Beyond the Veil Volume One: Arrival

by megamatt09

Summary

X-Men Evolution and Harry Potter Crossover. After stepping through the veil in the Department of Mysteries, Harry finds himself in an alternate universe. He has to find a way to adapt to a war of a different kind. Harry/Kitty/Rogue/Rachel/Laura/Illyana/Amara.
Chapter 01: Arrival.

Loud footsteps thundered in the distance. A group of heavily uniformed army personnel chased a dark haired youth through a maze of abandoned buildings in a bad part of a town. The young man continued to gain further speed, but he was finding it rather difficult to give the men and women chasing him the slip.

There were two things that were very plain to anyone who was watching.

The first thing was this young man was not from around here. His dress when he arrived indicated this, and raised the alarm for suspicion from eyewitnesses. He managed to swipe some clothes that would allow him to be more inconspicuous, but first he had to shake these people off. That was easier said than done.

The second thing that was obvious was that he was way over his head, and pretty much running on fumes. All he had was his wits, and any survival instincts he could manage with. There were a few tricks up his sleeve, but he was reluctant to use them, at least until the time was right.

The chase continued, and the young man dodged behind a fence area. He allowed himself a few seconds to catch his breath. He wiped his dark hair away from his face. His hair was normally messy, and quite unruly, but it was more so since he had arrived here. It was a hair style that people would notice right away.

His breath continued to become more and more labored. He rushed forward, trying to shake off his potential pursuers, and the whirling of helicopters from above indicated that more people had joined in on the chase. He ran as fast as he can. Eventually, he would run out of room, and his back would be against the wall.

The dark haired young man wondered where he was going anywhere.

Harry Potter had no idea how he got himself into these messes sometimes. It defied all conventional logic. He honestly did not go looking for trouble, but trouble seemed to find him.

And he had never been in more trouble in his life. The military of wherever he was continued to chase him. There was a bit of a misunderstanding a while back, but they shot first. Harry just defended himself.

He continued to pick up the pace. Breathing came harder. Yet, he tried to push on. Despite being a wizard, Harry's stamina had certain limits. Through the ability of magic, he was able to push himself past those limits. Utilizing magic could be a tricky process; especially the kind of magic Harry was intending to do.

A few warning shots fired in the air. Harry remained alert, and ready to defend himself should the shots get too close for comfort.

"Freeze right there, and come quietly!"

Harry deflected the bullets back before they could hit him. They disappeared into the air, much to the shock and surprise to those people who fired to him.

'I really wish I didn't have to do that,' Harry thought to himself. His heart sped up a little bit, as the
situation continued to grow more serious. 'Now, they're going to have even more reason to come after me.'

Harry felt he was perfectly justified in defending himself. For the past year at Hogwarts, he had been pushed around by that foul woman. He had his skull cracked up by Snape with torturous teaching sessions, and now he was being chased halfway across the desert by this military.

He was not about to take it anymore. There was only so many times he could be knocked around, before he determined enough was enough.

A purple shield appeared around him, and it blew everyone back. Desperate times called for desperate actions. He never tried this before. In fact, he was warned that there could be dire consequences if an untrained wizard tried this type of magic.

There was no choice he felt. Either he got blown to bits, or he was ripped in half when he failed to apparate. It was do or die. He closed his eyes, and disappeared into the night.

He felt like he was being squeezed through a very thin tube. The urge to vomit visited him immediately, but he shook it off. The important part was that he was here, and he was safe.

Harry made a mental note that he still preferred flying.

At least through he was in one piece, and Harry wiggled his fingers and his toes to verify this. He slumped against the wall, and inhaled and exhaled heavily. The arrival, and then the chase had winded him.

At least he had given these people the slip. At least for now, but something told him that it was easier said than done.

It was never that easy.

Now he had to figure out where he was. Harry allowed himself a look around, to try and puzzle out where he was. He needed to find this important detail out, for it would be the key factor of piecing together a way to get home.

Harry picked up the pace, and continued to press forward on his journey into mystery. One instinct of survival he picked up was never to stay in the same place for too long, especially when he was being chased. He learned that the hard way during his childhood with Dudley and his gang. Stick around one area for too long, and it is too easy to get cornered.

The street signs indicated that Harry was in New York, in the United States of America. A country he knew very little about, other than of course there was an entire ocean between it and the United Kingdom. Also, he knew that despite technically being the same language, there were some slight differences between American English and British English.

Harry remained on his toes. He kicked a newspaper on the street in the air. The newspaper was called the Daily Bugle, and had the headline, "Spider-Man: Threat or Menace" on it. Harry scarcely paid attention to this. He had to keep moving, no matter what. His heart slowed down at least. He was not sure if magic users could drop dead from a heart attack, a stroke, or suffer any other Muggle ailment.

It was not wise to use himself as a living test subject to prove or disprove the mortality of a witch or a wizard.

"You seem lost, lad."
Harry turned around. He saw a very outlandish out man wearing a blue suit. He had grey hair and thick glasses. He had a bright, grandfatherly expression to him, and Harry relaxed.

"You aren't a secret government agent, are you?" Harry asked, finally finding his voice.

The man chuckled. "I tell you, if I was, I wouldn't be doing a very good job of keeping a secret if I told you."

Harry nodded, but he remained on his guard. He learned many valuable lessons, but appearances can be deceiving and always be on your guard seemed to be one that stuck out in his mind more often than not.

"You're not from around here, are you?" the old man asked.

"No, I'm not, I just flew in a while ago, and I was wondering when the latest subway train was,"
Harry said, remembering that in the United States the term for Underground was subway.

"You just got here in time," the old man said. "Subway leaves in fifteen minutes. I'd hurry if I were you."

"Thanks," Harry said.

"Not a problem, kid," the old man said. "Hope you enjoy your stay. Stay strong, true believer. Excelsior!"

Harry stopped, pausing for a minute, and shook his head. This was a rather strange man, but he had no time to dwell on that. While he was sure he had given the military the slip, it was prudent for him to keep moving.

He recalled how he arrived here. It seemed like ages ago. Harry remembered those moments in the Department of Mysteries, and took a deep breath, moving towards the subway. He used a few small spells to bewitch the guards into allowing him passage on the train. The past year, he learned a great deal about magic, while preparing lessons for the D.A.

Looking at his grades, one might consider Harry Potter to be an underachiever, especially given his status. Which in a way was true, but Harry managed to find the motivation to learn what he could when it mattered. Most of the time, he did struggle to find the motivation.

Harry made his way onto the train. There were tired looking businessmen who were commuting from their jobs. The sun was going down, so it must have been very late.

Now that he had a moment to sit down, Harry had time to reflect on the past day's events. He honestly had no idea how much time passed between the moment he stepped through the veil, and the moment he woke up in the desert somewhere in the Southwest United States. He shook the cobwebs, and remembered the split decision he made to get here.

Now, he regretted it, mostly because the perilous situation he had been put in.

'Live and learn, Potter,' Harry thought to himself.

Harry could see it from his vantage point. His godfather, Sirius Black, engaged Bellatrix Lestrange in battle. If he was not too concerned with staying alive himself, he would have had a moment to appreciate a good spectacle of dueling between two skilled magic users. Even through Bellatrix was twisted, he had to give the devil her due.
Sirius let up on his attack for just one moment. His taunting voice echoed throughout their chambers in the Department of Mysteries. "Ha, you're going to have to do better than that…"

Bellatrix did do better than that. She shot a stunning spell at Sirius. He thought all would be okay. Sirius staggered through a mysterious curtain and fell through it.

During times like this, everything went by in super slow motion. Seconds could seem like hours.

Time stood still, and Harry waited for him to come back. He continued to wait. Sirius did not get back up, and resume the fight. In fact, his form mysteriously was sucked through the curtain. Harry waited, but Sirius did not return and pop back up, to rejoin the fight.

"Sirius!" Harry yelled, unable to believe that the closest thing he had ever had to a parent had been blasted back like he was nothing.

This had to be a nightmare, but this was far worse.

This was reality.

The cruel and taunting laughter echoed throughout Harry's ears, and Harry scrambled forward, nearly tripping over his feet in the haste. He had a hero complex as big as Hogwarts. He knew that if he somehow passed through this veil, he could save Sirius. Or at least he thought he knew.

He heard Remus's yells for him to stop. In another life, Remus would have been able to hold Harry back, to prevent him from going through the veil.

In this life, Harry slipped by, and continued his sprint towards the veil. He felt himself drawn closer. Any second thoughts left him the moment where the rattling sounds behind the veil, the whispers drew him forward. His heart sped up, and he knew what he had to do.

He took the plunge. Harry Potter dove through the veil.

On the other side of the veil, he saw nothing, but darkness around him from all sides. Everything changed, and he became unsettled.

Harry could not hear anything, touch anything, smell anything, or see anything. His senses had been shut off once he hit this void, and Harry Potter had no sense of himself.

