forward. The young girl slowly began to fade from existence, getting fainter and fainter with each passing instance. Kara and Harry reached forward to grab the hands of their best friend but she slipped out of their grip, going further and further into the nothingness.

"HERMIONE!"

Horror did not even begin to describe what Harry felt, he shook his head, this was not happening, his best friend, she disappeared into nothingness. Anger filled his eyes when he grabbed the air where she once was but now she was not any more.

"What happened?" Alura asked as her heart thumped. "How could she….

She could not believe that her godmother vanished through time and space like that, like she never existed. It unsettled her, causing her palms to grow sweaty with the horror of what was happening and it defied all logic. Her knees trembled and Harry and Kara moved over towards her. In their own way, mother, father, and future daughter comforted each other.

"Time's running out," Batman summarized in a grim voice, the future version of the Dark Knight turning his head to see the former counterpart.

"Agreed," Bruce stated as he turn to face the view screen to see if he could find out what he could do.

"If we find the Jokerz, one of us might lead us to Chronos," Blur suggested in her usual hyperactive manner.

"Worth a shot, but how do we do that?" Batman asked before Old Man Wayne leaned against his cane peering at them with blood shot eyes.

"It's clear what we must do and we'll succeed because criminals are still a superstitious and cowardly lot."

Kara and Harry smiled at each other, even if the smile grew rather strained when their best friend disappeared into nothingness. The more things changed, the more they stayed the same. Criminals were criminals no matter when in time they were.

The Justice League of the Future moved out, led by the only original member left living, a surly
old bat that was too stubborn to die.

Ghoul made his way to the top of the building, climbing up there. He received a hot tip that Supergirl and Arcane were here, and he wanted to cash in with the big boss. Not that he cared; they were teenagers, not the powerhouse that they were when they were in their prime.

It was going to be an easy payday.

The face of Ghoul twisted into a grin, before he turned around and saw the two heroes in question. The sadistic clown clutched his pumpkin explosives in his hands and hovered it from one side to the other. "For two of the greatest heroes in their time, you two don't seem to be too bright."

"Maybe, but we're not the ones who walked into a trap," Kara remarked with a grin and Batman appeared from behind him, cloaked in the device around his bat suit.

The Batman of the Future grabbed Ghoul around the arm before he marched him off of the side of the roof. Ghoul seemed uncaring, in fact his expression twisted into something that resembled apathy. He turned to Batman, daring him but the Dark Knight of 2040 held him above the ledge, his feet dangling.

"You'll find that my arm might start to get tired," Batman stated as he hung him upside down.

"You better listen to him, he'll drop you, you'll be nothing but a greasy spot on the pavement," Harry remarked as he stared down at the clown.

Batman turned around to see Old Man Wayne having found his way on the roof, the surly old man advanced forward, like a pitbull, teeth bared and nasty intentions dancing in his eyes. He raised his cane, threatening the young man, who cowered on the roof for a moment but tried to maintain his false bravado.

"You can't do anything to me…"

Ghoul's statements that Batman could not do anything were cut off with a well-placed cane shot to the face. The wood cracked him over the face and staggered the clown criminal, knocking him cross-eyed, before another shot from the old man dropped him down.

"This is why you don't fuck with Batman," Alura whispered to both her parents and they looked at her, eyebrows raised. She shifted guilty and amended in a small voice. "Sorry."

"No, my sentiments exactly," Kara responded as she saw the man dangling and it turned out the pigeon was about to sing.

"He's….that building over there, he was there holding court but he moves around, Lord Chronos, he sleeps in a different one every night but his wife is there, yeah, she might know where he is."

A loud explosion echoed from above them with Kara and Harry growing tenser yet, time and space became undone. Their Blue Lantern Rings acted funny. Time ran down, each second could be their last. Much like Hermione did, they could vanish at any time.

"Anything else?" Old Man Wayne asked as he tucked his cane underneath the chin of Ghoul, who looked like he was about to soil himself.

"Um, I wet the bed until I was sixteen," the young punk stammered.
"That's more than I needed to here," Trickshot remarked with a pair of narrowed eyes and a disgusted expression on her face.

Kara and Harry knew where it was and saw the building in their line of sight. They knew that if anyone was going to stop Chronos it was going to be them, reverse the flow of time back to where it was, where it should be.

Alura stopped them before they took flight, as she struggled to say the words to them.

"Yes, what is it?" Harry asked, staring at the young woman who was his daughter, although given the future, he had no idea whether any of this would come to pass whether it be the good or the bad.

"I swear if you two die before you even conceive me, I'll kill you," Alura answered, trying to lighten the mood but Harry and Kara looked back at her, smiles on their faces.

Time and space unraveled before them, something that put a damper on the touching family moment, the moment was lost. Kara and Harry looked at the young woman that they saw the best parts of both of themselves in. Which could make a remarkable young woman if they may say so themselves.

That was something they could concern themselves with much later before the super powered couple flew across the city from the rooftops. The building Ghoul pointed out was a few seconds fly away and surrounded by Joker bots, dressed in Togas.

Harry and Kara exchanged grins, they knew what they had to do and they swung for the fences, smashing into the Joker Bots and sent them flying. Another combined attack and the Joker Bots blew apart.

"Don't think we want to let you have all the fun," Trickshot stated as she dropped to the ground, before she shot an arrow in the head of one of the Jokerbots. An explosion went off when she regarded her godparents with a smile.

"Yeah, here in a flash," Blur added as she blasted in at super speed and nearly tripped over her own feet, stumbling and bumbling but for once her clumsiness was an asset. She flew into the Jokerbot and smashed it into tiny pieces, causing sparks to fly.

Kara and Harry burst inside, when they saw Edith Clinton sitting on the couch, dressed in a bathrobe with Bon-Bon wrappers on the floor, when she was watching reruns of Oprah from the 20th century on the television.

"Well Supergirl and Arcane, nice to meet you in the flesh, you're all my husband ever talks about, the useless worthless good for nothing...." Edith answered but then she trailed off, shaking her head.

"Well that useless good for nothing is about to destroy all time," Harry answered and the middle aged house wife nodded. "They said you know where he is."

Edith snorted before she motioned for the two heroes to follow her down the hallway, across a building that was adjacent to where she was, it was a section of the dungeon that Vandal Savage left him in. The woman ranted all of the way, when Harry, Kara, and the rest of the League of the Future followed him down the hallways.

"That's just what he wants you to think, that he sleeps in different buildings every night, to make himself seem important, to compensate for certain shortcomings," Edith stated. "A loser with a
kingdom, is still a loser."

Harry immobilized her before she could properly cause a stir.

'Got to get to the time belt before time becomes undone,' Kara thought but suddenly another temporal wave caught them off guards, staggering them a few feet off to the side.

Clinton jolted away, his eyes flickering open to indicate that he was awake. He staggered up to the bed, popping out of bed and rolled his head a little bit, pulling himself awake.

"Nice try but not good enough," Clinton stated as he knocked them away and escaped through a time hole.

'Time and space is causing havoc with our abilities,' Kara thought to herself frustrated, for some reason, she was super sluggish, as she lead the group through the time hole. Her determination was what pushed her through, to her limits and beyond.

The Justice League of the Future stood ready for battle but there was one problem, the Jokers were already there. Chronos activated the time hole as the group joined their leader on the ground.

"Take out the Justice League!" Chronos yelled as the Jokerz rushed forward to engage them in battle.

"Still too slow!" Blur yelled in a bubbly voice when she rushed off to the side and dodged the whip attack of the Dee Dee twins.

Bonk rushed forward, swinging large mallet arms at the League but Lian aimed an arrow to send it at his arms. The arms froze over, weighing ten times their normal strength and it forced him to go down.

"Not so fast arrow girl!" one of the twins stated as she flung out a whip but Alura caught the whip in her hand, before she yanked it out of the hands of the twin.

With super strength, Alura punched the twin at super strength. She thought she won the battle but the twins split in half. Instead of two Dee-Dees, there were four and all of them laughed sadistically when they lashed out their whips to grab the brunette Kryptonian around their arms and legs to try and pull her apart.

"GET YOUR HANDS OFF OF HER YOU DIRTY HARLOTS!"

Kara blasted her heat vision at super intensity burning their hands and knocking them back. Harry joined her with a double team attack that sent the group of Dee Dee twins flying in the air in a cyclone. The Blue Lantern rings trapped them in a bubble, preventing them from attacking.

"Thanks Mom," Alura stated, looking flushed and embarrassed but she kept her head up to fight but them as time and space became undone.

Harry lost his mind and his ability to speak at a normal volume.

"YOU IDIOT, HAVEN'T YOU UNDERSTOOD THE CONSEQUENCES OF WHAT YOU'VE DONE! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT YOU BUMBLING....YOU THINK YOU CAN JUST MESS AROUND WITH TIME DESPITE THE RAMIFICATIONS!"

Clinton seemed non-plussed and shook his head. "I didn't think you did…what was that kind of rage called again?"
The cool and calm demeanor that David Clinton asserted did not endear himself to anyone, especially his wife he spun around, hands on hips and a nasty scowl on her face. She prepared to ream out her husband who stepped back but only a step. Maybe even a half a step for he was the one who had the power, the control, and everything that went along with that.

"David, you have to fix this and fix it now!" Edith nagged as she looked at him. "I told you to assert yourself, not destroy all of reality, you ignorant...."

Edith trailed off when he saw all of time and space begin to white itself out, in the sky above and the entire group screamed when time portals burst open from different times.

"Pretty," Clinton answered in a distracted matter.

"You've got to stay focused, we've got to fix this!" Harry yelled, making a dash but a group of Samurai appeared out of a time hole, going after him.

Alura, Kara, and Harry knocked the group of Samurai over with their super breath and at super speed disarmed them with super speed and precision. The warriors fell back onto the ground, their swords clattered down to the ground. A good old fashioned Potter family beat down was put on them when they sent flying backwards.

"I'm going to...I'm going to fix this, all of this, you'll see," Clinton stated before he gave his wife a short kiss good bye and he bolted. "You'll love me next time!"

Clinton moved through the time portal.

'Begging of time?' Kara thought with mortal dread when she watched him leave.

'Begging of time,' Harry confirmed and without another word, the two of them bolted through the time portal, their Lantern rings shielding them as they followed him down the time hole.

There was one thing that was constantly drilled into their heads during basic Lantern training, a legend that the Guardians had about the beginning of time and that was no one could see if. If they did see it, it would be a catastrophe, a mess and any other cataclysmic adjective they could use to describe this. Cataclysmic would not even begin to describe what would unfold when they reached through the time portal. The two Blue Lanterns picked up speed.

Clinton could change all of history if he reached the hand of time; make himself into a god, the god even.

Not if they could get their first as they picked up super speed, the friction burning their clothes but that was something they could not concern themselves with. The Kryptonian couple pushed themselves down the tunnel, reaching him. They got closer; they had to pick up the pace.

They saw it at the beginning, at the end with Clinton edging closer to it. Their hearts beat against their chest; they got closer and closer with each passing motion.

'I'm almost there, if I can get within range I can reset his suit and all the technology within,' Harry thought as he closed his eyes.

It was like none of this ever happened and they reached closer.

'Harry, what happens if we don't make it?' Kara thought before she found herself visited with another question. 'What happens if we hit the beginning of time at hyper-speed?'
'All of reality is destroyed,' he thought back to her in a nonchalant manner, before he moved closer and closer to his target and grabbed Clinton around the shoulders.

Clinton screamed, he was so close for going all the way from a nobody into a God, he was grabbed. He cursed Arcane, he cursed him, he never would forget this never.

Magic ripped into the suit and hacked everything when they saw a hand closing at the beginning of time, the big bang, the thing that caused all of existence to be created. The final variable tweaked before the suit reset itself and then a blinding flash of white light erupted.

Harry, Kara, and Hermione blinked once, twice, and then thrice when they dropped to the ground. The trinity shook off their cobwebs when they looked to the side. Much time passed before it was Hermione who stated the very obvious question and to be honest, the two Potters found themselves glad that she did for the two Kryptonian mages who were lost.

"So, do any of you know what happened?" Hermione asked as she raised an eyebrow and the two Potters were at a loss for words. "One second we went through the door to hear a silent alarm, the next second we were here and there was nothing touched, nothing stolen."

Kara moved over, she checked the vault but all that there was a burned out dead crystal. To her, this did not make any sense at all; there were an entire host of things that she hoped that would be remembered, very important things even. Yet, there was nothing that she remembered, whether important or otherwise.

"I guess it was some kind of random glitch in the system," Harry offered as his shoulders shrugged and he peered over his shoulder. There was something he was sure that happened and when he checked the system, there were no glitches, random or otherwise. "I don't know what happened and I really think that we averted some crisis for some reason."

Kara wondered what that would be, what indeed.

Little did they know that when Harry reset the time suit, it also reset the memories of everyone involved, along with time and space itself. He accessed the fail safe in the suit, the fail safe that would not fail to save them above all others. It allowed them to save all of history which reset itself, whether for better or for worse, only time would tell. All they knew was nothing.

As for Chronos, given the nature of the fail safe, it was like he never existed.

"You worthless good for nothing….you build a time machine, and you never figured out any good way to use it!"

"I've found out one thing, to get away from you."

A flash of light, rewind and replay.

"You worthless, good for nothing…you build a time machine and you never figured out any good way to use it!"

"I've found out one thing, to get away from you."

Rewind.

"You worthless, good for nothing…you build a time machine and you never figured out any way to
use it."
"I've found out one good thing, to get away from you."

Rewind, lather, rinse, and repeat.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter "Beware the Royal Flush Gang Part One."
Chapter 66: Beware the Royal Flush Part One

SMUT/LEMON BEGINS

Linda, Galatea, and Kara sat on the bed, all wearing skimpy lingerie that barely covered their private bits. Linda wore a white set, Galatea wore a black set, and Kara wore a mixture of blue and red. All of them smiled when Harry walked inside the room, dressed in a bathrobe.

"You ladies ready for me?" Harry asked with a smile and the three girls smiled which caused him to stand at attention.

"Don't you know it?" Galatea asked with a smile before she reached forward and threw her strong arms around the mage before her, before giving her wizard a swearing kiss. The sexy clone's tongue moved down his throat.

"My turn," Linda breathed as she nudged Galatea out of the way and the clone pouted a little bit. Kara wrapped her arms around Galatea and kissed her, while Linda kissed Harry. The young wizard ran his hands down the body of the angelic Kryptonian in his arms. The blonde sighed in his arms, wrapped around him, legs almost wrapped around him as well.

Kara walked over and smiled. "Saved the best for last."

Kara kissed Harry, while pulling his robe off to reveal his toned, muscular body, and a sizeable erection that pulsed out, calling for her. She smiled when she saw his thick organ and got to her knees, to capture it into her mouth and suck him off.

His balls sized up, before Kara worked them over and the blonde speared down on his length. Harry's eyes turned around, to see Linda and Galatea stripping themselves naked. Their large breasts, Galatea's a bit bigger, pressed together and their pussies rubbed together, giving heated friction when they kissed. He felt suction when Kara blew on him, rearing his head back, and the sexual fire that went within him.

'They're so hot aren't they?' Kara thought, when she continued to suck his cock. 'Send one of your doubles over to join them, and I'll have the original all to myself. Alpha privileges and all.'

Harry divided from them, and he grabbed Linda before throwing her down onto the bed and kissing her on her tender, moist lips. The blonde angel writhed beneath him, and locked her legs around his hips to hold him into place. Galatea joined in on the fun, wrapping her arms around him, pressing her breasts against his back and kissing the back of his neck. She sucked and licked on the back of his neck, feeling the tender joy.

The young wizard flipped over onto the bed, and Galatea grabbed his cock.

"I'm taking this for mine," Galatea stated as she squeezed the throbbing penis in her hands.

"I have no problems with that, give me your best shot," Harry answered, when Galatea massaged his balls and his cock, before she pushed down onto his cock, sinking down her member.

Linda got up to her feet and flew above Galatea, her pussy lips spread, and Galatea smiled before she plunged her tongue into the angel's moist womanhood. The alternate version of Kara had her pussy licked by Galatea's talented tongue, while the clone rode Harry's cock.
Kara pushed her Harry back on the bed, rubbing his cock, squeezing and playing with his massive member, before she licked it a little bit. The wizard grabbed her by the hips and flipped over, ripping her lingerie off to reveal her hot body.

"Are you ready?" Harry asked with a grin and Kara looked at him, when he rubbed her clit, teasing her a little bit.

"I was born ready," Kara stated, spreading her legs and presenting herself for Harry to take. The young mage brushed his head over the inviting wet slit of the blonde beauty on the bed, before he aimed his cock and plunged inside her. "Oh, yes!"

Kara screamed for the heavens when Harry pushed down into her, thrusting into her, with the pussy muscles rubbing against him with each passing movement. The mage drove his tool into his alien lover's very moist hot box and he felt her cunt squeeze his prick.

The blonde Kryptonian submerged herself into heaven, with Harry gripping her hair. She breathed heavily, when he used the leverage that her hair offered to slam into her twat. "Yes, more, yes, love it!"

"You're a dirty girl; you love it when I play rough!" Harry groaned as he roughly pushed his cock deep into Kara, with her lifting her hips to match their movements. The two organs clashed back and forth, going back and forth with each passing movement.

"Yes, oh yes," Kara moaned before her eyes widened with his member drilled into her hard, he seemed stronger and stronger yet, driving her to more pleasure over the past few months.

Galatea continued to ride Harry, picking up her pace as she licked out Linda's cunt. The juices spilled onto her face and the shape shifting Kryptonian moved down, to sit on Harry's stomach, so she could kiss Galatea, licking the juices off of the older clone's face.

Harry's lantern ring activated, and a blue lantern cock penetrated Linda's asshole.

"HARRY!" Linda screamed out loud as the simulated cock, with Harry making it feel like it was his own pulsed in her ass.

"It was….yes….right there….." Harry grunted as Galatea continued to spear herself down onto him with each passing instant, squeezing him.

"I'm going to fuck all the cum out of you," Galatea groaned with a smile, but Harry made a second Lantern cock and plunged it up her tight rectum. "OH SHIT!"

Back to Harry and Kara, he had her at his mercy, and quivering underneath his cock. The blonde gave spurts of joy when the massive member of her wizard slammed into her moist womanhood, sawing into her, deeper and deeper.

"Yes, more, yes, more, fucking, harder," Kara panted heavily as the fucking sped up at a blur on the bed.

"I'll give you….everything," Harry panted as he pushed up and drilled into her, his hard rod drilling into her tight pussy.

Harry and Kara floated off of the bed, which added to the experience and they rocked back and forth, with each of them trying to speed up the fucking that they gave the other. The dark haired wizard's cock speared into the Kryptonian's beauty's tight snatch, when they rocked back and forth.
"Fuck, so hot," Galatea managed as she looked up in time to see the Harry and Kara fucking above her head and Linda squeezed her breasts to get her attention. The clone responded by capturing one of Linda's nipples into her mouth, and brought them into her mouth, using deep suction.

"Fuck, yes," Linda moaned as she made her breasts grow a bit bigger, and her ass a bit rounder, when Harry continued to spear his construct cock up her tight rectum. "YES, FUCK ME, HARD!"

"Oh, Harry, please, more, love…cock," Galatea panted as Harry speared his length into her, hitting her in the pleasure spots and then sometimes teasing her, before he pulled back.

"I thought you were going to fuck all the cum out of me," Harry taunted her when he brought the young beauties nubile hips down onto him. She gyrated onto him whilst a lantern cock fucked her ass on the other side.

"So, am going to do that, yes, fuck me!" Galatea yelled as Harry's cock rippled through her once more.

"We'll see," Harry responded as two sides speared into her, with his eyes closed and her juices dribbled out onto him.

Linda screamed when Harry's construct plunged into her tight asshole, but a third version of the young wizard popped up, and grabbed her, before slamming her back on the bed.

"Must have you," Harry stated before he bound Linda's arms and legs to the bed, her legs spread for him, her dripping sex presented to him.

"Yes, in me, please," Linda begged and sure enough, Harry drilled his massive member into her snug snatch. Her eyes bugged out as it entered her. "It's getting…bigger. Yes, it's getting bigger. More, mine, yes, please."

Harry speared herself into her, when she's tied to the bed, completely and utterly helpless at his motions and his movements.

Kara and Harry went back and forth in the air above the entire erotic scene, neither of them caring focused on anything but themselves. Hands grabbed breasts, buttocks, legs, and everything else when they slammed into each other with a force that could cause sonic explosions. When they were in the house, the outside world was completely protected from their actions.

"So close," Harry grunted as he speared into her.

Kara was taken to heaven and back because of Harry's actions, she needed his batter inside her, she could not hold herself off for that much longer.

"Fuck me, fuck me, yes fuck me so hardy," Kara whimpered as her lover's hands were on her hair, as he speared into her pussy.

"FUCK ME!"

"FUCK ME!"

"CUMMING!"

Those were the yells from the Kryptonians on the bed when three versions of Harry Potter speared into three different Kryptonians. All of them felt the rush of pleasure, pure sexual fire cutting through them, before the explosion happened.
Harry's balls drained dry into their quivering cunts, splashing them with his essence. All of them dropped down to the ground on the bed and felt the pleasure of release.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

Linda, Galatea, and Kara snuggled with Harry on his bed.

'Seems like I missed a fun show with the snag I ran into at work,' Karen commented through the bond link but she shut herself in her office and decided to have some quality time with herself and her blue lantern ring since she could not pop home right away.

'I'll make it up later to you, love,' Harry stated.

'I know you will, some one on one time,' Karen thought to Harry who thought that sounded like a good idea.

'It was only a matter of time before we opened up a branch of Patronus Incorporated here in Vegas,' Harry mused to himself.

'Maybe we should have opened up a casino too,' Kara thought when she looked at Matrix, the three of them flying to Sin City.

It was amazing how one could go back to where it all began rather easily but here they were in Vegas. They had been here twice before and this was the third time. Of course Harry and Kara could agree that the first time they went was simply the best. They met each other on a chance encounter and they knew that it changed the world for the better.

The three of them moved their way, the new facility was here in Vegas and they hoped to make a lot of money, even if Kara's idea of a Casino did have a lot of merit.

"Hello people of Sin City, the Joker here!"

That booming declaration caused Supergirl, Matrix, and Arcane to nearly fall out of the sky when sure enough the Joker's pasty white face was plastered all over the Jumbotrons all over the strip of Las Vegas. That was not a sight that was inviting when they were greeted to their destination.

"I tell you, I've just flown in from Gotham City, and boy are my arms tried."

That lame joke got the groans it deserved.

"SHUT IT BOB!"

Now the trio of super powered spouses moved forward, trying to figure out where the booming voice of the Joker was coming from. The fact he was here in the first place, well they did not consider that to be good to say the very least. He was up to something, the question was what.

"Where the hell is the clown?" Kara wondered as she looked around.

'He could be anywhere in Vegas,' Harry thought to them before he frowned, it was a big place, with hundreds of places where The Joker could be holed up.

"And we are live and living color, broadcast all over the world and for those of you who are streaming this on the Internet; no this isn't porn so you can bugger off right now. Although if you play your cards right, I might drop my pants, so call the neighbors and get the kids, because you
might see Joker uncut and uncensored."

The Joker paused for a moment before he shook his head, and the three super powered spouses continued their hunt for him.

"I'm sure….no, I'm certain that the Justice League are on their way to stop me, especially the big old bat that goes bump in the night but I should let you know one thing," The Joker answered before he paused, a big grin going over his face. "There's no need for them to worry about me, all they need to worry about is the bomb. Which could go off…"

The Joker's expression twisted into mock thought before he went to check.

"In three minutes," Joker offered before he turned his head around. "Happy hunting!"

No sooner did those words leave the Joker's mouth did Harry, Kara, and Linda bolt off across the Vegas strip to search for the bombs.

'Should we tell him that most of the Justice League is in deep space, including Batman?' Kara thought to her two spouses.

'Why bother, he's not going to care,' Harry thought to them as he scanned the Vegas Strip.

That bomb had to be around here somewhere, ah there it was, easy as pie.

Harry, Kara, and Linda touched down to see the bomb. With teamwork, the young wizard lifted the lid before the blondes fried the necessary wires in tandem.

Instead of disabling the bomb, the countdown clock sped up and sent a shower of confetti through the air at them.

"Surprise, it was a dud, but I've placed….well I'll let you figure out the rest of my ingenious little plan," the Joker remarked as he clapped his hands with sadistic glee.

Harry, Kara, and Linda searched for the bombs, they found seven, no wait fifteen, sixteen, twenty five, twenty six, yeah that was it. Twenty six bombs were scattered throughout Las Vegas, spread out in random intervals. With the Joker, the pattern was the insanity that he delivered.

"Whether or not you've counted my little party favors, you should know that they all go off in twenty two minutes and eighteen seconds," The Joker responded before he turned around and clasped his hands together before he looked forward. "Oh, and you were expecting maybe a round number?"

The Joker's grin got wider.

"Hop to it Spanner, you might not be the bat, but you can get as wound tight as him, so you'll do for now," the clown prince of crime stated with a great deal of mirth.

Supergirl, Arcane, and Matrix moved forward but a loud explosion blasted them backwards. A telekinetic pulse knocked them on their backs and a group of four individuals, all decked out like playing cards showed up.

One of them was a blonde haired woman dressed in silver body armor who had the telekinetic abilities. Her name was Queen.

The second member was a tall bald black man who could not feel pain at all. He was named Ten.
The third member of the gang was a tall man dressed in a red trench coat who carried a cane. His name was King and he could shoot fire through a cane.

The fourth and final member of this gang of playing card themed villains was a young man dressed in white with a blonde goatee. His name was Jack, and he could stretch his limbs to elastic proportions.

Together they were the Royal Flush Gang and they moved to engage the three in battle.

"Stay sharp," Harry thought to his two wives.

Ten moved forward but an arm canon blasted him forward. The large member of the Royal Flush Gang gave a grimace when he slid back, when Cyborg showed up and began firing on them for the attack.

Jack stretched his limbs forward but they did not stretch far enough when they were grabbed by a bird and lifted up into the air. The member of the Royal Flush gang kicked and flayed his legs, trying to break free but he found escape to be impossible. He dropped down to the ground with a sickening impact and a large thud. Beast Boy shifted into a rampaging rhino and went after his enemy, staggering him back a few feet.

Queen tried to use her telekinetic abilities to get the drop on her adversaries, but the attack blocked by a wave of magic by Raven. She sent the attacks backwards and she flew ass over tea kettle to the ground.

The Royal Flush Gang knew that the odds shifted a little bit past their favor.

"Damn, you Titans, you weren't in the script!" Joker yelled before Starfire blew up the jumbo tron and caused it to burst into flames.

Her fellow team members looked at her. She offered to them in an exasperated tone of voice, "What? His voice was very distracting."

"I didn't blame you," Raven offered with a nonchalant shrug as she walked over to Kara, Harry, and Linda.

"Bombs on the Vegas Strip, twenty six of them at least," Harry informed Raven without any preamble.

"Lovely," Raven answered in a dry voice, wondering how this could get any worse.

"We must work together to take them out," Starfire responded as she looked around.

"That gang of playing cards, that's only one trick up the Joker's sleeve," Nightwing responded as he remained vigilante. "There will be others."

"The bombs, we can take them out, if we split up and take on a section of the strip individually," Cyborg stated and Beast Boy nodded.

"But what happens if we….mess up."

"Then we die," Raven answered in a crisp voice but she shook her head. "Don't concern yourself with that right now, Cyborg or Nightwing or Supergirl should be able to walk you through the process of disabling the bombs."
"Then we have little time to waste," Nightwing stated before he looked at his team. With Barbara and Tim babysitting Gotham City right now, he could handle this end of the operations.

"So, are you going to do it?" Beast Boy asked, waiting for Nightwing to say the words.

"It wouldn't feel right if he didn't," Starfire mused, waiting with wide eyes.

Nightwing paused before he gave two simple words of declaration. "Titans Go!"

Bombs were all over the Las Vegas strip but one would think that such a task would not be a problem for several super powered individuals. However, often times things were not what they seemed.

"Three more down here over," Cyborg stated as he carefully interfaced with the bomb to pick out the weaknesses and shut them down, slowly but sure. "How are you guys?"

"Starfire, Raven, and I got a group of eight, no problem….wait a little problem, King of the Royal Flush Gang, he's here….got to take care of him," Nightwing managed before his communication link went dead.

"Going somewhere?"

Cyborg turned around to face Ten of the Royal Flush Gang.

"Yeah, away from you," Cyborg responded as he armed a canon and fired it at expert precision, sending him sliding backwards a little bit.

Ten stood on his feet and moved forward, before he cracked his knuckles. He stared back at Cyborg with determination flooding through his eyes.

"No pain, no problem," Ten answered as he took a few steps forward and stampeded towards Cyborg who dodged the attack.

"No…time for this," Cyborg answered, before he dodged an attack and saw Ten smash his way through a wall, like it was nothing.

"Well you're going to have to make time," Ten answered as his eyes glowed and his fists banged together with a huge impact, sending Cyborg flying back with a bang.

Cyborg shook his head, trying to get back to his feet, clutching his side.

"You know, I'm really fed up with the sound of your voice."

Ten smashed into Cyborg with ballistic fury and knocked him to the ground, before twisting his arm around the back of his head and forcing him to a kneeling position.

"Yours is no better," Cyborg answered as he moved over and slammed an elbow into the point of the face, again, again, faster and faster. The two brawled with each other, their punches gaining more intensity.

The two men exchanged punches, each of them trying to determine a way to take each other down but neither of them wanted down. Cyborg summoned the full power of his arm cannon and launched the attack at his enemy.

Meanwhile elsewhere on the Strip, not too far away, Starfire dodged an attack from King of the
Royal Flush gang. She deflected the fire as Raven incased the bomb in a shield before she banished it.

"Got this one, vanish the parts, we're taking no chances," Nightwing grumbled as he turned his head around and Raven did as he was asked. King sent his not so friendly fire at the protégé of the Dark Knight, staggering him back.

"Cover me, I've got only three more bombs to get," Nightwing answered as he raised his hands.

Starfire and Raven both nodded before they did as their team mate requested. The fire was blocked by the half demon sorceress, sending him flying backwards. The two of them staggered back a little bit and repelled the attacks.

"That guy's tricky, very tricky," Starfire commented as she waved her hands and sent King flying backwards into the building.

"It's just like old times," Raven answered as she performed magic to shield the civilians.

"Yes, like old times," Nightwing grunted as he pulled open the hatch and rolled over off to the side, so he could disable the bomb better.

Elsewhere on the strip, Beast Boy engaged Jack of the Royal Flush Gang. The stretched out limbs of Jack wrapped around the gorilla form of the young Teen Titan but he was taken down. His skin was super stretchy and super tough, which made it a dangerous enemy.

Matrix disabled three bombs in succession, while Beast Boy took on Jack. She looked over her shoulder, and saw Supergirl and Arcane engaged Queen, who used her magnetic personality to send several large bits of metal flying towards them. The two heroes dodged the attacks, reflecting the metal at them.

"You can't defeat me, I'm the Mistress of Magnetism," Queen stated as she looked at them, eyes glowing.

"Want to make a bet?" Kara asked before she raised her hands in the air before sending the villainess back and causing him to fly backwards. The telekinetic shield around her made it difficult to attack her but the blonde Kryptonain zipped around, before Queen chased her.

Kara taunted Queen when she peered over her shoulder, before yelling at the top of her lungs. "Catch me if you can!"

Queen took the challenge, going quicker as she picked up even more speed, the blonde gaining a necessary amount of momentum as the chase continued.

That left Matrix and Arcane alone to deal with the bombs which they continued to disable them on eat a time. They worked in tandem with the mage lifting the lit and the Kryptonian shape shifter blazing through the wires with heat vision. They cut through a lot of ground, many of the bombs were duds, some of them were real.

Cyborg sent Ten flying backwards to the ground but he bounced back up quickly and the two of them exchanged punches with each other, with head butts. The two of them exchanged shots with each other, slamming a series of fists of fury against each other.

"Don't worry, I've got this one," Cyborg grunted as he slammed the Member of the Royal Flush Gang down on the ground.
"Right, and how about you Raven?" Harry asked over the miniature radio that he hooked the team up.

"Peachy," Raven answered dryly before she knocked King backwards and caused him to run off in a retreat. "Keep doing it, we almost got it."

"Yeah, we're going to win, we got most of the bombs over here," Starfire remarked in an optimistic voice as she spun around as she saw a blur pass her. "Did I just see Supergirl chased…."

Harry smiled when he sensed what Kara was doing.

'I've got a plan,' Kara thought through him through the bond link.

'Trust me, I know you do,' Harry thought when he moved up to see the dust clear and Ten and Cyborg disappeared off the grid. The two of them vanished and continued their battle, going back and forth with each shot.

'We'll double check for the bombs,' Matrix thought to herself shaking her head, smiling when she saw many of the people on the strip, uncaring that there were super heroes and villains fighting around them.

'What the hell is happening out there?' Galatea chimed in through the bond link.

'Just some nutcase releasing a group of villains dressed like playing cards and trying to blow up all of Las Vegas, no big deal,' Matrix thought to them. 'Did you see it on the television?'

'Yeah, we saw it now, and to think we're stuck here in a boardroom…if we can sneak away, we'll get to Vegas,' Karen thought to herself, closing her eyes through the bond link when she thought.

'Right, don't strain yourself, beside we'll be able to handle everything,' Kara thought in the distance just as Queen chased her. Kara smirked, everything was going according to plan. 'Just a little bit closer.'

"Action, adventure, violence, hot women in spandex outfits, violence against animals!" The Joker cheered before he turned around and his eyes narrowed before he gave the viewing audience a smile. "All the elements of quality family friendly viewing."

The Joker gave a dry chuckle before he shook his head and clapped his hands together, once, twice, thrice, and cleared his throat. He walked over to see a spacey looking ten year old girl, with black hair, who looked forward.

"Now, I'm sure you're wondering, who are our crazy guest stars and why are they here?" Joker asked whilst he placed his hands on the shoulders of the girl and gave a creepy smile, before he shook his head. "Well you'll find that out in a minute. Let's get out there for an old favorite first. You know him, you love him, let's give it up for our good friend….BOB THE GOON!"

The Joker waved over and a man dressed in black stood out and opened his mouth to say something but he did not even say two words before sound feed cut out. He talked for several moments but no one heard him.

"Thank you Bob, I'm sure you all heard that inspiring commentary, surely he's a renaissance man," Joker answered as he clapped his hands together. "Let's switch focus to the air view where Harley is there. Harley, you're on babe."
"Thanks Mistah J," Harley stated in a bubbly voice when she looked down. "I can't believe the Big Black Bat's a no show but hey we got the not quite Teen Titans. Look at Nightwing go, but obviously old Spanner boy is out there and boy….he's glaring at me for using that name….here comes Ten and Jack, and here's King again, and Supergirl and Queen continue to battle with each other."

"It seems like it's getting violent," Joker answered as he clutched hands together, shaking his head. "Can we get a close up?"

They got a close up alright of Ten flying backwards, spiraling head over heels to the ground and he smashed into a bright sign. Sparks flew in every single direction when the member of the Royal Flush Gang grimaced when he went down. Harley offered a similar grimace from the helicopter. 

"That's got to hurt."

"Indeed it does, but now I'm sure you're wondering by now about how these kooky kids came together?" Joker asked whilst he rubbed Ace's shoulder and hair, with the young girl staring vacantly into the camera. "And….I'll tell you, right after a word from our sponsors."

The Joker whistled show tunes while he waited for the three minutes that they were on a commercial break when the sounds of combat continued to range around them. He swayed back and forth, whistling a merry tune before he tapped his foot on the ground.

"And we are back, live and now as I've promised, the story on how our Royal Flush Gang got put together," Joker continued before he cleared his throat and began. "It all started all these years ago, I was born a small black child in a log cabin….wait wrong story."

The sadistic grin of the Joker continued as he placed his hands on his hips and looked up.

"It started a few years ago, with a little government outfit known as Cadmus, shall we call them collected a group of children that had powers," Joker narrated over a video that showed the members of the Royal Flush Gang. "They performed experiments on the children, which amplified them to many levels."

Joker's face twisted into a sadistic grin before he continued, his grin getting wider and wider with each passing movement.

"First, there was King, needless to say he's real hot stuff," Joker answered as he showed a clip of King using his powers.

He flipped through a little bit before he continued going through.

"There's Jack, he's a real flexible kind of guy," the Clown Prince of Crime commented as he watched the member of the Royal Flush Gang stretch and contort a little bit.

He paused before he narrated the next member of the Royal Flush Gang.

"There's Ten, super strong, super tough, he feels no pain, almost as much as the caped clod, Superman."

Joker's face twisted in a grin before placing his hands on his hips and looking into the air.

"And then there's Queen, she's got telekinetic abilities, mostly as it pertains to metal but hey, she's flexible enough to go with other things," Joker answered after he winked at the camera, shaking his head and running his hands through his fingers.
The Joker showed more clips of the young ladies and men being put through training.

"And they wanted to turn these poor innocent children into government weapons to take down our enemies," Joker answered before he showed clips of him skipping through the government facility, leaving so many members on the ground with wide smiles on their faces as he passed through. The Joker waited for the footage to stop and smiled. The Jolly Jester commented in his most sadistic voice. "And they would have gotten away with it too, if it wasn't for me meddling with the kids."

The clown shook his fist and paused. "Now for Ace, I'm sure you might say, hey Joker, what about her? What's this kid's story….well just hold onto your jockstrap, because I've got news for you. The craziest is yet to come."

Joker rocked back and forth on the balls of his feet before he switched camera to the view of Ten and Cyborg continuing their fight.

"Oh, violence, mayhem, wanton destruction!" he cheered as his eyes darted around with mirth. "Stay tuned, because we've got all kinds of good family fun like that and more to come."

Without another word, the Joker prepared to switch camera feeds out, so they could show what was before them. He waited for what was coming but there was one thing for certain, the worst was yet to come. He could not wait to deliver his end game, driving everyone as loopy as he was. The crazed criminal clown chuckled at the thought before he lit up a cigar and took a huge puff.