The next thing he knew, a blinding flash of white life engulfed him. The whispers of a thousand torment souls attacked his psyche, and then something from inside him was being ripped apart. The only sensation he could feel was his scar, and it was much like if a hot poker had been jabbed into it, and then twisted in.

Harry was pretty sure he screamed in absolute agony. Yet, he could not hear his own screams. This caused his mind to be unable to piece anything coherent together. He groped the air, and wondered if this was the price to pay through stepping through this mysterious veil. He wondered if he had been condemned to live a life without any senses.

Time once again crawled to a near stop.

The throbbing pain in Harry's head ceased, and he heard an inhumane shriek in his head. He had no idea if he grabbed his head or not, but he made an honest attempt of doing so. The shriek became more pained, like there was something suffering in his head. The yells ceased after several spine chilling moments.
Another wave of blinding light engulfed him, and this time Harry blacked out completely from what occurred. His mind shut down. He wondered if this was what the end was supposed to be like.

There was nothing, but black. Harry had no sense that he ever existed for the next several moments.

The next thing Harry knew he was face first in the sand in the middle of the desert. He was dressed in wizard robes, which was never a good sign if he was seen by anyone from the Muggle World. Shaking his head, he tried to regain his bearings. He flexed his fingers. At least they did not seem to be broken, which was an encouraging sign. He rolled over, trying to shield his eyes from the sun beating down on him.

Harry pulled himself to his feet. He winced, rubbing his side. At least his ribs were not cracked. He had cracked ribs before, and it was not a picnic. He pivoted on his feet, and Harry rubbed his forehead. He heard the sound of helicopters in the distance, and they landed in the desert. Several uniformed figures stepped forward.

He had not been awake for five minutes, and already he was at the business end of several guns.

"Of course," Harry thought to himself in despair.

"Hands in the air where we can see them!"

Harry held his hands in the air, right where they could see him. He also found out that he had no wand with him. That was a potentially problematic situation, and he took a deep breath. Harry tilted his wrists upwards, and a blast of bright light blinded the military troops.

He shook his head. It had been a long time since he had performed that kind of accidental magic. Harry was not about to look a gift horse in the mouth. He had only one instinct, and that was to run.

"After him!"

Harry reminded himself that they started it. They were the ones who pointed the guns at him, and they were the ones who threatened to shoot at him.

The grenades were uncalled for as well. Harry picked up the pace, and sped forward. Instincts beaten into his head throughout his childhood gave him a good sense of when to dodge projectiles that had been thrown at him. He continued to run as fast as he can.

He had to give these guys the slip.

They were making it very hard, and continued to run on sheer instincts. He needed a plan, but avoiding getting shot was high on the list of details he needed to put in said plan.

Harry shook his head, bringing himself back to the present. Something happened to him when he stepped through the veil in the Department of Mysteries.

"What is that thing anyway?" Harry thought to himself. ‘I thought for a moment that I was going to die. Slowly, and painfully, but somehow I blacked out, and ended up some place else. And why in America of all places? Well, I guess I’m going to have to get some answers when I get back home.’

Harry took a deep breath. Running through the veil had been a stupid impulse, and desperation was the biggest reason. He had rushed through the veil, without any thought of what was going to happen afterwards.
He laughed. Despite the fact that the Sorting Hat thought he would do well in Slytherin, actions like that made him worthy of the Gryffindor house. He shook his head, and peaked around the corner. So far no one had figured out that he had gotten on this train due to less than ethical means. As long as he kept his head low, and did not attract too much attention, he could hopefully get out of here.

'I have to find my way back,' Harry thought to himself. 'The thing is I don't know how long I was gone. Any amount of time could have passed since the time I left through the veil, and the time I got here.'

His mind flashed through the near-fatal injuries many of his friends had received in the Department of Mysteries. His stomach turned when he thought of the curses the Death Eaters used against them all. And he sensed that they were holding back just a little bit, out of fear that they might get Harry. Thus if they struck Harry they would incur the wrath of Lord Voldemort.

Harry took a deep breath. All he hoped for was everyone got out of there in the end, and got the medical attention they needed. They never should have come with him. If they died, the blood would have been on his hands.

It was not a game. Things seemed to be so much simpler before, but a troll in the girl's bathroom almost seemed like a lifetime ago.

Harry shook his head. He could not worry about that right now. For once, he had to put himself and his needs first and foremost. Then he could worry about others, once he was safe and out of the woods.

A thought struck Harry suddenly. If he passed through the veil, and ended up here, would Sirius have potentially ended up here as well?

He had no idea. He strained to remember any hint of how he got from Point A to Point B. He struggled to remember, but he came up with nothing.

The train stopped, and Harry decided that it was best for him to get off. There was no need to arouse suspicion. He stepped around into the shadows. He craned his ear, hearing the radio in the distance.

"...A young man, around fourteen to sixteen years old has been sighted moving across the United States. Witnesses state that he appeared out of nowhere. The boy is hostile, and may be armed and extremely dangerous. Do not approach him under any means. If you see this young man, call your local law enforcement immediately. The young man is between the age of 14 and 16 years old, and has unruly black hair and green eyes. He has been reported to shoot an energy blast from his hand, potentially some kind of concealed weapon."

Harry winced. That was not good at all. He sped up his movements, careful not allow anyone to get too close of a look at him.

He was in this country for only a short amount of time, and already was spiraling up the most wanted list in record time.

Harry stepped forward, and kept to the shadows. He heard the hushed whispers. He pulled the hood of the jacket he stole over his head. Thankfully he was able to disappear into the crowd of people, before anyone noticed any resemblance to the fugitive young man.

He snorted at the claims that he was dangerous. Last time he checked, they pulled their guns on him first.

Harry slipped forward, and saw a street vendor selling food. When no one was looking, Harry
waved his hand, and the vendor's eyes glazed over. Harry managed to help himself to a hotdog, some chips, and a soda.

It might have not been the most nutritious meal, but Harry was on the run. There was little time to nitpick about nonessential details such as nutrition.

Harry pulled a face. The food didn't taste the best, but he managed to force it down. He took a few steps forward into the shadows. He heard the whispers in the distance. The uniformed personnel crowded around.

"Split up, the suspect was spotted here!"

Harry decided to give them something to chase. Even though that someone would not be him, as he sent a loud bang into the air. It was a diversion charm that he learned during the past year, when looking up spells to teach the D.A.

It worked like a charm, no pun intended. They moved in to circle the sense of the disturbance. Harry gathered that he would not be able to keep up the charade for very long. He had to keep moving, and find a place where he could lose them.

Only then, could he take the very necessary step to find a way back home.

Harry shook his head. He might want to find out the date. If only he could have gotten his hands on a newspaper long enough, he would have been able to piece together that essential little fact. He slid across the floor, quick as a cat, and continued to speed up his movements.

He slipped into a park. There were children playing in the distance, and a dog barking. The sounds of laughter filled the air, and Harry knew that it must have been getting very late.

Nothing happened, at least not now. Harry took a few steps forward, and managed to climb up a tree. He struggled, but somehow he managed to get up on the tree. He perched himself on the branches. This was not the most comfortable perch point in the world, but it would have to do.

He watched from above. He could see people searching for him in the distance. As long as he made no sudden movements to alert anyone that he was here, he was perfectly safe and secure.

Harry made a mental note to learn Muggle repelling spells the next chance he got. They would have been very useful at this point.

He wondered if the United States magical government would piece together what happened before too long, or even recognize him. Harry had no idea what witches and wizards from America were like, but he hoped that something could be sorted out.

As stubborn as he might have been, Harry did realize something very clearly. No matter how much he would like to think it would be different, he could not run forever.

Once night fell, he would keep moving. The cover of darkness would hopefully keep him from being caught.

In the meantime, he was marooned in America with no money, no allies, and no means to contact home.

He was pretty sure he had been in a worse fix, although he had no idea what it might have been. It would have been a lot easier if he would have had his Invisibility Cloak, but it was back at Hogwarts in his trunk and thus not able to help him.
A bald man dressed in a suit sat underneath helmet. The man sat in a wheelchair, having lost the use of his legs some years ago. He currently was focused intently on a strange energy signature that had just popped up a number of hours ago.

The man's name was Professor Charles Xavier. He was the headmaster of Xavier's Institute for the Gifted. He was a man with a dream that many thought was impossible.

There were an ever growing number of people with special gifts, and they increased with each passing year. For lack of a better term, they would be mutants. Some might consider them to be freaks of nature, but that was a concept that Xavier would hope to correct over time. As much as he loathed to admit it, there were some humans had had the knack of fearing those that were different from them.

Someday, he would hope to be able to bridge the gap between mutants and humans. Right now, he settled with trying to help younger mutants understand their gifts, and train them to use those gifts safely. Xavier knew that when their gifts had manifested, many were absolutely afraid. They had no clear idea how to cope with everything that was happening to them, and how their bodies were reacting strangely.

Xavier chuckled, thinking that could be an apt metaphor for many changes. He had been afraid himself when his powers manifested. Hearing the thoughts of other people had been an alarming experienced. At least until the moment where he learned to block it out, and control it. It was much like closing a dam, and it took a long time before it was as simple as breathing.

His experiences were something that drove his ambitions, and his dreams to create this school for the gifted.

Right now, he focused on the strange energy signature he discovered a short time ago. Cerebro managed to pick it up, but it was not like any other reading he had ever seen in his life. It was completely odd and it fluctuated in an erratic manner.

'Strange,' Xavier thought, and he tried to lock in on the energy signature. 'I can't quite pinpoint what this young man's mutant power is, but I can sense that he's alarmed greatly about something.'

A new arrival pulled Xavier out of his thoughts.

"Hello, Logan."

A short man with dark hair, wearing a black t-shirt and blue jeans stepped in. His name was Logan, even if his past was a mystery, especially to him. He was known primarily as Wolverine.

"You've been locked up in here for over two hours," Logan said. "What's up?"

"A strange visitor," Xavier said.

"This wouldn't have anything to do with the reports of the mysterious kid that's been popping up all over the news all day," Logan said in his usual gruff voice.

"We can't rule out a correlation," Xavier said, and he shook his head, to try and get a fix. "His gifts are unlike anything that I have ever seen before."

"You're not the only one who noticed, Chuck," Logan said. "The government's out for this kid's blood, and...they're chasing him like he's some kind of animal."
"It's possible that he's scared about the discovery of his powers," Xavier said, and he turned around to face Logan. "We must locate him immediately, and try and calm him down."

"Easier said than done," Logan answered gruffly.

Xavier just offered a ghost of a smile. "It always is."

The doors leading to the room with Cerebro slid open. In the room walked a dark skinned woman with white hair, dressed in black. Her name was Ororo Munroe, but her codename was Storm. This was because of her uncanny ability to control the weather. She took a tentative step forward.

"Hello, Ororo, I'm glad you could join us," Xavier said with a smile. "A new mutant has arrived the scene, but his power is unlike anything I have ever seen. I have been unable to pin down a name, or any details regarding him."

"What are his powers?" Ororo asked.

Xavier shook his head. This was going to be more difficult to explain than he would have thought.

"That is the problem," Xavier replied. He took a deep breath and continued to speak. "His powers appear to be energy manipulation of some sort, but exactly how or the limits I'm uncertain of. I wish for you and Logan to track him down, and bring him back to the mansion. Be careful though, he may be confused about his powers, so he may lash out if he considers you a threat. Try and take the more diplomatic approach if you can when inviting him to come here."

Xavier's eyes turned to Logan. A small smile appeared on Ororo's face, when Logan gritted his teeth and shook his head.

"I know, Chuck, I understand, this isn't my first go around," Logan remarked, and he leaned back against a wall, casually. "So we get the kid, and then what."

"Just bring him back here, and we give him the choice whether or not to stay or not," Xavier said. "It does appear that he's on the run, so if he has any friends and family, he may fear their reaction due to his powers. And try not to attract the attention of the various government agents hovering around."

"Sounds like a kid who attracts a lot of attention," Ororo commented.

"Yes, unfortunately," Xavier agreed. "You know what to do by now, I will be in contact if anything else comes through on Cerebro."

Ororo and Logan both nodded. They made their way towards the Blackbird.

"Saw a few images of the kid on the news that they were able to pick up," Logan grunted. "He doesn't look too dangerous, but things aren't always what they appear to be."

Ororo nodded. She knew what she had to do to remain on her guard. She joined her teammate on the Blackbird, and it took flight. They were determined to locate this young mutant, before he became some sort of government lab rat, or hurt someone.

Harry figured that he should be sleeping, but his mind was racing a mile a minute. Sleep was hard to come by when he could barely think. He tried to clear his mind, but found it rather hard to do. He took a deep breath, and climbed down from the tree he was perched on. He was beginning to develop a slight cramp in his leg.
He took a deep breath, and stepped forward. There was no one in the park. He reminded himself that he had to get his hands on a newspaper, or at least find out what the date was.

Harry noticed something right away. Now that he had time to rest, he noticed for the first time he had no glasses. They must have been lost when he was knocked through the veil.

For some reason, his vision was perfect. Not to mention, he saw better than he ever did when he had glasses. He wiped his hand to his forehead, wiping the sweat from it.

He stiffened immediately. He spotted several more government troops rushing in. Harry threw himself in the bushes, hoping that would hide him from them. He crouched down as low as he could. He could not even chance breathing too loudly. He listened in carefully on what they were saying.

"This kid's a slippery one, isn't he?"

"What do you think he is?"

"I don't know, maybe he's some kind of extra-terrestrial."

"That would explain the weird energy blasts from his hand."

"Where do you think he went?"

"I don't know, maybe he phoned home or something?"

Harry continued to listen in. They stood around his hiding spot. He would have to stun them to get out of here. The problem was, he suspected that there were dozens more nearby. He chanced a slight look around. Two of the government agents talked in hushed tones.

"We don't know what he is, or how to stop him?"

"He's running scared though."

"Yeah, he is, but that could be just survival instincts. Or him luring us into a false sense of security, but I don't know. Fury wants him alive, for questioning. The crater he left in the desert had energy spikes that were off the charts."

Harry had no idea who this Fury person was, but if he sent these guys after him, then he was sure that he would not like this guy. The dark haired wizard allowed himself a moment to breath. He knew that he could not stay here forever, but at the same time, he could not let them capture him.

There was a time for thinking, and a time for action. Harry made a split decision, and decided that now was the time for action.

He blasted the bushes around him, and caused splintered pieces of wood to fly in every direction. This allowed him a momentary distraction to rush off. Harry quickened the pace, and continued to run.

He heard loud voices from behind him. Harry was sure some of those agents suffered injuries, some potentially fatal. Since he was tired, hungry, and lost, Harry found his sympathy at the lowest level possible.

Harry very nearly escaped them. He was a few inches away, but a wall of troops blocked his path. There were eight of them, and he prepared to fight them.

Before Harry could do anything, the guns had been pulled from their hands. He blinked, and a chain
link fence was wrapped around the troops. They were pinned into place, and Harry's eyes grew as wide as saucers.

He was doing some really weird accidental magic all day, but he was sure that he was not capable of something like that.

Harry turned around, and saw a figure dressed in purple and red. He had a helmet covering his face. Pieces of metal swirled around him, and the helicopter above was being ripped apart and thrown around.

"You have caused quite a stir, young one," the mysterious man said. "Do not be alarmed, child."

Harry frowned. If there was one thing that he detested, it was being called a child.

"You have special gifts, which means you are above the limitations of humanity," the man continued. "And your gifts in particular have caught the eye of many. You will help the next evolution of this world rise above humanity. Your gifts will aid the cause when they are fully mastered."

Harry eyed this man suspiciously. He decided to ask the obvious question.

"Just who are you?" Harry asked.

"You may refer to me as Magneto," the man said. "And we have much to discuss as it pertains to your future."
Chapter 2: Recruitment.

Harry stood silently, and looked up this new player in the game. The person called Magneto, who had just knocked aside these government troops like they were absolutely nothing, hovered in the air with his arms folded. Harry remained still, and assessed the situation. He knew that this man commanded a great deal of power. He magnetized the metal around him, and used it to accomplish his goals. It was a one sided beating, there were no two ways about it. Harry blinked suddenly, trying to regain his bearings.

He was in this new place. Unfortunately, this was one situation that he had no idea how to get out of. Magneto stood, patiently, and awaited for Harry to give his answer. Harry had no idea what to say, and what to do. Yet, he had to do something, so he decided to say the first thing that came to mind.

"What do you mean about my future?" Harry asked, and immediately he felt stupid at saying that.

Magneto decided to elaborate. "Child, you have great power, and with that great power, there is potential. The mutant race could use someone like you on our side. As you can see, the humans went after you at the first sign that you might not be something they can control. They will continue to go after you. Not because of any misdeed you have done, but for the sheer fact that you are different. People fear what they cannot understand."

Despite the situation he was in, Harry had to grudgingly admit that this Magneto had a point. He had lived in through many situations where people did fear what they were unable to understand. The events during his second year, when people had judged him to be evil just because he spoke Parseltongue, proved that much. His own relatives were proof of this, and there were many other cases. Fear tended to make people lash out in the worst possible way.

Despite their common ground, Harry thought there was something suspicious about this Magneto. He might have talked as if he had the best intentions, but there was just something about him that wondered if those intentions had gone to a certain extreme. The best intentions often could go wrong, and while Harry tried to keep an open mind, he remained suspicious.