The time would come for his grand moment of triumph soon and the Clown Prince of Crime rubbed his hands together, excited for what may happen next. The Jolly Jester switched all camera feeds back to the action on the ground in Las Vegas. It was go time.

Starfire flew back in the air, trying to avoid the attacks of Ten who seemed absolutely insane with the fury. She blasted her enemy with a swift precision of furious fire sending Ten staggering back.

"I think we switched dance partners," Starfire commented after she saw King sending fire at Cyborg from above.

"Maybe that's what we need to do to change things up," Cyborg grunted as he raised his arms before he sent a sonic blast.

"Yeah, I guess, could you help me?" Beast Boy asked as he was unable to move when Jack wound him up tightly.

Nightwing rolled in, flicking a pellet from his hand and sent it into the chest of Jack. The Playing card theme villain felt numbing of his muscles, shaking his head before he pushed back, and then the sidekick of the Dark Knight rolled in for a further attack.

He brought the point of the staff into the rib cage of Jack and knocked him off Beast Boy. Raven held his arms, stretching them.

"So are these guys fighting on their own choice or is the Joker manipulating them?" Raven asked and her former and apparently once again current team mates exchanged tense expressions. That was a question that went through their mind each and every instance of this battle. She shook her head before her eyes glowed and she knocked Jack back. "I thought so."

"A little assistance," Starfire grunted breathlessly as she tried to push back Ten with her own sizeable strength but her knees buckled from underneath her. There was a titanic struggle back and forth, with the two team fighters trying to push back and forth.
"Coming through!"

Supergirl continued to fly around the strip of Las Vegas, punching Ten high into the air once again. The villain flew hard into the globe before Queen continued to follow her through the streets of Vegas, going faster, faster, even faster yet. The speed was picked up when the Maid of Might propelled herself forward.

"Catch me if you can!"

Kara's taunts inspired Queen to follow her, the woman having a bit of a vein ego and the Kryptonian female played into that one.

Arcane and Matrix put out King's fire before causing his knees to buckle out from underneath him. The meta-human struggled against the attack, swaying from one side to the next. He was sent flying backwards to the ground as everything continued to escalate, the entire battle getting intense. The blonde Kryptonian sent multiple copies of herself around to check the Vegas strip for more bombs.

The dupes moved around, they were sure that all of the bombs were found, or at least most of the bombs were found. Arcane, Raven, Beast Boy, Starfire, Cyborg, and Nightwing stood to wait for Matrix's return to see what she had to say. No sooner did they put those thoughts through her head, Matrix returned.

"Twenty two bombs have been disabled."

Nightwing shook his head when he saw the timer going up on the big screen. "That means four are unaccounted for, with eight minutes and twenty eight seconds to go….we're running out of time."

"Then they will be the biggest, most dangerous bombs, and likely the ones that didn't blow confetti in your face," Raven responded as she looked dismal and dire but Harry put a hand on her shoulder.

"Look on the bright side, we have over eight minutes to find them," Harry answered and Raven nodded before the entire group heard an explosion.

A group of robots dressed in clowns in ship captain uniforms made their way into the Vegas Strip.

"What are those things?" Starfire asked when she looked at them.

Nightwing paused before he offered a rather grim expression and shook his head. "Captain Clown lives."

Matrix and Arcane had no idea at all what Nightwing meant by that, all they knew was they had to find the final four bombs.

"You two look for the bombs, we'll hold off the Insane Clown Posse here," Cyborg stated as he braced himself for battle, his eyes diverting to Arcane and Matrix who nodded.

"Right," Arcane answered who tracked a strong signal to the Amos Fortune Hotel and Casino, where if his mind was correct, that's where he would find Kara and Queen.

Linda and Harry picked up the pace, flying at their top speeds, which would only take a few moments from where they stood. The two of them wanted to give their wife a hand and hopefully disable one of the bombs. They sensed they got closer to everything but in the back of their minds they wondered something.
What was the Joker's final game plan? He wasn't someone who threw all of his playing cards on the table in one fell swoop. The Clown Prince of Crime never played with a full deck to be honest but there were instances where they wondered about everything that they went through everything.

'Hang on Kara, we're coming, there's a bomb in your area,' Harry thought as he remembered the sights and sounds, from his and Kara's super powered joyride through the Vegas streets a year and a half ago.

'Looking forward to seeing you there,' Kara managed as she shook her head, trying to remain firm and focused. Queen was lured into her trap with each passing step, the blonde flying faster, further and she reached the casino.

She played right into the hands of Supergirl being lured into this tra

"NO, QUEEN, QUEEN, CAN'T YOU SEE, YOU'RE BEING LURED INTO A TRAP!"

The Joker's yells got more frantic when he placed his hands on his hips and seemed on the verge of a bit of a breakdown. He looked and watched the progress of what was going to happen. Frowning a little be, the Clown Prince of Crime tapped on the microphone, rapping it before he shook it a little bit.

"HELLO, HELLO, IS THIS THING ON?"

The Joker shook his head a little bit when the microphone cord went through his hand and he saw the clock, seven minutes and counting, make that sixty fifty nine, sixty fifty eight, six fifty seven, six fifty six, well it was not hard to get the picture.

"Because Queen's being a royal dumbass, she's getting lead into the most obvious trap in the world because of Supergirl," Joker answered with a sigh before his eyes twisted off to the side and clasped his hands together. He put his hands on his hips and gave a pained sigh. "Let's go and watch the chaos, roll clip, roll it, I can't look, switch to the feed."

Queen walked into the Amos Fortune Hotel and Casino to look around, getting closer to her prey when she stepped for a little bit. The young woman dragged forward on her feet, clicking her tongue before she twisted her head from one side to the other.

"Hey lady, don't you know that I'm going to cause a whole tone of havoc?" Queen asked as she looked at an old woman who was plugging away at a slot machine, without a care in the world. She continued to put coin after coin in there. The member of the Royal Flush Gang's eyes widened a little bit before she tapped the old lady on the back. "Hey, lady, if you know what's good for you."

"In a minute, I'm going to hit the jack pot, I just feel it in my bones."

Queen shrugged, that was not her problem if people wanted to get killed before she spun around and saw Kara standing there. The Girl of Steel motioned for Queen to go forward, taunting her to move forward and tricking her to rush forward.

Needless to say, the member of the Royal Flush Gang took the bait, the slot machines ripping off the ground.

"I'm going to take you out!" Queen yelled as her eyes glowed when she shook her hand a little bit and suddenly, several fountains of coins shot out of the ground.
Kara manipulated the magnetic abilities against her, reversing the poles and caused her body to become magnetized. A shower of razor sharp coins shot into her, all connecting with her body and forcing her down to her feet. It was an endless shower of silver coins that buried her. It did not kill her but her sufferings should be minimized.

True to form, there were people on the floor trying to get their hands on the tokens, to be honest, Kara let it lie with that one, she had bigger problems.

"Bomb," Kara remarked breathlessly as she found it underneath a slot machine.

"Bomb," Linda stated as she showed up behind Kara so fast that it was almost obscene.

With tandem work, they got it, with Harry, Kara, and Linda working together. One bit at a time, he levitated the pieces apart, causing the two blondes to fry the pieces, melting them with their eyes. The bomb pieces dropped to the ground, without another word.

The three Potters blasted the bomb to bits.

The Joker grimaced when he shook a little bit, his hands clutched together when he thought about everything. To be honest, he never expected things to go smoothly, the bombs were merely a diversion, and suddenly he smiled.

"You know, one might think that they've got it all figured out, but no, no, nope, nah uh, noppers," Joker remarked with glee before he rubbed his hands together. "I'm going....I'm going to blow this popsicle stand...or maybe this popsicle stand will blow them up, it's hard to really tell but....let's do it."

Naturally, the Joker had a backup plan; one did not hang around fighting Batman for that many years, without learning the art a backup plan. Although he did prefer flying by on the seat of his pants. He clicked a detonator out for a second bomb, hidden beneath the casino. Granted, it did not have the bang as the one of the crew from Patronus broke apart but still it could cause a few hundred deaths of anyone in the casino.

"Get ready Bob, we're going to blow the roof off this place,' Joker answered as he stood beside Bob the Goon who offered a stoic nod and open his mouth. "Jeez, Bob, shut up, all you do, is yap, yap, yap, I don't care if you're my number one guy or not, I'm not going to let you run your mouth like that."

Click, click, boom!

The Amos Fortune Hotel and Casino went up sky high with the Joker's sadism dancing through his eyes before he turned to face anyone who happened to be watching the chaos unfold.

He turned towards the camera with a smile, looking at everyone watching.

"Man, I just love a good cliffhanger, don't you?"

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter "Beware the Royal Flush Gang Part Two."
Chapter Sixty Seven Beware the Royal Flush Part Two.

The explosion resounded all through the Vegas Strip of the bomb that went off in the Amos Fortune Hotel and Casino. There was a time where it appeared that things were going to get ugly but sure enough the smoke cleared. A blinding blue shield filled the building, with Matrix, Supergirl, and Arcane sitting on the ground, porting the debris out. It was a long and labored process but somehow they managed to get everything out in no time flat.

Returning back to the Joker, his eyes widened when he turned around to see Bob standing on the side of the ground. He reached into his pocket before he turned to the hapless goon with a sadistic expression in his eyes.

"Bob, they had….those ring things!" Joker yelled at the top of his lungs, reaching into the pocket of his jacket. "Why didn't you tell me they had those….they had those ring things?"

Bob opened his mouth to protest but the Joker beat him to the punch and removed a gun before he shot the hapless goon in cold blood, dropping him to the ground. The goon dropped to the ground with a thump.

"Alas, Robert, we barely knew thee," Joker stated in mock remorse when he placed a hand over his heart and peered down to give him a moment of silence and shook his head, before looking back to the action. "Well the Twerp Titans are still having their share of problems with the Royal Flush Gang, Ten, Jack, and King are still going strong, even if the odds are a bit less skewed then I would have liked."

Joker turned around and adjusted Ace's positioning, running his fingers through the young girl's hairs, before she blinked a little bit and continued to stare forward. The girl focused intently with creepy wide eyes, it was rather unsettling to the moment.

"Let's get back to the violence boys and girls, and remember, if your parents complain about this show being too violent, shoot 'em!" the Joker stated in his most crazed voice before he cleared his throat and turned back fully to the television viewing audience with a grin. "And now, back to the action, ladies and gents."

The action continued with Ten stepping forward, in front of the second to last bomb, daring for the Titans to go after it. Raven's shoulders shrugged when she peered over her shoulder towards her teammates, all of them standing there. There was one statement that went through her head and that was that these young punks were really asking for it.

So the Titans gave it to them, with Starfire sending a star bolt going through the air and smashing Ten across the chest. This attack staggered him a few steps back and Beast Boy turned into a rampaging rhino, trying to take him down. The young gang member caught the horn and pushed back his enemy, struggling and fighting with him.

"You can't take me down, unbreakable skin, remember," Ten grunted but Cyborg scrambled in and pushed his enemy hard as he could muster. A thunderous punch sent him flying through the air and crashing down to the ground.

"Yeah we remember, you keep telling us about it every two seconds," Cyborg stated when he pushed himself up and bounced forward to knock his adversary down.
Starfire found herself wrapped up by the stretchy limbs of Jack, who tried to pull her forward into a razor sharp point but the young woman avoided the attack to kick her captor back, swinging and pushing at him. She tried to get free from him.

"Hang on, Starfire," Nightwing stated as he flicked pellets at the enemy and they stuck in his arms. The explosion knocked him back and caused his muscles to numb, before dropping onto the ground. He tried to immobilize the young man with a pellet of ice.

"Ha, missed," Jack stated as is eyes widened with sadistic fury, but suddenly he felt the ice go around him and stuck him in place. His limbs trapped, unable to move and he slumped down to the ground.

"No, I didn't miss," Nightwing commented before he grappled up onto the edge of a building and then dropped down with an uppercut punch to the gang member.

King shot a stream of fire towards the Titans which forced the team to scatter so they did not get burned hard. They rushed around, avoiding his flames.

Raven yanked the staff out of his hand and caused it to drop to the ground, before Nightwing jumped in and knocked him down. Beast Boy tripped him up to send the member of the Royal Flush Gang flying backwards to the ground. He spiraled head over heels before he landed with a thud on the ground, rubbing the back of his head when he fell and tried to pull himself back up but failed to get up.

"I've got this one," Cyborg stated as he slid over to the bomb and prepared to hack into it in his attempt to disable it. He entered the bomb and hacked into it, going in deeper, a little bit at a time. He was closer to breaking through the firewall of the bomb.

"We better hurry, we've got two minutes and counting until they all blow us sky high," Starfire stated as Ten returned and her eyes widened in irritation. She threw her hands up and spoke in an exasperated tone of voice. "Does this guy ever give up?"

"Apparently not," Raven stated as she shook her head and sent a glowing blue orb towards Ten which froze him in place. "Now, you might not be able to feel pain but I can still stop you in your tracks."

Cyborg prepared to disable the final bomb and hacked into it, disabling it before it could cause the explosion that would rattle them down.

"One bomb left to go, boys and girls, I wonder if I should blow it up ninety seconds early," Joker commented, clicking his tongue when he mused over what he was going to do but then shook his head. "You know what, I think I'll let you sweat it out, but you Titans, you're as good as gone."

"And you're going to be as good as gone, clown," Cyborg stated after he lost his patience but Beast Boy grabbed him.

"We'll worry about taking him down when we've found the last bomb and shut it down," Beast Boy offered and Cyborg nodded, they could not forget the real reason why they were there, to save lives.

The Titans moved off, seeing Supergirl, Arcane, and Matrix in the distance. They made their way up to the helicopter where Harley was.

"Hey, this is a no cape zone!" Harley yelled as Supergirl grabbed the helicopter to hold it into place which caused the woman to freak out. "Faster, faster….ah!"
Matrix ripped through the helicopter and pulled the woman out, before she sat her down on the roof, landing her feet first.

"I don't care what you do, Spanner Boy, I ain't ratting out Mistah J like that," Harley remarked as she closed her eyes and thought and tutted. "So there."

"I don't need you to tell me anything, Harley. I've picked the information out of your mind," Harry remarked when he folded his arms over and added in an almost taunting manner, mimicking her tone. "So there."

Harley's eyes widened when she realized what she assumed Arcane did. "I didn't….you couldn't… HEY SPANNER THAT'S CHEATING!

"First of all it's Arcane, you ditsy clown and second, it's not cheating if you win," Harry responded as he looked at Harley and she kicked him away, before she bolted off.

'Did you really read her mind?' Kara thought to Harry, in a curious matter but he shook his head in response; a smile crossing over his face as he did.

'No, reading her mind is….well it would be a mind field that I don't want to trip over, rather I slapped a tracking charm on her, and made sure she thought that I read her mind,' Harry thought to both of his wives, along with the two who popped in form time to time on the link.

'That's sound actually,' Kara thought as she flew over and scanned for the final bomb. 'So are you ready…the final bomb?'

'I was born ready,' Linda thought to them, a smile crossing over her face before they prepared to disable the bomb a little bit at a time.

There was an instant where they expected something to happen and sure enough, the Captain Clown Bots marched up. The Titans took care of most of them off screen during the Commercial Break but there were still some of them marching towards them.

Kara and Linda joined hands and their eyes glowed before they sent heat vision through the sky and fried the clowns while Harry worked in the bomb.

"One wrong move, Spanner, and you blow everyone to Kingdom Come," the Clown Prince of Crime taunted him.

"Yeah, I know," Harry said dryly he placed his hands on the edge of the bomb and disabled it carefully without much effort.

He knew his way around technology more than he did eighteen months ago, even without Kara's help.

The bomb broke to bits and was disabled, before he vanished the debris away and gave one final scan when the final several robots blew to bits.

The Joker watched the final seconds of what transpired before him and he shook his head, offering a little bit of a sigh. The Clown Prince of Crime rapped the side of the camera and turned around, before he looked forward to the viewing audience.
"And here I thought today's show was going to end with a bang, but that was....a tad anti-climatic," Joker stated before he hung his head in mock disappointment before he brightened up a little bit. "Ah well, we had some action, some suspense, and some good old fashioned violence. The only thing was missing is what you all can to see, and that was a round of good old hardcore nudity."

Joker paused before he teased unbuckling his pants and then pulled back.

"On second thought, let's not go there."

The Clown Prince of Crime gave a merry whistle before he turned for the camera and he decided to run his hand through his hair.

"Of course, I have to thank Spanner, Supergirl, and Matrix for their performance along with the twerp titans, and let's not forget the Royal Flush Gang and....a moment of silence for Bob please, could you guys please clean that up, his brain matter is dribbling all over the floor?" Joker asked as he turned around and smiled a little bit. "But really, this entire even could not be possible without one person and here's the really kicker, the real joke. This is being broadcasted all over the world and on the Interwebz, so billions of eyeballs are glued to their screen. And now, since you've been watching, you can't pull yourselves a way. They say that television rots your brain, doesn't it? Well you guys have no idea."

The Joker paused before he let the bombshell drop.

"Now you know, that you're going completely and utterly mad with insanity and you can't pull yourselves away," Joker answered as he placed his hands on Ace's shoulders and allowed her to keep staring forward. "You can't pull yourself away, can you? No, you can't. Because your minds are already melting. Just let go of your reality and step into a world of good old fashioned fuckedtivity...I'm not sure if that's even a word, but it is now."

The jester turned around, taking a moment to gaze into the eyes of everyone intently.

"How did I do this you might ask, how did I accomplish this mad miracle? Well it all has to do with the real star of this show, the delightful Ace here."

The Joker stared at the young girl with a creepy, almost loving experience in his eyes, the mad clown turning around to face them.

"Ace even from birth she was more different than the rest of the game for her ability to....well her mind caused everyone to go mad because they looked at her," The Joker offered as he showed a picture of a young Ace in a playpen, where her parents were slumped over on the couch looking like they were strung out and drugged. "That's really....well I understand how people can go crazy just being in the same room with me. I sympathize, I really do."

The Joker hung his head in a humorless manner.

"I liberated her and I think we formed a connection that no one else has formed with me ever," The Joker responded as he looked towards the young man. "And look at her....you can't pull your eyes way from it. And not because you're a sick sad man who preys on little girls...or maybe young boys, whatever floats your fancy. It's because her powers kept you in place while her mind ensnares you in a trap that causes you to lose a bit and bit of your sanity."

The Joker paused before he looked at the television viewing audience.

"You have no will power, you want to pull yourself away but you can't," The Joker taunted everyone before he made faces at the camera. "And the kicker is, that her power doesn't work on
me because….well I'm already insane.

These last four words were said in a serious voice before the Joker responded in a jovial voice.

"It's a hell of a ride, so enjoy the experience while it lasts," Joker stated before he added. "Don't buckle up, because if you don't live life on the edge, you're taking up too much space."

He turned around and watched, waited, and planned.

"Let's get crazy, let's go nuts!" The Joker stated, practically cheering these next words with a grin crossing his face. "Time for….

Harley burst through the doors to interrupt the Joker just as he got some momentum.

"This better be good, Harl," The Joker growled as he looked at his girlfriend/favorite punching bag.

"Mistah J, Spanner, he's coming, and he's bringing all his friends," Harley answered as she looked at the Joker. She continued in a small voice. "I kind of um I kind of told him where you were and he's coming right here, please don't hurt me puddin'."

Harley flew into the corner with a back hand and the Joker straightened up, rage in his eyes. If the green eyed wonder boy wanted to come here, well he was going to throw a spanner into his works. The Joker picked up a wrench and began to hum merrily before he lovingly caressed the wrench in his hand.

Joker whistled for a little bit, swaying a little bit, before he waited for his enemy to enter. There was a moment where he paused and waited, tapping his fingers on the side of the wall.

"Any minute now, he'll be popping through the door," Joker offered and sure enough the door burst open when Supergirl, Matrix, and Arcane slammed their way through the doors. "Subtle as always…Ace, let's look at our guests."

Ace spun around before she stared down Kara, Linda, and Harry, them feeling the full force of her powers. However, the three of them was ready, the three heroes managing to use their Blue Lantern rings trying to shut off the effects of her powers. The shield wrapped around their bodies and blocked their minds off, trying to fight through the attacks. They blinked as they strained themselves and pushed forward.

"I don't understand, you're supposed to be a drooling mess," Joker stated but he looked up and shrugged. "No matter, everyone else is going to be insane and well….they're not going to be in the most sound mind in the world."

The Joker remained stoic and looked over to make sure the cameras remained on but the blonde Kryptonian aimed a blast of heat vision. The heat vision burned through the air and struck the cable, cutting the feed.

"You don't play fair!" The Joker yelled as he tightened his hands around the wrench before he rushed forward and tried to nail them with the wrench.

The wrench flew out of his hand and landed on the ground, causing the jolly jester to try and remain on his feet. He shook his head, remaining on his feet and was taken down with swift precision, but suddenly, he released a gas into the room.
The room filled the gas, causing them to water, grabbing their heads and feeling light headed but once again the shields on their rings caused them to be deflected.

'He's really testing our patience, isn't he?' Kara thought to Harry and Linda with both of them nodded before they twisted their head to the right and the left when they tried to track down the Joker. He was nowhere close by them, and they continued to fly forward, getting closer and closer to their attacker.

'He's got to be around here somewhere,' Harry thought to himself, when he rubbed his temple and he saw Joker walking behind the curtain. They rushed forward, before an electrical pulse blocked them and staggered them back. This was not going to be easy, not by the slightest but they had to try, with the three of them bounced back.

Harry, Kara, and Linda returned before they pulled Joker out of the curtain and flung him down onto the ground. The Clown Prince of Crime staggered before Harry saw a metallic head band that stuck out of his pocket and immediately he understood what it was. It was a means to control Ace and he further removed it from his pocket.

"It seems like the Joker didn't trust you any more than the rest of them did," Harry offered as he held up the headband before the girl spun around, an angry glare flickering in her eyes and the Clown Prince of Crime's expression twisted a little bit.

For the first time ever, fear crossed the face of the Joker when he backed up a little bit, before shaking his head before taking a little bit of time. For the first time ever, the Clown Prince of Crime back tracked and felt fear; his entire body shivered when the eyes of this young girl snapped around to face him. The soulless, lifeless eyes narrowed and the chaotic clown shielded his eyes, feeling himself twitch a little bit.

"Now Ace, that was…it was just a souvenir, to remind me….remind me of what they did to you," Joker stated in a trembling voice shaking as he spoke. His eye twitched a little bit when he shook his head and saw the girl step toward him.

"You used me, just like the rest," Ace stated in a quiet voice when she spoke up for the first time, her head turned with a sneer and her eyes widened furiously. The young girl looked at Joker who trembled on the ground.

Kara made a motion as to get involved but Harry shook his head, he wanted to wait and see what happened. There was one thing was for certain; Joker shook in his boots for the rest time ever, arms crossed, and his body swaying.

"No please, don't, have mercy."

"Have mercy for what?" Ace asked innocently and the Joker poked his head out, looking at the girl and suddenly he was bombarded with the full force of her powers.

His mind shattered from the impact, shattered so much that he was completely and utterly driven sane. It was a horrifying realization for the Joker, he was not insane, shaking madly back and forth, shivering a little bit when he saw himself living a normal life without smiles. He lived normally, not breathing, not moving, not at all, and he shook himself, shaking a little bit when he shivered.

Sweat poured down his pasty face when Ace's powers bombarded him with more visions of him being sane, without any bit of mirth, without a shred of madness. To the Joker, being driven sane was insanity to the highest. The disturbing depraved clown rocked back, placing his fingers into his eye socket when he tried to almost gouge his eyes out, before his heart pumped, more, pumping
faster, pumping blood.

It pumped harder, harder, and pumped him, his heart squeezed tightly around, before trying to take a deep breath but he found the blood solidify. The visions of sanity warped his mind and wrapped his sanity, and his throat closed up. The three Potters watched, unable to turn away, when the Joker gave a scream, before he blacked out.

A loud thump echoed through his head, when his own madness overwhelmed him and Harley looked at him, a tentative voice when she spoke, clutching her swollen face.

"Mistuh J?"

"Well the good news is that the Joker's done."

Harry offered that declaration in a crisp voice that offered no room for argument and Harley sat in the corner, shell shocked with the fact that the Joker's brain got fried. She wanted to believe….he loved her, he just didn't know how to show it. But their relationship was special, there was no denying that and Harley grieved for the bad news.

"If there's good news, there's bad news," Raven offered as she looked at Harry, peering at him from underneath her hood.

"Yes, there is bad news," Harry responded with a crisp and concise time of voice, shaking his head and getting his mind back on certain matters. "The bad news is, even if the Joker is dead, this is not the Joker we all know and loathe. This is a Clone, an imperfect one, that escaped from Cadmus with the Royal Flush Gang."

"A Clone?"

"You've got to be kidding me, a clone?"

"We went through all that for a clone?"

"I slept with him!"

That final statement came from Harley Quinn as she looked horrified, as did everyone else around them. The last thing any of them wanted to even think about was that the Joker had a sex life. The term Joker and sex life should not go together at all. Kara, Linda, and Harry looked at each other, offering grimaces to each other, but shaking off everything.

"It's a clone, are you sure?" Cyborg asked, but that would explain a few things.

Nightwing thought that he should have known that this particular model of the jolly jester was a clone. There was something about his behavior that was kind of off and now the young detective shook his head. He was reminded that if Batman was there, he would have figured out that the Joker was a fake from the onset. Now he stood on the ground, looking at him, in doubt of his own abilities to distinguish fantasy from reality.

"Why would Cadmus clone someone like the Joker?" Beast Boy wondered, thinking about it and it was hard to wrap his brain around. Wasn't one Joker bad enough, why would they need two?

"I don't know, there's a lot of what Cadmus did that I don't even know what they were thinking,"
Linda responded as she shrugged her shoulders.

'Cadmus was ran by some messed up people,' Galatea chimed in from afar through the mental link, cringing when she looked around, and offering a bit of a sigh. She should have known that they would pull something like this. Still to clone the Joker, that defied all sanity and logic.

'You can say that again,' Karen thought through the bond link, feeling a bit ill at the thought of anyone thinking that cloning one of the worst criminals in the world was considered to be close to a good idea.

'I think the point was made loud and clear to all,' Kara thought, also at a loss for words about what people could be thinking, what they should be thinking. Actually were they even thinking when they woke up one day and decided that it would be a good idea to clone the Joker? Something told Kara that the answer was a resounding no.

"Look on the bright side, at least we got rid of all of the bombs, and no one got hurt," Starfire stated in an optimistic voice.

The no longer Teen Titans, Matrix, Supergirl, and Arcane all nodded, that was a silver lining to the cloud that was today for sure, no one got hurt, at least not too much. Well unless one counted the Joker. Even the Royal Flush Gang got off with minor injuries and were puppets of this twisted clone Joker and Cadmus, so he let them go.

'The Joker never even laughed once, so we should have known,' Kara thought with Harry intertwining his hand in hers.

'We should have but we didn't. I guess people can't fault us if we don't know everything,' Harry offered and there was a moment where the young man nodded, a smile crossing over his face as they saw the Vegas Strip. 'Beautiful as the first time we saw it.'

'Yeah, it is,' Kara thought back to Harry, grinning when she looked out into the distance, happy memories flooding into her mind.

'The most beautiful girl in the universe fell into my lap, tied for first place with three other lovely young ladies,' Harry thought before he intertwined ins arm with Kara's and led her forward, into the winds which blew in every single direction.

Meanwhile Ace sat on the edge of the sidewalk, looking up into the sky and thinking. Her entire life, people watched her with fear and then she thought that the Joker was different. He could not care about her powers, in fact; there was no way that he could be affected. And he sought to control her like a tool like everyone else. Like the people at Cadmus, all of the teachers, the guards, everyone, they all made sure that she stayed in line and toed it.

She waited to see Supergirl and Arcane, followed closely by Matrix, walk up towards her, smiles on their faces. She knew that smiles tended to be a façade, a way to mask truly sinister intentions but the young girl caused the cynical thoughts to pass from her head.

"Are you okay?" Supergirl asked her in a gentle voice, staring her down.

"Fine, no one can look at me without...without going insane," Ace stated in a depressed voice before she crossed her arms on the sidewalk and looked up into the sky. The fact of the matter was things might have improved had Cadmus not jabbed those needles into her.

"That's not true, you just need control of your powers, like the rest of us," Harry responded as he turned around the young girl and made her face him. "It's control that you need, not the control that
someone else offers you. It's in your hands Ace, not in the hands of anyone else."

"It's easier said than done," Ace answered in a sardonic voice, much beyond her years, but then again, then she looked into the sky, wondering how many more days she would see before someone put her down. "I don't….I don't want to hurt anyone and I got mad with everything that happened."

"If you need any help, we'll be there for you, all you need to do is ask," Kara responded which Ace offered a brief smile towards.

"Thank you, I'll take that under consideration," she offered but at that point she did not know where she was heading in her life. There were many things that she had to think about and many directions where she could go. There was a chance that she could go somewhere, anywhere, or perhaps nowhere. Who really knew where this winding road would take her.

"Where are you going?" Harry asked even if he knew the answer to that one, it was the same one that he would have given was in in this circumstances.

The young girl's voice was flat and she walked off, looking over her shoulder briefly before she gave Harry her answer.

"Nowhere."

That was an answer that Harry and Kara accepted at least for now, although someone with her powers and perhaps someone who could be manipulated like that, well she in danger. One would say that she was a danger but she was in danger more so. They tagged her with a light tracking charm so they would be able to keep track of her movements never the less.

It was a long day and it was time for them to wind down.

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**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Karen grabbed Harry's cock the moment he entered the room, she was stripped to be completely naked and this sight was something that pleased Harry as her soft hand caressed his standing member.

"Hi, Karen," Harry stated in a labored breath when the busty Kryptonian blonde rubbed his shaft, bringing it up to full mast.

"Hey, Harry," Karen breathed when she motioned for Harry to lay down. "I've been wait for this all day."

Karen spit in her hands, before rubbing her husband's cock up and down to lubricate it. He grunted at the pleasurable motions.

"I'm ready to fuck your big tits," Harry remarked with a smile crossing over his face and Karen allowed him to get down before she got to herself. The busty blonde pressed her tits together around the dark haired wizard's cock, pressing his member in between her massive melons. "Oh yes, that's the….yes."

Karen rubbed his shaft up and down with practiced ease, a smile crossing her face when she caressed every inch of Harry's cock between her massive tits. The blonde rubbed his cock up and
down, pressed against her breasts, and rubbed him as hard as she could manage. His cock disappeared in and out, allowing the blonde to lick at him.

"Feels so fucking good," Harry breathed after he felt the pleasurable motions of the blonde's mouth over him, caressing his member lovingly with her tongue and bringing her moist organ to his piss slit.

"Yeah, it feels so good to have your cock between my tits when it fucks me, oh yeah," Karen grunted with her massive breasts wrapped around the thick python that was between Harry's legs. She rubbed her lover's prick nice and long, pushing it up and down.

Harry rested on his back to sense the pleasure, sensing the tightening sensations within him, and looking up to see her beautiful eyes, along with her beautiful face and gorgeous tits. This combination caused Karen to rub Harry into submission, going down on him, his cock pressed between her titanic tits and she pushed up, going further and further to the edge.

After an amount of time passed, Harry's balls exploded, almost an hour, before his cock spat a heavy dose of his juices onto her lovely breasts. His cum splattered on her nipples, and she continued to squeeze him.

"Like those powerful tits," Harry grunted and Karen placed her mouth on them, before she sucked the cream off of them, making sure Harry watched her. The very motion allowed him to get hard once again, and the blonde rubbed the cock of her lover a little bit. She teased him a little bit with her toes, before she laid back.

"Open for business," Karen purred before she opened her lips and invited Harry in to indulge her with his cock. It was an invitation that Harry could not pass up.

Harry shoved his hard rod into Karen's tight box, pushing into her pussy. It wrapped before he proceeded to speed up the thrusts, going deeper into her waiting pussy, thrusting into her. The busty blonde beneath him lifted her hips up to meet his passing movements, thrusting into her.

"So tight, I love this pussy," Harry breathed as he pumped his cock into her waiting member, his cock sliding with ease into her slit and then out of her once again. He felt it envelope tightly around him with a force that no one could handle.

"It feels so good….really good, yes fuck me," Karen panted heavily as she palmed her breasts, rolling her fingers across the standing nipples. The blonde bucked her hips upwards to meet Harry's motions as he thrust deep into her.

The tight pussy beneath him was a wonderland for Harry Potter and he pushed deep into her, hammering away at her cunt with solid, swift strokes. All of them managing to enter her pussy with a rapid fire fury and Karen's legs locked around him. That movement gripped around the hard rod of the wizard, with Karen lovingly caressing his fleshy pole with her lips.

"More, fuck me more, fuck me harder, longer, tighter, faster," Karen breathed heavily as Harry pushed into her with each passing movement. The blonde rocked her hips up to meet Harry's powerful thrusts.

"I'm going to, oh so wet, so hot," Harry breathed as he lost all sense of being coherent when he continued to indulge her pussy with his long and hard strokes.

"Cum in me love, shoot your cum into my pussy, I want it," Karen breathed after she rocked her hips back, feeling Harry jam his cock deep into her orifice and continued the thrusts, going deeper
into her tight pussy.

Harry held back, he wanted to drive this beautiful woman beneath him to a quivering mess, slamming his cock into her waiting body, her pussy wrapped around him tightly. Each thrust into her felt like a velvety goodness, wrapped around him. Hot and tight wonders, and he placed his hands on her breasts, palming them and pushing into her.

The dark haired wizard speared into her lovely center, cracking and pushing into her, with each spear and ear thrust getting her, driving her hotter and faster. Karen felt more of her essence dribble out onto her thighs when she felt this pinnacle of manhood go into her pussy. Each thrust sent her closer to the edge, a brand new edge, and each thrust caused her body and her mind to be rocked.

Her hips rocked up to meet the upcoming thrusts, and Harry grunted as he was now inside her.

"Please Harry, cum in me, I need it, I want your seed swimming inside my body," Karen breathed as Harry groped the blonde's breasts and pushed into her.

"You can't live without my cum," Harry breathed as he pounded into her harder and he reached around to add a second cock, a lantern construct, in Karen's ass. The two of them pushed against each other, pushing into her on both ends.

"Fuck no, need your, yes, damn it, feels good," Karen breathed as the blonde felt both of her holes filled with the heavy and strong cocks, both real and simulated.

The fucking continued for a very long time, before the blonde felt her holes being filled from both sides.

Harry grunted as he pushed into her, and then he felt her powerful muscles squeeze him with a fury that could crush a car. He pushed into her, drilling into her pussy with more passing thrusts, and thrust deeper into her, each passing motion into her drilled into her, stretching out her walls.

"Cumming," Harry stated before he pumped into her and sent a stream of fluids, splashing into her.

The two of them saw stars, before Harry drained his fluids into her. Both of them panted when they got down, with an expression of pure love and adoration filling them when Harry's seed spilled inside her body. Both of them came down from their mutual explosion, with the essences of the dark haired wizard splashing his love juices into her body.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Lucius stepped around, leaning on his cane and peering at the crowd of people before him. The magical experts he lined up were kind of pitiful to be honest, given that they could not crack the code of one crystal. The Malfoy heir rapidly lost his patience and peered with a nasty glare to them. It was the type of glare that would make many people run and cower in terror.

"My patience is something that I'm rapidly losing," Lucius commented as he placed his hands on the edge of his cane and leaned down. A sadistic grimace crossed the face of the workers before the Malfoy heir continued to explain what he expected of them. "How is it that some of the foremost magical minds in the world can't crack the secret of one pitiful little space crystal?"

The experts shook their collective head, shaking off their thoughts before they spun around and all sighed.
"Lord Malfoy, please give us more time, we'll be able to solve its secrets," the chief expert, the leader, the Unspeakable Supreme if you will, stated when he clasped his hand over the side of the table. "We will not fail you, there's no way we can fail you."

"I hope not, for failure is not an option," Lucius offered in a grim voice, holding the cane in his hand, and tapping it at the edge of the wall. He wanted to jam the razor sharp edge into the throats of these incompetents but he needed them if he was able to figure out that crystal. He sensed that there wa something in there, what it was, the Malfoy heir could not even begin to figure it out.

"I believe we have the perfect way to penetrate the crystal," the Unpeakable Supreme stated as he shook his head and crossed his hands tighter. A look of pleading almost crossed his face. "But no, it's risky, too risky, I cannot even begin to recommend doing it in such a way."

"What is the risk?" Lucius asked them, not caring about their lives, for he was now behind a protective shield that would allow him to observe everything.

"The risk is we could blow up everyone in this room," The Unspeakable Supreme stated as he looked at the elder wizard but Lucius showed no fear. He had nothing to lose, other than these incompetents, who were worthless he should note. Their failure to tap into the crystals energies proved that much but he stepped forward. "If there is something, anything within that crystal, we will know."

"Then do it, tap into its energies in any way you must," Lucius stated with his eyes flashing with a fury that could not be mistaken for anything but what it was. He crossed his hands together and peered into the distance. "Do it as you must, for now my patience wears thin."

The Unspeakable Supreme looked at Lucius with a trembling hand before he did what was asked, this was merely suicide but still it was better than risking the displeasure of Malfoy. They prepared the solution to pour on the pedestal with the crystal. He turned to his men, who now put on their protective gear. He wondered if this would be enough to shield them from the explosion.

"On three, we all blast the pedestal," the Unspeakable Supreme stated, bracing himself for what came next and the six of them pointed their wands at the pedestal. "One, Two, Three."

Six blasts of yellow light impacted the podium and caused the solution poured on it to heat up. A loud explosion resounded out, sending multi-color fire into the air. The three of them shoot up to the ceiling and impacted with the edge of it, scouring the ceiling.