"You think I'm a mutant?" Harry asked. "I don't think…"

"This is a common reaction for those who have come into their powers, the fear of being different," Magneto said. He spoke in an even and patient voice. "But there is no reason to fear. You have risen above humanity, and their flaws. Humanity will destroy each other for their own petty gains. If we do not band together, what do you think they will do to us?"

This question was left unanswered. Harry stood before Magneto. He did not say anything, so Magneto took this as his opening to continue.

"The choice is in your hands whether or not you come with me," Magneto said. His gaze remained cold, and focused towards Harry from behind his helmet. "I will say this, if it was not for my intervention, you would have been captured and subjected to horrors which you can only scarcely imagine. You are running around in circles. If you were to join me, then you would not fear. Your fellow brothers and sisters will help shield you, and make you strong."

Harry's eyes narrowed. This guy thought he owed him something, because he saved him. His hands curled into fists, but Magneto paid his body language no mind.
"Once again, the decision is yours," Magneto said in a cool and calm voice.

Harry folded his arms and thought about it. He knew that the wrong answer would likely get him attacked. He knew that there were spells to transfigure metal into plastic, but he wondered if he could actually perform them. His transfiguration ranged from average to disappointing.

It was points like this where Harry wished he had taken his studies of magic more seriously when he had the chance. That was in the past now, and Harry was staring up at a problem for the present.

Harry took a deep breath, and stared up at Magneto. He took a deep breath, and spoke. "So you want my answer. I'm…"

What Harry was going to say was interrupted by the arrival of an impressive looking aircraft. Magneto stepped back, and his body tensed up. He prepared himself for a fight against them. A dark skinned woman with white hair and a man with dark hair, with a scowl on his face, exited the plane, and turned their attention to Magneto.

Storm and Wolverine exited the Blackbird, and sure enough the first thing they saw was Magneto. Professor Xavier warned them there was a chance that Magneto might try and recruit the young man. He saw the young man standing there. He looked positively confused about the situation. Wolverine, not one known for tact, stepped forward and stared down Magneto.

"Step away from the kid, Magneto," Wolverine growled, and with a skikt, his claws popped up for emphasis. His teeth gritted before he offered his next statement of declaration. "Now!"

Magneto hovered, his arms folded. Had one been able to get a clear shot of his face, they would have detected amusement. He stared down Wolverine.

"You think you can threaten me, the Master of Magnetism?" Magneto asked in a dry tone of voice. He lifted a hand, and Wolverine's legs and arms folded back. He tried to push back through the sheer force of will. "You always never did learn from your foolish blunders, Logan. One would think that one with a skeleton coated with metal would not try and trifile with someone with my powers."

Magneto flicked his wrist, and Wolverine grimaced. He tried to fight back. Never one to go down easily, he tried to fight off his enemy.

"I could easily rip your foul metal coated bones from your body," Magneto commented calmly. He used his powers to continue to knock Wolverine around like he was nothing. "But what point would that serve? Charles should teach his pets more obedience. I find that an animal that has learned obedience lives much longer."

He forced Wolverine down on the ground. He smashed face first into the rocks below. Wolverine struggled back up, and Magneto exerted more force. Wolverine was like his puppet on a string to be used as he pleased.

"Again, I ask you, what did you hope to accomplish by trying to engage me?" Magneto asked him. "What did you hope to foolishly do? Is it worth it to be utterly humiliated?"

Wolverine managed to lift his head up, and look Magneto in the eye. He heard thunder in the distance. He decided to enlighten Magneto on what was going on. "It's call a diversion, bub."

Magneto's head snapped up, and he saw the storm clouds rolling in. Storm floated into the air, and her eyes narrowed. Thunder cackled in the air, and a wind began to kick up. This was even strong enough to be able to blow Magneto slightly off balance. He summoned another part of the fence, but
Storm blocked the attack with a huge gust of wind, blowing the metal back.

Harry watched the battle as he edged away from it. He figured that both sides of this battle had met before. And they had quite the past. It was something that he had been stuck in the middle of, and he was not sure if he liked that. There was another huge problem as well. He had no idea who to trust, and there was a chance that both sides were completely out of their mind.

While the two sides were occupied with each other, Harry backed slowly to the side. A strategic retreat was in order. At least until he found out more. He turned around, and rushed off as fast as his legs could carry him.

Where he would go, he had no idea. All Harry knew was that he had to get away from this battle until he considered his options. He saw the battle continue to get intense over his shoulder, and he continued to run further into the park. There was a wooded area that he hoped he would be able to lose everyone who had been chasing him. His heart beat into his chest, and it thumped hard.

He had no idea what a mutant was to be honest. This Magneto seemed to think he was one. He briefly wondered if that was some American term for a wizard. Were witches and wizards known by Muggles and actively hunted in America? What Harry knew about magical culture in America could be written on the head of a pin. He would worry about figuring that out when he had time to catch his breath.

A part of him still wondered why the American Ministry still had not gotten involved. Surely they would have been doing some heavy damage control by now. Unless they were more incompetent than their British counterpart and that was a thought that made Harry shudder.

Not to mention he had no clue where Sirius was, or even if he had made the trip. Harry shook his head; he would worry about one thing at a time. It was survival of the fittest out here, and Harry was not going to be taken down that easily.

While Harry sped away to reassess his situation, Storm and Magneto continued to engage in battle.

"I will not stand by idly and let another young mutant be lead astray by foolish hopes and dreams," Magneto said, and he turned towards Storm. "Charles has sent you here to poison the boy with lies. It is the dream of a fool that mutants and humans can live together in harmony. Did you not see that this government hunted a teenage boy like he was some dangerous fugitive?"

Storm had heard this statement from Magneto before, or at least variations. He always had an uncanny ability to point out the harsh truth of the matter, but that just made the cause of Charles Xavier to be more important.

"You cannot look me in the eye, and tell me that I'm wrong," Magneto said, and he stopped attacking Storm.

"It isn't like you to surrender," Storm said.

"It is foolish to continue this fight, we should all be on the same side," Magneto said, and he looked over his shoulder. "Plus, in our conflict, we seemed to have accomplished only one thing. That was driving our newest mutant off. Do what you must to locate him, if you choose to. But I will conduct my own search, and remember, if he chooses to join me, then any attempt to persuade him will be judged as an attack against the mutant race."

Magneto moved off, and Wolverine finally was allowed up to his feet, just as Magneto left them.

"Just one shot, I swear, I'll take him down," Wolverine growled.
"You played your role well, Logan," Storm said. "But we have a problem right now."

"Yeah, the kid flew the coop," Wolverine said. He shook his head. "He's still out there, and who knows what he'll encounter."

Storm nodded. She decided to voice something that she had been wondering about.

"I'm wondering if there is something about him that is beyond standard mutant abilities," Storm said to Wolverine. "The readings that Charles gave us for him, they are rather unique. He may have other gifts beyond the X-Gene."

"Well, let's work on finding the kid first, and then we can worry about what he is, or what he isn't," Wolverine suggested. Storm looked at him. He shook off the injuries and continued to speak in a low grunt. "I'll heal."

Storm and Wolverine turned around, and walked off. They both spotted another wave of government troops closing in, which indicated to them they could not stay here. They both entered the Blackbird, and prepared to report back in with Professor Xavier of their status.

"It was only to be expected that Erik would get involved," Xavier said in a calm and patient voice. "He sensed this young man was vulnerable and acted to use him to further his own aims. We should have been prepared for it, but he managed to find this young man first. That is a lesson to be learned, but never mind that. We must locate him before Magneto does."

Wolverine and Storm nodded.

"Do you have any idea who he is?" Wolverine asked.

"That remains a mystery to me, my friend," Xavier said. The truth was that he had been combing every single detail. "Normally I was able to pinpoint information, but whoever this young man is, he simply appears to have no records whatsoever anywhere. His thought patterns are something that are an enigma to me, but I do pick up brief frantic pulses infrequently."

"He has to exist somewhere," Storm argued. Then a thought visited her. "You don't suppose that he is not from around here."

"Yes, that is my belief as well, there is a chance that something went awry, and we may have a visitor from elsewhere," Xavier said. "I have been able to locate this much, however. He has a latent mutant ability, buried beneath several other powers. Yet, that is not his true power; rather his true power is something else. It is something that is more among the mystical variety."

"You've got to be kidding me," Wolverine said. "You mean the kid is some kind of magician?"

Xavier chuckled from the other end of the communication. "Actually the preferred term is sorcerer, or wizard. You sound as if you don't believe it."

"I believe it, believe me, after what I've seen, there's nothing that I wouldn't believe," Wolverine answered gruffly.

"These new powers, that would make him a more delicate situation than we had previously thought," Storm said.

"Correct, Ororo," Xavier answered. He paused momentarily to check anything. "His X-Gene is just an added gift for him beyond his other abilities. His mystical abilities, well I may have to call upon a
former colleague of mine to get further insight on what I might expect from them. Naturally, he is extremely difficult to get ahold of, but being the Sorcerer Supreme, he does have many matters that dictate his time."