The smoke cleared and there was one thing that was untouched, the crystal on the pedestal was not there, it was not able to be cracked. Lucius clutched his fists together and scowled, another failure, he could hardly believe that this was the case but there it was. He thought that this particular plan was foolproof, yet it was not.

He had his mouth open, about ready to rip into them for their incompetence but suddenly, the crystal split up, sending multi colored light in every direction. The crystal vibrated at an increased frequency and opened what appeared to a portal of some sort. There was a bright light that shot through the dungeon and blinded everyone who was around.

Lucius shielded his eyes and the crystal blew, sending pieces flying in every single direction, and the dust remains flickered onto the floor. A cloud of smoke and dust kicked up that nearly gagged anyone who would be unfortunate enough to be close by when it cleared. Their eyes watered and their knees buckled when they tried to pull themselves up to what passed as a standing position.

The smoke cleared to see an imposing figure dressed in black, with wild black hair and a robe that
went down past his feet. He had an impressive beard and he stepped forward with grace and fury. This planet's sunlight empowered him the moment he stepped out of his prison. The smell of decay and disgust could only mean one thing, he was on the primitive planet known as Earth.

These primitives pulled their little wooden sticks on him, but with super speed and discipline only created with being a general in the Kryptonian army disarmed them, and then threw all of these feeble little humans around like rag dolls. They all landed on the ground with one thud after another.

"What in God's name have we released?" one of the wizards wondered before the man who they released stepped forward and decided to correct their statement.

"No, not God, Zod."

To Be Continued in "Arrival."
Chapter Sixty Eight: Arrival.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Galatea sat on the edge of the bed dressed in a white robe, Karen was dressed in a blue robe, Kara was dressed in a red robe, and Linda was dressed in a black robe. All of them looked beautiful with their gorgeous blonde hair, lovely long legs, and blue eyes shimmering with passion, staring down Harry who popped up them, dressed in a pair of pants with no shirt.

"We're ready for you Harry," Kara breathed huskily when she moved over and dropped her robe to reveal her sexy body. Galatea, Karen, and Linda dropped their robes as well to showcase their bodies. Karen was the most mature of them, Galatea was the second most, then Kara, and then Linda, although all of them looked perfectly beautiful and lovely.

Karen was the first one that moved over to Harry, wrapping her legs around his body and kissing him heatedly. Harry returned the kiss, rubbing his hands all over her nubile body, feeling her breasts in his hands and squeezing her ass. She moaned hotly into his mouth, before Karen pushed herself back to grab his cock, pushing her hand underneath him and stroking him a little bit.

"That's the spot Harry," Karen breathed and Harry grinned when the dark haired wizard rested on the bed, to see his throbbing penis before her, every vein and every thrust.

"Yes, it is," Harry agreed when Karen wrapped her tight pussy around Harry to sink down onto him. "Oh yes, I love you so very much."

Karen pushed down onto his cock, riding Harry and he reached up to roll his hands around her supple breasts, feeling the curves on it and feeling her.

"Love…oh you have such a nice pussy," Harry breathed when Karen bounced up and down on him before he inclined his head up and began to suck and feast on her breasts.

Not to be outdone, Linda was thrown onto the bed, and Kara pressed her lips onto Linda's, kissing her madly. Linda morphed into a female version of Harry, for all intents and purposes. She had the beautiful black hair and green eyes, looking at the younger blonde who kissed her, snaking her tongue into Linda's mouth.

Galatea reached around with a grin, before she activated her energy ring and aimed a glowing cock before she slammed it between Kara's thighs, shoving the energy cock deep in her pussy.

'I like that so very much,' Kara thought to Galatea when she went between Linda's legs and ate her pussy, using her tongue to stimulate and work it over.

'I'm sure you do, I can feel you getting wet and it's getting me wet too,' Galatea thought in a matter of fact matter, as she created a second penis construct to shove between her lips and thrust into her while she thrust the other end into Kara's thighs.

"Feels good, your pussy feels so good," Harry breathed when Karen bounced up and down on him, gyrating her hips around his cock, bringing her tanned body onto the base of him. Her breasts jigged before she pushed herself back up and sank herself back down onto his throbbing prick.

'I know I make you feel good, I can make you feel good, and you make me feel good,' Karen thought
when her eyes flickered shut from the pleasure with Harry rolling the palms of his hands over her breasts, before rolling them down her ass cheeks.

Karen shivered when she felt Harry's hands all over her and also his cock rammed up her twat, when she lowered and slammed herself down on him. She made lewd sounds with her mouth, which was now wrapped around a glowing blue replica of Harry's penis and she continued to bounce higher with her motions.

A second Harry reached over to grab Galatea around the hips before he pressed her back against the wall and found her mouth, kissing her deeply. The blonde gave a shuddering moan of pleasure when the dark haired wizard rolled his hands over his body, rubbing her shoulders, then going over to her breasts. Then he cupped his hand between her legs and played with her sex.

"You're getting very wet, young lady," Harry teased her and Galatea offered her lover a grin that dripped with mischief before she wrapped around him tightly. Her strong legs wrapped around the dark haired wizard's thighs and he pushed his cock against her entrance, teasing her.

"I'm wet and I need to be filled," Galatea breathed as she looked at him.

"I think I have something that will fill the vacancy," Harry added as he teased her, his touches driving her to the brink of sexual bliss.

His cock turned and slammed into her center, her pussy wrapped around him and her back pressed against the wall. The two hovered a little bit off the ground, with Galatea arching her back to give Harry the leverage to push into her as they rocked in the air. Their hips met together in furious passion, their hands rolling against their body, with Harry putting his mouth on her nipple and offering a soft, sensual suck.

Galatea sank her nails into Harry's back, giving a deep whimper when he sucked on her right nipple and the dark haired wizard twirled his tongue over her, licking her and grabbing her ass, cupping it tight in his hands. She sighed giving a very passionate sigh of "Harry."

"That's my name, don't wear it out?" Harry asked as he thrust into her even more to cause her to moan.

"HARRY!"

Galatea yelled at the top of her lungs with the dark haired wizard picking up the pace and burying himself deeper into his blonde lover. He worked over her cunt with his rapid fire thrusts, really hammering her.

Linda and Kara meanwhile laid in a sixty nine position, with their tongues buried in each other. The two nearly identical girls stuck their tongues in each other and licked around on their insides, tasting the sweet sin that dripped from underneath their thighs. Both of them breathed rather heavily when the two blondes licked, suckled, and nibbled on lovely tender flesh.

Kara switched positions before she created a dildo with her energy ring, strapped onto her. The sex toy throbbed able to channel herself and she presented Linda's hot ass into the air, before the blonde teased her with a little lick.

"I know you like that," Kara stated and Linda nodded furiously, before the Alpha thrust her makeshift cock into the cunt lips of Linda.

"Great Rao!" Linda screamed as she was penetrated by Kara, it felt so good to see her beating into her pussy like that. The blue energy cock filled up her lovely center with so much that she could
hardly handle it.

Kara smiled, she could feel Linda's hot warm pussy around her, it felt so good.

"Never stop fucking me like that," Linda panted as Kara continued to push into her.

"Oh yes, I won't, trust me," Kara breathed as she hugged her lover tightly, before she rubbed her fingers up and down her body, sending erotic touches and sexual magic into her.

Back to Harry and Karen, they switched positions and now the busty blonde wrapped her legs around her wizard lover when the young man pushed into her. He sped up the thrusts, burying his cock between her legs, pushing into her lovely lips, and giving her sexual joy when she pushed into his region.

"Fuck me, yeah fuck me," Karen breathed heavily, as Harry grabbed her breasts, cupping him in his hands, and then he placed his tongue on them. He motor boarded her breasts causing her to scream and arch her back when he continued the thrusts.

The member slid in and out of her with practiced ease and the two of them continued to have sweat roll down their bodies when they pressed themselves forward between the two of them. The two lovers continued their activities.

'Warm delight, squeeze me, that's a good, that's the spot,' Harry projected to her when his sexual thoughts engulfed their minds and made them all hot.

'Oh, I'd love nothing better than to have your cum in me, lover,' Karen thought but Harry pushed her back and kissed her face lightly and tenderly.

'Don't worry, you'll have it in a minute,' Harry told her when he continued his love making.

The two of them lifted their hips up, only scantly hearing the passionate and primal moans of Galatea, who got fucked above their head by Harry's double. The two exchanged moans and primal moans when they rocked back and forth.

"Oh, yes, Harry."

"Feels good doesn't it?" Harry whispered to her hotly, causing her body to size up with her orgasm when she clenched him tightly.

"Yes, feels really good," Galatea moaned when she sank her nails into the back of the blond placed her finger nails into the back of her lover.

The two of them rocked back and forth before Galatea clenched tightly and this action caused Harry's essence spilling in between her. She gave a hot moan, throwing her head back when she felt her husband's baby batter splatter between her thighs and sank down onto the bed, feeling good.

Karen and the Harry on the bed continued their dance, when the blonde yelling to the heavens when the dark haired wizard pushed into her and slammed his balls against her thighs when he thrust into her.

"Cumming," Harry breathed to her in her ear and Karen tingled with excitement, her thighs clenching together when he continued his motions going deeper into her. He thrust deep into her, her cunt squeezed him tightly when he thrust into her deeply and then splattered his essence.

The two of them felt the warm delight when the wizard sprayed his fluids into her hole, causing her
to feel absolutely on fire from the pleasure. She felt good when her husband gave her his gift.

"Switch," Kara stated, directing traffic, and she gripped her husband's cock before stroking it back up to his main length, it gripped in her hand and she pushed her hand onto it, rubbing him up and down, clutching his cock in her hand, and she rubbed him into she got to full length.

Harry grabbed Kara and pushed her back, kissing her, feeling the taste of Linda on her lips, and rubbed her nether regions. The blond breathed heavily when her lover aimed his cock at her entrance and then he pressed his cock deep into her, and thrust deep into her, pushing into her.

"Yeah," Harry breathed as he lovingly stroked her breasts and Kara felt him stroke her on the inside, using his cock to caress her velvety walls, and thrust her a little bit before he continued to push into her.

"Yes," Kara breathed hotly as Harry gripped a handful of her ass before hoisting her legs up above his shoulders and ramming into her. "MORE!"

"You've got it," Harry answered as he thrust into her, pushing into her, causing her to whimper and clench against him. The blonde used her super strength to clench him to give the most pleasurable caress of his cock, rubbing it with her silken insides.

Linda was flipped over once again and the second version of Harry penetrated her womanly depths, pushing into her with his cock. She pushed up to meet the strokes from his fleshy pole, and then she felt herself be gagged by the energy construct ball and gag. Galatea offered a smirk.

"You're naughty, you know that, Galatea?" Harry asked as he plowed into Linda from behind when the other blonde gagged her.

"You know it," Galatea stated but Karen grabbed her around the waist and forced her down on the bed, pressing her lips onto the other blonde's mouth and the grabbing a hearty handful of ass. An energy construct appeared around Karen's waist and she punched the strap on dildo deep into the clone.

The blonde moaned hotly when Karen pushed into her, pushing her back onto the bed, and grabbing her breasts. She switched her mouth to the younger girl's breasts, licking her tongue across them with experience.

"That's hot," Harry breathed as he plunged into the still gagged Linda, pushing his cock into her depths, before he sped up his motions and continued to go into her, burying his cock into her.

Kara's eyes closed with bliss when the dark haired wizard pushed himself into her, his cock wrapped around her warm goodness. The two of them rocked back and forth on the bed, their hips meeting each other and the two of them continued to pick up the pace, before they worked against each other. The two continued to go against each other, the two of them feeling the desire that happened when they pushed back and forth against each other.

"More, I need more," Kara breathed as Harry filled her with his cock, she loved how it stretched her out.

"You've got it all," Harry panted as he pushed into Kara, and he ran his hands through her hair.

"Mmm, yes," Kara breathed as her lover's cock continued to bury into her.

Galatea now rode Karen, the energy dildo burning through her pussy and filling her up with pleasure, her eyes widened when she looked at them. She moaned and murmured when she picked
up the pace to ride the blonde. The two of them rocked backwards on the bed, with them rolling their hips over each other. The blue energy pushed between Galatea's legs, burying into her moist center.

"You ride me good, baby," Karen moaned as Galatea bent down and lovingly caressed her breasts with the blonde pushing her hips up, meeting the downward motions that Galatea made between the two of them. The blonde ground her hips on the energy cock and pushed down.

"Yeah, feels so good, give me your cum, lover," Galatea breathed as she grabbed a hearty handful of breasts and squeezed the melons in her hands.

Harry plunged into Linda before behind, rolling his hands over her sexy body, cupping her breasts with his hands and he continued to push back, driving into her. The dark haired wizard sped up his motions, pushing into her, and he continued to go into each other. The dark haired wizard pressed his hands on Linda's hips.

'Feeling good?' Harry asked her as he ran his fingers through her hair.

'Feels fucking great,' Linda projected to him, she was a slave to his cock and that's what she wanted. 'Faster, please, faster.'

The dark haired wizard thrust into her further, speeding up his motions, drilling between her and he continued to push into her. The thrusts rubbed into her lovely center, pushing into her when she used her shape shifting abilities combined with her powers to push into her. Combined with the fact that she looked like a hot female version of Harry, he felt like he was good indeed.

Kara and Harry rocked against each other, feeling the pleasure against each other, when she continued to ride him, picking up the tempo.

"Cumming, please do it in me," Kara begged as she grinded her hips and squeezed him, gyrating against his probing prick, the mage riding his lover, the two of them pushing against each other. She lifted her hips up to meet his thrusts, gyrating against him.

Harry's balls tightened and with a few more thrusts he tightened before he sprayed his fluids into Kara's tight quim. The ropes of cum splashed into her with Kara cumming hard as well, licking Linda's girl cum from her fingers that she had left over.

Karen unleashed her cum into the pussy of Galatea when she sank down to continue the ride.

The Harry dupe pushed into Linda and with an explosion of white light, the two of them came together. All five lovers felt the mutual love of their orgasms with going deep into each other, blowing their loads all at once.

The five Potters collapsed, feeling completely refreshed from what happened when they came hard.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

The Potter family configured the Patronus Incorporated Satellite Array to pick up strange pulses of energy over the atmosphere of the Earth. Given the number of alien invasions that could happen and the number of potentially hostile alien races that could consider the Earth to be a planet that was worth of conquest, all of them kept on their toes and firmly took a long look at what was happening. There was much information for them to pick up.

Kara frowned as she picked up something on the scanner link. "I don't….there are many alien
crafts coming in and they are moving in pretty damn fast."

"Activating the satellite transmission, see if we can hack into their feed," Karen responded as she folded her hands together, with Galatea and Linda walking inside, having returned with Harry from a long check up on the Shining Light School of Magic. With its new winter term getting into a high gear, everything was going fine.

"Hacking into the feed," Kara replied as she twisted the knob and continued to work her way into the feed; it was her hope that everything would pick up and would become so much clearer that it was before. At least that was a hope she had, whether it would pan out to be a reality, there was nothing that was completely for sure. She clicked a few more buttons on it and shook her head before she pressed on forward.

Harry placed his hands on the edge of his Alpha's chair, before he looked at Kara's blue eyes.

"The ships look….Thanagarian?" Kara half-stated, half questioned before she trailed off, mouth agape.

"Well we knew that this day could potentially be coming," Harry answered as he walked off to do his own check of the scanner. He made his way up to the Watchtower, despite his less than friendly reactions with a good portion of the League in the recent months and the mistrust they had of him, he felt that they had the right to know what was up.

It did explain in many ways why Shayera always took the missions that were off world. Every single mission filed through Harry's computer, and he took a long look at them to pick out the established pattern. He knew what was at stake and he knew what was on the line. The dark haired wizard continued to walk forward, hoping that there would be an explanation for this and one that could be believable.

The mage appeared on the Watchtower where he saw the Martian Manhunter. J'onn greeted him with a nod, when he looked at Harry and decided to make an inquiry.

"What seems to be the trouble, Harry?" The Martian asked and Harry spun around, before he clicked on the scanners and he increased the sensitivity before he showed it to the Martian Manhunter. There was a gasp when Green Lantern, Batman, Hawkgirl, and Superman all crowded around.

Hawkgirl in particular frowned; she warned them about the dangers of trying to get through and trying to start what they planned. While the war with the Gordanians caused many losses on both sides, that still was a huge problem. Harry stood to face her, a questioning look in his eye.

Shayera at this point knew that Harry knew that she knew that this was coming but what he was going to do about it that was unknown. John looked at her, before he slowly turned around to face her.

"The ships are Thanagarian!" John stated in a confrontational manner, when more members of the League crowded around. He spoke to Shayera in a demanding tone of voice. "Did you know about this?"

Shayera knew she had some uncomfortable explanations ahead of her.

"I tried to tell them that this was a bad idea," Shayera admitted as she turned around and the League gasped.

"So you knew that this was coming?" Superman asked, not accusing, merely just a question and
there was a long pause before Shayera nodded. There was a blinding flash of light and Kara now transported onto the Watchtower. "Let me guess, more bad news."

"One could call it bad news, yes," Kara admitted as she faced her cousin, standing up straight a little bit and shaking the cobwebs off.

Batman, as always, was straight and to the point, when he eyed the young Kryptonian through narrowed eyes. "What's the damage?"

"We're on the verge of a full scale Thanagarian invasion," Kara stated as she looked at the entire Justice League. Naturally Patronus had weapons that could shut down any Alien Invasion, including the Nova Javelins that they appropriated for Kryptonian technology that Zod once used. Kara prayed that they never had to use one of those; they were like an Earth Nuke in their destructiveness, when they vaporized everything they touched. That was what they would call a worst case scenario, should they have to use them.

Superman, as always, was willing to hear all sides of the argument and to be honest Kara and Harry wanted to hear his as well. "Is there a reason that you would like to tell us, Shayera?"

The Thanagarian nodded before she turned to the Justice League. "Thanagar has been in a war with a group of aliens known as the Gordanians for over hundreds of years. We could win the war but all we need is to use Earth as a bypass for a weapon that will cause them to stand down for good."

"And put countless lives in peril in the process," John stated hotly as the Flash popped up before he could gain momentum for a rant.

"Switch to decaf man," Flash remarked as he shook his head and walked by them, shaking his head.

"This is serious," Batman offered but then again with the Dark Knight, everything was a serious situation. The World's Greatest Detective folded his hands over his lap and stepped forward before he looked into the sky and shook his head, before he saw them closing in. "I think they're coming here."

"Great," John stated, he would have to check in with the Guardians of Oa to find out if he should take any action against this or call for back up but he doubted that the group of Thanagarian Warships would allow him to leave as he pleased.

"This is Commander Hro Talek from the Thanagarian army, and I can assure you that we mean you no harm. Earth is under threat from an evil group of aliens known as the Gordanians and you are all in danger. We have sent an advanced agent ahead to scout your planet and help give information to us. You may know her as Hawkgirl."

There were several looks towards Shayera who looked up, wondering about this mission, she had her doubts to be honest. The young woman stood back and waited for everything to boil over. She'd deal with the consequences later on.

"We are putting this planet under our watch and preparing it to withstand the invasion, we can assure you that no one will get hurt. Therefore, we will be restricting all traffic on and off the Planet Earth. No one gets off the planet, no one gets on it, anyone who tries will be treated as enemies. We will stay until the threat has passed and Earth can safely defend itself."

'Eath does not need them to protect us,' Kara thought as she balled her fists up, but while she knew about the
'It looks like they're not interested in logic,' Galatea projected to her through the mental link when she, Linda, and Karen collaborated the defenses from on the ground.

Everything pieced together in a logical manner, with the invasion and it would safe to call it that happening. The crew at Patronus Incorporated knew how to make their moves, although they did hope for a peaceful resolution and maybe the Thanagarian's intentions were noble. Although they were a noble and proud warlike race and would not let things go easily.

"They….they really do know what they're doing and have the best intentions in the world in mind," Shayera stated in a voice that lacked a bit of conviction but at the same time had plenty of conviction.

Kara shook her head, she was sure that they made Shayera believed that and she wanted to believe in her people. At that time, she was going to wait and see, and prepare a defense, potentially from two different alien invasion forces.

They did not want to have to do that but at the same time should worse come to worse, they would have to treat all invaders like the threats they are. Thankfully they prepared and the computer at the Fortress would be helpful if they wanted to down that route. Plus the knowledge they acquired from Brainiac would also be something that would help them out in the long run.

Perhaps with that they could punch a hole in their defenses.

Shayera nervously walked out to face her fellow Thanagarians who landed in the middle of Metropolis Square. In particular Hro Talek, and old flame of hers from many years back and she walked forward to face him.

"All technology has been accessed, except for one string of computer networks, belonging to…." Shayera cut him off before she said what they were thinking. "Patronus Incorporated, yes I know."

"You know, yet you have not gotten us the specifications for it," Hro stated as he looked at the Thanagarian. "Do I need to remind you that any unintended variable in Earth technology could throw off the entire field?"

"There is also an outpost in the Artic that is being shielded against our attack."

Shayera feigned ignorance for the moment, even though she knew that it was the Fortress of Solitude but it turned out that the Commander would find out what was in that outpost used for before too long, that was how efficient that he was. He walked forward to consult with the other men.

"The technology is Kryptonian."

Now Shayera knew that she was in for an explanation but as it turned out it was not her turn to explain rather Hro Talek turned to her and faced her with a beady expression in his eyes. "The one known as Superman that you've told us of, or perhaps Supergirl, Power Girl, or Arcane?"

"There technology could be useful in helping us but we need to work with them and explain the situation, the entire situation to them," Shayera warned them, knowing if Harry, Kara, and the rest got wind of what was happening, what was really happening, and how they intended to make the stay on Earth a bit more permanent, then it would be total war. They would take no prisoners.

"We will consider this but naturally…."
"Lois Lane, Daily Planet, and what gives you the right to barge in here and force yourself as protectors of the planet? We have the Justice League for that, and I'm sure you've heard of Patronus Incorporated, they have the best technology on the planet."

The commander of the Thanagarian Army looked at the brazen Earth woman, her black hair flowing into her face and naturally she stood no fear despite a small army of hawk warriors with sharp weapons surrounding her. The thirty year old reporter stood, hands on her hips and she curled her lips into a frown.

"Whilst we don't think that they are inadequate, the fact remains that the Gordanian army is ruthless and could potentially enslave a portion of the Earth's population, killing the rest, and taking all of their resources."

Lois looked at them and smiled.

"You know, we humans believe in a little thing called proof to back up your claims. You want to make way with some of that, maybe?"

Before Lois could be smacked down or anything else, there was a group of suited men and women who walked out to face the Thanagarian army. Tension happened in the air, it appeared that the humans were not about to stand down, and let the hawks roll over them in such a way.

"I trust you've met and are going to agree to work with us," Hro Talek stated as he looked at the diplomats before him.

"We've met and we don't need your help, the nations of the world can defend themselves," the diplomat stated before Superman showed up and landed on the ground. "Ah, Superman, it's a good thing that you're here, because I wanted to present you with this."

Superman was about to meet with Talek to see if they could peacefully resolve this without casualties but his mind diverted when he looked at the diplomatic before him, handing the Man of Steel a letter. A few seconds, Superman read all of the contents and he looked at him, confusing reigning in his eyes.

"This….surely we could work this out."

"No, after all the lives the Justice League has endangered through their vigilante actions, the nations of the world have agreed to file an injunction to have the Justice League Watchtower dismantled and decommissioned," the diplomat stated as he looked at Superman, staring him down. "You have seventy two hours to do so or the United Nations will use our collective might to shoot you from the sky and any League members aboard will be captured as prisoners for war crimes, providing that they're alive."

Superman shook his head.

"The Justice League has done a lot to work things out, surely they can…."

"No, the Justice League either comes down to Earth with the rest of us or they cease to be," the diplomat stated as he looked at Superman. "Also you will be required to appear in court at the end of this month for your role in the murder of Lex Luthor, along with Harry Potter and Kara Zor-El. It's time you heroes find out that you are not above the law."

"You can't do this, the League has helped people and Lex Luthor was a mad dog that needed to be put down!" Lois yelled as she finally found her voice, processing all the information of her mind. "And in case you don't forget, Lex Luthor was willing to wipe out millions of people just to satisfy
his vendetta against Superman."

"Enough, when the Vigilante Registration Act goes through, all heroes will be forced to work for the United States Government or they will be held in contempt and be considered to be criminals of war," one of the Senators stated as he looked at them. "A great American hero like Lex Luthor got shut down because a bunch of aliens and a sorcerer thought that could play god. Well that's not happening. This is all about protecting our freedom."

"I could not have said it better myself, Senator," the diplomat stated as he felt glad that these heroes would be taken down to the level of normal humans. They made the politicians look like they could not do their jobs well it was time to level the playing field.

The diplomat turned around and reassumed his look at Talek.

"As for you hawks, you will be required to leave the planet within the next seventy two hours or you will be attacked by the combined might of the Earth's nations. It's time for us to take the world into our own hands…."

"We will not do so, it's for the Earth's good and I find it laughable that the humans could stop us," Hro stated as he faced them all through narrowed eyes and gritted teeth. "The Gordanians are too dangerous to allow you to maintain your human ideals and arrogance."

Shayera felt compelled to speak up. "Maybe….maybe we can compromise with everyone, find a common ground."

"There is no compromising with these barbarians," Hro stated as he turned around and said something to his warriors in their native tongue.

"If you asked me the Justice League and the Thanagarian Army were in this from the beginning to subjugate the human race."

"No one asked you," Lois grumbled as she listened to the droning voice of G. Gordon Godfrey as she folded her hands together and shook her head to clear the cobwebs but then it was Harry and Kara who showed up at the Daily Planet. "You two heard about it."

"Some stuffed suit gave us a summons, so yes we did," Kara answered briskly as she folded her arms and a grim expression crossed her face.

'Yeah, and humans wonder why Earth gets invaded so often, can't say they don't have it coming to them half the time,' Galatea thought to them through the link before she grumbled. 'Ungrateful bastards.'

'Galatea,' Kara told her sister reproachfully through the bond and she shook her head a little bit.

'Humanity cannot be tarred by the actions of a very vocal and annoying minority,' Karen thought to them through the bond link.

'You can't deny that they can get stirred up rather well by the mob mentality,' Linda thought to them, biting her lip from where she was.

'There are days like this, while I don't condone what he did what he did, but I kind of understand it,' Harry thought to them and there was no need for them to ask who he was because they knew, oh believe them, they knew.
"You seem rather calm for someone who could be up for the firing squad," Lois remarked as she locked her eyes towards Harry but he shook his head.

"You act like I haven't been in a situation like this before," Harry remarked as he turned to Lois.

"I feared something like this would happen."

Clark showed up, looking like he was tired for once. He thought about going home to Smallville to visit his parents and Conner to see how they were holding up in the Alien Invasion but he was needed here with the Justice League.

"If Lex Luthor slipped on soap and broke his neck in the shower, they would have tied it back to you eventually," Harry answered as he maintained eye contact with Clark and Clark nodded, he supposed that Harry did have a point.

"I wish to help you."

"Waller," Harry answered, seeing the large woman standing there. His eyes met hers. "I could have sworn that you got twenty five to life for your role in the Cadmus mess."

"I still have friends in high places in Washington," Waller answered briskly and there was no more that needed to be said about that.

"And some in low places I'm sure," Lois quipped before Waller turned to her.

"That wit will get you places, Ms. Lane, but not all of them good," Waller fired back before she fully turned her attention to Harry, Kara, and Clark. Clark was not surprised that Waller knew his secret, that was the type of woman she was. "I have evidence on file regarding mental evaluations on how Lex Luthor was once admitted into a mental institution for a psychic break that he suffered when he was nine years old. His younger brother….he died and Lex thought he killed him."

In any event the entire Luthor family history was a messed up quagmire with Waller shaking her head when she looked it over every single moment. The woman ran it over in her mind, every detailed scenario. She knew that Lex was cracked in the head but he had resources. The loss of his hair really pushed him even more, his father was someone who left his mark on Lex long after death, but Superman while the straw that broke the camel's back, did not seem to excuse the many control issues Lex had.

"I did not know that," Lois stated in a quiet voice.

"Superman was merely an excuse that Lex offered to justify his actions to himself,' Waller stated in a hushed voice as she flipped through the papers. "While I don't think that this information will help protect you from the Watchtower getting decommissioned and the rest of the Vigilante Registration Act, it will help you clear you name with Lex. Also, there is a laundry list of crimes that he covered up and people he killed, starting with his father.

Harry and Kara hoped that would be enough but they focused their thoughts on the upcoming invasion because that's what they should call this event, it was an invasion and it was here. The two stepped forward, hands locked together and they looked up into the sky, seeing the technology.

'Guys, there's something else coming in, there's a pulse of energy...coming from the area of Malfoy Manor?' Karen thought as she looked at them.

'When it rains, it pours, doesn't it?' Kara thought to Harry as she clutched his hand and the two of
them stood together, tall and proud.

'What's going on now?' Harry thought back to Kara, the two of them going back and forth mentally in their minds.

'I don't know, the fact Lucius could be up to anything is most...concerning,' Linda thought as she folded her arms together. 'I guess he can't leave well enough alone.'

'I hate to break this too you, but we got bigger problems than a non-entity like Malfoy,' Galatea thought to them through the bond link and she closed her eyes, that much Harry and Kara could sense even if they were far away. 'Guys, we could end this invasion.'

'I don't want to launch the big weapon unless absolutely necessary, especially given the nations of the Earth already want to roast anything Kryptonian or even hero on a spit,' Harry thought to them, and they agreed, well except for one.

'You know, if we're saving their lives, what should it matter?' Galatea thought to them, challenging Harry's thought process a little bit.

'That's a good question and one I don't think they have an answer from, they just fear what's different,' Karen thought to her bond mates and they all nodded.

The smoke cleared and General Zod was free, free from the Phantom Zone and felt the yellow sunlight energize his body. His skin absorbed it and being a pinnacle of genetic superiority, it energized him well. The General stepped forward to look at the fallen people and he grabbed one of the young wizards by the throat, before he snapped the young man's neck with ease.

"Pathetic," Zod stated in a low voice as he saw the leader, a blonde haired man with blue eyes and a cane standing before him. "Where am I?"

"You are at Malfoy Manor, sir," Lucius stated, knowing that he should fear this man and for good reason. So respect was the key thing.

"Malfoy Manor, this is a strange place for this planet," Zod stated in a cold voice when he turned around and stepped forward again, standing on the hands of the dead bodies on the floor.

Lucius was quick to inform him otherwise. "No great one, Malfoy Manor…it's the name of this place, where I live, the planet is Earth, oh great one. May I inquire your name?"

"Zod," Zod stated in a firm voice before he added. "General Zod and I thought that the air smelled familiar in its poor quality but I was uncertain. A pitiful planet with barbarians who have not evolved past the matter of sticks I see for their technology."

It was at this point where Zod cast eyes down on the corpses on the floor with abject disdain and Lucius needed to step back, to consider what was before him. This man was obviously a danger and the Malfoy lord prided himself of razor sharp thinking and quick wit.

"I know of a place that is beyond your wildest dreams," Lucius stated as he looked at Zod and the Kryptonian General folded his arms when he wanted to know even more about this. "I found the crystal that released you in the snow but we could not get through it."

"Perhaps you were too primitive to be allowed to pass that barrier," Zod stated as he turned around and thought about it. In his days, Zod had many pets and this human amused him like a pet.
Pets did have their amusement for a little bit until Zod got bored with them. Then he put them out of their misery by putting them down. The General clasped his hands together and waited, he was going to allow this man to lead him forward to this mysterious Fortress. If this man double crossed him, well it will be on his head.

"You will show me this place."

Lucius nodded fearfully, he knew that he would show Zod this and he complied when he walked forward with the General.

Zod looked up into the sky and peered up to see the familiar space crafts; being an expert on technology through many planets and species throughout the universe, he recognized it immediately.

"Thanagarian," Zod thought as he looked up, a disdain dripping from his thoughts and those filthy hawks being allowed to breathe the same air that he did was most disgusting. Zod clutched his hands together before he continued to walk off to the side with Lucius before he scooped him up.

"Lead the way, human," Zod stated with Lucius being too paralyzed with fear of what this alien could do to him to really tell him that he had a name. To Zod, Lucius Malfoy was simply an animal and one that should be regarded with the utmost contempt, not to mention much disdain and horror.

"Let's face it, maybe there's a good reason why we lost their trust."

The Green Arrow voiced this point when the entire assembled Justice League met together, to figure out their best action to deal with the crisis that was taking place on Earth.

"You call what's happened a good reason," Black Canary stated as she folded her arms.

"Yeah, the humans have points but we've done some good, haven't we?" Flash asked as he shook his head to the side and rocked back a little bit. The Fastest Man Alive knew that there was going to be some problems to be honest. "I mean we've saved a lot of people."

Batman offered the grimmest assessment of the situation.

"How many of those threats is a direct response to something regarding what the League did?"

"Does it really matter?" Martian Manhunter stated in a calm tone before he shook his head and gave the assessment of everything. "The people of Earth made up their minds and decided that the League is no longer worthy of their trust. We must respect that situation, even though we might not agree with it. And if they have ordered us to decommission, then we must do so."

"There's one problem, Arcane and Supergirl, aren't they the one who hold the keys to the Watchtower?" Zatanna asked and everyone nodded.

"That doesn't make things much better," Green Arrow responded as he clutched his hands together and felt a feeling of dread fill his stomach.

"The two of them have done more good for the world then the entire League," Wonder Woman offered before she waited for Superman to say something, say anything about what was going on.

"I don't know, it doesn't really pay out to be a hero these days."

It was a dark day when that statement came from the mouth of the Man of Steel but he thought
about this long and hard over the past several months. There were many moments where it seemed like the world held out for a hero but there were other moments where they enjoyed seeing said hero burned. It was where the pressure was on and anyone who took arms to save people were going to have their share of critics and people who doubted their motives.

And there was another point that the heroes in the world needed to consider; for every person that they were able to save there was even more were unable to be saved. With the people who lost their trust, with the people that were afraid of them, it all lead to a hallowing reality of everything.

"We're not going to give this one up, not without a fight, we'll prove ourselves," Wonder Woman stated as determination flooded through her eyes whilst she looked out the window and wondering how people could forget all of the good while adding an additional emphasis on the bad.

Green Arrow thought about this, he had more than his fair share of doubts about the League and he would have to admit despite those doubts they did so good. Despite all of the good that they did, the League still offered many of the same questions and many of the same problems that they always would. Trust was weak after the Cadmus debacle.

"We will do what we can to make sure everything ends up right," Flash stated when he looked up and offered some hope in his voice, hope that many people thought would be optimistic to a stupid level.

"We're in the midst of an invasion and humanity won't separate the aliens that help from the ones that invade," Batman summarized when he tried to calibrate the satellites he had in place. With any luck, they would be able to get a fix on everything that was happening around the world.

Superman was on his way to the Fortress of Solitude, to perhaps try and find a way to stop this Invasion in his own way. And it went without saying that the crew at Patronus Incorporated had their own way to stop the Invasion. All of the cards were thrown out on the table and it remained to be seen what was about to transpire.

"I don't shed any love loss over the Gordanians and anyone who wishes to do them harm I will be sympathetic towards but something about this is rotten."

Starfire offered her assessment of the situation, the fact of the matter was that there was a time where she was captured by a Gordorian slave ship. Raven, Beast Boy, Cyborg, Batgirl, Miss Martian, Robin, and Batgirl crowded around when they saw the ships coming in.

"Do the people of Earth really think they could stop it?" Raven asked as she shrugged her shoulders.

"Maybe not, but I know that the Patronus people can," Cyborg answered as he turned around, clutching his hands together. Now came the time to separate the men from the boys mostly because of the size of their toys.

"Yeah but....you heard what they're saying on the radio about them, don't you?" Beast Boy asked them and it was Batgirl who chimed in.

"Here it, see it on the street, yeah, the opinion on heroes are at an all-time low," Batgirl stated when she waited for news from Nightwing who currently was on patrol on Gotham City. They used the invasion as an excuse to commit a riot not that people in Gotham City needed the excuse to riot.

The red haired girl shrugged her shoulders and looked up before she turned around and waited.
Sure enough, Harry, Kara, and Galatea popped up immediately. Karen and Linda worked mission control at Patronus, even if they chimed in when they could.

'Hawks outside our building,' Karen thought to them and that was the least of what they needed. 'What....'

'Activate the defenses, we'll keep them out and with any luck they'll do something that will justify an attack,' Kara thought to them through the link as they nodded.

'So what's the damage?' Batgirl asked when she looked at her and Kara turned with a smile on her face.

'I wish I could say it was better but things could be worse, the hawks have landed regardless of what we do,' Kara responded as Harry stood next to them.

'I trust you have a plan,' Starfire stated as she turned her head to face the two of them and they responded back with a pair of smiles.

'Of course have a plan but it's a matter it actually working that is the problem and we hope....we hope to make it work.'

'Yeah, we'll make it work, trust us,' Kara stated when Starfire, Raven, Miss Martian, and the rest of them all nodded.

'I can sense it, you have something in mind,' M'gann added when she took a moment to consider the group. 'The question is will it work?'

'It will work,' Harry chimed in and Galatea nodded with a smile.

'It has to work.'

Kara decided to offer a more hopeful spin on these things. 'It's going to work.'

Galatea, Kara, and Harry worked on a plan to deal with this, the hints that something like this was coming were so obvious that they could not missed. The trio mulled over the situation and realized what was coming.

'The Thanagarian Army have moved into several population centers and are making their move. Despite the orders of the United Nations to go back, the winged warriors from above are refusing to go against this order. Their force fields are unable to be penetrated by any technology on Earth, but we can assure humans that there is no need to panic.'

Raven had no choice but to chime in towards the group. 'Do you....do they know that if they are telling people not to panic is going to make them panic even more?'

Harry, Kara, and Galatea nodded, they kind of knew where everyone was coming from but at the same time they knew that the world could descend into riots. He could tell that some people blamed Shayera as well but there was one huge problem with this and Harry saw it one hundred percent of the way.