There was silence for a brief moment, before Xavier switched gears.

"We will worry about determining this young man's powers, and abilities should he chose to join us," Xavier continued.

"What if he decides to join Magneto?" Storm asked.

"It will be unfortunate," Xavier admitted. He took a deep breath, and continued in his most optimistic tone. "But let us assume that his mind has not been made yet."

"Why don't we find him first, and ask him?" Wolverine suggested, and Storm looked on, before she nodded. That seemed to be the best course of action.

"He couldn't have gotten too far," Storm said. She then paused, and added. "Then again, if these reports are correct, he made it from the southwest to the east coast in record time."

"Keep me posted on your progress, and I will do likewise if I find out any tangible information that you can use," Xavier replied, and both Storm and Wolverine nodded in agreement. "In the cover of night, it may be difficult to locate him, but we must keep trying."

"Don't worry, I've got his scent, shouldn't be too hard," Wolverine said.

Wolverine's super heightened senses made him an expert tracker, and his nose could not be fooled most of the time like tracking technology could. The nose did in fact know, and Wolverine sniffed the air. The smell of the woods intermingled with several other smells. It took Wolverine only a moment to pick up the scent of the boy in any kind of distinct way.

"He's heading north," Wolverine said, and Storm piloted the Blackbird in that direction.

Wolverine tensed up. He sensed something other than their runaway's scent. He sensed something that could complicate things greatly. He shook his head, trying to find a way to ignore it, but yet there was no ignoring that particular foul scent. His teeth gritted and Storm noticed this action.

"What is it, Logan?" she asked.

"Sabretooth," Wolverine growled. Never had one word be spoken with more hatred than what Wolverine had utilized with this name.

Harry slumped against the tree. He wiped his forehead, and it took him a number of minutes before a small amount of fear truly set in. It was rare for him to be afraid, but under the circumstances it had to be accepted. He really had no idea where he was.

This day had all started off with him stressing about completing his Ordinary Wizarding Level exams, and not failing them. Knowing what he knew now, he would have taken the OWLs a hundred times, if it meant not living through what happened on this day.

Sirius had gone through that veil. He just had to follow him through. Now he was being chased by several groups. And he had no clue where Sirius was, or even if he was anywhere. The few answers he had been able to piece together just raised more questions.
He stepped forward, and wondered if he should chance lighting the trail. The darkness was a double edged sword. On one hand, it would cloak him from any parties. On the other hand, he would have a hell of a time seeing. Harry reckoned this was one of those "damned if you do, damned if you don't type things."

'*If only you can see the famous Harry Potter right now,'* Harry thought to himself. 'On the run, and potentially this could be my last stand. Well, guess what, the time for running is done. If I'm going down, I'm going down swinging. Why should I run?*

Harry stood up, tall and proud. He did not hear anything for miles around, with the exception of the chirping crickets. He had no idea how eerie that sounded until now. He heard an owl hoot from a tree above.

"Don't suppose I could tie a letter to your leg, and send a message to someone over in Britain, do you?" Harry asked the owl, half in a joking manner. The owl flew off to another point, annoyed at being disturbed. "Yeah, that was a longshot, but I had to try."

Harry stopped.

"Okay, Potter, talking to yourself when no one else is there is the first sign of insanity," Harry said. He stood around, and tried to use a directional spell to point him out of this wooded area.

He heard a snap in the distance. Immediately, he sent a stunning spell into the distance at the direction. It was a bit weird to be doing magic without a wand, but somehow he managed it. He wondered if this was some kind of side effect from his trip through the veil that would wear off in time. Harry took a deep breath, and he heard another loud footstep. Leaves and twigs crunched in the distance.

There was someone stalking Harry. Harry had no idea if this was an animal or a person, but it was unsettling no matter how you sliced it. Harry took a long and deep breath. He remained rigid, on his feet, and ready to go at a moment's notice. Another crack of twigs, and Harry fired off another spell.

At least, this was not the Forbidden Forest. There should be nothing in here that could hurt him. The noises ceased at that moment, and everything had gone completely silent. It was too silent for Harry's liking. He waited for the other shoe to drop, and for something, anything could happen. Now, it was time for Harry to light the path. He held his hand up, and a bright ball of light erupted from it.

The path lit up, but there was nothing nearby. Some rustling in the bushes caused Harry to stir. He heard the sounds of traffic, which meant he was not in the woods much longer. He was getting much closer to the city. He turned around. Yet, he could not move further on.

He bumped into a large and imposing figure. He was dressed in a trench coat, with a black tank top, and white pants. He had wild hair and a sadistic expression in his eyes that quite frankly Harry did not like. He gave Harry a wide and toothy grin, as he took another step towards the wizard. To his credit, Harry stood his ground, and braced himself for a battle.

"Awfully late to be out here alone," the wild man snarled. He eyed Harry, and a sadistic expression continued to flicker in his eyes. "What the matter, did you get lost?"

"No, not lost, just found my way out of here," Harry said firmly, as he stood up proud.

"Ah, you better be careful, these woods can be dangerous," the man said. A sadistic and knowing look appeared in his eyes. "All kinds of wild animals are around here. Someone who is soft might lose their head."
The man closed in on Harry, and he looked like he was stalking his prey. Harry lashed out, sending sparks into the face of this man. A stunning spell was fired off, but the man had surprising speed and agility for someone his size.

"That was the stupidest thing you could have done!" he growled. He continued to circle Harry, and tried to close in. He looked like a shark smelling blood. The man kept stalking Harry, trying to close in for the kill.

All Harry had to do was get in one shot at this man. One of his slicing spells appeared to have struck the man's leg, drawing blood. The wound healed over, and Harry stepped back. His eyes widened in abject shock, and now fear set in.

"Your little light show can't stop me," he taunted, and laughed hard.

"Who are you?" Harry demanded, and he fired another series of spells off.

The array of spells fired off, and this hunter was sent back hard with one of them. A high powered banishing spell sent him flying into a tree. Harry took that as his sign that it was time to leave the wooded area, but that was easier said than done.

His pursuer launched himself in front of Harry. He stuck the landing with precision, and turned towards Harry.

"I'd sooner rip you apart, but the boss wants me to bring you back," he growled, but then he stopped and sniffed the air. A grin spread across his face, showing all of his teeth. "Excuse me; it's time I get reacquainted with an old friend."

Harry had no idea what this man could have meant by that statement. He had a feeling that he was about to find out. A loud growl echoed through the air from the other end of the path, and Harry remained on his guard.

"Sabretooth!"

Harry recognized this man as one of the two who had engaged Magneto earlier. Sabretooth's eyes narrowed in hatred, as the smaller man dove at him. Razor sharp claws were bared, but Sabretooth blocked the attack. Sabretooth pushed him back. Wolverine fought Sabretooth with brutality, and sent him crashing to the ground hard.

Wolverine spun around, and focused on Harry.

"Get out of here," Wolverine told Harry.

Normally, Harry would not be the one to take orders, but that was the best idea he had heard all day. He hastened his steps, but realized that nothing in his life could be that simple. In his little ducking and dodging routine with this Sabretooth bloke, he twisted his ankle. He winced at it, and cursed himself for being so careless.

"I tell you Wolverine, we keep doing this, but it'd be a lot easier if you just died," Sabretooth growled.

"Sorry, too stubborn to stay down," Wolverine growled, not sounding sorry at all. He tried to move in for an attack, but Sabretooth blocked it.

A part of him could not tear his eyes away from the violence that occurred next to him. Wolverine and Sabretooth ripped into each other with absolute fury. Both fighters seemed to have a past, and
tore each other apart. Sabretooth was the more violent of the two. He was motivated by the bloodlust, and tore into Wolverine.

Wolverine pushed back, and kicked Sabretooth in the leg hard to gain the advantage. The two continued to maneuver around each other. Harry stood, and tried to gingerly move out of the way. He could not help, but watch this battle. Violence was not something that normally appealed to him, well for the most part. The intensity these two fought was second to none.

The two continued to exchange violent punches, and Sabretooth got Wolverine backed up into a tree. He throttled Wolverine, but Wolverine pushed back from the efforts. The two continued to rumble.

"Stay down and take your medicine, runt," Sabretooth growled.

"Why don't you make me?" Wolverine challenged him.

Sabretooth violently flung Wolverine over the top of his head. Wolverine crashed down to the ground hard, and Sabretooth pummeled him in the side with a series of violent punches. Harry took a deep breath, and tried to study the battle.

He was not running on a bum ankle, not any more. Healing spells were very difficult to pull off, as the Lockhart fiasco in his second year proved. He found himself studying Sabretooth's moves, and almost analyzing a way to defeat him. Wolverine was coming up on the short end of the stick, and Harry limped forward, having a clear idea what he had to do.

He had a clear shot right now, and he had to take it.

A red light shot forward, and impacted Sabretooth hard in the chest. The large furry mutant slammed high into the trees in the distance, and was knocked out for the impact. When he woke up, he would be rather sore to say the least. Wolverine turned around, and stared at Harry. Said boy just stood there, and a determined expression was on his face.

"I thought I told you to get out of here," Wolverine said. He then added. "And thanks for the help."

"You're welcome," Harry said, and he turned around, but he winced as he stepped wrong on his ankle. It did not hurt as much as it did a while ago, and he could somewhat walk on it, but at the same time it still was tender. "I wish I didn't twist my ankle like an idiot."

"Injury comes with the territory, kid," Wolverine said, and he sniffed the air. "Sabretooth's going to be licking his wounds for a while. I can tell you that much. We better go meet up with Storm, tell her that I found you."

"Why were you looking for me?" Harry demanded. His limp cleared up a little bit, and he tried to remain on even footing.

"Everything will be explained," Wolverine said. "Just come with us…."

Harry held up his hand, and Wolverine stopped.

"What makes you think I'm going to come with you?" Harry asked. His eyes narrowed, and suspicion was in his eyes. He was not about to trust these people right off of the bat. He had no idea who was trustworthy. For all he knew, both sides could have been utterly insane, and out to do him harm.

Wolverine stopped. He was about to protest, but found out that this kid was making a logical
argument. Hell, he would be distrustful of the circumstances if he had been in this kid's shoes.

"Just give us time, hear us out," Wolverine said gruffly.

Harry decided he could allow them that much, but he prepared to defend himself in case things got ugly.

"You have him, Logan?" Storm asked, and Wolverine nodded. Harry did not run away, on account that his ankle was killing him. She turned to Harry with a smile. "Hello, I'm Ororo Munroe, and you are…"

"Harry," Harry replied. He remained calm, and decided not to offer much more information that that, for now. "Just Harry."

Storm nodded. She understood that Harry, providing that was his real name, was not going to trust them to give out much information, at least for right now. There would come a time where he could hopefully trust them.

"The fog cover should allow us a safe getaway from any government officials," Storm said to Wolverine, and Harry sat. "Providing of course Harry consents to join us."

"Join you, where?" Harry asked.

"We're from the Xavier Institute for Higher Learning," Storm explained. "It is an institution that helps young mutants such as yourself understand your powers, and use them in a way that cannot hurt themselves or others."

Harry heard that "mutant" word again, and continued to wonder what it meant. He suspected the best way to find out these answers was to play along. Until he could find a way to get home, but a place to stay was a place to stay. It sure beat running from people that wanted to do him harm.

"So what do you say, Harry?" Storm asked.

"I'll come along, to see what this place is all about," Harry said with a shrug.

"That's all we ask for you," Storm said. She focused on getting them out of here, and safely back home. Harry buckled up in one of the seats, and they took flight.

It was different than flying on a broom; Harry had to admit that much.

From the distant, Magneto watched as the new mutant consented to join the X-Men. He stood, his expression never wavering beneath his helmet.

"A pity," he commented in a soft voice. "But not unexpected."

He knew one thing for sure. This was not over. He allowed the X-Men to have their one moment of triumph, for now.

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A couple hours after the flight back, Harry was sitting in a study area. His ankle was still a little sore, but it was mostly better. Magic did have remarkable self-healing properties. He drank the juice, and sandwich that he had been offered. It was better than the street vendor food that he had swiped earlier that day. The mansion he was in looked rather safe. Then again, so was Hogwarts, and Harry knew all too well how that turned out for him most years.

Still, he remained silent, and calm. He hoped that he would be able to get some more answers here,
and use these answers to find his way back. For now, it was a long day, and all he wanted to do was get some rest.

A knock on the door brought Harry out of his thoughts.

"Yes, come in," Harry said.

The door opened, and five individuals walked in. Harry recognized two of them right away, as Storm and Wolverine or rather Ororo and Logan as he found out, who had brought him here. The third figure was a bald man in a wheelchair. The fourth was a red haired girl with green eyes, dressed in a purple tank top and jeans who looked at him with a smile. The fifth was a dark haired young man with red sunglasses, and he nodded and smiled as well.

Why someone would wear sunglasses indoors, Harry had no idea whatsoever, but he just went along with it.

"Hello, Harry, I trust you've had time to regain your bearings," the bald man said. He rolled forward, and extended his hand. "I am Professor Charles Xavier, the Headmaster of the Xavier Institute for the Gifted."

Harry reached forward, and politely shook the man's hand. He tried to keep an open mind once more after everything that had transpired. Xavier turned towards the red haired girl, and the dark haired boy.

"This is Jean Grey, and Scott Summers, they are students at the Institute," Xavier informed him.

"Nice to meet all of you," Harry said with a nod and a polite smile.

"The pleasure is ours, Harry," Scott said.

"Welcome to the Xavier Institute," Jean said with a bright smile. "Well, if you choose to stay here anyway."

"Is there a choice?" Harry asked dryly.

Xavier just smiled. "There is always a choice. Not every mutant I have discovered has entered this school. Some decide to take different roads in life, while others opt to try and live a normal life, not embracing their gifts. It is unfortunate, but we do not force anyone's hand here."

"What is a mutant?" Harry asked. He had a general idea, but he wanted to hear Xavier's take on it.

"A common question I have had, as there are many definitions to it," Xavier told him. "It is referred to those humans with special gifts, who have an additional gene. Through my studies, it has been called the X-Gene. That is the additional part of the genetic makeup of a human that will denote them as a mutant. Some mutations are easier to hide than others, but most of us are able to live normal lives, for the most part."

Harry did wonder what it was like to live a normal life. For his entire life, he had been looking for that answer. Yet, he just about gave up on that, and mentally shrugged his shoulders. He would have to just go to the flow, and see where life would take him.

"For the most part, we are unknown to the public eye," Xavier continued when Harry had no further questions. "However, there may come a day where we will be known to a wide group of people. The more of us there are, the more difficult it is to hide, and thus there will come a day soon where we will have to go public."
Harry offered a nod to this.

"It's difficult to hide something like that," Harry said, for lack of anything else better to say. The only thing he had to say kind about the Ministry was that they were somehow able to keep a lid on the secrecy aspect of his world. "So this is a school that will help, um mutants, use their gifts."

"Yes, we do what we can to help," Xavier agreed. "It can be a bit overwhelming to take in for the most part; it is for many young mutants when they discover their powers."

"All of us were confused by our powers, and did not understand how they properly work," Scott said at one point. "But, it's not that bad."

Harry shook his head.

"I knew about my powers, for a very long time," Harry said. "For the past five years, I've...."

"Yes, I realize about your other abilities, but you still have other abilities beyond your magic that you have yet to realize," Xavier said.

"Abilities?" Harry asked.

"Your arrival here has caused your X-Gene to manifest," Xavier said.

"What exactly is my X-Gene power?" Harry wondered.

There was a moment of silence. Xavier still had not completely come up with an explanation for what Harry's powers completely were.

"That is something that we will determine in time," Xavier admitted, and he surveyed Harry. "If you choose to stay here at the Institute, then we will determine what you are capable of."

Harry wondered if something happened to him when he had stepped through the veil. It was possible. His head was clearer than it had been previously. His eyesight cleared up, and the scar on his forehead was gone. He looked at his hand, and those hideous words carved into his hand were also gone.

That somehow made the unbearable pain that he suffered stepping through that veil worth it. At least it almost did.

"Where did you come from, anyway?" Jean asked, and then she took a step back at the look at Harry's face. "Sorry if you didn't..."

"No, I would have asked the same thing if someone showed up randomly," Harry said, but he screwed his eyes shut. "The thing is, I can't quite remember what happened. I was being chased, and then I woke up in the desert."

Harry waited. He hoped that they had bought that statement.

"Your friends and family must be worried about you," Jean said, and Harry looked at her.

"I'd imagine my friends might be," Harry said, but he remained tight-lipped about his family for now. "Once I figure out what happened, I think I might need to find a way home."

"If that is what you feel you need to do, then we'll do what we can to help you," Xavier said. "In the meantime, you may spend the night here, and get some rest. Then we can talk about what you want to do in the future later on."
"Fair enough I suppose," Harry said. "I just have one more question."

"Of course," Xavier said, and he gave Harry the opportunity to ask the question.

"You know how I said everything was a haze when I arrived here?" Harry asked without preamble. He had been given the opportunity to continue. "This might sound like a stupid question, but I'm not sure how long I was out. For all I know, days could have passed. So I was wondering something. What's the date today?"

"August Twentieth in the Year Two Thousand," Xavier said, and Harry paled immediately, but he tried to remain calm and collected. "About when did you think you left?"