She warned her people that it was a bad idea and they did not listen to her; rather they stubbornly persisted with their attempts to invade the Earth. Now they were there and ready. Kara uplinked through the satellites and tracked what they were doing.

'Sixty percent percent of the Earth's population could be put in the crossfire,' Kara breathed heavily
as Galatea's eyes widened and she turned around.

"That's it….that's the price for saving us?" Galatea stated when she shook her head and clutched her fists, imagining what would happened.

"Nothing is worth that," Starfire stated with widened eyes and they all nodded, it was now time to take off the gloves and slap them down, before they completed whatever they were building.

If they thought that they had the Earth, well Harry had a few surprises up his sleeve.

**To Be Continued in the Next Chapter "Wings." on August 16th 2013.**
Chapter Sixty Nine: Wings.

The Invasion of Thanagar arrived in full force and they were not going to slow down not even the slightest bit. Perhaps the hawks thought they had the best intentions in mind, perhaps they convinced more than a few people about that fact. However, not everyone was so easily convinced. The invaders walked around and rounded up every single person that they could on the streets, all in the name of unwanted protection. Needless to say, this was an action that burned through a great deal of their goodwill and political capital.

The humans were not going to forget what happened anytime soon and would strike back.

The invaders pushed the humans on the street around a little bit, some of them trying to fight the attacks but really in many ways; they fought what was considered to be a losing battle. The Thanagarians were warriors to the highest calibre, with every man, woman, and child being shuttled off. Some of them were rough although a few of them were more sympathetic; well at any rate they did not push as hard. So that was something that people could take some small amount of solace in.

"Keep moving," one of the hawks grunted as they pushed their people forward when they walked forward. The group of them continued to walk forward, pushing the humans with each step of the way. Some of the human struggled against the rough grip of the members of the army. "We will release you when we feel the danger has passed. We tried to do this in the diplomatic way, but you humans….your leaders wouldn't allow it."

Some of the people scowled, this would not be the first time that the common man and woman had to suffer thanks to the stupid and selfish actions of a politicians. Nasty intentions danced through the eyes of many of these people, oh what they would give to get free at the moment. However, freedom was not an option; no it was far from an option. It was a distant dream that many could not even logically consider.

"Alright, I'm moving, you winged vermin!"

One of the more hostile civilians stated these words, which turned out to be a fatal error that he made. He found himself cracked over the back of the head, his knees buckled, and he staggered to the ground. He would not be killed by such a blow, no of course that would be too easy for the people of Thanagar. However, such a shot would cause him to remember who ruled this day and also allow him to remember who was in charged.

"We need to move quickly if we hope to wipe out the Gordanians."

That word echoed through the mouth of the lead commander of the army and they continued to walk, picking up the pace a little bit whilst they could. Everything would lead to their grand moment of triumph over a group of aliens that they fought against all time, and there were many nasty glares directed towards the visitors. They took a moment to walk the people forward, it was for their own safety.

Shayera understood that there was more than her fair share of nasty glares directed at her.

At another time, there would be many of these people who cheered her thanks to who she was a member of the Justice League. Of course one might argue that particular distinction did not mean
much because of the way the League's name dragged through the mud but still Shayera focused on what she considered to be a positive, at least what she hoped was one.

Things could not get any worse than they were, at least they hoped not and hopefully when they built the device, the war would be over and they could go away. Of course, Shayera knew that she could never show her face again on Earth after what happened and she would miss the friends that she made. Those friendships were genuine, at least she thought so. She thought this before she walked forward before looking up into the sky.

There were flying bottles that launched into the air and flew down onto the ground with a huge impact that caused them to shatter along with glass flying everywhere. She shook her head, that was something that was not going to be very pretty but she supposed that it was hard to blame people for their hatred. Of course, the person who threw the flying bottles were about to be punished with extreme prejudice and they were grabbed around the throat by the hawks.

"Ease up, I'm sure they won't do it again," Shayera told them but her narrowed eyes indicated that she did not want to prove them wrong.

"Sorry, Commander Hol, following procedure," one of the Thanagarian officers stated as he lead the people off and it was not done gently this time, no it was rather roughly.

She nodded, that was not something that she could argue with, she allowed them to do their job and move the group along as they could. The young woman crossed her arms, her wings fluttered when she arched them up in the sky, and held them up high above her head as she scanned the populace. She fluttered her eyes at this moment, before she stared forward with intensity.

Shayera tapped her foot on the ground and held her mace, before she turned around, to see the hawks edge forward. They tried to batter their way through the front doors of the main Patronus Incorporated complex in Metropolis but a field appeared around the building and blasted them back.

"I told you to that you wouldn't get in there," Shayera warned them but true to form, the Thanagarions were stubborn and they slammed their way through the front of the complex with their weapons, trying to dent it.

'They never listen,' she thought to herself as she clutched her hands around her mace, whether she referred to her people or the humans, well that was something that she could not determine at this point. That statement could go either way. Rather the woman looked forward, eyes narrowing when she watched them go down a little bit. The red haired warrior woman crossed her arms over chest and waited a little bit.

"Keep going forward, all necessary computer systems must be locked in for this plan to succeed," the leader of the soldiers on the ground stated as Shayera shook her head from side to side. "I understand what your report was Commander Hol but we must break in and track down the people inside and convince them to comply."

If Shayera knew Harry, Kara, and their wives and she was sure that she did, she understood that no one would convince them of anything, even if there were threats that were levied. And if threats were given, things would turn ugly fairly quick. That was the way they worked and their warrior mentality to say the very least, crossing their arms together, they arched back a little bit and offered a labored sigh.

Yet the hawks would have learn this fact the hard way, when another blast burned their hands and their weapon. True to the warrior spirit of the people of Thanagar, they never learned and they kept
trying to break through, hammering through their barrier, but it was slow going for them to say the very least. They slammed into the wall but once again, it flowed before shaking his head from side to side.

"We'll get through, you'll see."

Shayera offered a smile, she waited to see but so far she saw nothing, at least nothing that would impress her at this moment in time. Of course she allowed them a moment to prove her wrong and prove her differently. Still so far as she waited, there was nothing that proved her any differently or even wrong.

They continued to push through the walls but once again they hit a dead end, thankfully the other points of their plan were going ahead of schedule. Or perhaps not thankfully depending on what side of the equation one laid on.

The five Potters knew what was at stake and they knew what the invaders were doing but their building was one of the most fortified places on the planet. It was going to take an act of god, several of them in fact, to break everything through and the entire group stood on the ground, Harry turning to Kara, who turned to Karen, who locked eyes with Galatea, who nodded towards Linda.

'This is it,' Galatea thought as she broke the psychic silence, there was a moment in time when she crossed her arms and hovered a little bit over the ground. The blonde turned to her fellow wives and they all nodded.

'I hope this works, and I hope that this gets them out of here,' Karen thought as she placed her hands over the back of her head as she hovered on the ground, followed by Linda, Galatea, Kara, and Harry.

Karen managed to wave her hand before the person that they were waiting for was into position and perched on the top of the building. The Justice League shattered apart a little bit because of their distrust and the mistrust of the people around them, but they hoped that they were going to be able to work with the people at large.

The hawks looked up to see Harry who stood there and waved at them, with a smile on his face. They rushed forward, before an exploding arrow landed on the ground and it lit up to send a flash bang to stagger the Thanagarians. The hawks coughed and sputtered before they wiped their eyes, trying to get away from the attack and shook themselves off, before they shook their heads.

That shot from Artemis allowed Batgirl to repel down and knock one of the hawks out, wrapping his wings together to prevent him from flying away. With expert precision, Nightwing moved over as he propelled a grapple line towards the axe of one of the hawks and ripped it from his hand. He swung himself up into the air and knocked him down to the ground with a swift impact.

Miss Martian pushed herself out from underneath the ground and grabbed one of the hawks by the mouth, before pulling him down underneath the ground. She pushed him back up through the pavement and stomped on the back of his head with viciousness, and drilled him hard in the side of the head. The young Martian popped up with a smile on her face, as she saw more individuals show up to join the battle.

Raven was next in the battle, grabbing them around, and taking them out just as more reinforcements charged in. The hawks flew in but Beast Boy turned into a giant dinosaur, before he swung his tail and smacked into them. The impact sent them flying off to the side. He locked eyes with Raven before they nodded, and she landed down on the ground and shook her head before she
glowed with madness. Then with another motion she wrapped around them with an energy field, taking a deep breath.

An explosion echoed throughout the sky, with Starfire flying around and blasting at them with explosive blasts of fury from her hand. The star bolts connected with the pods, not enough to kill them instantly but to force them to escape, wounded and unable to attack anyone for the foreseeable future.

"I think we got most of them!" Starfire called out to the entire crew before she looked over her shoulder to Supergirl, who nodded.

"Keep them up, let them know that we're not going to let them roll over us without a fight," Kara responded, not wanting to kill them unless they forced the issue. Still they were kind of forcing her hand with their attacks, no matter how logical their reason seemed to be. The blonde looked around, and turned to her fellow wives and her husband.

Harry was on the ground and he sent a bolt of light towards them to knock his enemies out of focus. They spun around, with everything sputtering out of control. The dark haired wizard stood on his feet on the ground, shaking his head from one side to the other, before he caused the machines to stop working with an electro-magnetic charge that he generated rather quickly.

"You are considered…..."

The hawks fell to the ground with a thud, not that they could be killed, until Harry could sort out who was maliciously attacking and who was blindly following orders. They got up to their feet and tried to go off but Kara, Karen, Harry, Galatea, and Linda all aimed their hands.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Three bangs echoed to wrap thick cords around the wings of the warriors sending them down to the ground and they smashed down to the concrete with a sickening crack. The hawks shook their heads in their attack to get out but the young heroes were on them. Artemis in particular had an arrow on their head, not to mention a twitchy trigger finger when the sharp object pointed at the hawk person's head.

"I'm losing my patience, you need to tell me what you've put in there,' Artemis stated as she pointed her arrow at the back of the head of the winged warrior. To his credit he did not move, rather he looked up into her face with defiance written all over it and shook his head, trying to push himself up but Miss Martian held him down. "Do you think that you could…..get inside his mind?"

"They're minds are complex, it's going to be difficult," M'gann admitted as she forced her way into the inside of the winged warrior's head before she pushed back and staggered back a little bit, nearly falling over but Harry and Kara caught her.

She sighed, blocking out the ringing motion in the back of her head before the two of them looked at her. The red haired Martian sighed when she rolled her eyes off to the back, and rubbed her temples before rolling her shoulders.

"Give me a minute, just give me a minute okay. I'm going to have to try harder!"

Harry smiled back at her when he looked over his shoulder, a bit panicked but then he readjusted his stance to face the young Martian properly. "I'll give you all of the time that you need, but we really do need to get moving. This is the first wave, more of the invasion is going to come."

"Right, right, of course," M'gann stammered as she rubbed her temples, she was not sure how much
she got from that hawk's brain or how much she damaged it in her quest to push inside, but she rubbed the side of her head. Her temples throbbed from the exertion "They're heading to the Artic, for the Outpost out there, they want to take control of it."

Kara, Linda, Galatea, Karen, and Harry all locked eyes at once and some of the others knew what they were talking about, even though others yet did not understand. It was sure enough that one of them was about ready to enlighten them on the issue at hand, with that one person being Kara.

"They're after….they're after the Fortress of Solitude, they're going to try and turn it into some kind of beacon to take control."

Cyborg stepped in for the first time, up until this point he had been out of focus trying to tap into the technology to see if he could get any kind of reading that could help them. "Then we need to go there and figure it out…."

"Superman is on his way there now," Harry answered to the group as he looked at them, but naturally he did not know what kind of trouble that Clark would reach along the way. He slowly turned around to the assembled group of heroes and responded with a smile crossing over his face. "Let's do what we must to work on everyone here, then we'll figure out how to deal with the invasion."

That was a plan that all agreed on and they hoped to sweep up the damage, hoping that the leaders of the Earth did not do something stupid. As of right now, they were batting a pretty poor average to say the very least.

"So this is the outpost that you told me about? The one that you found the Phantom Zone containment crystal that you released me from?"

Lucius nodded up and down, looking at General Zod, showing fear in his eyes, because he was the type of man that commanded fear and respect when he stared an individual down. The General stood in the Artic, his grasp firm enough that he could break the shoulder of Lucius Malfoy without too much effort. Yet he did not pull the trigger.

"I know….it's around here, but I've been unable to get inside," Lucius managed as he looked at Zod who folded his arms, before he offered a crisp expression on his face. "I'm….I'll get you inside if you will like but certainly a man of your caliber does not need any assistance to find his way around such a place, oh great one."

Zods' eyes gazed a hole through Lucius and for a second the Malfoy man winced, he knew that his usefulness could rapidly run out unless he thought up something to extend it quickly. This General managed to make sure that Lucius was wandless, which for a wizard especially of his stature, was much like getting one's arms carved off.

Zod placed his hands on the ice water and he heard the humming with his enhanced hearing, recognizing the rhythm and vibrations when he dragged his finger through the water, looking at the ice water below. He peered down to take a look at everything below.

"Yes, it's there," Zod stated as he heard it and without another moment, he grabbed Lucius and dunked him into the ice water, not caring that this was not something that was very comfortable to a human being. All Zod cared about was getting down this hole and to acquire the great technology that was present underneath, it was an obsessive that reigned out through him when he heard everything.
He used his hearing to lock onto one potential location but then the General's eyes stared up when he entered the Fortress. He walked inside, to see the various animals, specimens, pets, everything that he could see. Zod regarded them with a lack of empathy, dare he say it, he regarded every single creature in this place with the utmost contempt and scorn as he continued to walk forward.

Then Zod stopped and looked up, to incline his neck when his eyes locked on a symbol, a symbol that haunted him throughout his days. He saw the letter "S" carved into a portion of the Fortress and a statue, an idealistic structure of Jor-El. That naïve fool who had him banished to Argo and then later his younger brother had Zod banished to the Phantom Zone. This was a living reminder of his imprisonment and it angered him.

"What is this symbol doing here, Lucius Malfoy?" Zod asked after he spun around and his burning glare looked Lucius in the face.

Lucius's face contorted to a level of confusion and yes indeed, there was a fair amount of despair. He had no idea what this madman was talking about now, so he offered the one statement that seemed to be the best for his continued health and well-being. "I beg your pardon, great one?"

Zod was only too happy to elaborate on this statement, given that he was rapidly finding Lucius Malfoy to be among the lower end of the human gene pool and that was saying something given how pathetic and useless humans were to begin with. "Tell me, Mr. Malfoy, what does this symbol mean to you?"

"It's the Muggle hero known as Superman, great one," Lucius stated, even he recognized the symbol, he was keeping tabs on the entire Muggle World ever since he found out of Harry Potter's marriage to Supergirl over a year ago.

"A Muggle, do clarify this term for me?" Zod asked as he narrowed his eyes towards Lucius and Lucius might be greedy and arrogant, but a fool he was not. He understood that his well-being hinged upon his ability to ask his question and in the right way.

"It means that you have the inability to perform magic."

Zod's eyes turned to Lucius with a nasty gaze at this response. "Tell me Lucius Malfoy, do you think of yourself as better of those who cannot perform magic? Do you think of yourself as superior? Because I cannot perform magic so that would mean that you would consider yourself to be superior to me."

"O-of course not," Lucius stammered but he knew that his neck could be slipped into a noose at any instant and he folded his arms over, feeling the dark and burning glare of the General in his face. He braced himself for pain and lots of it.

"You best tell me the truth, Lucius Malfoy," Zod answered as he looked up in the sky and turned to the accursed symbol, the one that foiled so many of his plans, before he turned back to the Malfoy head. "Tell me, who is this Superman?"

"His name is Kal-El," Lucius managed, recalling that fact from his research.

Distaste filled Zod's face at this news.

"The son of Jor-El, all grown up and likely as arrogant as his father, and his uncle," Zod remarked as he looked up but Lucius decided to go for broke, lest he got busted.

"And his cousin…she's called Kara Zor-El, but now she's Kara Potter, I believe she's known as Supergirl."
"Naturally," Zod answered, he recalled the name Kara Zor-El, although he was more familiar with her mother. She looked rather good kneeling before Zod, that much was for certain but that was beside the point.

"And then there's her husband, Harry Potter, Spanner I believe his name is, he's destroyed a civilization that went on for thousands of years, showing no respect for it whatsoever," Lucius stated crisply.

"Did he?" Zod asked as he turned with a bit of a sneer on his face; he did not care about whatever civilization this Malfoy came from. All he cared about was his plans regarding his conquest and he studied the technology around in this Fortress, deciding that it was his right to claim it for he was a true Kryptonian and not some do-gooder playing hero as this Superman and Supergirl were.

Zod tapped his foot on the ground and made his way to the Council.

"Jor-El, you've sent this technology to aid your son on a grander journey, but now you will aid me in completing my journey," Zod stated as he studied the crystal array in the Fortress of Solitude. "The entire House of El will crumble beneath my feet and all will know the name of Zod but first I must evict these hawks from my new world, they've overstayed their welcome."

Zod got stronger with each passing moment, squinting his eyes and sending heat vision at the ground, melting a block of ice. He turned over and saw a Phantom Zone Projector on the ground, that would serve him well for his plans. It was off to the side, in security, the arrogant son of Jor-El thought that he could hide such a wonder from the Kryptonian General.

The man snapped his eyes forward and saw the hawks outside, it was time to clip the wings of some winged vermin and show them why the name "Zod" was whispered in fear by many people throughout the universe. It was time to show them while his reputation as a feared individual was earned.

Hro Talek stood at the edge of the ice and peered down, looking at what was beneath him, and a sneer crossed over his face. He held an axe, ready to go and his fellow officers of the army walked beside him, ready for their orders.

"This Fortress will help us strike the final crushing blow."

"You think you can take this technology from Krypton?"

General Zod turned up, his long hair blowing in the Artic breeze and Talek's eyes widened, he looked like he saw a ghost and he stepped back a few inches, before a scowl spread over his face. His fellow military officers understood the danger.

"No, it can't be, you're...."

"I'm what animal, did you think of me dead, defeated, gone?" Zod asked as he peered forward at the hawk man with disdain. "No, unlike you half breeds, General Zod is among a superior breed and I will never die."

One of the hawks tried to swing his weapon at Zod to take him out but with expert reflexes the General caught the axe and bent it back. Then he shoved his enemy back. The General stood his ground, twisting his arm with a resounding crack. Zod picked him up off the ground and hoisted him up. He grabbed the warrior and with a resounding rip, tore at his wings with super strength.

The other hawks backed off in fear as Zod stood before them not blinking, with sadistic and deadly
intentions in his mind when he crossed his arms, and then he stepped forward, crossing his arms against each other. The General stood before his enemies, where they all stepped back. He swung a punch to knock them back to the ground, where they dropped to the ground with a crisp and sickening thud. Another swing and the General stood tall over his enemies, before he punched away at them, before smashing them down to the ground. All of them were taken down with the supreme authority and ferocity that one would expect from Zod. The Kryptonian was bad as his reputation and sadistic as one could think. This point was hammered home as his glare burned through towards his enemies with the iciest of fury.

Talek took half of a step back, he would not surrender but Zod with super speed disarmed the hawk of his axe and held it in his hand.

"Solid steal, excellent craftsmanship, vermin," Zod responded as he ran his hands up and down the axe, working it over and looking at it, with a smile on his face, when he rubbed his thumb up and down the blade of the axe, shifting his head off to the side, before he offered a slight nod and a sadistic grin before he inclined his head down and watched the axe in his hand. "It would be a shame if something happened to it, would it not?"

Zod's face contorted into a scowl and the hawk on his knees knew all about this General and how he meant business; the sadistic menace of Krypton worked the axe over in his hands and continued to look it over. Perhaps it was with disdain, perhaps with interest, no one could tell with the maelstrom of emotions fixed upon the face of one of the most brutal murderers that ever was born on Krypton. The General stepped forward, running his hand up and down the axe.

"Kneel and you will be spared," Zod stated as Talek looked at him, suspect about this fact but he did not protest it. "Kneel before Zod, vermin. On your knees and kneel, you filthy half breed hawk."

Talek stood with a warrior spirit and stared Zod in the eyes.

"Naturally, it is your choice but do know that if you refuse to kneel before Zod, the lives of the entire Thanagarian Race will be forfeit," Zod responded as he locked onto the mothership for the hawks. "Let us see if these Thanagarian's have..."

Talek dropped to the ground, blood splattering from the back of his neck where Zod decapitated him without a second thought or notion, with the General stepping over him and standing on the blood that splattered in the snow. He marked that as his victory and the other hawks were down, not moving. A grin crossed the face of Zod before he turned around and marched back to the Fortress.

Zod entered the Fortress and knew what he had to do.

"So Jor-El, this is the gift you left behind for your visiting son, but once again, your entire bloodline shows weakness and the inability to take the necessary steps to do what is done," Zod answered as he locked onto the mothership for the hawks. "Let us see if these Thanagarian's have..."
much fight in them after they are blown into microscopic dust particles."

All of the technology in this Fortress was squandered because of some idealistic fool who tried to be a hero. Yet this world did not need heroes, it needed a leader, one ruler, who would protect them from the filthy parasites throughout the universe, all who would seek to destroy the Earth.

General Zod locked onto the mother ship, overriding the safeties on the Fortress computer, before he pressed his palm to the console and prepared to lock onto his target. A grin spread across the General's face before he launched a red beam from the Artic directly at the ship.

The sickening explosion and the splattering of blood from up above indicated that General Zod hit his target and had gotten his victory, a more decisive victory than the people of Earth would have hoped for.

"Now, it is time to announce to them who their savior was," Zod commented before he fired up the computer and hacked into their primitive communications satellites. With this Fortress, he could bring every single scrap of obsolete technology on Earth to a grinding halt and make the people dependent on him and put them at his mercy.

The explosion from above at the Thanagarian Ship was heard and then a second explosion taking out the second wave that was going in wiped out even more. Those left on the ground moved around, in a panic.

"Okay, everyone remain calm, this isn't the end of the world, just calm down!" Kara yelled but those words fell on deaf ears. So she slowly turned to Harry, exasperated and looking forward to them in support.

Harry tried to get their attention with a loud bang but it was all for nothing, after all that happened.

"All hail our new savior."

The voice of G. Gordon Godfrey echoed throughout their ears and caused Harry and Kara to turn around, both of them looking extremely agitated at this particular individual showing up to ruin their day. This was the last person they wanted to hear on this day, especially after all that happened. Of course, despite their best wishes, they were going to have to listen to Godfrey whether they wanted to or not. He was the type of person who was not silenced easily.

"So while the Justice League stands here with their thumb up their collective rears and invites the aliens on in for a party, there is one man who has decided to take charge and save the Earth. And I must say it's a good thing that he was here, because human lives would be forfeit. Tell men, has Superman ever taken the decisive action to stop a threat before it spreads and puts countless lives in peril? Has the Dark Knight ever pulled himself out of his cave long enough to do anything but enable more lunatics? Has Wonder Woman used that magic lasso of hers to save the people? The answer to all of these questions is no but there is one man who could do this."

Harry and Kara turned around before the image of General Zod appeared on the screen. This caused the blonde to panic and stagger back with her husband throwing his arms around her to hold her up into place. Her eyes blinked at a rapid rate and her breathing intensified.

'No,' Kara thought to herself, breathing in and out heavily, trying not to panic, even though to be honest this was the perfect time to panic. 'It can't be....it's.....it's impossible.'

'He's here,' Harry thought to her as they locked their eyes on the screen.
"People of Earth, there is no need to fear, when your so called heroes stood there and let the entire World fall into the hands of the menace of Thanagar, I've actually stood up and did something about it. Tell me, where was Superman? Kal-El is nothing but a pretender, and the same goes for Supergirl and Spanner."

'Why do they have to bring Luna into this?' Harry joked trying to make his wife crack a smile and lighten the mood, even things were getting serious.

'He's talking about you, I think,' Kara responded as she crossed her arms and a sour expression spread over her face.

"I'm here on behalf of the dead planet of Krypton to offer you peace, in exchange for a small piece, this outpost in the Arctic, that's all I require and I will help the leaders of the Earth work against any alien threats and not undermine them like the Justice League does," Zod continued as he looked up at them, through his dark eyes. "I will work with you and not against you for a new age where human and Kryptonian can stand hand to hand in a great and glorious future. One world united and standing stronger than ever before."

The people on the ground looked about ready to kneel before Zod, willingly, which made Kara sick to her stomach. She held back from vomiting here and now even though it was a struggle. Her stomach turned in knots when she looked up above and shook her head, trying to adjust her mind to everything that's happened.

"There you have it folks, a real hero, not like those caped pretenders in the Justice League. I for one am glad that someone is taking things up for a change. Tell me, would you like a man who takes decisive action or some man who once lead an alien invasion against Earth, and later claimed to be brainwashed by Darkseid? Tell me, who would believe that baloney?"

"Zod's the alien menace!" Kara yelled at the top of her lungs, balling her fists up in frustration and trying to suppress the desire to punch something or someone.

"Zod's a hero!"

"All hail Zod!"

"Zod for president!"

Kara wanted to scream out to the heavens, this was the monster who killed many of her friends and now he was going to leave his mark on Earth. It was also obvious what Zod was doing now, he took control of the Fortress and made it in his own personal playground to enslave the human race. And they were submitting to him willingly because he helped save them from the hawks.

"Kal, it's me Kara," Kara stated as she breathed in and out heavily, her eyes widened but she spoke eerily calm. "Don't go to the Fortress, under any circumstances."

"I know Kara, Zod's got control of it, but I'm going to get it back," Superman stated through the communication link.

"Don't Kal, he's dangerous!" Kara argued with him, feeling frantic and panicked.

"He's one man, Kara," Superman responded in a dismissive voice but at these worlds, Harry and Kara bolted off to the Arctic, and they apparated to try and beat Superman to the punch.

Zod waited with the Phantom Zone Projector in his head, would the diseased scion of Jor-El be as
predictable as Zod assumed? There would only be a matter of moments before he found out for as of this very instant, a blur entered the Fortress but two others grabbed him.

Instantly, Zod made his move, with swift precision. He did not offer one word to them, to give them a chance, he planned his ambush and with one push of the button, he sent Supergirl, Arcane, and Superman away into the Phantom Zone with a flash of the light.

The wave caused them to disappear like that.

"Where did you send them?" Lucius asked when he looked at Zod.

"Somewhere where they'll answered," Zod answered maliciously as he he crossed his arms and waited. He grabbed the Phantom Zone Projector and pushed the big red button on it, before he prepared to lock onto his loyal legions that had been imprisoned in the Phantom Zone.

A bright light blinded them and dozens of figures appeared, Zod's followers trapped in the Phantom Zone were released.

"Ursa, Non, welcome to Earth," Zod answered as he took the Phantom Zone Projector box in his hand and crushed it like a cup, before allowing the remains to fall down on the ground in the Fortress of Solitude. He had no use for it again. "Here begins a new age of Zod and all of Krypton on Earth."

A calculating smirk filled Zod's face.

"We will remake it. Kneel before Zod."

His followers, all of them, several dozen Kryptonians, soon to be super powered, led by Ursa and Non stepped forward and they all kneeled before Zod.

There was one thing for certain, Harry, Kara, and Kal-El were trapped in the Phantom Zone, forever. It was a fate worse than death.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter "The Rise of Zod."
Chapter Seventy: Rise of Zod.

Zod watched the portal open when his followers from the Phantom Zone exited, a smile crossing over his face. While the planet of Krypton was long since destroyed by the time he got let out of the Phantom Zone, this primitive ball of mud past the yellow sun would have to do to forge his empire. The third planet if he was not mistaken but that was beside the point, what was the point was that his followers were here. He turned and addressed them properly, a smile crossing his face.

"Welcome my friends, it has been a long time."

Ursa was the one who spun around to look at the architecture in the Fortress but she inclined herself forward in a bow when she saw Zod face her. While she had little respect for men, General Zod was one of the few that she would bow before and during many times, the woman would kneel before. She paused for a moment before she spoke.

"General Zod, you managed to find us a way back on Krypton?"

"Not necessarily, Ursa," the General responded as he turned around to peer out into the distance, a sadistic expression glinting in his eyes. Now that he had retrieved a portion of his most devoted followers from the Phantom Zone and sent the son of Jor-El, the daughter of Zor-El, and the one known as Spanner into that place, there would be no one who would be able to stop his plans. He would be unstoppable. "We are on the planet known as Earth, a primitive planet but one that can give us ample advantages over the citizens and we can take it in her hands to seize the moment and get our conquest."

Ursa understood immediately before she turned around and kept her focus on Zod carefully. "The Earth's sun, it can sustain us and empower us, the studies that Jor-El did, I trust that they're true."

Zod's eyes flashed with pure malice before he nodded and faced the woman. "Jor-El may be capable of arrogance but he is not capable of being inaccurate. He is an intelligent man and one of his greatest creations will also enable us to take control of the world. This Fortress was under the hands of his simpleton son who flew here and allowed me to entrap him in the Phantom Zone."

The Kryptonian General thought about everything that happened, the plan was getting put together and soon everything would be drawn together. There was plenty of time for the General to think about what he would like to do if he was freed from the Phantom Zone. Therefore, he made a plan that would ensure his conquest of this planet and he placed his hands on the Fortress Console in his attempt to formulate this plan.

Zod understood one thing that could be a liability for him and his followers but he elected to correct that immediately. With a sadistic glint in his eyes, he turned to face them and stared them down.

"There are many weaknesses to us despite our great powers and one of the most prominent ones is this substance known as Kryptonite. Kryptonite is made from the radioactive substance of our planet and can harm Kryptonians. It is a weapon that has been used to take down the son of Jor-El in the past and I won't stand back to allow something like that happen. Weakness is not something that I will have in my troops."

Non nodded his head, at one time he was a celebrated Kryptonian scientist but he challenged the
will of the council more strongly than even Jor-El. A group of them arranged for him to be fixed and they took him off before they had him lobotomized, turning him into a mute that was not the brightest in the world. His brain shrank while his muscles grew larger and he was more dangerous in some respects.

"It is quite fortunate that I have a cure for this ailment," Zod answered as he turned around to face his troops. "Jor-El has many great advances and one of them was radiation shielding that could block out this Kryptonite. Anyone who did not take advantage of that gift and existed on this planet that had Kryptonite would be considered to be on the lower end of the evolutionary scale as far as I'm concerned."

The troops nodded when they spun around, this would be a great thing and Zod beckoned for them to forward when he created the necessary from the Fortress computer. The General turned around and set up the energy field to bombard them with the radiation. A few moments later, the waves of energy shot out to bombard them. It would not turn them mortal but it would remove a rather prominent weakness.

Weakness was something that General Zod equated with failure in the grand scheme of the universe; it did not win any wars or make strong allies, that much was for sure. The General stood proud and tall, sadistic and mean with fury dancing in his eyes. Zod understood what was on the line and stood around, shaking his head, with a sadistic and gruesome expression in his eyes.

The Fortress had limitless potential and only a fool would decide not to take advantage of everything it offered. Yet, he felt that the son of Jor-El squandered its gifts; whether it be through laziness or lack of ambition, Zod could not determine at this juncture. Still Kal-El's loss would be the General's gain and one he would ensure that all of humanity falls before his feet.

All the people on this planet would be on their knees before Zod!

He turned when his men and one woman were altered, with the General stepping forward to look at them. Whilst he did not have a chunk of Kryptonite to test what happened, he was confident that Jor-El would not keep technology down here that would harm his only son. That being said, the technology intending to help Kal-El would be something that would enable them. The Fortress belonging to the son and nephew of two of his greatest enemies would enable him.

"What is this, General?"

Ursa pulled out Lucius Malfy, who stood discreetly off by the side, by the scruff of the neck and he looked at them, with the other Kryptonians staring down at him, menacing. To his credit, Lucius did not back down but then again, arrogance was one of the prime things that drove the Malfy family. He shook his arms and his legs, trembling a little bit and twitching when he tried to get back to his feet.

"This is the human that freed me," Zod answered but Ursa offered a bit of a twisted smile.

"Oh, then that changes everything. His decapitated head shall have a place of honor in your palace."

The Kryptonians laughed at this as Lucius Malfy became rather uncomfortable and for good reason, having people talk about your potential decapitation was never anything that would be considered fun. The General turned towards Lucius, eying him carefully before he shook his head. He did not plead, he refused to plead but something made him wonder if he should throw his pride away and throw himself at the mercy of the one known as Zod, trembling and twitching.
"Ursa, calm your natural instincts and let him live, until he's no longer useful," Zod answered, with a hint dripping from his voice that indicated that Lucius better find a way to extend his usefulness rather quickly.

Ursa's face contorted when she looked at this small man beneath her. He was likely small in every single way but that was beside the point. "Dru-Zod, do remember that when keeping pets like this, they tend to shed easily."

To emphasize her point, Ursa dragged her fingernail down the cheek of Lucius, drawing his blood. He dropped to the ground, the blood splashing off the snow and he shook a little bit but at the same time also looked at him with contempt.

"As long as he's useful, he will live," Zod concluded but he prepared to use this Fortress to its full potential.

He thought of his daughter, Faora, lost in the destruction of Kandor, which inspired Zod's path of destruction. Kandor disappeared off the map and not even Zod could find out why that was.

The crew at Patronus Incorporated found themselves what could be considered in a state of panic. Karen tried to lead the charge the best she could, but with the Thanagarian Invasion and then Zod's sudden arrival, everything was thrown into a state of flux. Kara had a panic attack when Zod showed up, granted the other three were not that pleased with his presence to be honest. However, they reigned themselves in and tried to maintain some level of sanity, even if it was in a rather insane world that they lived in.

There was one other problem; perhaps one could consider this one to be a huge issue. And that was their power rings turned from blue to purple, that was something that never happened before. Galatea was the one that broke the uncomfortable silence and turned to her sister wives.

"So any of you want to take any wild guesses why our rings have gone purple?"

Linda shrugged her shoulders and Karen answered the question. "I'm not sure but it wasn't in the book of Oa, then again the blue power rings are also not in there. It's uncharted territory to be honest with you but…if we head off the planet, there's a pretty good chance that we won't be coming back with Zod. He's going to notice that we're here, then it's all over with everything that's happened."

Hermione walked in, after all that was happened, she needed a nice long holiday but the problem was that there would be no holidays for anyone with what was happening. In case people could not notice, there would begin to shift to pieces around them and that did not bode well for anything. The young witch rolled her shoulders back and looked up into the sky, taking a moment to breath about everything.

She was Amazonian royalty but at the same time, she was much no less immune to having her moments of freaking out. This was one of these moments where quite frankly, she began to freak out just a tiny bit. Not much but the freak out was there and now she shook her head a little bit. It was time for Donna Hermione Troy to pull herself together and figure out what she wanted to do.

"And again I say, bravo to Zod for taking these invaders by the throats and crushing all the life out of them. I must say, I don't see the Justice League taking the initiative and doing something like this, no sir."

"Does this guy ever shut up?" Galatea asked in agitation as she balled her fists together and
imagined them smashing into Godfrey's face repeatedly, over and over again until his own mother wouldn't recognize his foul face.

"And now, we've received word that Zod actually took a step that most of our glorious world leaders are too timid to do, he took care of the Kryptonian menace known as Superman. Kal-El has terrified normal people like Lex Luthor since he arrived here but now the tables are turned. I must say, given that this was the man who once lead an alien invasion from a hell planet here, he got off too lightly. I'm sure you will agree, I'm not entirely convinced that Kal-El was brainwashed. Rather he got caught with his hands in the cookie jar and stepped back, trying to continue the hero act like it was old times again. Do you people buy this hogwash?"

"People by your hogwash you nasty piece of….argh!" Hermione yelled as she was about to snap, mostly because of her worry that something bad happened to Harry and Kara, given that they had to run interference with Superman.

It was as well when Godfrey, in all his nasty glory, took a moment to enlighten the entire listening public on what happened, according to him. It was obvious that this was the shock jock's moment of glory and nothing would stand in his way from this grand accomplishment. Time stood still when the three blonde Kryptonians and the one Amazonian Witch waited for the nasty statements to continue to flow in through their ears.

"I tell you, I tell you, is it just that Superman, Supergirl, and Arcane have been banished to a prison that their own people created. They've been banished to the Phantom Zone and there's no way for them to return."

"The hell there isn't," Karen responded as she rushed over to the next room, with Galatea and Linda following her as quickly as they could. Hermione also picked up the pace, going after them, she felt annoyed with everything that happened just as much as they did.

It rested before them, the Interstellar Portal Device, the one that Karen brought with her from her dimension. The blonde took a moment to look over the technology, a smile crossing over her face, before it was time to bring her husband, her wife, and her cousin home before they could spend too much time to head into the Phantom Zone. She pressed the button and tried to open the Portal.

"Damn it, why isn't this thing working?" Karen asked them as she tried to lock onto the frequency of the Phantom Zone but it was Galatea who came up with an answer so quickly that Karen could have screamed for not coming up with it herself.

"The Phantom Zone technically isn't another dimension, remember. It's here, there, everywhere, and we can't break through the dimensional barriers and tap in because we can't access it."

Karen knew that, a part of her did know it anyway and she was extremely afraid of it but at the same time she did not want to admit success was unlikely. Yet it was extremely true, the barriers were something that she could not break through with an Interstellar Portal Device.

This was a nightmare that she and Kara lived once before when Lord Potter captured Harry and sent him off to the Justice Lords universe. Of course it was much easier to find the dimensional barriers in that one because it was another dimension. Unlike the Phantom Zone which was an anomaly and thus a huge problem with trying to find a way to break Harry, Kara, and Clark out of it. They were in there and the fact of the matter was that they were utterly helpless as the three of them tried to find their way out.

It was a nightmare to say the very least and one that might not end any time soon but Karen shook her head as she turned to her sister wives.
"Okay, don't panic," Karen breathed, her large chest rising as she inhaled and exhaled.

"I'm not panicking," Linda commented but a brief smile twitched over her lips, it was obvious who was panicking because of this incident. The one that was supposed to be the oldest and most mature of them all lost a little bit of her sanity.