"I don't quite know, but it's been a long time," Harry said, when he finally found his voice. He took a deep breath, and turned around. He addressed the entire group. "Sorry, if I seem a bit rude, but I think I'll head to bed. It was a pleasure meeting all of you."

Harry spun around, and exited the study without another word. The five X-Men watched him leave immediately. None of them knew what to say at the moment.

"He seemed to be a bit upset about the date thing," Jean said. "I wonder how long he was gone."

"It does seem like a long time," Scott said, and he leaned against the wall. He took a deep breath, and shook his head. "He seemed to be a bit….I don't know…."

"Reserved would be the word you may be looking for," Xavier said. "Harry does seem to hold many secrets, and his trust seems to be one that is earned over time."

The temptation to poke around in the mind of anyone had always been present for a telepath like Charles Xavier. He only did this under extreme circumstances. Harry seemed to be only dangerous if he had been provoked in some way. If he stuck around here, perhaps Harry would open up. He just hoped that Harry did not get too hung up trying to find a way home.

If his theory was correct, then Harry may have not come here by conventional methods. That would explain his sudden arrival and lack of information about his past. That was a mystery to solve in the future, especially when everyone had a good night's sleep. It had been a long day, for many reasons.

In the early part of the morning, past midnight, Harry sat in the dark, and he was in deep in thought. He pondered the mystery of the veil and what happened when he stepped through. Did he travel through time? He supposed any number of things could have happened when he stepped on through the veil.

Harry hoped that he made the right choice agreeing to go with these X-Men as they were called. They seemed to be nice and accommodating enough, for the most heart. Harry suspected that everything he knew was turned upside down. He was just going to have to go with the flow, and see what happened, until he got a better feel for the rules of the game.

One thing was for certain, if he got here, there had to be a way to go back. Without knowing more about the veil, it could potentially be difficult. And the veil was in the Department of Mysteries. He took a deep breath, and tried to piece together all he knew. He was sure that he died, or came pretty close to it.

In time he would figure out what happened, and how, if possible, he would find a way back home.

If he wanted to go back that was.
And right now, Harry had many reasons not to go back given what he had been put through over the past year, than he had to return.

It would be something that he would think about after a good night's sleep.

For some reason, sleep did not come as easy as he had hoped. There was so much on his mind, and the events of the day replayed over and over in his head. Also the nagging question of Sirius's whereabouts, and if he made it continued to dog him.

Not to mention the nagging thought that he might be stuck here for a very long time.

'One step at a time, Potter,' he thought. 'One step at a time.'
Chapter 03: Adaption.

Harry Potter sat with his legs crossed, deep in thought. He was currently sitting in the living room, after a few hours of sleep. He found it rather hard to come by. The past day had been a revelation for him. He was a long way from where he was yesterday. Not only a long way, but a long time, with the fact that it had been over four years since the moment he had stepped through the veil. He had gone over it in his mind time and time again.

What exactly happened when he stepped through the veil? Did he pass out for what seemed like four years? Or was there something else that happened? Harry knew there had to be an explanation about what happened. The weird amount of time that passed really bothered him. He still felt like he was fifteen years old, nearly sixteen years old.

Another explanation crossed his mind. Did Sirius make it? He had no indication what happened to his godfather, if he was here or not. Harry only half heard Remus's yells that he was all gone, but Harry paid him no mind about anything. He managed a deep breath. All he knew was that he was here, at this place. The Xavier Institute for the Gifted as it was called, and Harry tried to figure out what he needed to do next.

What should he do? Should he try and return to the magical world? Did he even want to return? He had friends, but Harry wondered if they were even alive after four years that might have passed. Given the state some of them were when he left them in the Department of Mysteries, he wondered. Or if they were alive, did they move on?

Life did move on eventually. That was the most depressing reality of them all. They had likely gotten on with their lives by now without him. The entire time thing seemed to strike him a bit odd, given the fact that he still had nearly the same appearance that he did when he left at fifteen, or sixteen years old. The only difference was that his glasses were gone, and his scar had vanished. It was almost as if he was frozen in time until the moment he woke up.

Oddly enough his mind was far clearer than it was not. It struck him odd how no magical officials had descended upon the scene. Surely they would not want to have the Muggles get any hint of what was going on?

"So, you couldn't sleep?"

Harry's eyes turned around. He had been a bit jumpy, but he had seen Jean Grey standing there. She looked at Harry with a curious expression.

"Oh, hey, Jean," Harry said to her. Jean walked over, and sat down next to Harry.

"Something's bothering you, isn't it?"

"I've had a long day," Harry admitted to her. "A really long day. Really, after everything that happened. I wasn't expecting to wake up in a strange place, and get chased."

"Professor Xavier is trying to sort out everything that happened," Jean told him. "It isn't really your fault. You were scared and without help, but that's what we're here to do, we're here to help."

Harry's jaw just remained set, and he nodded. He found himself unable to properly relax properly. He was half tempted to say that he just wanted to go home, but he realized how childish that sounded
in the back of his head. He remained calm, and cool.

"So, do you want to talk about what happened?" Jean asked in a tentative voice.

"No," Harry replied in a swift voice. "Sorry, but I'm trying to figure it out myself" Jean frowned. He seemed to be very guarded. He seemed to be one of those people who was unwilling to confide in others, unless he absolutely had to. Curiosity filled her that she tried to squash. She could almost tell that he had been through some kind of ordeal recently. Professor Xavier had hinted about that much.

"Okay," Jean said. "So when did you discover your powers?"

"Depending on what ones you're talking about," Harry retorted, and he took a deep calming breath. "Strange things have always happened around me I guess."

'And trouble seems to happen everywhere I go,' Harry added to himself mentally.

"Professor Xavier knows about the magical aspect of your powers," Jean said. "But he wouldn't have picked you up on Cerebro if you didn't have an X-Gene."

Harry just nodded. He was still deep in thought.

"I wonder what that particular um mutant power might be," Harry said, and he shook his head for a moment. This was going to be a long and hard road. "Just something else I have to figure out while I'm here."

"Well, that's what the Institute is for, to help young mutants figure out their gifts and how to learn them," Jean told him. She turned towards Harry to see him a bit better. She asked him in a honest voice. "Have you given any consideration about whether or not you want to join the Institute?"

"I've thought about it but...I don't know," Harry said. And this was the honest truth; he was trying to figure out what his purpose was here. "I have a feeling that I'm going to have to give an answer one way or another."

"You can take as much time as you need," Jean said. She smiled at Harry. "I wasn't sure about joining at first, I don't think anyone is. It's a life changing experience. But I realized that I needed help understanding my powers, because if I got upset I could hurt someone else or even myself."

Harry just nodded. Mutant gifts were not too different from magic. They could help or hurt people depending on how they were used. There were differences, but power was power no matter how you sliced it.

"So, what are your powers?" Harry asked before he could help himself. He quickly amended. "Sorry but..."

"No, you're curious," Jean said, and she took a deep breath and sighed. She looked over at nearby table, and lifted it up into the air.

Harry watched the progress with the table.

"Telekinesis," Jean said to Harry. Harry nodded, he had heard of the power. Even if pretty much anyone in the magical world could mimic it through the proper levitation spells. "I can lift up to ten times my body weight, but I don't think I've tried too much. The larger the object, the harder it is to control and guide properly."
Harry responded with a nod. He watched Jean demonstrate her powers. "Very nice."

"And that's not all I can do," Jean told him, but she took a deep breath. This one might cause some problems. "I'm also a telepath."

Harry paused, and he shifted his gaze away from Jean at that moment. He tried to act casual, and not accusatory. It was just that he had bad experiences with mind reading gifts.

"So, you can interpret the thoughts of people and understand them on a conceptual level," Harry said.

Jean blinked before she responded. "That's really a wordy way of saying that I can read minds."

"Sorry, a Professor at my old boarding school wasn't fond of the term mind reading," Harry said, and after several lessons, he had that pounded into his head. As the headache pounded his head from when Snape attacked him mentally. "He said that thoughts are complex, the human mind is not a book to be read at will, and most thoughts are in complex patterns."

"At least most minds are," Harry thought, frustrated that he had never been able to learn what Snape had taught him. Then again, the instruction of "clear your mind" had been very vague, and unhelpful.

"You've had a very bad experience with someone who could read minds," Jean said knowingly.

Harry blinked once again. He shook his head.

"How do you figure that?" Harry asked suspiciously.

Jean caught onto what he was implying right away. "Well it's just obvious on your face. People don't have to always read minds to know what a person is thinking. Professor Xavier is a telepath as well, and he's sworn never to use his powers unless given permission. I've tried to do that as well."

"What do you mean try?" Harry asked her.

Jean had a feeling that this was going to be an awkward conversation. "Well, Professor Xavier's telepathy works slightly different than mine. He has to prod his way into the mind to read thoughts. His is more active. Mine is more passive, like a radar picking up thoughts, although it could become active with time I guess. I had to work hard to shut it off, because…"

Jean paused at that moment, before she continued with a smile crossing her face.