"This isn't the end of the world, we can still get them back, if we reclaim the Fortress," Galatea answered as her gaze focused on them. "The problem is, if we know Zod and I think we have a pretty good idea of the man's tactics, he destroyed the Phantom Zone Projector in the fortress once he sent them there and he likely brought his followers back from there if any of them existed."

Hermione made her presence known once again. "But couldn't we build a new one?"

"Yes and no," Karen responded in a cryptic voice and Hermione looked at her for a little bit of clarification. "The problem with a Phantom Zone projector is that it's hard to build, the crystal is even rarer than the one in the portal here. Therefore it would be a wild goose chase that we don't have any time for."

Hermione stated another fact. "So are we sending them back?"

"We're not sending Zod back," Galatea answered with her eyes glowing in heat vision. Saying they're going to kill Zod and actually killing the General were two different things, given the fact that he prepared for anyone. He was like if Batman was given Superman's powers along with a crazy thirst for blood and carnage. That was a deadly combination that they would not defeat any time soon.

The Watchtower kicked to life when the Justice League waited around. As always Batman stood on monitor duty but he plotted with Martian Manhunter, Flash, Wonder Woman, Flash, Green Lantern, Black Canary, Green Lantern, Huntress, Blue Beetle, Plastic Man, Zatanna, and Captain Atom standing next to him. All hands were on deck today with the Justice League and the Dark Knight peered over his shoulder, waiting for the bomb to drop. "We have a problem," Batman stated when he turned around to properly face the League members.

"You mean other than one of our founding members betraying us," John responded when he turned to them but Batman gave him a look that stated now was far from the time and the place. So the Green Lantern fell back into line, still scowling.

"I was referring to the fact that one of Krypton's greatest war criminals returned from the Phantom Zone," Batman answered when he picked up the satellite images he could from the Artic. "And Superman decided to head off there and likely got captured or worse."

"So shouldn't we go down there and see if we can help Big Blue still?" Flash asked.

"I'm with Wally, we should go down there," Wonder Woman responded as she looked on the ground but before they could take this debate any further, there were several approaching figures flying through space.

"It looks like Zod's brought his entire army," Martian Manhunter stated as he looked around and the group prepared themselves.

"Justice League, make sure you take your shots and make them count," Green Lantern stated to them but it was Green Arrow who spoke up.
"What's the point, they've chosen Zod."

"The point is to save innocent lives and stop Zod from destroying this planet like he did to Argo," Green Lantern responded as he stepped forward but the Kryptonians tried to smash their way into the Watchtower.

Black Canary stood, ready to give them a welcome. Kryptonians had sensitive hearing so she knew what she had to do. The blonde siren stood ready before she looked over her shoulder with a smile.

"You better cover your ears."

This was a warning that the League did not lightly, they knew what Black Canary's siren cry could do at full blast. She stood ready for action and drew in a nice breath, before the doors cracked open to reveal the Kryptonians who pushed their way into the Watchtower, ready for action.

Black Canary unleashed the full force of her siren cry as the other members of the Justice League made their way in but the Kryptonians rushed forward, with their ears protected against the attack. The two of them knocked her down to the ground with fury.

"Zod thinks of everything," Flash moaned as he tried to run at one of the invaders but he tripped up at the attack.

Captain Atom stood on the ground of the Watchtower and blasted them with radiation but they shrugged it off. It was simulated Kryptonite which should have worked under many circumstances but the problem was that Zod upgraded them with the same cure that Supergirl and Arcane used to protect Superman and themselves. It was based on technology in the Fortress and the only people who knew how to reverse it were in the Phantom Zone.

The members of the Justice League moved around, with Wonder Woman leading the charge. She threw her arm back and slammed it into the face of Ursa but the Kryptonian blocked another attack before she kicked Wonder Woman in the back of the leg, to cause her to crumple down onto the ground. Her legs crumpled out from underneath her before the woman grabbed her around the head roughly.

"A Wonder Woman indeed," Ursa stated in a sarcastic voice with Huntress being pushed down to her knees and knocked around. "Zod wants the Justice League alive, he wants them kneeling before him before he goes in for the kill."

"That's not going to happen," Green Lantern stated as he sent an energy construct at him but Non smashed his large arms down on the back of the head of the Lantern. He dropped to his feet before he stepped on his hand, snapping his wrist and breaking his arm.

Green Arrow dragged off when he got taken out as well when the dust cleared, Black Canary, Huntress, and Zatanna were all down on the ground in various states of injury. Blue Beetle tried to get up to his feet but was stopped by the commanding force of Non. He kicked him in the ribs with a swift and brutal shot, knocking him down to the ground with a swift impact. The action happened so fast that the Justice League barely had a sense of what was happening.

Batman looked up, creeping into the shadows but suddenly the doors of the Watchtower busted open once again. It revealed a winged woman, with blood splattering down her face from the near attack on the Thanagarians. It was a miracle that Shayera survived the attack on her people but most of the others were not so lucky. With swift precision, she saved the Justice League along with gaining some revenge on those who slaughtered many of her people.
Ursa looked up, her eyes snapped towards them and her eyes flickered off to the side. "Get the hawk, rip her wings off!"

"That's not going to happen," Shayera grunted as she swung her mace and slammed it down onto the chest of her enemies, but Non grabbed the mace from her hand, ripping it out and she was lucky her arm was not ripped off.

Before Shayera could be attacked, Batman dove down from the rafters onto the large Kryptonian's back. He tried to take him off, blinding him with a flare before he jumped off. Non staggered around to smash every single thing around him, before he tried to get back to his feet. No one was safe from his rampage, not his fellow Kryptonians, not the Justice League, not anyone.

Batman bounced back up, he had to keep the pace up for he faltered for a minute, then the entire Justice League would be done. He noticed that Zod decided not to check in with the battle, which was a tactical strategy for the general. The Dark Knight bounced back up and tried to aim a kick but it was caught.

He got out of the way and tried to use the Watchtower to his advantage but there was one problem the Kryptonians dismantled it in their attacks. Much to his annoyance, he had been unable to figure out the code for the Kryptonite cure killswitch to use on Supergirl or Superman in case they ever went rogue. And he spent every waking moment of his free time trying to figure out a way to do so. There was a chance that it would happen and more importantly it would work out rather well right now, at least it would work out better than this game of cat and mouse that Batman currently went in.

Non grabbed him by the cape and slammed him down viciously, after the last several months, the Dark Knight felt his age was catching up to him. Yet he stubbornly managed to get away, when he heard the sounds of battle between Hawkgirl and Ursa off to the other side, craning his neck when he did so, shaking his head from one side to the other but the large Krypontian grabbed him from behind.

Batman struggled, he felt his bones cracking and snapping underneath the pressure that his enemy exerted within his arms. The Dark Knight's knees slid underneath him, buckling, when the oxygen left him and a large crack could be heard, along with a thump.

"I think you broke him Non," Ursa stated as the woman looked down at Batman but then she prodded him with a toe and saw him shudder. "There is still enough life in him to appreciate what Zod has done."

Batman along with the rest of the Justice League was prepared to be transported back down to Earth to the holding cells. Then when the League left the Watchtower, there was no need for this structure to be left standing so Zod's followers detonated explosions and watched the Watchtower blow up. The loud explosion echoed throughout the city skies when the League suffered a crushing defeat.

"Earth is raw but at the same time, it has potential."

Zod stated this statement more to himself than anyone else, when he hovered over the console at the Fortress of Solitude. The Kryptonian crossed his arms over his chest and leaned forward, a burning gaze filling his eyes. After all that what happened, he knew that eventually the people of this planet would turn on them, they were fickle with an attention span beneath that of a special needs child.
Yet Zod would be the one who would get the final word in, the man cracked his knuckles before he studied the technology. Technology which would give birth to Krypton once again and make sure the human menace would be wiped out once and for all. It was just as well, there was every single chance that these humans would destroy their own planet through their sheer arrogance.

He drummed his fingers on the console and now it came to his mind. The plan that would bring force a new age on the Earth and bring force the rebirth of the Kryptonian race, something that Zod mulled over while he languished in the Phantom Zone. He was not the destroyer like many people foolishly branded him as but rather he was their savior, the savior of the entire planet of Krypton.

"General Zod, the Justice League has been subdued and their Watchtower has been destroyed, but the Thanagarian managed to slip out in the confusion and she's still out there," Ursa reported over the communication link.

Zod seemed nonplussed. "A small inconvenience to be honest but one that we mitigate to…..don't be bothered by the hawk girl for now. If she appears, then clip her wings but do not engage her, we have bigger plans for this primitive planet."

The world before him was an untapped realm of potential and that was something Zod understood when he looked at everyone. Sure humans were weak, people who he would have executed but there could be strength in adversity. At least that's what the sadistic Kryptonian determined, he would force out the inner strength of the people in this planet. And if he was wrong, well then they would die a brutal and anguished death.

"This Fortress with the right modifications can bring forth the Kryptonian race within the human minds out there," Zod responded when he arched his head backwards and thought about it, with Lucius sulking in the background. "It will bring us back, bring back our noble race and ensure that everything returns to the way it should be. Over the ashes of Earth, Krypton will rise once more."

Zod offered this proclamation and he saw the news coming up, praising his decisive action, the humans were not completely ignorant. At least they would prove to be useful fodder providing of course they survived what was to come. And if they died, then so be it, they would die immediately with the blood rushing from their heads and they would die mistaking in Zod but at least their mistakes would benefit his plans.

It would work, it had to work, that was what he determined at the very least. There will come a time where most of the population would perish underneath his iron hand and then he would rise. It would be the day where General Zod stepped forward into the light and prepared his final battle. That's what he determined and that was what was going to happen, when he twisted another dial on the Fortress console.

"Preparing to scan the planet for hostile life forms, are you certain you want to do this Kal-El?"

Zod's face twisted into a devious grin, he was never more certain that he wanted to do anything else. Hostility was defined as anyone who thought to resist his rule and thought about trying to rise up to challenge it. The destruction of most of the Earth's population would be at hand he figured because he knew human emotions to be fleeting and fickle. They had interests in one moment and then that interest left them the next.

Zod prepared for the final countdown, the doomsday clock began to tick, ten hours until he could unleash what was just and true. Yet, being imprisoned in the Phantom Zone gave the General plenty of time to think about everything that took place. There was more instances where the greatest Kryptonian to ever walk on any world marveled at his ingenious plan and inclined his
head to think about what would happen. Yes this would work nicely.

Zod waited, he had plenty of time and patient. The seconds ticked around like a sadistic sympathy when he prepared for the end. Every single human being on the planet not loyal to him would be wiped out. It was the ultimate smart weapon he had and to think the son of Jor-El used this place as a clubhouse while he could rule over them like a king. The foolish child had no ambition whatsoever.

The General did wonder why Jor-El would allow his spawn to have such a weapon in the first place but that was beside the point now. It was not like he could be asked, he was a memory while Zod lived. All he needed to do was to sit back and allow certain things to happen. All would be all on their knees before him but he would not allow them as much room as he could. Rather they would be suffocated under his huge foot and brought down to the end of it all.

Clark shook his head that was a nasty fall when he went in the Phantom Zone. Zod transported him to this place and he was very aware of what went on around him. In fact, he was aware of the stabbing pain that went through his hands, the numbness that went through his toes. Oh yes, the son of Jor-El was aware of it all but he shook his head, and found himself rather frustrated. This was one of the worst fixes he ever been placed in. He called out for the other two people that he knew were sent here with him.

"Harry, Kara!"

There was no sound, that was no good, he wondered if Zod transported them into separate locations within the Phantom Zone. The technology of the Phantom Zone Project did have a life of its own sometimes and could be triggered in different ways. Clark staggered forward a little bit, seeing the dust blow in his face. He doubted very much that there was a back door; at least he could not see one.

"CLARK!"

Clark's ears perked up when he heard Kara but then he heard a voice in the back of his head that sounded a lot like Bruce. This could be some kind of trick in the Phantom Zone, so he decided to remain on his feet. The last son of Krypton stood on the ground and staggered a little bit, his knees shaking underneath him and he lost his balance when he tried to travel through the treacherous terrain of the Phantom Zone.

Harry and Kara wondered how long they had been out of it.

'It's a small miracle that nothing in here ripped us to pieces,' Kara thought as she grabbed Harry's hand and the two of them stood forward. 'And our rings....have turned purple, that's wonderful.'

'Yeah that's wonderful alright,' Harry thought as he stepped forward when he joined Kara, the two of them inching their way towards Clark at the edge. Kara managed to reign herself in as did Harry. 'Is it just me or is there a voice in your head that sounds a lot like Bruce telling us that Clark could be some kind of Phantom Zone trick? Maybe I'm starting to crack but...."

"Trust me, if you're going crazy then I'm going crazy,' Kara answered him as she stood ready to pounce at moment's notice in case it was a trick that they believed it is. Everything ticked by, seconds of time passed in the Phantom Zone. 'Well we won't know unless we take the plunge.'

Harry turned to her, locking eyes with her, but then the two of them stepped forward, that was true, they would not need to know to be honest. The blonde and the dark haired wizard continued to step
forward. 'Yeah, let's keep going if he tries anything, I think we can take him.'

'If he is Clark, we can still take him,' Kara thought as the two of them smiled at each other.

"Are you two….who you're supposed to be?" Clark asked as he looked at Kara.

"Yes, of course we are," Kara offered but then she paused, hoping that Clark did not buy that answer. "Of course, if we were phantoms that wanted to claw your eyes out and feast upon your flesh, we would say that as well."

Clark swallowed, Kara did offer a good point, at least who he thought was his blonde cousin. The two of them stood with each other and Harry read Clark's mind, sure enough only one person could have a thought pattern like that. Yet, he hoped that the Last Son of Krypton would not buy into the fact that they were who they thought they were.

"Clark, what did you do when we met?" Harry asked and Clark shifted, showing his guilt.

"I….hauled you off out of Vegas, both you and Kara, because I wasn't thinking straight," Clark responded when he looked at them, regretting that time.

"And then I shouted at you with a certain type of rage that never will be named again and then I ran off," Harry responded as he looked at Clark and the Last Son of Krypton inclined his head with a nod.

"And then I didn't speak to you for a while because of it, of course what was worse when you prevented Harry from finishing the job on Luthor," Kara responded and Clark could not deny that, even if he never would have taken the step himself. "Just that….."

A figure dressed in black with a cusp of blonde hair sticking from underneath her hood moved out and kicked Kara in the back of the head, before she took her down. She gave a primal growl when she knocked the blonde around.

"I won't have you take on my appearance, Phantom."

Kara wondered if this person, whoever she was lost her mind as she took out Clark with a swift attack and slammed him to the ground. She flew forward and knocked him for a loop with a rocketing punch to the jaw. She dodged the attack when she pivoted in mid air, and grabbed Kara by the hair, to whip her down, before she slammed her down to the ground.

Harry recovered from this sudden attack and attacked the woman but she blocked his attack with a shield. She swung a knife to try to stab him but the dark haired wizard turned her knife into a rubber chicken. She screamed in fury when Kara grabbed her arms from behind, to pin her down.

"No, No, No!" the hooded woman stated when Harry pulled her hood down to reveal a surprising sight or maybe not so surprising given what he saw.

He was staring down another version of Kara Zor-El, with the same bright blue eyes, except her golden hair was curlier and she wore a red headband around her head with Kryptonian symbols on it. Kara stopped when she looked in her own face.

"Who are you?" Harry asked her, not hostile but merely questioning.

"My name is Laura Kent, I'm the last survivor of a universe that no longer exists after it was destroyed by the Anti-Monitor and the only person on that world that has super powers," the latest
Kara stated. "It's a world where Superman and Supergirl only exist fictional characters and I've been in here for almost twenty years."

That was the last thing that they all expected to hear. Harry wanted to know more and so did Kara and Clark.

To Be Continued in "Escape from the Phantom Zone."
Chapter Seventy One: "Escape from the Phantom Zone."

Kara, Clark, and Harry looked rather surprised and to be honest quite bewildered, although to be honest, it was Clark who seemed to be the worst of the three in the surprise department. Harry and Kara, they lived through things like this more often than they ever cared to remember and the two of them stood beside each other, smiles crossing their faces as they turned to Laura. The blonde who resembled Kara in so many ways, in fact she was her from this Earth-Prime dimension, whatever that was.

"I've been trapped in here for a long time, my entire world was destroyed by the great crisis," Laura responded as she tried to collect her thoughts. "I don't know how it happened; it was one of those things where it happened and I was here. And now I'm here, stuck in this….this awful place. I never thought that I'd ever get out."

Harry looked around, the rings still behaved a rather odd manner but that was something that he could deal with later. Right now it was a matter of survival that was on their minds and he could tell Kara thought the same thing. And he was sure if he had any kind of inside track on how Clark's mind operated, he was sure that he felt the same way but that was nothing that they could figure out with clarity. The young wizard turned to the girl beside him and looked at her with a question expression in his eyes.

"How long have you been in the Phantom Zone?"

Laura bit her lip very nervously, she did not recall how long she been sent to this awful place but it was a very long time. She slowly but surely calculated the math in her head. Even though in this place a few days felt like an eternity and there were all kinds of awful monsters in there. It was nothing like the fiction she read about, it was much worse.

"I'm not sure, maybe fifteen years, maybe more."

Kara and Harry nodded, with the young wizard putting an arm around her waist. The young blonde relaxed.

"So you're the only person in your world that had super powers," Clark responded and Laura nodded her head in confirmation.

"I searched for everyone but I was unique among them all, I wonder if Krypton existed in my universe as well or maybe….I don't know, it's really weird," Laura responded as she tried to clear the cobwebs from her head with a swift shake.

Harry commented in a wise voice. "Sometimes the weirdness is what drives us, and is a part of us. Whether or we like it or not, that's what makes us unique and at sometimes that's what makes us strong, who we are. And there must have been something strong in you to keep you alive in the Phantom Zone for some long."

Laura's expression shifted to one that was quite skeptical all things considered, she felt that she was not special, not a hero. Just some accident, an anomaly in her world, and something that caused her….she had memories that she could not explain. She shook her head and wondered, it was almost like she lived two sets of lives. Was it her powers driving her insane or was it something else? The young girl wanted to know and she walked forward.
"We will find a way out of here," Kara told her in a reassuring voice; the girl must be the youngest of them all but at the same time she was the oldest. She was quite the paradox and Kara would have to take some time to solve her in her own way.

"Right, we got to keep our wits about ourselves," Laura answered as she turned completely to Harry and Kara. "And I don't suppose you have anyone to let you out."

"Knowing Zod if he had any use out of the Phantom Zone Projector, he crushed it when he was done," Kara answered but Clark found himself visited with a sudden burst of inspiration.

"What about that Interstellar Portal Device that you have?"

Kara shook her head before she proceeded to explain to Clark why that would not work.

"The Phantom Zone is a weird point in time and space where one cannot open a portal to get out," Kara responded as she shifted her head back and looked up at the sky and sighed. Harry placed his arm around her waist and that gave her a point of clarity as she pressed on. "There are….rumors that there is an exit from the Phantom Zone."

"There were two Kryptonian criminals, Jax-Ur and Mala, they found a way to escape, there was a tear in the Phantom Zone or something," Clark remembered.

Kara mulled that over in her mind, yeah that could work.

'So what do you think?' Harry projected to Kara through the bond link that they shared.

'I'm not sure what I want to think at this point,' Kara admitted, it seemed as if all of the rules were thrown out the window with everything that they experienced so far.

"There could be a fluke or there could be something, perhaps a portal that only opens in the Phantom Zone at random intervals," Kara suggested as she put her hands on her hips and rolled her head backwards with a slight sigh before she looked up and shook her head a little bit. "Of course it depends on the perspective and we've got to find the portal first, which could be a problem."

"Yeah, it could be a problem," Harry agreed when he grabbed his wife's hands.

Laura frowned the more she was near Kara, the more flooded back to her mind. They were memories, fragments, of another world, and one that she lived in. Perhaps all of the walls she put up in her mind was a way to prevent herself from the truth. And truth was there were memories of a version of Kara Zor-El who was lost in the same crisis where she ended up here. The blonde sighed when she looked up with bright blue eyes and shook her head, it was crazy.

Then again there were so many variables in the universe that it was hard to figure out every single thing in the Phantom Zone and the demons that rattled the back of her mind, frustrating her.

"So, are we going to keep walking?" Clark asked, breaking the silence before shaking his head and trying to clear the cobwebs.

"We better keep moving yes, and if we can find a way out of here, then we'll get out," Harry added with a smile but they kept on their toes, Constant vigilance was something that was the order of the day and they hoped to survive long enough to get out by exercising it.

The Phantom Zone consumed many individuals who entered it and caused them the great deal of frustration between the two of them. The two blondes, Harry, and Clark stepped forward into the distance, the only thing they need to do was figure out an escape route. From where they were
standing there was no easy way out of this dimension, unless they stumbled upon some kind of fluke, a hole in the Phantom Zone.

X-X-X

Zod stood, breathing in the glory of his eventual triumph. There was something about the glory he sustained that caused a sadistic grin to spread across his face. There were many instances where the General thought that someone was going to put up a token resistance. It was quite frankly pathetic how these humans rolled over like the mongrel dogs that they were. The Justice League was among the most pathetic of these humans and he had them in holding cells. His followers destroyed their Watchtower and soon all of the resources on this primitive planet would fall into his hands.

"Soon, it will be ready to launch," Zod responded as he crossed his arms across his chest and a smile cracked over his face. He was ready to accomplish his greatest victory and shook his head a little bit when he rolled his head backwards, before pushing himself onto his feet. The General stepped on the ground and felt the ice crack against his feet.

A loud crash was heard from outside the Fortress of Solitude and Zod twisted his head, turning around and his eyes flickered off to the side. He saw one of his men flying to the ground, the guard he stationed on the outside. If he got knocked out this easily, he would be no loss. He saw that pathetic worm Lucius on the floor, looking up with wide eyes. Zod did not worry, not yet, there was no time for him to worry, and cause the plan to falter.

Zod shook his head, there would come a time to exert his dominance and that moment would arrive. The man crossed his arms and heard a crashing sound when three figures entered the Fortress of Solitude. One of them tried to knock him off to the side but Zod grabbed her fist with fury and flung her high against the walls of the Fortress.

Power Girl flew off to the side of the Fortress and landed down to the ground, landing with a sickening impact from the toss. The loud crack echoed through the Artic. The blonde Kryptonian crashed against the frozen ice with a thud and Zod looked up to see the sadistic fury of Galatea, sending heat vision at his head.

"DIE!" Galatea snarled, sending her most sadistic attack towards General Zod, trying to fry him but as always Zod had a counter attack. He sent his heat vision back at her and cut through her beams.

"Seems as if you don't have the proper control, little girl," Zod responded as he smacked a fist into Galatea's face and caused her eyes to sear with a burning fury. "Tell me, how would you like to see a little demonstration?"

Zod wrapped his hands around the throat of Galatea and throttled the life out of her before he flung her hard into the side of the Fortress. She smacked against the walls, to leave a bloody smear when her head cracked against the wall. Her blood splattered off the fall as she rubbed her head. She felt a ringing resound through her ear and Zod grabbed her by the throat.

Galatea was driven down to her knees, when Zod's grip tightened around her throat and he choked her tighter.

"General, we have a problem," Ursa stated when she turned around and kneeled before Zod. Zod allowed Galatea to drop to the ground with the girl massaging her throat.

"What is it?" Zod asked but a smile crossed Ursa's face.
"You are gullible," Ursa stated as she stabbed Zod in the leg with a dagger, causing him to scream in agony and Ursa's features shifted back into Matrix.

"Clever, girl, posing as my second in command but you should have made your first shot, your final shot," Zod stated when he let free a burst of his ice breath, freezing Linda in the spot quite literally.

Power Girl jumped high into the air and slammed her hands on the back of Zod's neck, trying to snap it but he blocked a second shot and flipped her down to the ground. Zod used a telekinetic grip to keep her into place and pin her down, kneeling before him. She tried to push back up against him as he used his powers to rip her costume open.

"You remind of your mother," Zod responded with a leering expression when he held Karen on her knees, her clothes giving way to him. "Down to the part where you're on your knees."

"Trust me, it's not willing," Karen grumbled but she did not believe Zod's claims about Alura for a second as she struggled against Zod's telekinetic grip with her magic.

Another blur rushed in at super speed and punched Zod hard in the face. The second punch blocked with a shield as Superboy showed up, running all the way up from Kansas engage Zod.

"Much like your father and your grandfather, your foolish arrogance seeks no bounds," Zod responded as he grabbed Superboy by the throat and propelled him hard against the wall and he flew back with a shattering impact.

"IT'S CALLED A DISTRACTION!"

Hermione dove down from her perch point on the ceiling, sneaking in and slammed a hard sword down on the back of Zod's head. The metal, despite being fortified with magic, still shattered on the back of Zod's head. The sadistic General smiled when he looked up at Hermione who dodged his attack.

Galatea, Linda, and Karen exchanged a tense expression that said one thing and that was "together." They launched their heat vision at Zod, nailing him with a triple blast and pushing him back onto the ground. The General felt his skin blister with the triple attack but Hermione slid over to the console and tried to slow down or at least stop the launch.

The problem was that the Kryptonian technology was far beyond her understanding and she felt her palms get sweaty when she tried to decipher everything. The dark haired girl blew the hair out of her face whilst Galatea, Power Girl, Matrix, and Superboy kept Zod at bay. She closed her eyes, she might have to destroy the entire Fortress to stop what Zod was doing.

She tried to access the computers back at Patronus Incorporated but the signal was being jammed. She could not get through no matter how hard she tried, no matter how hard she persisted. No there was no way to get through this signal, it was being jammed from the Fortress, on all sides of it. The dark haired Amazonian witch shook her head, she focused, she had to, there was no way out.

Matrix split herself into three and tried to attack Zod at either side but the General fought her off.

Ursa and Non turned up at this point, Zod's second and third in command popped up to battle. Non engaged Power Girl while Galatea went toe to toe with Ursa. Superboy and Matrix tried their best against Zod while Hermione tried to get her way through the computer. She sighed, the Fortress was going to be….

'Kal, Kara, all of Krypton, forgive me for what I'm going to do,' Hermione thought as she started
pulling crystals out of the console.

"What are you doing?" Zod demanded and he grabbed Hermione by the back of her neck, throttling her from behind and pushing her down to the ground.

Matrix and Superboy were both sealed in pods on the other end, with Power Girl and Galatea about to be put inside those pods.

"You're not a Kryptonian, therefore, you will die," Zod responded as he smashed Hermione into the console back first, when he tried to squeeze all of the life out of her body.

"Been there, don't want to do it again," Hermione spat as blood spilled from her mouth with Zod smashing her around the Fortress.

This was not one of her better days.

X-X-X

Harry, Kara, Laura, and Clark walked around the Phantom Zone for a long time, they thought that they were in there for a long time. Hours, days, whatever, that long could have passed but they made their way around the Phantom Zone. They took their moments to walk around and Laura peered over her shoulder. She had been here so long that she pretty much gave up hope that she would ever see a brand new day. That was something that burned through her mind and made her wonder, it sure did make her wonder about what would happen now.

"Are we going to make it?"

The look of frustration on Laura's face was obvious and Harry placed an arm around her as he surveyed the Phantom Zone. He could tell that the girl suffered from an intense bout of frustration and he did not want her to feel the despair. Even if it was easy to fill such a hardened despair was they were trapped in this dimension. Harry, Kara, and Clark all felt it through various degrees.

"Do you want me to answer that question honestly?"

Laura could tell by the look on Harry's face that he was as worried about his chances of escape being nil as much as hers was. Kara seemed about along the same lines as did Clark, and the group continued to walk around the area of the Phantom Zone, their feet sinking into the ground when they picked up the pace a little bit. The blondes, Harry, and Clark walked forward and remained silent. There were questions that they all had.

And there was their ticket out; at least they hoped it was their ticket out. There was a glowing vortex behind them and they saw it.

"I….I think I know where this area is," Kara responded as she looked over her shoulder. "This is the isolated area of the Phantom Zone where my father sent Zod."

"Zor-El sent Zod here and….when he was released, it tore a hole through time and space that was still opened," Harry responded, waiting for clarification and Kara answered with a nod, along with a warm smile that crossed her face. The blonde stepped forward a little bit, her feet sinking into the ground when she continued to pick up the pace a little bit.

Of course, it could be their ticket out in theory or it could create an unstable loop that could keep throwing them into different areas of the Phantom Zone. Kryptonian science was the one thing that caused everything to go topsy-turvy and with their lack of powers, Harry and Kara needed to play this one carefully.
Clark looked at their ticket home but this his eyes narrowed slightly. He turned around to his cousin and her husband, before he offered an expression in his eyes. "Is it….is it just me, or….is that thing shrinking?"

Kara frowned when she turned back around and faced Clark, looking over her shoulder and she shook her head a little bit when she closed her eyes. Sure enough Clark's eyes did not play tricks on him, the hole closed a little bit more, then a little bit more. "No, Kal, trust me it's not you….it's….we don't have much time."

If they did not act soon, they would trapped in the Phantom Zone, forever, with no chance of parole.

There was a loud growling sound that caused the entire party to grow rigid before Kara amended her statement.

"We really don't have much time."

That much was for sure as there were many horrors inside the Phantom Zone that would mandate them to stand up and take notice. And the loud growls of this particular creature caused them to shuffle their feet and stand up straight, nervously surveying their enemy, they felt something rather hideous making their way in the Zone. The beasts made its way out, with one eye in the middle but at the same time this eye was rather large and wide, blinking at them. Its malicious fury continued to glare it down, with drool splashing from its mouth, acidic.

"Don't worry about it….get through the portal!" Harry yelled as he looked at them and he looked at the monster, "I'll hold it off, that thing can't get through or anything else. I'll keep my back to the portal as long as I can, just go!"

Kara looked at Harry, her eyes flickering with a little bit of madness and she took a long breath, feeling her stomach twist and turn. The blonde shook her head when she placed her hands on her hips and stepped forward on the ground. She grabbed Harry and looked forward her, the blonde blinking a little bit.

"What about you?" Kara asked in a stubborn voice and Harry paused, opening his mouth a little bit but Kara's frustration bubbled over with the blonde Kryptonian looking over him, with a blinking expression going through here eyes. She did not want to leave Harry alone, especially in this place.

"Kara, it's fine, I'll make it through, I always do."

Kara bit her lip in frustration, she had all of the confidence in the world with her husband, he won many battles in the past. That point was not lost upon her but there would be a time where his luck would run out eventually. Then she pushed herself forward and took a deep breath, shaking her head a little bit, grabbing Harry around the wrist.

"We're in this together, no matter what, no matter how hard it might be," Kara persisted in a stubborn voice and Harry let out his breath in a sigh but at the same time he smiled. That was his girl in a nutshell, she was rather stubborn and that was the way he liked her, all of them.

"Clark, you go first, then Laura, and Kara and I will hold down the fort for as long as we can," Harry stated and Clark paused for a minute. "If you don't know, Zod could take the Fortress, your Fortress, and use it to take over the world. Don't….don't be a hero this time, Kal-El, please get through the portal and remember, the world no matter what always needs a Superman."

Clark nodded, as Harry and Kara locked arms before they stood forward. Without another world,
Clark entered the portal; hopefully the exit was a lot better than the last place he went. He felt like he was squeezed through a tube and he screamed in pure agony. Every nerve ending on his body felt like it had been brushed with some kind of razor sharp fire. The trip through the exit portal was not pleasant at all.

"And now, it's my turn, um good luck," Laura answered as she turned around, knowing that she might as well be somewhere other than the Phantom Zone.

The only powers they had was their magic but this allowed Kara and Harry to blast the Phantoms and the other creatures back; he shook his head and placed his hand on hers.

'Are you ready?' Kara thought to him.

'Thirty seconds before the portal closes,' Harry projected back, feeling himself thrown into the pressure cooker when the portal closed. 'Kara, I'll be behind you trust me, and I love you.'

Kara nodded, there was no need to state anything more, her actions would be the best. She held onto Harry's hand tightly, so he could not do anything reckless. The blonde Kryptonian sorceress made her way through the portal with a solid push but there was one problem. One person passed through the portal safely, but the other person did not make it through the portal all that safely, despite them being next to each other.

X-X-X

Batman's eyes flickered open with the splitting headache that coursed through his head. Had he been in worse situations? Of course he was, there were far worse situations than the one he was in now. He had been up the road many times but at the same time, the Dark Knight could not feel anything beneath his waist. That Kryptonian brute took him down and he looked down the cells, through blurred vision. He wondered if he suffered a cracked orbital bone, that would be bad when combined with his inability to move.

Wonder Woman, Flash, Green Lantern, and Martian Manhunter were all captured and in various states of being beaten down. The other members of the Justice League were around but the Dark Knight craned his head a little bit. He could not move.

"I don't suppose….I don't suppose you have a plan to get us out of here," Flash breathed heavily as he could barely hold his head up. His lungs felt like they were on fire and he shook his head with a blurry vision that he tried to get himself back to his feet. The Fastest Man Alive tried to push himself up but his sore hips caused him to be unable to stand up for more than a few seconds. He felt his chest constrict with the agony.

"I don't….this is…it's the end," Batman breathed, hopelessness filling his being.

"So that's it, Zod wins?" Wonder Woman asked them as she shook her head a little bit and closed her eyes tightly, feeling the pain and the constricted nature of her imprisonment. She had never been so humiliated and beaten up in her life.

"It appears that way, yes," Martian Manhunter stated as he turned his head off of the side.

"And to think, we were upset about Shayera's betrayal, I would have taken my chances with the Thanagarians more so than with Zod," Flash responded as he tried to turn his head a little bit but he found a soreness go through the side of his head. He had a real pins and needles feeling through his neck. "So…where is she anyway?"

"I don't think I'd be broken up about someone who betrayed the entire time right now," John stated,
feeling his chest hurt, his ribs were busted and breathing came hard.

"That's a fine attitude to have for someone who could let you out of here."

The members of the Justice League turned around and sure enough it was Shayera showing up to save the day or at least they thought so. It was at this point where it was difficult to tell what her motives were; did she even have any motives despite everything that happened? She stepped forward, determination flooding her eyes.

"I'm not your favorite person in the universe, I get it, and….I tried to prevent them from doing this," Shayera responded as she closed her eyes and thought about everything that went wrong.

Now she would have to deal with the fact that her people were slaughtered thanks to Zod's brutality. That was something that she would not be able to get out of her system. The winged warrior woman placed her hands on the edge of the cell and offered a labored sigh when she tried to figure out where she stood in the present. She was not a member of the League, she figured that she would have been booted out after what happened but yet she had no people to go back to. She was a woman without an island and the only purpose she had was to make sure Zod and his invasion were stopped.

That was what she had to do and she had to bust the Justice League out of this prison if she had a chance. Although given how much they were beaten up, it was only a small chance but it was beyond the no chance that they had before. Zod's techniques were ruthless to be honest but he had one fundamental flaw in his entire methods and that was that he played with his food for a bit too long. It was a flaw that many megalomaniacs had, where they would not take their enemies down straight away and blow their heads off.

No Zod's ego was so vain that he had to be reassured that he was the dominant force, he appreciated the brutality of a defeated opponent. The blood spilling from their bodies when he proved that there was no one greater than him. Superiority was what the name of Zod was and the General sadistically understood this more so than anyone else.

"I'm going to get you out of here," Shayera responded as she busted her way through the cells.

"Yeah, we're going to….I don't know how we're going to defeat Zod and his not so merry men, when we failed to do so the first time," Flash stated, realizing that he was now the fastest man alive with a limp when he exited the cell.

"Don't worry, the Justice League won't do this alone."

Nightwing turned up, leading the charge of Artemis, Red Arrow, Raven, Starfire, Beast Boy, Cyborg, Batgirl, Robin, Luna, Neville, Sirius, Remus, and Tonks.

"We figured you could use a hand or twelve," Artemis stated with a smile crossing her face when she busted the cell out. "And I can't leave Arrow alone for five minutes without him getting in trouble."

"At least there wasn't a woman involved," Red Arrow stated, knowing from experience.

"Oh yes…there was, she nearly stomped my head in," Green Arrow stated with a grimace as he was let out, feeling the ringing still ringing from his head.

"Let's just….how are we going to….you know?" Plastic Man stated, he had been all stretched out and put back the wrong way. His limbs were still tender.
"We prove to Zod that Earth's heroes are not going to be run down, not without a fight," Flash stated but Nightwing walked over and offered Batman his help.

"I can't," Batman responded and Nightwing paused, before he raised an eyebrow in surprise.

"Don't tell me….I never thought I'd hear those words come out of your mouth," Nightwing stated, his voice dripping with disbelief as he turned to face Batman.

Batman shook his head. "Believe me, if I could, I would be fighting next to the League and the rest of you but...."

"Your wings have been clipped," Batgirl stated in a serious voice.

"In many ways yes, paralyzed from the waist down, I can't feel anything," Batman stated, which might be a blessing in disguise as he was sure had anything happened, he would have felt pain, lots and lots of pain.

The League tried to figure out what they were going to do, they needed to step forward and team up with whatever forces remained. There was something that told them that time ran out the longer they thought. Butterflies beat in their stomachs with demonic and supersized wings, battering within their insides. The League knew what was at stake and they more importantly knew what was on the line.

It was now or never.

X-X-X

Zod crossed his arms, with a sneer spreading over his face when he looked down at the people on the ground. The Amazonian was on the ground, she fought with a warrior spirit but at the same time every single fight was knocked out of her. The brunette fought but now Hermione's face swollen over as she laid on the ground, giving a shuddering breath when she shook her head and offered a pained grimace.

"So now it comes the time where we're....where we're going to see what will happen when all of Earth's defenses have been taken down," Zod stated, he had been given a fight where he would admit that. He saved the other Kryptonians in stasis fields, preserving them; there was no doubt that he might need them later. They would come around and understand that he was the one that was right.

Zod turned off to the side when he basked in his moment of triumph; perhaps there was an instant where he thought that everything would come unraveled. The greatest strategic mind in all of Krypton clasped his hands together when he looked up and his eyes narrowed. Three minutes, no more, and the world would be under his foot. He could take down all of the people on this planet and grow a brand new Krypton over it.

It was an elementary scheme and it would work, he knew that it would work. All of the theories were about ready to be put to aside; Zod could feel this moment coming for the rest of his life. Soon all would be beneath his feet when he crushed them with the sadistic fury that he suspected from his might. All would perish and very few would live, all of those who did live would be mined into slave labor. That was all Zod determined humans were good for, manual labor, the back breaking fury that would cause many to whimper.

"I believe you've taken my Fortress, and I'm coming to take it back."

Zod turned his head slowly around with an ugly glint in his eyes before he spun around and faced
off against the son of what he thought was Kryptonian's greatest menace. The sadistic glint in the General's eyes continued to flicker through and his mind turned off to the side, when he gritted his teeth a little bit. He considered him, when he stood there, bold as brass and arrogant. The brazen fury that burned through his eyes reminded him much like Jor-El.

"Kal-El, I don't know how you've escaped the Phantom Zone, but you will not escape the afterlife," Zod responded as he flew forward and knocked Superman down with a furious punch. Superman bounced back and stood on his feet, before he slammed a hammer like blow down on the head of General Zod which rattled his head.

Zod dropped to his knees, a grimace filling his face but that gave way to a grin.

"You wish to fight me, so be it," Zod answered when he sent a furious burst of heat vision towards the Man of Steel but Superman fired back. The two beams connected in mid-air, pushing back and forth towards each other. It caused a sadistic steam to rise up between the two as they pushed back and forth.

Something had to give between the two of them, the question was what they would be?

Zod and Superman pushed themselves and forth as the two beams of heat vision shot next to each other. The two of them continued to push back and forth, trying to slam the attack into each other, with the General pushing more of a sadistic attack towards him. The two pushed back and forth with each attack, the Man of Steel shoved himself back, pushing into his eyeballs and burning into the eyes, and causing the Man of Steel to scream.

"You haven't tapped into the full potential of your powers, pathetic," Zod stated, emphasizing the last word with a sickening elbow to the ribs. A crack echoed through the Fortress as he staggered back and Superman was grabbed by the cape and then propelled back towards the wall.

Superman smashed head first into the ice of the Fortress and Zod stood over him, hovering in the air with his eyes glowing and showing all of his teeth with a snarl. He turned around towards the Man of Steel before he gave a growling proclamation.

"COME TO ME SON OF JOR-EL! KNEEL BEFORE ZOD!"

Superman blocked the punch and he shoved Zod back when suddenly another ballistic blur shot out of the Phantom Zone and smashed Zod into the crystal console. The two of them cracked and sparks flew when the two of them fought against each other. Sparks flew in every direction which caused smoke to fly, impairing the vision every single person in the Fortress of Solitude. The impact caused a backlash as well which assaulted the ears of everyone in the Fortress with a squealing sound.

Hermione pulled herself up, beat up, battered, and abused but damned if she was not going to go down without a fight. She went through too much to be here, she went to too much to die, and she went through too much to give up right now. The brunette bookworm stood on her feet, conjuring the dagger that Linda brought into there.

The smoke cleared and Hermione could see Zod and Kara with scrapes and bruises all over their face, where the Kryptonian crystals cut into them. Zod got the worst of it thankfully but as long as the General drew one breath in his body, he was going to be able to keep up the fight. He reached behind him, grabbing a shattered piece of the crystal and tried to stab Kara with it.

Kara blocked it, her scratched up face flooded with determination, she would not….she would not….she had to finish him off. The crystal was now in her hands and she flipped back, before she
back off, and ran at Zod with the jagged piece of the crystal aimed towards him.

Zod reversed her fortunes, snatched the crystal from her, and grabbed it, before he swiftly plunged it into Kara's abdomen.

Kara gave a shuddering breath when she collapsed on the icy floor, blood dripping from the wound Zod gave her.

Superman pulled himself up, seeing Zod standing over her fallen body when it gave a few more shuddering breaths before her heart rate slowed down to a near crawl. Her body chilled up and it hurt to breath, when the blood drained from her body, spilling in nearly fatal amounts on the snow in the Fortress of Solitude.

A white light appeared around Kara's body and her body began to heat up but Kal-El was too busy throwing himself at Zod and trying to choke the life out of him to care.

**To Be Continued in "The War of Zod Part One."**
Chapter Seventy Two: "The War of Zod Part One."

Kara felt her body size up with an immense heat and then with a shuddering cold. Her consciousness faded in and out until the world became all blurry around her. Things got rather scary fairly quickly. The blonde Kryptonian never felt anything like this before and wondered about the sensations that coursed throughout her body. She felt her face shudder, it beat red and her world swirled around her. It was much like a sickness that she could not get away from for any reason whatsoever.

Was Kara dead?

She had no idea but she was most certainly not alive, that much was for sure and now she felt the stabbing pain coursing throughout her body. Then the pain was replaced by another sensation, a blissfully warm floating sensation that returned her back to consciousness. The blonde Kryptonian shook her head when she found herself exit the Fortress.

Was this what humans call an out of body experience? Or was she on her way home?

No, this was not home, the afterlife was not her home, Harry was not here and she stubbornly fought this situation with every fiber of her being. She felt two forces tug at her, life and death. Then she relaxed a little bit more when a voice whispered in her ear, reminding her that Harry never left the Phantom Zone with her. And if Harry never left the Phantom Zone then she lost all meaning of her life.

Kara shuddered and gave up, Harry was her entire world, since the moment that she met him. She almost gave up trying to find her place on Earth and nearly sunk into a deep funk until she went to Vegas, on a whim, on a foolish whim certainly but it was a whim never the less. And it was a whim that worked out well. The blonde clutched her stomach, it hurt so much not to be in the arms of Harry.

Was it worth dying for?

Again Kara asked herself many questions that she did not know the answers to. She pushed herself forward and saw a blinding light, the light at the end of the tunnel. Did she want to walk through it and go onto the next part of her journey?

"Kara, now is not your time."

Kara looked up and stopped everything that she was doing, her mouth hang open. It hung a gap with the blonde shaking her head trying to clear the cobwebs. She could hardly believe it but the person who stood there before her stared at her. She resembled an older version of Kara, wearing white robes and with blue stripes down either side of the robes. She had an identical set of dazzling blue eyes. Kara looked up at her, adjusting her vision before she collapsed on the ground.

"Mother?"

Kara breathed that statement when she clutched her stomach, even though it was fresh from any wound, any cut. Her flesh was pure and clear as the day that she was born. She wondered how much sense that made and she wondered how much she would care. The Blonde Kryptonian nearly lost her way as she tried to push herself back to a standing position. She shook her head from one
side to the other when she twisted her head a little bit, when she pushed up a little bit and her head turned to face the specter of her mother.

"Kara, it's not your time," Alura repeated firmly.

"Harry....."

"Will be returning to you soon, my child but you have a great purpose on your own," Alura responded as she looked at her youngest daughter in the eye with a smile across her face. "Kara, I know that you've grown into a remarkable young woman and won't allow something like that to defeat you. You survived on Argo through the sheer force of stubborn will, when many would have perished in the frozen wastelands."

Alura turned to her daughter with a smile crossing her face before she continued to impart a few more words of wisdom upon her.

"And you have given Harry the shining light that he needed during a rather difficult time during his time. Fate brought you together but your hearts kept you together. And now when the seven of you unite, you will create a foundation that can be built upon for even more. Do not despair, not even for one second. There will be a bright and shining beacon that will allow you to live the best life and I see it in your eyes. You want to go back."

"Am I dead?" Kara asked as she shook her head but Alura responded with a smile. "Because if I'm dead….my powers as they are, they can't turn back the hands of time."

"The strength of your heart is pure, Kara, and strong, it won't guide you wrong," Alura stated in a cryptic tone of voice.

Kara rolled her eyes, leave it to her mother to continue to talk in such a manner. The blonde Kryptonian rolled her eyes in the back of her head a little bit and placed a pair of hands to her hips before she sighed and looked dead on towards her mother.

"I don't suppose I'm not going to get any more hints about what my supposed great purpose is," Kara responded but Alura smiled a mysterious smile.

"Destiny is a term that humans throw around liberally, Kara, but I would be lying if I did not say that we Kryptonians are also a bit liberal in how we declare certain things regarding our destiny. You step into the light and you will be bathed with it. It will never guide you wrong, that much is for certain my daughter. Remember the significance of that ring on your finger. The vows that tie you and Harry together, along with the rest of your wives will allow you to grow strong. And I'd like you to live long enough to see grandchildren but do not rush it."

Alura shook her head.

"Your father and I are watching you forever and always, both you and Kal-El, as are Jor-El and Lara, and we're all proud of the strides you've taken when you've grown into the protectors that the Earth needs even if they do not sometimes want you," Alura responded as she looked at her daughter and parted her blonde hair gently to peer into the young girl's eyes. "Return home Kara, go back and face the destiny that you survived Argo for. And remember, your journey and the journey of Harry and your wives, both Kryptonian and perhaps someday otherwise, will reach greater heights."

Kara wished that she got more information but never the less, the blonde stepped into the shadows and pushed herself forward. She knew that she had to return home and she closed her eyes. The
blonde tapped into the power of the ring on the other side and tried to push herself through the beyond. The blonde continued to step forward and get back, she had to return home. There was no question about it, she had to get out of here and come back.

The blonde summoned the full power of the ring that she had on her finger, all she needed as a little more will power and she would push through the field, and be knocked on through for sure. The blonde continued to pick up the pace and almost was there, yet someone held her back. Kara refused to let something like death slow her down; she tried to push herself back to her body. Her connection was still strong with the rings.

Kara then suddenly saw a flaming bird creature off to the side and her eyes widened. She could not believe it but it was there. She thought it was only a myth on Krypton.

The blonde edged closer, her hand extended towards it.

"You killed her."

Superman's stared down at the downed form of Zod his eyes flashed in anger and primal rage when he stared down Zod. He could not hear a heartbeat coming from Kara and he stepped forward to look at him.

"YOU KILLED HER!"

Zod's face contorted into a sadistic grin before he stared down Kal-El with bared teeth, that's what made him weak, he was softened and able to get riled up about blood being spilled. The sadistic Kryptonian looked at the Man of Steel and his eyes glowed with primal fury when he stared him down in the Fortress of Solitude.

"She knew the risks of attacking me, but I will offer you mercy," Zod responded as he rose to his feet and looked at Superman and offered a twisted smirk before he offered one simple word. "Kneel."

Superman could not believe that he was saying this and Zod could not believe that the son of Jor-El would foolishly refuse to comply.

"Kneel."

Again this word was said with a bit more forceful nature than the previous time that Zod stated in and Superman shook his head, he refused to break or bend or even kneel before this enemy. The General stepped forward and he shouted his next declaration in a bellowing voice.

"COME TO ME SON OF JOR-EL, KNEEL BEFORE ZOD!"

Zod yelled these words and Superman's declaration was yelled at an equal volume.

"NEVER!"

And it was punctuated by Superman punching Zod hard in the face and sending him flying back at the speed of light while he smashed into the Fortress walls with a loud crash. The General rolled around, clutching the back of his head and Superman dove at him for the first time with lethal intentions in mind. Zod blocked the fist with his hand.

The two powerful Kryptonians pushed back and forth, neither of them giving any quarter as they pushed back and forth, back and forth with each other, and then they lifted off of the ground with
sonic fury. Superman grabbed Zod around the waist and slammed him hard into the ceiling of the Fortress. A loud crack resounded all through the Fortress, with Superman sinking his fist into the ribs.

"Very good, you've grown a spine, that will serve you well," Zod grunted but he grabbed Superman's cape and whipped him down to the ground with immense force. "Pity that I have to remove it."

Zod dove down before he smashed a knee strike on the back of the head and a loud crack resounded when he smashed into the face of the Man of Steel. He flew backwards with a loud crash before he was sent flying backwards into the walls of the Fortress. He landed with a huge thud before he rolled over, clutching the back of his neck and his eyes rolled into the back of his head when he breathed a little bit, blood dripping down his nose when he pushed himself up.

"You won't ever learn, will you?" Zod asked when he dove at Superman but he blocked the punch. "Just like your father, just like your uncle, and just like your cousin, whose corpse decays on the floor. The House of El is destined to die and perish at the hands of Zod. No one can deny this, all know it to be true. ALL WILL KNEEL!"

Zod offered a bellowing yell as he whipped his enemy off to the side and caused him to spiral to the ground with a crash. Superman blocked a punch but he blocked the attack, before he twisted his elbow back and pushed his elbow backwards. A resounding crack echoed when the two continued to struggle with each other.

The titanic struggle continued, with Hermione pushing herself up, despite the injuries that she suffered, she refused to die. She moved up and checked on Kara, trying to feel a pulse but the strangest thing happened now.

A golden shield appeared around Kara and knocked Hermione back down onto the ground. She crashed into the snow and shook her head from side to side, her wrists cracking a little bit as she rolled over, wincing in agony. Hermione was not having the best day in the world but then the next strange thing happened to her.

Her injuries healed themselves.

She shrugged her shoulders, that much she was going to roll with and she continued to see the battle between Superman and Zod from high above the Fortress as they swayed from one side to the other. The two of them locked into an intense round of combat, neither giving the other any rest.

Suddenly Non rushed forward and grabbed Superman before slamming him down to the ground. He smashed Superman into the ground hard and pushed his head onto the ground, before he held it, with Ursa standing on the other side, her boot in the back of Superman's neck. The other Kryptonians stood around them, forming a circle.

"At last, the Son of Jor-El lies at Zod's feet," Zod responded with a sadistic expression dancing through his eyes and Clark tried to struggle out of his predicament, to squirm out in any way he could.

"Yes….congratulations," Superman responded as he tried to get his way back to his feet but Non applied a vice like grip to the back of his head to drive him down to the ground.

"You offer much wit when you are down but…."
Two of Zod's soldiers were spiked in the back by a magical attack and they saw Hermione on the other end, blazing fire in their eyes.

"I'm not going to let what happened with my friend happen to anyone else," Hermione responded but Ursa turned with a smile twisting on her face.

"I'll handle this one."

Ursa dove at Hermione who dodged her attack. A lethal flame of purple fire was dodged with Hermione trying to rip Ursa in half with this attack. The woman was one of the best fighters on all of Krypton and that was without the super powers that the yellow sun offered. Hermione and Ursa battled with Hermione trying to figure out a way to open up the pods and release the other versions of Kara but first Ursa needed to be put down like a rabid dog.

Meanwhile the prime version of Kara laid on the floor, surrounded in an orange shield that Hermione could not make heads or tails what it did.

Zod heard the other heroes approach from the Fortress but a force field erected caused them to be blocked from their entry.

"Non, should you crush his skull now or should you wait until he sees every single human life that he's failed to protect snuffed out?" Zod inquired and Non responded with a sadistic grunt and a snarl before the General looked into the eyes of Kal-El with menace. "Decisions, decisions."

"Don't rush on my account," Superman breathed as he looked up in the eyes of Zod without fear, he refused to go down, not without a fight. He would die proudly if that was the case.

Zod pondered as he heard the sounds of Ursa fighting the Amazon Witch off to the other side.

There were countless dimensions, worlds between worlds and Harry Potter understood that better than anyone else now when he stood in some kind of void in between time and space. The mage shook his head from one side to the other when he took a step forward. The last thing he remembered was he took the exit portal from the Phantom Zone. That much should have worked in theory.

Of course there should be many statements about things working in theory as opposed to them working in practice. Harry Potter was the living embodiment of everything regarding that. He exited the Phantom Zone, he understood that much. However, he did not make it to Earth all the way. Therefore he was stuck in between some void and then in time, he may perish. That was not something that he wanted to think about but it was the truth.

And why did his ring change colors once again. This was most certainly not covered in Basic Lantern Training. First it started as blue with the color of hope, then it turned purple when they entered the Phantom Zone, then it turned black for a minute when Harry felt a sinking bit of despair touch him. And then his lifeline to Kara felt like it got snipped for a brief second and he was brought forth a hopeless flood of horror. And then….well Harry looked at the ring.

It was glowing a pure white, the ring was at least. Harry had no idea why the ring would be going through the spectrum like that. He also felt a burning fury throughout him and his eyes flickered forward. He heard an anguished scream in the distance that made his blood run cold and whilst he hoped for the best, honestly Harry feared the worst. After everything that went on during his life, few could blame Harry for thinking that this was not going to end bad.

The dark haired wizard felt a bright rush in his mind when he continued to shake his head from side
to side, to clear the cobwebs. There was much that happened to him many times and as always, it seldom made any kind of sense whatsoever. He felt a glowing from the ring, his hand heated up, and the white light nearly blinded him before he sent a beacon forward.

Harry really had no choice but to follow the bouncing beacon of light and see where that took him. He stepped forward a little bit, his knees buckling, he barely held off that thing so Kara, Clark, and Laura could escape through the Phantom Zone. At least he hoped that he did and he threw his head back with a slight sigh before he shook his head.

He was here, there, and everywhere outside of the walls of the Phantom Zone, but now he had to find a way out. Was there any way out? Harry was to the point where he had no idea what was going to happen now. The dark haired wizard kept his movement forward, before he sunk his knees onto the ground and they buckled a little bit when he took his time going forward through the tunnels.

The light continued to serve as a beacon but what was that beacon for? Was it a beacon for a new beginning or the beginning of the end? Harry had no idea and he pressed forward with his journey forward and he stopped, his blood running cold as he kept moving. He heard an anguished scream that rattled the back of his head. This gave him great pause as he stopped and squinted for the source of what was going around him.

What was the scream, that was the question? It sounded a lot like Kara but then it was tranquil for a moment and then Harry rushed forward. He had to get out of here but he had an idea that he was being sent around on some wild goose chase in circles. He stepped into the distance, into the light and continued his movement, feeling the vibrations manifesting underneath his feet.

He saw a blinding flash of fire at the end of the tunnel and at first Harry thought it was a Phoenix of some sort. Yet it was different, at least the markings were different on it. Harry stood forward before his knee buckled a slight bit and he swayed from side to side when he arched his head back a little bit and sighed.

'I feel….yeah how is that not a trick?' Harry pondered to himself when he reached the entity at the end of the tunnel. Once again, much like a phoenix but in some ways it did not look like one. It was some bird of flame that Harry took his time to study it. He swore that he should recognize it but his mind was going in a total blank as he shook his head.

He had to focus and the bird called out from him, he needed to find his way out of here. He squinted and used his enhanced vision, he saw the door behind the flaming bird of prey behind him. The dark haired wizard stepped on the ground and continued to walk forward, pushing the door open and offering his way to escape his prison, knowing that there was no other way.

Harry dove into the flaming heat of the bird that allowed his way out, he felt his body chemistry altered by the bird somewhere. His eyes began to glow before his mouth twitched a little bit, when he heard the whispers of thousands of voices. The ghostly echoes went through the back of his mind as he tried to regain his footing. The mage shook his head, he felt the fluttering of the power before he clasped his hand when he shook his head and allowed his mind to be opened to new experiences.

The dark haired wizard pushed himself through the exit portal and felt his hands twitch as he slipped through the portal. His hair blew forward when he was surrounding the flames and he arrived, his heart beating stronger when he sensed everything going around him, before he dropped down to the ground.

Harry stood, taller than ever before and could hear everything around him, all of the sounds in the
world, all of the thoughts of everyone around him, and all of the emotions. He focused on one set of emotions, and he locked onto them.

'Kara,' Harry thought as he shook his head when he moved forward, he sensed his Alpha injured and knew that there would be trouble once he got his hands on the person who did so. She fought Zod and it ended badly. She was not dead, not until Harry's will broke completely.

The moment Harry gave up on Kara would be the moment she completely passed on from this world and he would never give up on Kara. For if he ever allowed her to leave, he would feel destroyed a little bit to be honest. The dark haired wizard continued to move forward and shook his head.

Giving up on Kara would be giving up on life itself to Harry.

It was back to the Fortress and this time, Harry would make sure Zod would be the one that kneels, in pieces.

Laura Kent all things considered was a young girl who was a human who somehow acquired Kryptonian powers due to a one and a million cosmic fluke. The only thing that gave her any kind of clarity was the fact that she absorbed the memories of an alternate version of Kara Zor-El that did not exist any more. The fact that she looked like Supergirl brought her a lot of attention and also the fact that there were too many boys that went after her due to their perverted role playing fantasies.

Yet she stood there in the costume when she stood off to the side, her hands on her hips when she shook her head. She wore a white t-shirt with a silver "s" on it that stretched around her supple breasts and curved down to show her taunt and toned stomach. She wore a white mini-skirt that descended down past her legs, to cover them, and a pair of silver boots with black trim that she walked forward. She wore a red headband with Kryptonian symbols on them.

For all intents and purposes, she was Supergirl and she was going to save the world or die trying. The blonde continued to step forward and flew forward, going faster than a speeding bullet. She saw the group of heroes trying to break their way through the Fortress, but there was a blue force field. She stopped and stared, shaking her head when she closed her eyes before she inclined her head upwards and sighed.

'They're not going to get through,' Laura thought as she looked up in the sky and knew that there was only someone with the strength of a Kryptonian who stepped back. The blonde rushed forward and used her shoulders to smash through the force field.

It burst through it and cracked it a little bit, before the blonde shook her head a little bit and winced before she rubbed her shoulder. The blonde rubbed her shoulder and Batgirl turned around.

"Another one?" Batgirl asked when she shrugged and just rolled for it.

"Would you expect anything different?" Raven offered in a dry voice, not surprised after everything that happened so far.

"I think I can get through," Laura responded as she shook her head and smiled when she shook her head.

"By all means, have at it," Hawkgirl responded, she slammed her heavy mace shots into the side of the force field again but it only dented it.
Laura smiled, despite everything she was a true hero and the blonde's hair framed her face when she continued to pummel the force field when she tried to push her way through. Each shot she tried to smack through the force field as she continued to pick up the pace made some efforts. The blonde drilled the force field and with another swift attack she smashed through it.

The blond blasted through the force field faster than a speeding bullet and continued to pick up the pace, before she heard the sounds of combat. This brunette woman dressed in warrior garb was fighting a woman with black outfit who held a dagger and tried to stab the woman with it. She dodged it and the two blasts of super speed echoed, with the two enemies bouncing back and forth.

Shayera dove into the Fortress and rushed forward, to smash Non directly into the face with the mace. This was a shot that sent him flying backwards into the wall. The large Kryptonian was sent flying head over heels before he slammed hard into the wall and crashed hard to the ground. She might have partially betrayed humanity, but these monsters destroyed the members of her race. He swung his mace forward and smashed against the large enemy.

Non flew backwards as Ursa and Hermione continued to fight. The soldiers rushed forward and did battle.

Batgirl stopped and saw Kara on the ground, glowing in a blinding orange light, before she rushed forward. The red haired girl took a moment to allow her eyes to widen before she slid forward and gave an anguished yell when she saw the blonde Kryptonian on the ground.

"Kara, wake up!" Batgirl yelled as she reached forward to touch her friend but she could not touch her. The girl tried to push her way in but the energy field blocked her.

Starfire slammed one of the Kryptonians down on the ground with a loud crack that resounded elsewhere. The man smashed to the ground when Raven launched him into the attack.

Zod was distracted and this allowed Laura to rush forward, and access the Fortress Console to let out Power Girl, Matrix, Galatea, and Superboy. She somehow knew how to get in there, it was instincts mostly she figured but the blonde cleared the cobwebs from her head. She pushed against the console before she pressed her hand and caused the pods to slowly open.

Laura let out the breath that she was holding in, she thought for a moment that she would lose everything and she shook her head. So far, so good but at the same time it was not over yet. She stepped back, Power Girl, Matrix, and Galatea escaped, followed by Superboy.

"Well this is new," Power Girl commented lightly seeing the latest version of her but she saw no ring, not yet.

All of the heroes fought Zod off to the side but none of them could not even get a shot in on the General. Miss Martian tried to phase Zod through the ground but he managed to shift his weight and caused her to lose her grip. She went flying head over heels and landed on the ground with a sickening impact, cracking rather hard. The young Martian flew.

It was Cyborg's turn but Zod blocked his attack and twisted his arm to the side before he launched a blast towards his enemies. The group was blasted backwards.

Hawkgirl tried to smash Zod forward but Zod grabbed her and flung her to the ground. It was Artemis's turn.

The arrow was caught and crushed into powder by Zod.

"You are children, what can you do?" Zod asked as he looked at them when suddenly Power Girl,
Matrix, and Galatea all dove at him at once and smacked into him with their fists.

The three of them combined nearly knocked Zod for a loop and for a second they sensed him suffer a supreme whiplash.

Hermione was flipped through the ground by Ursa and about ready to be taken down but Diana rushed in and grabbed Ursa around the head as she tossed her down onto the ground. The younger Amazon watched her sister fight Ursa and the battle got intense, like one would expect between two powerful women.

"You should just su…." Ursa started but Diana grabbed her with the lasso before she pulled her down to the ground and then stomped the back of her head viciously, causing her to be rattled hard.

Superman and Zod returned to their battle, both exchanging super strong punches. The battle around them nearly stopped when the onlookers took a look at these two men trying to punch and kick at each other but they were flipped off to the side.

"Let Kal deal with Zod, we need to stop the launch," Galatea responded and she knew that whoever began dismantling the Fortress had the right idea.

Galatea, Matrix, and Power Girl sent their heat vision at the crystals, causing them to heat up and the Fortress computers to malfunction. The group proceeded to dismantle the Fortress piece by piece. It might be the only way to stop the launch.

Harry arrived outside the Fortress of Solitude and frowned, he was a bit late to the party it seemed. Not that it was a bad thing, when he stepped forward and continued to make his way to the Fortress. His heart thumped across his chest, when he could hear the thoughts within, confusion, and the heart beats, millions of them. He wondered what happened when he was touched by that entity. It was not normal that much he thought. The young man continued to step forward with reckless abandon in mind when he focused on the one he was searching for.

He needed to find Kara, his Kara, his Alpha, and focus on her. He could feel her strands of life slowly snipping away. He slid into the Fortress when his ring continued to glow with the blinding light glow. He was pretty certain that this was something that was not considered to be normal; at least he did not think so. Doubts rang out in the back of his head when he continued to push himself, each single step and with determination the wizard rushed forward.

Harry was now inside the Fortress and he could sense the trouble and disconnected thoughts coming from his Alpha, the first girl that he truly allowed inside his heart. He stepped forward and saw her, a golden dome surrounding her.

The dark haired wizard reached forward and reached through the dome, he was the only one who could penetrate it. There were fights between Ursa and Wonder Woman and Zod and Superman going around, with most of the rest of the Kryptonians dropping down to the ground. Harry paid them very little mind, all he wanted was Kara and to help her before it was too late.

He grabbed her hand and they touched together. For a moment Harry felt despair when he heard that her heart beat no more.

Before he could even react, both of their rings lit up and Kara began to glow. Then the wounds on her body healed. The white ring on Harry's hand brought new life to Kara and caused her to get back to her feet.

"What happened?" Harry voiced out loud, as Kara wrapped her arms around him. She would like to
do more but they were kind of in the middle of a fight.

"It's touched me, I can't believe it," Kara responded and she looked at Harry before she smiled. "And it's touched you as well."

"Could you be more specific?" Harry asked when she looked at him.

"It's the mystical creature that is an ancestor to the phoenix from your old world," Kara explained she looked at Harry and racked her brain for a better explanation. "It has no direct Earth word but the closest that there is….Flamebird."

Kara and Harry realized that time stopped around them other than what was inside their own little time bubble.

"Flamebird?" Harry asked and Kara responded with a nod when she tightened her grip around Harry.

"It brought us back, together again," Kara breathed when she looked at him. "Both of us, combined, we're the current guardians of the Flamebird Entity of Krypton, don't you hear it?"

"What does this mean for us in the future?" Harry asked as he tried to mull over everything in the back of his mind.

"I'm the main guardian but you're my backup….let's beat Zod first, and then we'll figure it out," Kara responded but she knew one thing, they ascended beyond Kryptonians and humans and became something else entirely.

That combined with the power that Harry received when he defeated his evil counterpart made them extremely powerful indeed. Those powers, which laid dormant, now were jump started thanks to this Flamebird Entity.

Now Kara and Harry were ready to defeat Zod and end this right now once and for all.

Harry had something that he could use to shut down Zod and make him easier to kill but he would need to get within a certain range to do it.

To Be Continued in Part Two.
Chapter 73: The War of Zod Part Two.

Zod knew when to stand his ground and fight and he knew when it was time for him to make a strategic retreat. Now was the time for him to make a strategic retreat, the Justice League and their sidekicks overran the Fortress. Zod's army could crush them into powder but the Kryptonian general had a different method that he would like to use to win the day once he was able to catch his breath.

More wars were won in the theater of the mind than in any battle on the field and mind games was important to winning the battle. The mind was a dangerous weapon and Zod was able to harness its immense power like few had ever before. That was what made him the greatest military leader in all of Krypton, that strategy. He was going to utilize a strategy that would allow him a great victory.

One of the key rules to battle was ensure that your enemy looks like the aggressor and any actions that they do would only mandate responses that resembled that of a well-placed self-defense. Zod continued his march with the remaining members of his army, up to the United Nations. He had a few words for the people of the security council and he hoped that they would listen well.

"Greetings, nations of Earth," Zod responded when he inclined his head in a respectful bow, as much as it pained him to do so. Still, it would be prudent to do so, given that he still had to play a friend to Earth for a little bit longer. "I tried to come to this planet as a visitor for peace but I was met with aggression."

Zod paused to ensure that he had the attention of all of the members of the Security Council.

"I assumed that you were the governing body, that the governments of this world were the ones who could police the reckless actions of rogue soldiers. Yet, this Justice League attacked me at an outpost that I set up at the Artic. It was left here for all of the survivors of Krypton should they find their way to Earth. I ask you one question."

Zod paused to ensure that he had the attention of all of the members of the Security Council.

"What gives Kal-El the right to claim sole dominion over the outpost?"

There were mutterings, angry mutterings from the members of the United Nations. Some of the members of this government were a bit agitated by presence of the Fortress of Solitude to begin with, it raised a lot of questions. They felt Superman should share the Kryptonian technology within for the good of all mankind. Yet he hoarded it for himself, with words that it was too dangerous.

Zod smirked; they ate out of his hands like he thought that they might. They were rabble, sheep, easily molded and easily manipulated. That was one of the pratfalls of the human race, they were always easily manipulated.

"Naturally I’m sure the Justice League is used to give unlimited license but the facts cannot lie. That is one thing that cannot be hidden. I have decommissioned the Watchtower and destroyed it as an act of good faith for those on Earth to show my sincerity. I will continue to act in good faith but will the League be able to say the same?"
Zod paused for the desired affect and he knew that he had them. His army stood behind him, all of them acting tranquil and not going to attack. It was a shame that he lost Ursa and Non but they fought to the death in the name of Zod. There was no doubt that the heroes would also be on their way here right now.

And let them come, Zod said.

"I offer the governments of the world protection, all you have to do is allow me the influence to do what I must," Zod answered as his eyes locked onto them. "I will not force you to make the choice but I will allow you the opportunity. And that opportunity will be to step into the light and into a new world. One world united, all of our differences thrown aside. I may be Kryptonian but I will willingly protect Earth in the public eye. Kal-El is not willing to say the same and neither does his cousin or her husband. I am General Dru-Zod and this can be a beginning of a lasting Kryptonian partnership with the people of Earth and together we will step forth towards a new age."

"What gives you the right?"

Zod turned around and saw a dark haired woman standing there.

"I'm afraid we have not been acquainted Miss….."

"Lane, Lois Lane," Lois responded and Zod's face contorted into a smirk.

"Right, the reporter who follows Kal-El around like a lost puppy dog," Zod stated but Lois remained calm and cool, staring him down. "Well, Miss Lane, what gives Kal-El the right to think that the world needs him as a hero?"

Lois shook her head.

"Superman has done more from this world than you ever hope to," Lois answered as she placed her hands on her hips. "Why don't you tell the world what you've done to the Justice League?"

"We merely removed them from their Watchtower," Zod responded as he stared Lois down and stepped forward, the temptation to wrap his hands around the throat of this woman and squeeze all life out of her was strong. He resisted it, for now. But soon they would be out of public eye and all pretext would be gone. And accidents did happen.

"And imprisoned them."

Zod's face twisted into a grimace before he eyed Lois for a moment and responded in a crisp, cold voice.

"The Justice League was hostile and we responded in kind. We were not the aggressors in this matter. If they willingly would have wished to talk peace with us, we would have listened. Do not confuse the facts with your hero worship for Kal-El, Ms. Lane."

Lois thought that she was not the one confusing the facts, Zod was deluded, and she knew that by now, whatever plan that the League was trying to stop him better happen quick. The fact that this Kryptonian took over the Fortress like it was nothing really worried Lois. And there were very few things that really worried her. Being a hardened reporter gave her a certain amount of thick skin.

Zod's face twisted in a sadistic smirk when he had trapped her in a corner. Of course whenever Lois Lane was trapped in the corner, she came out swinging.

"Yeah, care to tell the people how you took out the invaders?" Lois asked as she looked Zod in the
eye with no fear. "Did you even give the Thanagarians a chance to stand down? Or did you force their leader to kneel down before you, before you decapitated him?"

Zod took a step forward but once again he stopped, preventing himself from attacking. He stood up straight and flexed his fingers while calming breaths pulsed through him. This was the wrong time to get angry, even despite the fact that this woman tested his patience and his sanity. His eyes flickered with a tiny bit of malice when he twisted his expression towards Lois.

Lois knew she got Zod and she heard whispers of doubt.

"They were willing to commit mass genocide on this planet and others, they are winged barbarians," Zod responded, having a counter attack for her bold statement.

There was a buzzing sound.

"General, we've got an incoming transmission, it's from Patronus Incorporated. Harry Potter wishes to speak to Zod."

"Put him online," Zod responded, ignoring the fact that the humans were technically in charge. Never the less the General turned his attention, intrigued by what Harry Potter had to say. As were the members of the United Nations, Lois, Zod's army, and the rest of the world, all of them had equal amounts of interest towards Harry's words.

They would find out what they were going to hear from Harry Potter.

Harry could not really believe that he was going to do what he was about to do. He hoped that people would forgive him, although humanity was not that far up on his list of people that he was willing to beg for forgiveness about now. After they turned on them all and sided with Zod, the young wizard felt his forgiveness in short supply and it would be that way for the foreseeable future.

He could see that Kara felt the same exact way, and his wife clasped his hand with hers. The two of them were empowered by an entity that they could barely even understand although Kara promised to try and help Harry make sense of it.

"Are you ready?" Harry asked Kara and she smiled and nodded.

Their rings were still glowing a bright white even if the rings of Karen, Linda, and Galatea reverted back to blue. This would be a question that they would ask the Guardians of Oa when they met up with them next time. The other three Kryptonian wives sat in the background, along with Laura. The members of the League and their allies were currently in the infirmary, getting patched up from their injuries.

Harry made communication. He looked very somber and very serious.

"Zod, I wish to speak with you and I hope that I had your full and undivided attention," Harry responded when he looked at the General. "This war is senseless, we'll tear each other apart, and we're the last of a dying breed. Myself, Kara, all of our wives, even Kal-El, we're all Kryptonians, and we should be on the same side and not fighting each other, tearing each other apart. We should find a way to work together."

Harry sighed deeply.

"I'm willing to offer a truce," Harry added as Kara sat beside him, her blue eyes calm without any
emotion. "The two of us should get together, both my group and yours. No hostilities Zod. I'm willing to work together with you to protect this planet. We can combine our resources together. If the Justice League doesn't like it, that's their problem. I'm not with them."

Harry paused for a moment before he continued.

"I'll do whatever it takes to make it worth your while. I'll even kneel before Zod if that's what it takes. Just think about it for a moment."

Harry stopped and then he added.

"Meet me at Metropolis Square outside of the Daily Planet at three o'clock PM today and we'll… discuss our terms further."

Harry gave that statement as someone who lost all control of the situation but the fact of the matter was that he was completely in control. He had to wear a certain mask of deception to make sure Zod did not wise up to the fact that he was being played like a harp from hell.

The satellite link went dead.

"Are you sure this will work?" Galatea cut in, breaking the silence for the first time.

"It's insanity!"

Hermione entered, not speaking up for the entire time Harry spoke to Zod but she sat in the background, allowing everything to sink in. She frowned as she stood with her arms crossed.

"Harry, I don't….I know things seem hopeless, but if I know you, I know you don't do surrender," Hermione answered as she looked at Harry, hoping for another explanation, one that she could swallow a lot easier than Harry's surrendering.

Karen decided to step in and defend her husband. "Of course we're not surrendering but we are….we are just trying to make Zod think that we are. He's not going to play the savior card for much longer."

"It's in his DNA to be a conqueror," Linda answered wisely as she looked at Hermione through her flickering blue eyes.

"Plus, you know what we've got in that vault down on level three," Kara responded to Hermione and Hermione stood up straight.

Of course, they would have a plan and she felt disappointed that she ever doubted them. Even though that doubt lasted for ever a split second, she felt awful for doing so. She remembered the contents of that vault and knew that was their last ditch resort, something they hoped they never had to use.

"We're going to defeat him and Lex Luthor is going to help us do it," Kara answered with a smile as she surveyed Hermione.

"Kind of hard isn't it with Luthor being dead and all?"

Shayera turned up and the group turned towards her. She wondered if she walked into the lion's dean with all of what she did, the nasty gazes of all parties fixed upon her.

"Hello Shayera," Harry answered as he looked at her and she shrugged, as she tried to figure out
Harry's attitude towards her.

"Look, I know that I'm not your favorite person in the world, I get that," Shayera answered as she looked at Harry who looked back with a set jaw and nodded at her. "But… but you've got to know that despite it all, I'm with you one hundred percent. I know you're not going to surrender but I hope you have a plan that will work."

Kara was prompt to speak, looking at the winged woman with a careful expression. "Shayera, I understand where you were even though that most don't. Although really if all of humanity turns on you, it's inevitable anyway."

The blonde tried to reign in the bitterness when she could but even the most optimistic person would have to admit that this was not the shining hour for the human race. The blonde rolled her shoulders a little bit and shrugged as Harry pulled her in towards him. This gave her the comfort that she needed and the strength to press on.

"But… Luthor is going to help us, because we salvaged plans for the same Kryptonite cannon that he used on Kal and I," Kara stated before Karen jumped in with a few words of her own.

"And with the proper modifications, we'll be able to blast them with gold Kryptonite radiation, rendering their powers null and void."

"They're immune to the green stuff, so would the gold work?" Shayera wondered as she looked at them, carefully considering them. That was a question that danced in her mind.

"Gold Kryptonite is the only strain of Kryptonite that we've been unable to cure, that and black Kryptonite," Harry responded as he turned around and gave a long sigh.

This had to work or they were sunk.

Laura remained quiet, she was relatively new to this entire mess. She remembered a lot about the memories of the Kara Zor-El that died fighting the Anti-Monitor. Yet, she looked at the plans and offered one question.

"Someone has to be in range for the weapon to fire off and the radiation… could it depower anyone nearby?" Laura asked, biting her lip fretfully when she looked at Harry and Kara who shook their heads.

"We know, the slightest amount of Gold Kryptonite radiation could strip us of our powers," Kara answered before she looked at Karen.

"At least up to seventy two hours, perhaps permanent if you got bombarded by a big enough dose," Karen explained before she elaborated for the rest of the group. "Although that's only a simulator, real Kryptonians aren't someone that we can technically test it on."

"So do you need my help?"

Superman popped up before he confirmed some news.

"John suffered a beating, really bad internal injuries, he's being tended to. Batman still can't feel anything from the waist down and Arrow… he's suffered head trauma and a major concussion. The rest are the bumps and bruises that we get used to as super heroes."

"Lovely," Galatea answered as she stared Superman down. "No, we don't need your help, we got this all under control."
Superman felt prompted to protest. "Zod…"

"Is too dangerous," Kara answered as she looked at Clark with a worried expression, she knew that if Zod had a chance, he would kill Clark in cold blood. Killing the son of Jor-El would allow him bragging rights, because in the end he would be superior in every way.

She was not confident that if push came to shove, Clark would do what was necessary.

"Kara…"

Galatea knocked Superman out with a stunning spell, slamming him in the back of the head and causing him to crumple to the ground.

"That was a bit…extreme, wasn't it?" Laura asked as she looked at her…well she wasn't sure if she could call him her cousin. Actually she would try and make some sense out of what was happening eventually, once the insanity died.

"Extreme maybe, but with Kal, its necessary," Linda offered and Conner popped up to face them. "Keep an eye on Clark, won't you, make sure he doesn't wake up before we've got this done?"

"I'll fire the weapon," Galatea offered as she looked at them.

"Don't miss," Kara responded to her twin.

Galatea smirked. "Don't worry, I won't miss. The question is, will you lose your powers?"

Kara and Harry had no idea how to answer this question but they would find out all too soon. Things were winding down.

The scene was Metropolis Squad, three minutes to three in the afternoon. Never one to be tardy, Zod showed up, with his followers walking behind him. Once Harry Potter and Kara Zor-El kneeled before Zod, he would kill them both, and cause their blood to splatter throughout the city. It would be a symbol of what happened to all of those who opposed him.

"When I give the signal, we'll make our move," Zod responded as he looked over his shoulder to check for an ambush. The hour of his triumph approached closely and the General shook his head, a twisted grin going on his face.

Kara stepped out first, walking down. She wore a black t-shirt, long black pants, and a trench coat, with a black pair of sunglasses. She made a decision not to go in there wearing her Supergirl costume because that was a part of her that she wanted to ditch in the foreseeable future. Yet she would worry about that later after Zod was good, done, and dead.

Harry followed her, wearing a green jacket, a black t-shirt, and black jeans, also wearing sunglasses. Both of them had their rings, glowing a bright white still and stood before Zod and his army. Both sides stared down each other, with the breeze blowing, with the tension increasing. There were a few people watching from the windows of the buildings but none were foolish enough to engage them in battle.

"Zod," Harry remarked as a certain amount of coolness resounded from his voice.

Zod waited, he knew that this meeting could potentially be a trick and he hoped to figure out what that trick would be before too long. He stood before him.
"You've come here to offer your terms for surrender," Zod responded and Harry's head inclined with a short and swift nod. "Then that puts you on a peak above other members of your primitive species. All of them who would foolishly step back and fight me."

"My primitive species would be yours given that I am Kryptonian," Harry answered, he refused to acknowledge his humanity any longer.

Zod's face turned when he looked at his enemy, giving him a humorless nod. The tension in the air could be cut with a knife. It might have sounded like a cliché but it was true and Zod tapped his foot off of the ground carefully and watched. His army watched and the entire world watched what was happening.

"So, should I kneel before you, lives would be spared?" Harry asked as he faced Zod.

"They would, starting with yours," Zod answered in a crisp voice.

Time stood still, wind blowing in the distance. The tick tock of the clock to the side echoed through their ears.

"From what I'm about to do, I apologize," Harry answered as he acted like he was about to get down on one knee.

He could tell that the moment his neck was lowered, Zod would bring that sword he had down on the back of his head and likely kill Kara. However, Harry had an ace up his sleeve now that all of the Kryptonians were in range.

An energy field blasted around them from his ring, paralyzing the Kryptonians in place.

'Galatea, now!" Harry thought to them, knowing that they only had fifteen seconds and needed to work quickly.

Galatea hoped that this would work and hoped that her two lovers would get their powers back. Or they would be investing in some red solar lamps. She pulled the trigger on the Kryptonite cannon and fired, blasting Zod and his army with the full force. The golden light struck them.

The light struck them, and their body chemistry altered. Their skin formed a shield of sorts that blocked all yellow solar radiation and also burned out the remaining radiation that was in them. Zod and his army dropped to their knees, completely fatigued. Their powers had been drawn out of them and they felt as if they would had they suffered the punishment with normal human bodies.

"This is a trick, you'll pay for that!" Zod answered as he tried to step forward and swing but Kara blocked his punch.

"I don't think we will," Kara responded as she crushed his hand with her strength and Zod dropped to the ground. "Who's kneeling now Zod?"

Incensed, Zod reached into the pocket of his robes, he would kill this one this time. Whatever miracle saved her would not be done and her death would not be undone. He pulled the dagger out to stab her with it.

Galatea launched her heat vision from the roof and sliced off Zod's arm, disarming him in the more conventional sense of the word. Zod staggered, collapsing to the ground when the burning heat sliced through his arm. Blood spurted to the ground when he was left cut off at the shoulder and his dagger melted into a pile of molten metal.
Kara removed a sword that she had sheathed in her trenchcoat, before she hoisted it over her head. Without humor and without another word, she brought the sword down on the back of Zod's head, decapitating him in one fluid motion.

Zod's head tore off at the neck and rolled onto the ground, where Kara kicked his severed head off to the side, disgust filling her face.

The Kryptonians before her looked at Kara and stopped, before they got down on their knees before them.

"We surrender," one of the soldiers stated, fearfully shaking.

'I think they're just following orders,' Kara thought to her spouses and Harry in particular who smiled. 'The link is still there, that's good….even if our Kryptonian gifts have taken a vacation.'

'Is it temporary or permanent?' Harry thought back to her and Kara shrugged a little bit.

They had to call the Guardians of Oa to round up Zod's followers; they would get their due process, even if Zod would be sentenced to be executed many times over for his crimes. Given that Kara was one of the last survivors of Krypton, she took it upon herself to execute him due to the atrocities that he committed.

"Was it worth the risk in the end?"

This question was asked by Karen, to her fellow spouses and they wondered what the answer was. Tensions between the people of Earth and all of the super powered people on the planet, were at a fever pitch. Zod might have been exposed as a threat when evidence was thrown on the table but that did not cause people to suddenly trust the Justice League.

They all knew what the answer was.

And none of them liked the answer at all.

"So what about our powers?" Kara asked as she stepped forward, she actually embraced the fact that she could not hear every single conversation in the world. Many of them would be humanity raking her and her spouses over the coals. She turned and faced Karen completely. "What…"

"They'll come back eventually although not before Zod's followers are placed in prison awaiting their trial on a planet underneath a red sun," Karen responded as she smiled. "Don't worry, Hal Jordan is taking care of it, he figured that after everything that happened, we could use a bit of a break."

Kara and Harry smiled, a break, was that something that they could even have? The past year was hectic for them and despite it all, they were together. Their love was stronger than ever before.

"Something happened when Kara almost died," Linda offered, trying to get some more information about this.

Kara paused for the briefest moment, she did not really have all of the answers to everything but she hoped to have it. Her and Harry, along with the rest, would have to work everything forever. The duo looked at each other before they turned their attention to Galatea, Linda, and Karen.

"It was an ancient entity that was on Krypton years ago, the Flamebird entity," Kara responded honestly and that caught the interest of Karen. Her mouth opened wide and a slight gasp escaped
her lips, before she shook her head and thought about it before she regained her ability to speak.

"I thought that was just a myth."

Kara smiled back at her wife before she placed a hand on her elbow. "Myths have a potential to be true."

That was true more times often than not, Harry could attest to that. There were many things that he encountered and one would think that they were a myth. However, they were not a myth, they were extremely real, he could feel them.

"And truth tends to be the greatest myth of them all," Harry responded as he went over everything that occurred today in the back of his mind.

There were injuries in the last battle and many close calls when they reflected back on the battle today. There were instances where they could have died, all of them. Harry cupped his fist together, it was so close, he could not forget it.

Hermione and Diana went back to the island; he had no idea when they were coming back, if they were coming back. They both needed some time away from Man's World and Harry could not really blame them. Harry and Kara were on Oa so they had to relay the message.

The Guardians were tight lipped about the nature of their rings; even Ganthet stated briefly that he did not have an answer. Harry and Kara knew that they would have to take a journey where they would be able to find the answers that they needed. It would have to be done together, without them relying on anyone else, as always.

"The truth, what is the truth anymore?" Galatea asked in a sardonic tone of voice.

They could not answer that question because the truth was a thing that none of them understood anymore.

"I don't know, Tea, I really don't know," Kara responded as she placed her hand on her sister's cheek and ran her hands through her hair.

Galatea thought that she understood humanity but she understood nothing, other than the love she had for Harry, Kara, and the rest of the wives. Everyone else, they could come and go.

Laura popped up, poking her head in through the door, and she shifted her shoulders a bit nervously.

"I kind of feel like a sixth wheel here."

Harry turned to her with a reassuring expression before he stepped a little bit. He placed his arm around her waist and pulled Laura in closely. She breathed heavily when she looked at him. "You have a home here now and I don't think that we would have escaped the Phantom Zone without you."

Laura nodded, there was that and she smiled. She had a feeling that despite everything, she would fit in alright here. She smiled when she thought about it. She could perhaps figure out where she was and where she would belong in the future.

"So what are we going to do now?" Linda asked as her eyes traveled upon them all.

Kara and Harry remained silent, being the heads of the collective, the ball was in their court.
Karen, Linda, and Galatea turned to face them. Even Laura's eyes flashed towards the pair of them, she was not a part of them yet but she had a feeling that she might be. It was something that was understood with the both of them.

"I don't know, Linda, I wish I did," Kara breathed when she closed her eyes tightly, it was one of those days where she thought she had the answers.

When they had the answers, people kept changing the questions; it was one of those unfortunate parts of life.

"For what it's worth, I am sorry about the entire knocking you out thing."

Galatea's expression remained sheepish, but only slightly. She only apologized because Kara requested that she would.

Superman rubbed his head but nodded. "For what it was worth, I understand why you did it. Do you think that Harry and Kara will ever get their gifts back?"

"We're getting hints of them now," Kara offered when she walked out to face her cousin, holding the Supergirl outfit in her arms. Galatea saw herself out when Kara drew in a breath and focused on her baby cousin. "It's not much, just a sharpness in our hearing, a flash of X-Ray vision, some heat vision, just the basics."

"That's good," Superman responded when he looked at his cousin, not knowing what to say to her. There were instances where the Man of Steel could get an idea of what exactly Kara was thinking in her mind but other times he was lost. "So you should be back and ready to go before too long."

"Will I?" Kara asked as she looked at Superman and turned her back slightly, holding the Supergirl outfit in her hand, cradling it in her arms. "Who are we trying to save, Kal-El?"

Superman had no idea to respond to that question at first, he crossed his arms and wondered what Kara was driving at. Granted, he would lie if he did not say that he thought about it. Still there was a difference between thinking about something and actually doing something. He thought about turning his back and walking away on it all.

Yet something stopped him. He reminded himself that he had a greater purpose in the world than what many would understand. It was this purpose that allowed him to continue to fight as long as he could. For better or for worse, more often than not for worse, Superman stood tall for truth, justice, and everything that went along with those two things.

The look in Kara's eyes scared him. It was the look of someone that gave up all hope.

"You can't let them win Kara," Superman stated but she looked him dead on in the eyes with a scarily intense expression.

The intensity in her eyes was amazing and quite scary, Superman would say that much. She continued to hold the Supergirl outfit in her arms.

"Let who win, Kal?"

Superman wondered what Kara meant by that question and his fists clutched a little bit when he turned back to her.

"I've….I've heard news back from Oa, apparently Kandor still exists," Superman answered as his
eyes focused on her.

Kara's eyes flashed with confusion. "Impossible, it was vaporized when I was eight years old."

Superman's face turned into a slight smile or perhaps it was a grimace, it was kind of hard to tell at this instant. "It wasn't as done as we thought it was. Apparently there was a chain reaction that shrunk the city and the occupants, Zod managed to stash it somewhere and covered it up. It was an explosion within it."

Kara paused for a little bit before she looked back at him.

"The person behind it was Zod's daughter….her name was Faora, she was named after Zod's first lover….but that's not the part that you're not going to like."

Kara folded her arms over her chest, given the inflection and the tone in her cousin's face, she was pretty sure that she was not going to like it. She often took her cousin's word for things like this when he said something like this. She looked at her cousin with blue eyes when she rubbed her hands together and pushed her head back.

The fabric of the Supergirl costume still clasped in her hands.

"She's your sister."

Kara looked at Clark. "I beg your pardon."

"She's your sister, half-sister technically, Zod was obsessed with your mother and it was a one night stand," Superman answered when he looked at Kara, who crossed her arms. "Your mother named her Lila, but Zod christened her Faora, they had an argument. She ran away from home when Zor-El found out the truth. Your mother…may have trapped Zor-El into marriage making him think that Lila or Faora or whoever, was his daughter."

Kara turned around and refused to believe this.

"You were really young when she left," Clark responded when she looked at his cousin.

Kara really did not want to believe this.

"That's just what came out in the trial, one of Zod's chief officers stated this under oath," Clark responded.

"No, he's got to be lying," Kara responded as denial swam in her eyes.

The only thing that she wanted to believe was that there were more of them out there.

Harry showed up at this point and offered Clark a polite nod.

"I'm done with this, Kal-El," Kara responded when she held her Supergirl costume in her hand and allowed it to drop to the ground. "Supergirl is dead."

"I'd wish…."

"No, Kal, you can play hero all you want, and be a doormat!" Kara yelled at the top of her lungs, when Harry grabbed her around the arms. "Humans won't ever understand us ever….I'm done, I tried to relate with them."

She wanted to take Harry and the rest of the wives, and return to Krypton and be done with it. She
had a few friends here that she would be sad to see the back of but the vast majority of this planet was not worth almost killing herself over again.

"I'll find it, I'll find Kandor, and we'll find the answers that we want," Superman responded, trying to get Kara's spirits up. Her confidence and optimism took a beating at the hands of Zod and how fast the humans followed him.

"Good luck Kal."

To Be Continued.
Chapter Seventy Four: Picking Up the Pieces.

Nearly a week passed since the final confrontation with Harry and Kara against Zod and that was enough time to put things in perspective. The time passed with opinions on the Justice League being divided. Despite the fact that Zod was proven to be someone who did not have their best interests in mind, people were still willingly to tar the entire League with the same brush as they did with the invaders. It was one of those things where all aliens and indeed all super powered people were guilty by association.

Harry, this time, turned himself off from the rest of the world. He thought that he left this kind of negative attitude behind when he left the Wizarding World. People who did not appreciate the actions of those fighting to ensure that they lived another day, instead they raked them over the coals and talked trash about them.

However, he found that such a problem was not exclusive to magic users in one secluded corner of the world. It was a worldwide issue and Harry found himself quite alarmed, his stomach twisting at the very thought of these people, which deep down he admitted were an extremely and unfortunately vocal minority. The young wizard could hardly believe what was happening around him and how damaged the entire world was. Yet there it was.

Kara walked up next to him, he could tell that his wife had similar ideas going around in the back of her mind. The blonde shook her head when she offered a smile towards Harry but it was not the time of smile that offered warm friendship. Rather it was the tired tense smile of one who had lost a lot of faith in the entire world. She stepped over towards Harry, who instinctively put an arm around the blonde next to him.

Harry and Kara stood next to each other in complete silence, neither of them saying anything. There was nothing that they needed to say right now, there were far too many times where words could be said but words were strictly not needed. The dark haired wizard decided to be the one to break the silence, it was something that needed to be broken. He drew in his breath and turned to face Kara.

"So, what now?"

To be honest, Kara asked herself that question many times and wondered if there was going to be any answers that she would be satisfied with. She lost a lot of hope in the rest of the world and now her and Harry stood together like they always did. She felt that they could take on anything before and she still felt that way but now the games had gotten far more dangerous now than ever before. Things seemed much more innocent.

The time where two teenagers who had very stressful years finding love with each other in Vegas seemed to be a lifetime ago. Things were so much more innocent and they had truly grown up on their own ways. And with growing up, they found some of the harshest realities that came with that growing up, whether being super powered or otherwise.

"I think we better focus on what happened when I died," Kara answered Harry as she grabbed her husband's hands. "I believe we needed to talk about the Flamebird Entity."

Harry smiled back at her, in all that happened; he could not say that he forgotten what happened with that bright and warm light. But still it was pushed into the back of his mind and he did not
really think about it all too much. Yet, he felt that this was something that they needed to talk about and he grabbed Kara's hand.

"What do you know about it?"

Kara shrugged before she responded to Harry's line of questioning. "Not too much to be honest with you….you know it's funny, it's one of those things where there is not much that is recorded. Yet, I know what I saw when I was in the between. When I talked to talked to my mother and I saw it when I stepped out, it led me home and empowered me."

"The same thing let me out of the Phantom Zone," Harry offered as he locked eyes with his Alpha. "But we're getting off the subject."

Kara nodded in agreement with a smile on her face. "We are…..we're the co-holders of it seems, which is a good thing. As all singular entities have been destroyed by it within about thirty, forty years or so."

"So do you think that it was meant to be held by a couple?" Harry asked Kara.

Kara smiled back. "I'm going to assume that's the truth, it was meant to be held by a couple. But not just any couple, a couple that is in pure harmony with each other, who are two hearts beating as one. There might be others offered into the collective and far beyond alternate versions of me as well."

Harry opened his mouth. "Yeah Kara…."

"Harry, we'll go with our six versions of me and we leave the door open to add more after we get the six, if it's something that feels right," Kara stated as she looked at Harry and wrapped her arms around him. "Of course, we kind of got lucky with the four, soon to be five that we have now, didn't we?"

Harry nodded in agreement at that point, they found Karen, then they found Linda, then there was Galatea, and then there was Laura. That was four versions of Kara bound to him, soon to be five if Laura decided to join, but could they find a sixth?

"Okay, I'll consider adding women that aren't alternate versions of my beautiful bride but not until after we get six of you," Harry responded and the now white rings lit up with those words. "And now, that's part of our vows, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is," Kara agreed as she turned to place her arm around Harry, the two of them peered at each other for a couple of minutes before they spoke to each other. "So….I'm kind of ashamed to admit this, but I'm not sure if I'm able to go out there and protect people anymore. Am I a bad person for thinking that it's not worth it?"

Harry shook his head and wrapped his arms tightly around her, before he gave her a reassuring kiss, which she returned with a sigh.

"After what happened, we're kind of being gluttons for punishment after everything that happened. We got to step back for a little bit and figure out what happened….but yeah this is one of those things where I'm not sure if there is a right answer."

Honestly, the more Harry thought about this situation, the more he wondered why he even bothered sometimes. One could say all that they wanted of it being the right thing to do but when people made doing the right thing out to be so wrong, it was hard to really appreciate what he did. He and Kara, they did a lot in the name of protecting people. And it was not if he was expecting
that much, just a bit of gratitude but that was apparently too much to ask for.

They'd find out the price of not appreciating what they had, the hard way.

The thoughts that went through Kara's head were in the similar vein, she thought about it and the more she thought about it, the more despair she felt. The blonde leaned on Harry's chest, resting her head on it. They had this new Flamebird entity thing to work on and figure out, not to mention the fact that their rings turned from blue to white. Karen, Linda, and Galatea, their rings were the same.

"Come on, let's go out and visit Diana and Hermione, it's been a while," Harry whispered and Kara nodded, it had been a while.

The two headed off to the island, flying off beside each other, leaving word to the other wives that they were leaving and if they wanted to join in, they knew where to find them.

Dick Grayson could not believe that he was doing what he was going to do but somehow he was talked into it. It was funny how eventually despite vowing not to, he ended up turning into the one thing that he hoped to never become. At least physically speaking and perhaps mentally in some ways. There was a certain amount of mental preparation that was required to become what Dick was about to become.

To be the Bat, one had to become him in all ways, not putting on the cape and the cowl was enough to lead to that particular level. No in fact it was only one step in a very long journey, even though in some ways Dick prepared himself for it in some ways for many years. That was one step of a journey that he personally took, first as Robin, then as Nightwing, and now it was the next step up from that.

He walked out, the black cowl over his face, obscuring his identity, the grey suit with the black bat on it, the boots, the utility belt, and he could not forget the cape. It did not feel quite right on him but it felt good enough. He walked into the bedroom.

Bruce rested on the bed, unable to get back on his feet for a few more months at least where he could begin his physical therapy. Much his dismay, it would be about a year before he could even consider being Batman once again. He refused to let this defeat him; he had a time table of about four to six months before he re-donned the cape and cowl once again. His eyes looked at his protégé, carefully allowing every detail sink in.

"How do I look?" Dick asked when he looked at Bruce.

Bruce responded in a crisp voice, as usual. "Not too bad for a temp but don't get too comfortable in that outfit."

Dick offered a smile that was not becoming of Batman. "Don't worry, I won't, I suspect that you'll be back on the streets and preying upon that superstitiously and cowardly lot before too long."

Bruce responded with a stoic expression and it was rather sardonic. "Sooner than any of us expect but it would be unwise for Batman to be out of commission. As tough it was to be in the role of Robin and Nightwing, your workload has now tripled. Only the senior members of the League know that something is up and I want to keep it that way. And even they don't know the full extent to what's happening. So make sure you don't blow the cover."

"I think……" Dick responded as he switched to his Batman impression. "I've been able to pull off a pretty good imitation of you for a while."
Bruce nodded his head. "Well done. Just make sure you don't give anyone just cause to realize that it's not me under that cowl. And where do I keep the smoke pellets?"

"Fifth pouch on the left," Dick answered his mentor, resisting the urge to roll his eyes. They had been over it several times but still Bruce could not resist drilling him about where the equipment was in his belt.

"Shock grenades," Bruce quizzed him.

"First pouch on the right."

"Explosive gel."

"Fourth pouch on the left."

Bruce nodded his head. "I'm leaving the mantle in good hands."

Of course, Bruce did not intend to leave that mantle in the hands of the other for very long, even though it was a person that he trusted beyond all others. The mantle of Batman was his baby and until the harsh mistress of old age defeated him, he was not going to step back that easily. And even then, Bruce would keep going on with the savage brutality that one expected from the World's Greatest Detective.

He was working on equipment that would help accelerate the rehab process faster and allow him to walk much sooner. Granted it was a risk but it was one that he was willing to take in the name of making sure the mission never stopped. The Dark Knight never rested for long, he merely waited and then he prepared himself for the battle at hand. The World's Greatest Detective reclined back and honestly the only reason why he was getting rest now was because his hands were tied.

Dick Grayson meanwhile stepped out of the shadow of his mentor into the role of Batman. Even if it was for a few months, he would be able to keep up the same quality of crime fighting. It was not going to be easy and he half expected all hell to break loose with everything that was going on. Gotham City was a place where a gang war could break out at a drop of a hat. Still he remained optimistic that this would be an adventure of the lifetime.

He was given the Batman sandbox, the cape and the cowl, and all of the gadgets to play with for a little bit. Despite his relationship with Bruce being quite strained over the past few years, he still wanted to do his mentor proud. And the legacy of Batman was one that was necessary, even though Bruce could get a bit over the top with his holy crusade against crime. That was just what was programmed into his mind.

Dick would be lying if he thought that he could not get equally obsessed if the situation warranted it and it made person. Years ago against Slade was one of the biggest examples and there were several other times where his obsession rang true. The art of crime fighting tended to make things rather personal whether they liked it to be personal or not. That was the nature of the game and Dick could tell that Bruce likely had some way to monitor his progress.

And likely Bruce was going to be backseat crime fighting even though he was laid up in bed. That was just the problem with dealing with a perfectionist like Batman, he always had something better in mind for a person. He trained every single day of his life and often obsessed with being the very best Batman that he could. Again it was a balancing act and once that Dick Grayson hoped to perfect more often than not.

There was much time to think after the events of the Zod invasion and John Stewart was one of
those people who thought long and hard about the events that happened. The truth was he had been a part of the Justice League for some long and the Green Lantern Corps that a part of him felt like he lost touch with what truly mattered. Losing touch when being a hero was never a good thing and John realized this after days of long thought.

Therefore there was only one thing that he needed to do.

"I'm resigning from the Justice League."

Flash's eyes turned and stared at John when he shook his head. "Resign….you…."

"I'm not sure if it's a temporary or a permanent thing but after what happened, I need to take some time to cool my heels and focus on getting my head on straight," John stated when he turned around and looked up from the temporary headquarters they were using. It was one of the old Wayne Industries office buildings that had been cleared out. "I don't know when I'll be back or if I'll be back, but….you know I just hope to get my head on straight."

Flash and the Martian Manhunter were the only two members of the original seven in the room and both were thinking along the same lines. The original members of the team were dropping like flies and they wondered if the League had much of a future in this world. They mentally went over what happened in the back of their minds, with each of the original seven and replayed it back for their benefit.

Batman was pretty banged up and confided in them that he would be taking a long leave of absence. While Batman would still technically be a part of the League, it was not the Batman that they knew. Therefore, technically speaking they were down a member of the original seven in the League and one of their charter members as well. There was no need to really mull that one over too much.

Then there was Shayera, Hawkgirl, someone who was put between a rock and hard spot to put things bluntly. She tried to do what she could to prevent her people from carrying out their plans, knowing that it would end badly. And sure enough, she was right, with Zod slaughtering a group of her people, spilling their blood and leaving them in a really bad state, there was no question about that whatsoever. Her future was up in the air.

The next one was Diana, Wonder Woman, who admitted that her leave of absence may be temporary or it may be permanent, she did not know how long she would be gone. All that they knew was that she went back to the island and decided to take a few weeks off from the League. Given the battle she had with Ursa, it was for the best that she took things careful and steady for a little bit.

Superman was one who had stepped back from the League as well but he did so he could go on a mission. There were whispers that there were Kryptonians that were still out there, members of his race, and J'onn personally sympathized with him. If he heard anything about there being other Martians out there, he would have dropped all responsibilities and head out to space to see if there was any truth to the rumors.

Then there was John.

"It's a shame but you should know that if you decide to change your mind, there is a spot for you in this League," J'onn answered John and the Green Lantern turned around, leaving was one of the hardest decisions one had to make.

"Your…hospitality is noted."
"Hey, we're….the only two left, aren't we?" Flash asked as he looked at the Martian Manhunter, hard to believe that out of the other members of the League, they were the only two that would be around for the foreseeable future. "I'm….I'm not going anywhere you know."

The Martian Manhunter turned to Flash for a moment. "Nor am I."

There was a hope that Bruce, Diana, and Clark would all find their way back to the League someday after they dealt with their various physical and emotional issues. J'onn had no idea how many of the expanded roster will be staying either, that would be something that he would have to find out in due time. Right now, the League had many issues to hammer out and hopefully earn the trust of humanity.

Trust was an amazing human concept, another thing J'onn noted.

"It's so hard to build, yet so easy to break."

Flash turned to J'onn, an eyebrow raised in a quizzical fashion. "Come again?"

"Trust, it's….it's something that is hard to build, takes years but one small misstep and it shatters into millions of pieces. That's the lesson that we learned, many of the members of the League, they built up goodwill through years of actions that saved people. And then gone."

John only half paid attention to this conversation but at the same time, it was one that he one hundred percent agreed about. He turned to face the window, looking outside into the city at large, he wondered if he was disconnected from them all like Godfrey and others suggested the League was. Despite being human, he felt as alien as Superman or the Martian Manhunter. There was something that he considered for a very long time and he shook his head, he would figure out these questions.

Questions that he might not want to know the answers to granted but they were questions at the same time that must be answered. John stepped forward a little bit when he held out his ring. The Green Lanterns were sent there to protect the people of their various sectors but there were instances where disconnect established itself. Therefore they were more separated from the various sectors than ever before. One of the many Green Lanterns of Sector 2814 turned himself around and realized that the trust that they tried to set up was not established as well as they thought it was, as much as they assumed it was.

J'onn and Wally, the only two members of the original seven, prepared to figure out where the League would go next. There were whispers that it was becoming very dangerous to become a hero and especially one that was of alien origins. It was a world that changed and it was not for the better. However, it was a world that needed the League now more than ever before and one that need their heroes.

Of course, two of the heroes that the world needed the most did not feel up to heroics.

Superman stood on the edge of the roof of the Daily Planet; he was in deep contemplation about the events that happened. The Man of Steel stared down from high above, looking down at the citizens of Metropolis. They appeared to be like specks when they were under his eyesight, more vulnerable than ever before and potentially at the same time more hostile. It was amazing how the most vulnerable of us could be the most hostile of them as well.

It was the old adage about never cornering a wounded dog. That was one that Jonathan Kent beat into his son's head constantly and now it was one that Clark understood now more than ever.
It was funny how the best thing about super hearing was able to hear every word that was said as long as he focused on it. The worst thing about super hearing was the fact that he could hear every word so long as he concentrated on it. That was what Clark did, that’s what Clark thought, and that was where Clark Kent stood, on the edge of the building, peering down at the rest of Metropolis. Once again, he saw everyone on the streets below him.

Footsteps could be heard from behind him but once again Clark paid them very little attention and not much mind. His mind was going on a journey to several things and while he had doubts after the Darkseid incident, these doubts were of a different kind. The Man of Steel closed his eyes and focused on the word, on the conversations. Many spitting out what Godfrey said verbatim but others have gone to conclusions. He heard whispers of people that Superman could not save because powers or not, he could not be everywhere at once. That was the harshest truth of his powers and one he had to deal with constantly.

"You look dead to the world, Superman."

Clark turned around and saw Lois standing on the roof of the Daily Planet. She stepped forward, with a smile on her face, before she looked at him. She dropped her voice to a whisper that only he could hear given his super hearing.

"You wanted to see me, Smallville?"

Clark got his bearings together, saying goodbye to Lois, even if it was for a few months, was going to be one of the hardest things that he would have to do. He felt the crisp winter wind blowing in his face and he could feel the temperature drop. Yet nothing compared to the chill that he might feel if he was unable to talk to Lois Lane for more than a little bit, but he cleared his head and turned to address her.

"I'll be leaving after tonight."

Lois stopped and stared at her hero; that was one of the last things she expected if she wanted to be honest with herself. Even though she should have expected it and she pushed her dark hair out of her head. The mist rose from her lips when she blew the cold air and her eyes turned towards him.

"Why?"

That was the ultimate question that Lois Lane could ask and while it was only one word, three letters, it was the deepest question of them all. One that Clark struggled to answer, even though he had a good reason.

"Kandor."

Again, answering a one word question with a one word answer that raised even more questions. Lois raised her eyebrow and Clark knew that she was not the patient type, that was the reason why he fell for this woman in the first place. She was the type that never gave up no matter what and that was a quality of her that Clark found endearing to her. Still the fact her expression burned into him with a simmering quality, it meant that Clark needed to really to elaborate.

"Zod's...men they said that Kandor still lives, it's in a bottle somewhere."

"You're willing to...you're willing to go on some wild goose chase based on some whim based on with what one of Zod's followers told you," Lois offered Clark in disbelief and Clark turned to her, it was not like that at all.
Lois could not believe Clark sometimes, for one of the greatest heroes in the world, he sometimes wanted to believe the best in people. She did not doubt that Zod's followers believed that this Kandor was out there but there was something that prevented Lois from completely agreeing with it. Someone was playing with Clark's head, for what ends, Lois could not say, all she realized was that he was adamant about seeing where Kandor lied.

Clark shook his head, that was not what….there was a good reason why he was going to go after Kandor and he turned to Lois, trying to convey it to her. She seemed to be willing to give him the opening never the less, even if skepticism reigned in her eyes and could be guessed from her tone.

One word was given.

"Well?"

"There's a reason," Clark answered hastily when he looked at his girlfriend. "Kara's sister…my cousin, she's in the city…there's more family out there, and…."

Lois shook her head.

"What makes you think they're even still alive even if they've been preserved in that city?" Lois responded as she gave Clark an inquisitive look.

'Well they could be I guess, hopefully they did not resort to cannibalism,' Lois thought as she shook her head and shuddered at the very thought, before she shifted her stance and looked up at Clark completely.

She decided to remain supportive despite it all.

"Do what you have to do, Clark."

Clark appreciated the support, even though he could almost tell that it was given to him quite grudgingly. One could say that it was given through clenched teeth but Lois understood and that was something that made Clark do so. She was willing to challenge him, make him think, make him become a better person and the hero that he needed to be. But when the chips were down, Lois supported him through sick and thin.

"I will and thanks," Clark answered as he leaned forward and he exchanged a kiss with Lois before he turned around and flew off before he continued to fly off into the distance, before he disappeared, until he was nothing but an indistinguishable speck.

"Yeah, good luck," Lois offered as she crossed her arms.

Clark decided that he needed to make one more trip, he would not feel right without making this trip either. The flight to Kansas gave him plenty of time to think and ponder over everything that happened. The Man of Steel listened intently to the sounds below him; it was something that he felt that he should not have to hear. The critical whispers about what Superman was and what he meant to the world.

However, he could not pull himself away, no matter how hard he tried to block everything around him. The conversations of people were like a train wreck that he could not turn away from, it resounded in the back of his head. The Man of Steel continued to keep flying at a steady pace, heading from Metropolis on the east coast all the way to Smallville. He could have gone there faster but he wanted to maintain a nice leisurely pace.

Clark dropped down to the ground outside of the shed, before he changed from his Superman
clothes into his Clark Kent attire. He did so in a matter of moments, realizing that it would not be wise to see Superman wandering around the Kent Farm. He could tell that no one was there but the Man of Steel shook his head a little bit.

He took a step forward and smelled the aroma of the pie that Martha Kent cooked. He saw it, heard it, and smelt it, also he could practically taste it in his mind; it was a taste of home that he could never get enough of. His heart beat against his chest when he continued to walk forward, taking a few steps before he stood on the porch. The ice made him slide ever so slightly.

A knock on the door preceded a pause and Clark heard Martha walk to the door. She opened it and greeted her son with a warm smile and a warmer hug when he stood on the front steps of the house, waiting for her to greet him.

"Clark, this is a great surprise, come in," Martha stated as she looked him over.

Galatea sat there, she decided to stop on by for a visit, despite her unique circumstances for being here, she still found herself welcomed at the Kent Farm. And she was glad to it, she divided her time with helping at Patronus and also helping with the work on the Kent Farm. It was nice to give Conner some relief and Jonathan because of his heart had been benched. It was hard to teach an old dog new tricks when one got down to it.

"Kal," Galatea stated with a cool smile and a nod of her head.

"Tea," Clark responded as he looked at his, well she was technically his cousin wasn't she? Regardless he looked at her. "So how are you doing lately?"

Galatea shrugged her shoulders before she smiled back at Clark. "I'm fine, all things considered, I'm doing pretty well."

Clark nodded, he was glad to see that his cousin adapted well with everything that was going on, with Cadmus and with everything else that was a part of her life. He did not know how he would adapt if he ever figured out that he was a clone or anything along those lines. Then again finding out that he was an alien was something that was a big enough culture shock to him when he thought about it. He was glad that his parents got him through some troubling times, and Galatea remained quiet past their initial conversations while she pealed the vegetables, mostly to give her something constructive to do, he suspected.

"Conner."

Conner popped up to face Clark and smiled.

"Hey, Clark," Conner responded as he looked at his brother/father/mother, it was kind of hard to tell, their relationship was kind of complicated but he was not going to think about that. "I've been here, helping Ma make sure that Pa doesn't….overexert himself."

Worry filled Clark's face.

"He hasn't been."

"No but he's tried," Conner offered as he looked at his older counterpart, with a slight smile.

All things considered, life at the Kent Farm was rather good for Conner and he enjoyed spending most of his time here. There was never a dull moment and there was always something to be done here, which was good as it allowed Conner to keep his mind on him. He was not sure if he was cut out for the hero game and to be honest, he had pretty big shoes to fill.
Tea offered him advice and told him that no one was forcing him to be anything. There was a certain amount of instincts that was imbedded in the back of his mind that caused him to gravitate towards being a hero but given his heritage, there was a dark side to him that Conner felt he must overcome.

Despite it all, Conner was unsure what he wanted to do with his life and there was no doubt in his mind that was the journey that he wanted to take.

"So, are you practicing your X-Ray vision?" Clark asked when he looked at his double.

Conner smiled back at Clark, knowingly. "Yes, and I must say, there are several interesting uses for it. It's not just for busting the bad guys, you can take a look at anyone and it's not like they'd ever know."

"Conner," Clark stated in a reproachful and dare he say it, a parental tone when he looked at him. "Don't be abusing your X-Ray vision, it's a power that should be used in a responsible fashion when you think about it."

"Yes, mother," Conner stated as he rolled his eyes which caused Galatea to burst out into laughter.

"Don't tell me you haven't used your powers for anything like that," Galatea offered, half paying attention to the conversation when she continued to cut into the vegetables on the plate.

Clark shifted guiltily; he knew he did at once.

"Clark, this is a surprise."

Thankfully Jonathan Kent saved the day and it was for reasons like this where Clark thought that his human father was the real super hero. He swooped in to save him from trouble at the drop of the hat and Clark felt grateful about that. He turned and walked across the kitchen to greet his father with a handshake and a smile, before he looked at him.

"I trust you've been staying off your feet," Clark stated in a stern voice to his father when Jonathan shrugged his shoulders.

"Clark, you're getting as bad as your mother when you get older."

"I'm just concerned, that's all," Clark answered as he closed his eyes, he knew his father was stubborn. A lot of the stubbornness rubbed off of him throughout the years and he locked eyes with his father. It could be an amazing sight when two stubborn forces collided with each other and struck each other hard.

"Clark, Jonathan, both of you sit down, dinner is almost done," Martha stated to cut off this battle of wills but secretly she found amusement. After everything that happened with Cadmus and then Zod, she could take the simpler things in life. "Laura is here, she's running an errand but she'll be joining us."

"My newest cousin," Clark stated, he barely knew her to be honest but she was quite friendly.

Galatea smiled, Laura was a pretty good kid, and 'kid' was the key term because she was the youngest of them all. She was surprisingly optimistic despite spending a great deal of her time in the Phantom Zone years and years with memories of someone that she barely understood. And coming from a world where she was the only person who had super powers that was destroyed. She was a bit too polite for her own good.
The blonde sighed; the world would break Laura of that, one way or another, that was something that was all too true but the door opened when the young blonde in question showed up. She had a bright smile on her face, fifteen years old, and cheerful.

Laura Kent arrived, the fact she had the same last name of the Kents in her world was an amazing coincidence. Said coincidence she did not question too much. She looked at Jonathan, Martha, Clark, Tea, and Conner, all of them waiting for her to return. There were four people missing from this family dinner and all four of them were off doing their own things.

Karen and Linda ran several of the Patronus outposts and Laura understood how busy that could get, because the company was on track for another expansion. She could hardly wait to be a part of it, it sounded so exciting and she smiled when she thought about it. Those two had been helpful for her and in the meantime, she would try and maintain a normal life while going to Smallville High with Conner.

Kara tried to be supportive but Laura noticed she had her fair share of demons that she needed to overcome. Mostly because of her past and some delayed traumatic reaction regarding the war of Argo with Zod killing most of her friends. Then seeing that monster glorified as some kind of hero, the younger blonde felt her big sister's pain.

She was a bit less naïve of the problems in the world than people thought her to be at first glance, even if she kept a smile and an idealistic demeanor. Everything was not merely sunshine and gumdrops for her, she understood that. Laura tried not to let the entire world bring her down because that would be depressing. She wanted to make the most out of every day possible and deal with problems that came her way.

Thoughts of what Kara went through haunted her dreams. Both the Kara that was native through this universe and the Kara who she acquired the memories from in the great crisis, that was something that weighed on the young lady's mind as well. She made a brave sacrifice but then she was wiped free. It was like she never existed in this dimension and the trials of the blonde crossed her mind, haunting her dream.

Harry haunted her dreams for an entirely different reason and she could barely suppress a smile at the potential of that. Soon enough those dreams would be a reality, if Laura had anything to say about it.

Clark meanwhile tried to figure out the right words to say, it was hard to say goodbye to his parents, even harder than it was to Lois. He drew in his breath, here goes nothing and he did mean nothing.

The island was peaceful, serene, the daily combat from the Amazons long since ceased, the clashing of swords and the grunts of battle. That was the lot of life for the warrior women, they trained all day and they were fierce warriors. One would wonder if that was the only thing that mattered for their lives. The Amazons took a lot of pride in the battles that they waged and they fought many wars.

Kara sat on the edge of a pool on the island, with her shoes kicked off and her feet in the water. Harry sat next to her doing the same thing. The two of them grabbed their hands together and allowed themselves these moments of serenity. The two of them felt this little bit of paradise was their ticket out of the insanity the world seemed to turn to around them. The blonde Kryptonian and the dark haired wizard sat next to each other, in peace and tranquility.

Diana and Hermione joined them on the other side, placing their feet on the water to cool off.
Despite the winter weather currently raging on through the better part of the United States, this was paradise, warm and not hostile at all. They enjoyed relaxing and they all smiled.

Kara spoke up after a few moments.

"The Amazons had the right idea."

Hermione pulled herself out of the serene silence, looking at her good friend and she realized what she was saying. "I know…hiding themselves away from the rest of the world, a world too hostile to care about anyone but themselves."

Diana felt compelled to speak up although she did not know why she could be defending some of the people in the world. She saw the very best of Man's World and then she saw some of the worst. She weighed the options over in her mind and wondered about the different sides of Man's World. Which option resulted into more clarity, that was something that the Amazon Princess wondered when she shook her head.

"I….I think we might be harsh to judge them when they decided to lash out at their weakest," Diana answered as she spoke her words but they lacked a very necessary component to them. Conviction in her words was lost and the dark haired Amazon continued to put her hands on her hips. "Sure Man's World might not be in the best light right now but….it's….it's going through a tough time."

Hermione turned her attention fully to Diana, she had her own thoughts about what she wanted to do. The only reason that she wanted to help the world at first was so she could help Harry. She figured that helping Harry was the key so helping the world was the only thing that was necessary. Harry did have a bit of a savior complex, some would say that he had a messiah complex but the Amazonian Witch felt that was unfair. Still her words about his saving people thing resounded.

"Diana, you did want to take some time off from the rat race, didn't you?"

Diana shifted slightly before she spoke. "Yes, I did but even the best of us need a break, so it doesn't overwhelm us. I can't help but think that the many great things the Justice League have done will be swept under the rug. Bruce is out of commission, Kal is off on his journey to find Kandor, John stepped aside, and Shayera….well we all know what happened there, don't we?"

Harry felt compelled for some reason to jump to Shayera's defense.

"The Shayera situation is difficult," Harry told her as he gazed at Diana and tried to mull over everything in his mind. "She was trapped between two words and I understand what that's like more than anyone else. She made an error in judgment and let's face it did cost her a lot. Any declaration of guilt we might be able to give her would pale compared to her own admission of guilt."

Diana thought that Harry sometimes had an amazing way to put things in a perspective that she did not even consider. Truth be told, she could kind of see where Shayera was coming from now when Harry brought up that point. If worst come to worse and her people felt the desire to attack Man's World and she was put in charge of it, she might feel some conflict. Then there would be the loss if they all got killed. One could consider what Shayera was going through the ultimate no win situation.

"We'll all figure it out in the end, the truth about where we should go," Kara stated as she brushed her foot up against Harry's in the water. He scooted in closer to her and they sat together, with Hermione and Diana a little bit away.
"What is the truth?" Hermione asked to them.

There was no answer, finding the truth was extremely difficult in the midst of all of the many lies that were out there. It was shameless what the world twisted into to, one would say shameful but all hoped that there would be some brightness in the life.

'I wish we would be able to make some sense of this mess,' Karen interjected abruptly through the bond link.

'That makes four of us,' Linda thought, there was no need to exclude Harry and Kara from this conversation, she knew where they stood.

The world changed very much from the one that they used to go and Harry in particular went back to one point. This point hammered into the back of his head like a glaring drum, not even bothering to make any sense to him whatsoever.

'Things were a lot simpler a long time ago.'

There was a mental agreement between all of the spouses on the bond link.

'So are you going to actually fly down to Kansas and visit the Kents?' Galatea asked to them through the bond link. 'Or are you going to sit on the island, pout, and be all emo and shit because the world doesn't appreciate you.'

'I thought you were the one that said, in your charming words, fuck em all,' Kara thought to them.

Galatea felt conflicted and rather annoyed.

'You taught me to have a conscience and I apparently taught you to be cynical,' Galatea answered through the bond link shaking her head from Smallville in amusement. 'Seriously, the Kents are a few of the good people, gives you hope that the rest of them would pull their heads from their asses.'

Harry saw a certain winged woman hovering above the air by them, watching from afar and he almost caught her eye. Kara noticed him noticing Shayera and the two of them turned their attention to the woman in front of them.

Yet one moment she was there and the next minute she was gone.

"Should we go after her, call her down?" Diana asked as she looked at Kara, Harry, and Hermione.

Harry mulled over everything in his mind, that was a good question and Shayera made herself scarce after what happened. He did applaud her bravery that she stuck around on Earth for as long as she did. He was not sure if many would do that, especially given that there were calls for many people to tear off her wings and mount them.

And those were among some of the nicer ones.

"Give her time to adjust," Kara answered Diana giving a smile.

"We'll talk to her in a while, see where her head was," Harry added.

'If we ever get our own together.'

To Be Continued in the Final Chapter "Faith Lost."
Chapter Seventy Five: Faith Lost.

Some meetings were much harder than others, and some things were harder to let go than others. Those thoughts moved through the minds of Kara and Harry, after the pair spent the last couple of days on the Island. They wanted to be away from everything, although they did make a point to stop in to see the Kents for a quick visit.

Clark already left on his journey to Kandor. Laura and Conner were into the full swing of things at Smallville High School and Galatea decided to split her time between working on the Kent Farm and working at Patronus. Given that they had some factories in Smallville now, she could keep an eye on those things as well as keeping an eye on Jonathan Kent.

All and all, there was much time that was given for reflection and also much time given for the fact that everyone settled back into what was a normal routine. Or rather what passed for a normal routine in the insane world of super heroes. In fact, Harry and Kara often wondered what truly was normal, they did would know about this. Or at least they never lived what was a normal life, the two of them walking forward with tired expressions on their faces.

They headed their way to the new makeshift structure, it wasn't quite the Watchtower, after all of the trouble that it caused and all of the controversy, it was essential that the Watchtower would get decommissioned. Not that there was much of the Watchtower that they could salvage, Zod and his troops made sure of it.

Harry and Kara smiled, even if it was one of those smiles of two people who had been a lot and felt the ravages of it. Through all the trials and all of the tribulations, the two of them stood together and there was really nothing else.

Karen popped up when she looked at two of her spouses. To be honest she was a bit concerned about the way that they were acting. She busied herself with the expansion efforts at Patronus, but there were times where Harry and Kara locked down the bond link and became solitary. Karen did not think about that all too much before now and now was the time to confront them about the situation.

"Hi, Karen," Harry responded, being her husband, he could sense that there was something in her mind, perhaps some annoyance in the back of head.

Karen looked at Harry when she grabbed his hands. "Harry, we both know that there's something that you've been grieving about."

Kara piped in with an answer. "After everything that happened with Zod, do you….do you think that we'll be okay? We can't pretend that what happened, did not happen. The people turned on us and accepted Zod. Sometimes saying that you're sorry doesn't cut it, especially if they keep making the same mistake."

Karen thought about it and had to agree with her double's words. It was hard to argue with something like that and she felt the pain Kara suffered. The blonde's face swam with sorrow.

"So….The Justice League?"

Harry waved his hand dismissively. "They can do what they want to do. It's not my business."
That was the most dismissive statement that anyone could ever make, or at least that's what Karen figured. Harry and Kara submerged in a funk and there was really nothing to bring them out of it, at least any time soon. Karen felt herself brought down with their overall mood.

"So where is Linda?" Kara asked to break the uncomfortable silence.

"Present."

Linda Danvers popped up, a smile on her face when she showed up and she shook her head. She could tell that the heads of their family, both of them, they were not in good spirits. The blonde smiled, when the four of them walked down the hallway and then they turned up the steps to the tower. The four walked in silence, Galatea might be swinging by to soon after she finished helping around the Kent Farm.

The blonde walked by the side of them, as they moved up to the tower, they were at the highest point in Metropolis, where they could see any point in the city from their vantage point. Sitting next to a computer console, was Hermione. She was in deep thought but she turned around to greet Harry.

"I didn't expect to see you here, Hermione," Harry stated when he moved over to hug her. "It's good to see that you came back off of the Island, after you had a chance to cool off."

Hermione shook her head, when she smiled. "I figured that the League needs all of the back up that they can get after everything that's happened. The League….well there's going to be some changes. J'onn and Wally are the only two original League members that are going to be in for the time being. I figure I can watch over the city with all of this and give the League all of the help that they can get."

Hermione looked at the state of the art computer equipment around her, millions of dollars worth of equipment and she used the Patronus Incorporated Satellite Equipment to monitor everyone on the planet. Every phone conversation, every e-mail, she could listen in on all of it. Even some supposed secure channels she could tap into. The satellites configured themselves so not even the government could figure it out, any government for that matter. It was foolproof. This would be the wet dream of the United States Government and any other government to get their hands on this equipment which was why she was limiting the people who had control of it.

"Hermione, this kind of power it could…"

"I'm only using it to protect the world," Hermione answered briskly when she looked forward, she figured that she could use the computers to gather information. Information was a far greater weapon than any super powers.

"So Wonder Girl, master of information?" Karen asked.

Hermione shook her head, a smile crossing her face before she looked over her shoulder. "Wonder Girl….cute name, but that was something that's outlived its usefulness. I think I'll go by a different name now."

The witch paused which gave Harry the opening to ask the question.

"And what name will that be?"

Hermione paused before she answered the question.

"Oracle."
Harry, Kara, Karen, and Linda all locked eyes at this point, mulling it over in their mind and nodded, it was sure a name that was fitting for Hermione. They hoped that she would find some kind of purpose with what she was doing in the world. The wizard and his group of blondes stood around each other. The entire group nodded as they locked their eyes on the newest arrivals.

The first was a tall red haired girl in her early twenties, with blue eyes. A white shirt stretched over the top of her body along with a tight pair of black red pants. Barbara Gordon or Batgirl as she was known showed up, ready for action.

The second woman was a tall blonde woman, dressed in a black t-shirt with blue jeans, which covered her normally fishnet clad legs. She dressed wore black high heeled boots as always and her blonde hair wrapped around her face with golden tresses. Dinah Lance or Black Canary smiled, rather curiously wondering why she was called here.

The third member of the group a women dressed in red, with sunglasses on and her dark hair tied back in a ponytail. Helena Bertinelli or the Huntress popped up, also curious about what the purpose of this meeting was.

The fourth was a medium sized red haired girl with green eyes and freckles, dressed in a green t-shirt and a red skirt that wrapped around her hips, with her legs stretching on for a little bit. She had a dazzling smile on her face but her innocent demeanor should not figure out the fact that she was formidable enough. Megan Morse or Miss Martian shook her head, smiling.

Barbara broke the silence by asking the obvious question.

"So what is this all about?"

Harry was the one that spoke up. "I'm just trying to figure out where everyone stands regarding the Justice League and Hermione has a project for this group, considering you worked so well together in Gotham."

M'gann turned to Harry, confused. "And why am I here?"

Kara answered this time. "We figure that your skills are good for this little side group."

M'Gann nodded, feeling that she wanted to become of use. Her people invading the Earth when they did, even if she was considered a reject, she felt baf about it. Therefore, she wanted to really be the best that she could be.

"Sorry that I'm late."

Another party showed up which caused Barbara to stiffen a little bit but she relaxed at a warning look from Kara and Harry. The other heroines in the room also looked at the newest party who walked in the room. She walked in the room, with pale skin, green eyes, and red hair, dressed in a miniature green dress as always, before she walked in, her green high heeled boots on the ground when she walked in the rooms. Pamela Isley, or Poison Ivy turned around.

Barbara tried not to frame her next question in an accusing manner. "Why…?"

Pamela cut her off with a waving of the hand. "Harry gave me another opportunity and it sure beats going back to Arkham. I've done some thinking and I believe that there can be other ways that I can save the world and all of its plants. Not to mention, I think that I give a certain perspective about how the other side thinks, wouldn't you agree?"

Huntress spoke up. "I would have to agree."
To be honest, Poison Ivy really was someone who could give that perspective.

"I know that this group might be a bit beyond what you do in the League and I hope that you're ready to bend a few rules in the name of protecting the world," Hermione answered as she turned to them all, some looking more willing to commit than others.

Barbara thought this other in her mind, to be blunt, she was in this, because Hermione had a discussion with her and this was to ease some of the load on Kara and Harry. Kara was her best friend and she'd do anything for her if she was asked. They shared some really close moments together when their friendship was growing, perhaps it could have turned into something more at times, perhaps not. And Harry was great in her book, she'd do anything for him as well, anything that they asked of her.

Dinah only met Harry and Kara a handful of times but she thought that despite what a few members of the League thought, they had the best intentions in mind. As much as she hated to admit it, things weren't always that nice out there and there were many instances where morality had to go out the window. If one remained moral, they would become rather mortal, at least that's what Wildcat thought her.

Helena was on board with this as well, she smiled and nodded, she thought that this group, whatever it was, would serve the world well. The dark haired woman smiled and nodded, she was ready for it all no matter what.

M'gann felt a great deal of debt to Harry and Kara for reasons that they might not even realize, they defeated the White Martians and in a way set her free. Granted, that caused her to spend a great deal of time in the custody of Cadmus but she found her way out. Now she was getting her life back together and hoped that she could be something more than some genetic misfit on both sides of the Martian world.

Pamela Isley thought about everything that she been through, perhaps her methods could be considered a little extreme in the past. Even though there were instances where humans foolishly disregarded the gifts of the Earth and became notoriously short sighted. Still she knew that going back to Arkham for the hundredth or so time was not good and Harry offered her a chance when she did so.

Another late comer showed up.

"Are you in as well?"

"Yeah, I'm in."

Volcana smiled, her government training should be put to some good use other than stealing items for people who would likely screw her out of her rightful earned money. The time for a revolution was beginning.

"Birds of Prey, we're online," Hermione or, Oracle rather, stated.

Kara, Karen, Linda, and Harry exchanged smiles, this would have to work.

'It will work,' Galatea agreed through to the bond link before she paused. 'And Laura says that she's confident that this will work. She wants to come home and stay with us this weekend, there's a three day weekend. It should be the perfect time to add her to the collective. And then we only need one more and we can expand.'

Harry smiled a little bit but did not say anything beyond that.
Standing before the United States Congress always tended to be a challenge for the best of them and Amanda Waller stood before the men and women. All of the charges against her were dropped but at the same time, she would never get the same amount of power that she had previously. There was a black mark next to her name that would not be rubbing off for a while. That suited her just fine. She hoped to bridge the relations between the Justice League and other likewise heroes around the world and the United States Government. Unfortunately, Cadmus did their job a bit too well in discrediting them.

"I'm warning you now that this won't do anything more than harm the already shaky relations we have," Waller stated, she would say that she was pleading but Amanda Waller never pled with anyone. She stood out tall and proud. "Mark my words, you do this and you risk the safety of the people even more. You are going to split them at the very least and then we'll be in the middle of some super powered civil war."

Congress heard these words but at the same time, Congress did not listen to these words. All Waller could do was say her piece and hope that these brain surgeons would understand what she was saying. The woman turned her head a little bit and shook it, hoping that they would get the message, loud and clear. The woman waited as Congress talked to each other, mulling over the problem from every single angle.

There was a few moments before the silence was broken and Waller almost wished it was not broken. For the silence that happened prior to that moment was golden. Yet Congress spoke and she hated that she had to listen.

"We have talked about your belief of what might happen."

Waller sensed a but in the air. Sure enough she was going to be proven right.

"However, we feel that any dangers will not outweigh the fact that there is a lot of collateral damage being given to these so called heroes. Tell us, are we a lot safer with them out there doing their so called heroic deeds. Or are we in more danger than ever before? One might understand that the danger if anything is far greater."

Waller shook her head but they were not done spewing bullshit.

"We considered all options and we feel that effective February 9th, Congress will begin talks about a super hero registration act that will police these heroes. All super heroes will be forced to make their identities a public record or they will be sentenced as war criminals. And you can consider your request to be a government liaison denied."

Waller was about to ask who could be a better job but then she had her answer.

She saw one walk inside, dressed in a three piece suit with grey hair and an eye patch but there was no mistaken who this person was. He was a former enemy of the Teen Titans and one of the greatest mercenaries in the world.

"Ms. Waller," he stated in a crisp voice, a slight smile crossing his face, taunting, tormenting, and directed towards her.

"Slade," Waller responded with distaste.

"Actually, I prefer the term Director Wilson myself," Slade responded as he looked at Congress and then at Waller with a gloating expression in his eyes. "It's much more, shall we say, official with the job that I have."
Waller knew that she was fighting a losing battle but being a persistent woman, she refused to back down from a fight when one presented itself.

"Putting this...individual in charge of this, that's not going to..."

"Trust me when I say this, Ms. Waller, I have nothing but the best intentions of the world in mind," Slade answered with a sinister glint through his one eye. "I don't want to have people suffer at the hands of these reckless vigilantes, in fact as a father, I'm insulted that these super powered hooligans are allowed to go on a power trip as often as they do."

Waller very much wished to rip Slade's other eye out and stomp on it, he was someone purposely screwed with a group of teenagers and arranged for many of them to die. Vigilantes as they may be, that was something that twisted the woman's stomach. And now he was playing the heroic savior card and Congress ate up his BS like it was ice cream. She seriously wondered why she ever bothered.

And the one person who might be able to help her match Congress was MIA. She tried to get in touch with Harry Potter but he denied several requests for a meeting that she offered. Something along the lines of how he did not feel up to bashing his head against a brick wall today which was something that Waller could not blame him for. She knew about the exercise of frustration that she was going through now.

Slade on the other hand, soaked up the victory; he had power to move forth the next step of his plan. He made a deal with a very powerful individual, in exchange for a favor that he would cash in on the future. While Godfrey weakened the minds of the people and made them distrust the heroes, Slade would make it extremely difficult for the do-gooders to rescue even a kitten from a tree without their intentions being questioned.

He did look forward to one more round with his own apprentice Robin or was it Nightwing now? Actually Slade knew he was playing dress up as Batman now, given that the real Batman was laid out with some kind of injury.

Slade Wilson loved it when a plan came together.

Shayera Hol wondered why she stuck around even for a few minutes after the Zod invasion cleared up. As much as the rest of the Justice League got raked over the coals after everything that happened, she was getting it the worst of all. Godfrey had a field day trashing into her and she could not even be bothered to be indignant about it because there was a lot of it that she agreed with on some level.

She was called a harbinger of an alien invasion but she was also run through the mud due to her actions causing the death of her fellow Thanagarians. Shayera shook her head, the League got tarred by the same brush when she thought about it, they all were considered to be accessories to the crime. That was not fair, given that she tried to delay the invasion as long as she could and hindsight being what it was, Shayera wished that she could delay it forever. The winged warrior woman mulled over everything in her mind, no matter what happened, she would have to live with herself and everything that happened.

Her people were gone and now her teammates refused to look her in the eye.

Shayera decided that she would save them the trouble and knocked on the door.

Flash answered it and he looked at her, with a smile on his face. "Shayera, come in, we were just
"Yeah, Wally, I know," Shayera responded as she looked at Flash, and the other members of the Justice League. Batman sat there, even though Shayera was ignorant that he was not the original. Martian Manhunter was present, Zatanna, Black Canary, Hal Jordan, Huntess, The Question, Captain Atom, Blue Beetle, and Plastic Man, all of them discussing her future or what would be her future.

Shayera paused but she knew what she had to do.

"Just….saving you the trouble, I'm leaving the Justice League and I don't even know if I'll be back. At first I came here to….gather advanced intelligence for my people but then I guess in some ways I became one of you. But in other ways, it's a lie and I can never atone with what I did for my people. And that's….and that's….I don't know where I'm going to be honest with you but at least you won't have this traitor around."

"Shayera that's….."

Wally could not finish his statement for she already moved her way down the hallway and past the League. If she allowed him five more seconds to answer, he would have said that she was allowed in but put on probation for the next year. Granted it was not the worst sentence in the world but it was one that could be a bit demoralizing for someone who helped found the League. The Fastest Man Alive might have been fast on his feet but not so much with his words, at least not this time.

Shayera walked down the hall, likely away from the League and likely away from Earth as well.

"Does this have to be goodbye?"

She spotted Harry, Kara, Karen, Linda, and Galatea standing at the end of the hallway to face her. This was the particular group that she was most nervous about confronting when she left. Given the steps that they took to protect the Earth with their satellites and how Shayera tried for months to find a hole in them, she gathered that they would not be too pleased. Tension filled the air, it could be cut with a knife.

"It….it's goodbye for a while, I think," Shayera responded when she focused on Harry.

Shayera stood for a little bit when she swayed a little bit back and forth, trying to figure out where his head was. Harry Potter tended to be one that did not lay all of his cards out on the table. Nearly two years ago, he might have, at least that's what she figured out. A lot can change in two years time and now Shayera was witness to that. The green eyes that stared back at her could say so much but there was so much that could be said in them that could be woefully misinterpreted.

She could tell why Kara fell for him, and why the others fell for them. If she had been in their spot, she would have fallen for him as well, he was the type of person that made you think that one could trust him with anything. And that's what she thought, when she let her guard down next to him but only slightly. She wondered if he wore a mask of his own to hide what he went through from the rest of the world.

It was funny about masks; one could wear it for so long before they could become it. Shayera felt she was living proof of that, she became the mask she wore on her face. She became the spy, the super heroine known as Hawkgirl. The woman let out her breath when she spoke.

"You know, if you ever needed a place to stay, we do have many extra rooms," Harry offered her.

Kara nodded in agreement. "That's true, there's no burden for you, Shayera, none at all."
"I can't see why you would want a traitor like me in your house," Shayera answered but Harry's
eyes fixed upon her with a stern expression and she stepped back a little bit. His eyes bored into
her, and she felt like he stared into her very soul.

"Shayera, you made a huge misstep, an error of judgment."

Galatea decided to chime in with her own two cents. "I'm sure that I can speak better than any of
them when I say that I know what it's like to be used as a pawn by someone. And you were used as
a pawn. Nothing that you did is your fault. Yet you're going to have to live with the guilt for the
rest of your life."

"So think about it," Karen responded.

"The offer we gave you, both of them is still open," Harry answered as he looked at the woman.

"So think about it, it's not leaving the table any time soon," Kara answered as she looked at
Shayera.

"No one who matters will hold what happened against you," Galatea added, speaking from
experience and words that Harry said to her. She had a bit of baggage from the Cadmus insanity
and the way she was used by them. She rose about her adversity much stronger than ever before.

Shayera did not know what to say but really there was nothing that she could really say. She stood
before the entire group and nodded, before she hugged them all goodbye, lingering a bit on Harry,
before she pulled away.

"I'll….keep that in mind, but I need some time to think," Shayera answered but the Potters smiled at
her.

"Take all the time you need."

Superman sped up his flight of his ship; it was kind of hard to find a bottled city where he didn't
have many leads. And to be honest, the few leads that he had was hearsay at best from a group of
people who spent the better part of the past thirty years in the Phantom Zone. Although Kara did
mention that Kandor went down when she was around seven or eight years old, so they could know
something about it, the math added up right. The question was what did they know, that was what
flicked through the mind of the Man of Steel.

He gained even more momentum, thinking about what happened back on Earth and wondered if he
would even be welcomed back with opened arms. He was raised by his parents to do the right thing
and sent here by his birth parents for a greater purpose. A purpose he even questioned sometimes
but when the chips were down, the Man of Steel wondered sometimes, as he traveled towards his
destination. The Man of Tomorrow thought about everything that happened over the past few
weeks.

Was Kandor really out there or was it a false hope that was stuck under his nose?

The Man of Steel did not know, he barely understood what was on the line but he continued to
make his way towards the first probable destination where the bottled city could be. Superman put
his head forward on his hands and turned his head when he rocked and rolled through the
asteroids. His ship was built to sustain some of the greatest attacks in the world and a pelting of
asteroids would not slow it down. In fact, it was the same ship in many ways that brought him
from Krypton and then Harry and Kara helped him further modify it to withstand even more
attacks.
Although he did not doubt that there was some kind of failsafe in place in case of him becoming a threat.

Superman turned his head a little bit and let out the breath that he was holding, the danger passed but there would be more to come. He placed his hands on the console and steered the ship when he continued to propel himself forward. The ship would be his vessel to bring him towards the bottled city of Kandor. The Man of Steel kept his eyes firmly focused forward, and his ears opened, he could expect anything.

The last time he traveled out into space on his own was when Darkseid's minions grabbed him and that was not an incident that Superman wished to repeat in the future. The Man of Steel steered his ship and he saw a swirling purple vortex. He did not need the ship's equipment to tell him this was a dangerous place that he did not need to be near for a while. He turned the ship around and felt a rattling from it.

A fleet of ships followed Superman from behind. He waited for a moment, before he turned his head around and his heart beat against his chest. Was….were they friendly ships or they were going to attack him? Superman waited and held his breath in, his heart beating against his chest when he turned his head towards the side and heard a weapon arm itself with a solid click in the ship.

The shields were put up to block the incoming impact.

That question was answered and Superman engaged the warp drive on his ship but he saw a barrier on the other side. The Man of Steel's eyes narrowed when everything rattled around him and he engaged the weapons. The ship had them but he hoped to never have to use them. It was a pain to have to fight someone every time that he went out.

An explosion echoed and Superman turned around, to return fire, at whoever these people were, they were dangerous. He did not recognize these ships, they were not from any alien race that he recognized from previous experiences. He engaged the sonic attacks on the ship and pointed them, before an electric field shot out. The Man of Steel fired an attack before the field propelled towards him and the ships knocked backwards. Superman put his hands on his head before he waited to see if the attack would succeed or fail.

The ships came back, not a dent back in them, when he backed off the attack, before the Man of Steel spun around. Superman flew off with the ship but a force field appeared around the ship of the Man of Steel. He smashed his hands against the ship and tried to contact back to Earth.

"Hello, Hello!"

Superman got no response, the field blocked his ship's radio and a field pulled him in. The magnetic pull wrapped around ship, holding it through the mother ship. The Man of Steel tried to push him out of the ship.

The pilot on the ship had this intergalactic fugitive, after he led Darkseid's minions to attacking his planets, the survivors of it chomped on the bit to gain some revenge. This Superman was not a hero to them, the blood of the men, women, and children he spilled proved that. All that blood stained the hands of this so called hero. And the people of Earth harbored him. Hundreds of planets signed a petition to get Earth sanctioned and put under intergalactic rule for their actions of harboring this war criminal, this fugitive, and there was nothing that the people of Earth could do about it. Any who resisted would be considered to be dangerous.
"So, Supergirl and Arcane, they're dead for a while or just you're taking a break or what exactly?"

Laura asked this question with her usual wide eyed idealism when the group of Harry and his blondes sat around at the homestead at the Potter House. Harry's phone stopped ringing, all calls went through to Lana, who earned her salary and then some due to fielding the many death threats that came through about Patronus and its Board of Directors. Despite a very vocal minority thinking that Harry was going to instigate some kind of alien invasion, the fact of the matter was he had to keep doing what he did, no matter what. Harry refused to give up, even though things appeared hopeless.

Kara came through with an answer.

"Right now, we're benching ourselves as the go to people for the rest of the world. I don't think that any of us can keep up the pace that we were doing before. It's most likely we're having a long overdue vacation."

It was hard not to jump up and save the day when it was beaten in the back of her head to jump when everyone screamed for help. And she would lie if it was not a good feeling to get the just rewards of saving the day. It did kind of make her smile but at the same time what happened around her made her frustrated. The blonde sat and contemplated her thoughts deeply, closing her eyes and letting everything simmer in her mind. A part of her felt guilt about deciding to step back from the hero thing, to put Supergirl on the bench but another part of her felt more free than ever before.

Harry thought about many of the same things, he wasn't out for the glory of being a hero or really something he enjoyed, it was something that he was good at. That made all of the difference in the world and he put his hand to his chin to ponder, closing his eyes. There was so much doubt that he was doing the right thing, although it was hard to tell what the right thing was any more and what the wrong thing was. Or even if there was a right thing anymore, a lot changed.

"This new super hero registration…"

"I don't want to even discuss it right now," Harry stated when he cut off Karen's question and she nodded, her jaw set. They all knew what Harry thought about the government sticking their nose in where it did not belong.

Kara feared that the planet would go the same way of Krypton, making decision after decision on ignorance. She was half a step away from suggesting that they all pack up and find some deserted world, while using the alien technology that they had to build themselves a new planet, a new Krypton, free of the flaws of both the old one and that of Earth. The only thing that stopped her was the fact that she had friends and she would miss many of them. Those friends had friends and family and well it was like a domino effect from there.

That was the only thing that even caused her pause and Kara turned her head.

A pop could be heard and that brought her out of her thoughts. A fence appeared in front of the line of sight of the Potters, all of them, and Laura, who was not quite a Potter yet due to not being bonded by Harry yet. A pair of eyes poked out from behind the fence with a brown hat on and a pair of eyes peered from behind it, fixed on the entire group before he let out a booming declaration.

"HIDEY HO NEIGHBOR!"

"Mxy," Kara stated in a flat voice.
The fence disappeared when Mister Mxyzptlk appeared in the flesh, in all of his purple suit wearing, floating derby glory when he looked at the entire group before them.

"Do I have a concussion or am I seeing in fives?" Mxy asked before he caught a look at Power Girl and her impressive cleavage. He acted like he was having heart palpitations. "Hello nurse!"

Karen dealt with Mxy before in her dimension and he was an obnoxious perverted troll there. Linda dealt with him too and she had more of the same experiences but this was the first time that Laura and Galatea had the pleasure of dealing with him. Laura looked curious while Galatea's eyes flashed with a tone of deepest loathing. She could tell that she was not going to get along with this thing whatever he was.

"Ah, Mxy, I was wondering where you ran off to," Harry answered, of course he thought that the imp got lost or finally the powers that be smacked him down to prevent him from returning back to the third dimension.

Mxy shrugged his shoulders and offered an explanation as only he can. "You see, things came up, you know how it goes. The wife, she's being an utter pill, just because I put off several household chores for a few million years. Sheesh, can you believe that, I mean it's not like she has better things to do with her time. But no, she has to throw me under the bus and make me do everything, without powers. CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?"

Kara, Karen, Linda, Galatea, Laura, and Harry locked eyes; all of them knowing the best thing was to remain silent and play along with his game.

"You know, Mxy, we'd love to talk to you but we're heading out this concert tonight," Kara remarked as she looked at the imp and the others caught on to what she was saying.

"It's for this hot new band, all in the rage today," Linda stated.

"Yeah, it's rocking the charts, here's the CD," Karen responded when she handed the cover that Harry conjured to the imp.

Mxy put on his reading glasses to take a gander at the CD label.

"Kltpzyxm? What kind of stupid band name is….."

He realized what happened.

"Ah nuts."

Mxy vanished as soon as it appeared.

"So, it's a nice night, isn't it?" Galatea asked, acting like the little imp did not show up.

"Yeah nice night," Linda agreed but a knock rattled the door.

Harry detangled himself from his wives on the floor before he walked towards the door, wondering who could be calling him at this time of the night. He hoped that whoever was there, they were not lecturing him about the choices that he made. Because to be honest, they were fighting a losing battle, and Harry refused to even cave in. The young mage turned the door knob and clicked the door open.

The door opened and Sirius stood on the other side, with an oddly serious expression on his face. Harry's expression brightened but he wondered what brought Sirius all the way to his doorstep.
There was something about the look in his eyes that indicated that he did not turn up for a casual visit.

"Sirius," Harry stated when he looked at his godfather, inviting him inside when he backed up to allow him inside.

"Hey, Harry," Sirius answered with a smile on his face before he turned to the side, and saw the group inside. "Kara, Karen, Linda, Laura, Tea…..I think that's everyone in your little group, isn't it?"

Harry offered a smile. "For now."

Sirius admired his godson's optimism and also his ambitions but he could admire that later, right now he decided to share with his godson what he was doing. He stood on the balls of his feet, a smile on his face. "You'd never guess what I've been doing?"

Kara felt apprehension dawn upon her and she looked at Sirius with a raised eyebrow before she spoke. 'I really hope that it doesn't involve something that might land you in a court date or something along those lines.'

Sirius shook his head, with a mock pout on his face, as the other girls laughed at the situation. Kara, Karen, Linda, Laura, and Galatea all turned their attention to Sirius had to say.

"Anyway, I went looting at Malfoy Manor….no don't worry, anyone didn't see me, I was more careful than that. But I managed to come across something that you might find interesting. It's a ring like yours, perhaps not completely like yours, because there was a few difference. I'd reckon it packs a pretty powerful punch."

Sirius held out the ring for Harry to look upon and his wives, along with Laura, and their eyes bugged out when they saw it. Shock did not even begin to cover what the group saw, and their hearts sped up a little bit when they saw the ring. It had a stone like there's, only black, as opposed to the white of Harry and Kara's ring or the blue of the rings that Karen, Linda, and Galatea now presently wore.

I think I know what this is,' Linda thought to them before she gazed at the ring. 'It was the same ring that he was wearing….Lord Potter, he used that ring….I wouldn't put it on ever if I was you. It damaged his mind.'

Harry had no intention in putting on the ring but his ring acted a bit funny before he saw the markings on the side of the ring. They were microscopic but his enhanced vision picked them up. The similarities between the two were amazing but these markings were the same markings that were on the walls in the temples and also they were the same markings that were on the ships in the cave.

They knew one thing, they found the second key to the ship.

Where was the third one?

That was the ten million Galleon question.

And That's the End of Emerald Flight Book Two. See you on October 18th 2013 for Book Three.
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