"Let's face it, there's nothing more awkward than reading people's thoughts, and realizing that when they are looking at you, they're really picturing you naked."

Harry laughed in spite the situation.

"I swear, I'll try to keep out of your thoughts, because I know they should remain private and sacred," Jean told him, and Harry relaxed slightly.

"At least people here seem to be a bit more respectful of that fact," Harry thought to himself. He was sure that there were times where Snape and Dumbledore used their powers to gain information, and he was sure they used their gifts on him a few times. They would have claimed that they had their reasons, and many would have agreed with them.

Jean and Harry sat for another couple of moments, until Scott Summers turned up, yawning.
"Oh, hello, Jean…and Harry," Scott said, fixing his gaze on the newest prospect of the Xavier Institute. "How are you enjoying your stay so far?"

"Everyone seems to be rather accommodating, and it's been nice to have a place to be until I can figure out what happened," Harry said.

"Do you have any idea?" Scott asked.

"A few, but many of them are outlandish and defy all logic," Harry said, shaking his head immediately at the thought.

"The Professor is trying to figure that one out as well," Scott informed him. "He has a couple of theories. When you arrived, he couldn't pick up any information on you. Which is strange, given that Cerebro is normally able to pick up any information on new mutants, even the slightest scrap of it."

Harry looked confused. "Cerebro?"

"Right, that's the machine that helps Professor Xavier find and locate new mutants," Scott explained. "When their powers manifest, and I guess the moment that you arrived, your mutant power manifested, alongside your other powers. Normally that's a bit clearer what the mutant power is. But there's something that is hiding it."

Harry wondered if his magic had been masking what this mutant ability was. At this point, he had no idea. He tried to rack his brain to think about what he did differently. Sure he did magic without a wand, but somehow he doubted that was it. He was able to Apparate despite never doing so previously, but that was something that all witches and wizards were capable of.

He needed to go back over his day, mentally, and figure out what happened. Retracing his steps were important.

"So are you planning to make the Institute a more permanent form of residence?" Scott asked him.

Harry paused, and he shrugged at this point.

"I have to figure out some things first," Harry said.

"The Professor will be ready for your answer when you're ready," Scott said, surveying Harry after a moment.

Both Jean and Scott had a sense that there was something that Harry was keeping private. He might not speak much, but his emotions tended to be rather vivid on his face at times. Harry noticed them frowning, and had a good idea what they had figured out about him.

He resolved to keep his face more blank.

They spent the rest of the time before breakfast making light conversation, with Harry carefully avoiding the subject of his past and where he came from.

To close the book on one chapter of his life, Harry needed to be sure what exactly happened. He knew that after his ordeal the previous day, he would be risking a lot sneaking off to verify what happened. The truth would set him free, and hopefully allow him to make a clearer decision on what was going on with his life right now.

He had stretched his powers to their limits by making the trip over here. He took a deep breath, and
rehydrated himself with the water he had brought along. The actual apparation was getting a bit easier as time passed. All he had to do was keep a clear head, and concentration, while visualizing where he wanted to be. And he was there.

That was the one huge limitation to the skill. He could not go anywhere that he had not already been. A picture would not do with making the trip. He had to get not only the sights correct, but the sounds and the smells as well. Getting in the entire atmosphere was important for this particular magical skill.

King's Cross Station still stood, but that fact was not something Harry was concerned with. He needed to make sure that one simple part of King's Cross station was here. He took a step forward, and saw Platform Nine and Platform Ten. They did not look too different. He took another step forward, and drew in his breath.

He nudged the barrier in between the two platforms with his shoulder.

It was solid. There was no give, and there was no way for him to step through.

Harry tried to push the barrier, but there was nothing once again.

The barrier remained solid once again. It all sank in for Harry at the moment, and it was something that he should have realized straight away.

The barrier did not exist because his world did not exist. The veil had not technically transported him in time, but rather it transported him to an entirely different world. A world where the hidden and secret world of witches and wizards he had known for the past several years did not exist.

Did anyone from his world exist?

It was possible that they did, but they did not know him if they did. They would be different, with different experiences that did not involve magic.

The more pressing question was, did an alternate version of him exist?

Harry really had no idea. He was leaning towards no, given what he found out about Professor Xavier not finding out one bit of information about him in this universe. He was in an entirely different world, where Harry Potter did not exist until now. The names and the faces have changed entirely, and no one he knew could help him, simply because they did not exist.

It was a crushing reality, but one that Harry felt like he had to accept to move on. He did wonder if there was any way to return home. He wished he had studied more about magic when he had the chance. He had just done the necessary work for the classes, and that was it. The only times where he truly applied himself was when he prepared for the Triwizard Tournament and then when he lead the D.A.

He had a feeling that magic did exist in this world, but it was not as he or anyone else from his world knew it. That would be an aspect that he would have to explore.

'So much to do to figure out how I fit in in this new world,' Harry said.

He did wonder if any of his friends had tried to find him after the events of the Department of Mysteries. Or even, and Harry shuddered to think about this, any of his enemies tried to locate them. Or if they just all assumed that he was dead.

Harry hoped for the sake of his friends that they did not try and go through the veil. The journey was a vicious one, and one Harry thought that he was lucky to survive.
He broke out of his thoughts when he heard a dog barking. He turned around, and in the distance he saw a familiar looking dog running off into the distance. He thought he had found a familiar face, but then his heart sank when reality returned to him.

This dog was with a family, on a leash. He was just a normal dog, who had gotten away when he had become too excited. He was barking at a squirrel in the distance.

Harry thought for a moment that Sirius had managed to survive the journey as well. Those hopes were dashed immediately. Harry took a deep breath, and closed his eyes. He returned back to the Institute before he was missed.

If he was missed, no one stayed anything. He was certainly not going to.

The next few days, Harry stayed at the Institute and ran over everything he found out throughout his time. He knew that there would come a time where he would have to make a decision whether he should stay, or should be go. Right now, he was trying to figure out his options, not that there were many. To be honest, if he had left, it was not like he could go anywhere else.

Everyone at the Institute seemed to be patient with him, and it did have a certain welcoming feeling that made a part of Harry smile. He did consider the possibilities of being here.

"Hello, Harry."

Harry turned around, a bit tense, but relaxed. Charles Xavier wheeled towards him in his wheelchair. There was a moment of silence.

"Professor Xavier," Harry said in a respectful voice, inclining his head as he looked at Xavier. There was a moment before Xavier had broken the silence.

"Have you made a decision of whether or not you wish to stay?" Xavier asked, and he could tell by Harry's body language that he had not made that decision. He suspected as much, and he did not even need to reach the young man's mind. "Very well, I feel that it is prudent to give you information that might help you make your decision a bit clearer. You have been around the grounds, and have seen glimpses of what we have to offer."

"Yes, I have," Harry agreed.

Xavier nodded.

"Very good, but should you choose to join you will receive training of your gifts. We can understand how they work, and how to use them an optimal level. We do most of our training in the Danger Room, a high class facility to allow young mutants to better train their powers, and be more in tune with how they work."

For some reason, Harry had thought that the Danger Room might be a rather accurate name. If he stayed, he would find that out for sure.

"We offer lessons to put our training to the test," Xavier said. "Most of the exercises are put together by Logan, and I can assure you that while his methods may seem extreme, he does tend to get results."

Harry could tell by his brief glimpses of Logan that he was intense. Right now he had left the grounds on his bike. No one else seemed to be concerned about this, so Harry speculated that this
was something that was just another part of life at the Institute.

"In addition to the training at the school, we feel that it is prudent for your conventional studies not to slack," Xavier said. "All students at the Xavier Institute for the Gifted are required to attend Bayville High School to get a standard education. A strong body is not something that can stand alone, not without the help of a strong mind."

Conventional education, well that could be a problem. He recalled what he knew from his Muggle school days. The last time Harry had a regular non-magical class he was ten years old. He had no idea how much that would help him. He figured that he would have to voice these concerns to Professor Xavier.

"You remember my other non-mutant gifts," Harry told Xavier. Xavier nodded. "Yes, well I attended a school to help learn about them. I learned a fair bit about how they worked, but one thing that they were lacking is that they did not offer a more conventional education."

Being the brilliant man he was, Charles Xavier caught onto this immediately.

"So they arranged for a magical education, but no grounding in the standardized subjects?" Xavier asked him. This was not an accusation, just merely an inquiry.

"We studied magic, and that was essentially it," Harry said. "The last time I took a M…normal class was about when I was ten years old."

"You would be about fifteen, sixteen right now?" Xavier asked, and Harry nodded. "So the American equivalent for your education would be if you skipped all of your classes from the fifth grade all the way to your Sophomore year of high school."

Harry had no idea, but he had a feeling that he missed a lot of Muggle education. He just never thought that he would return to that point in his life. Xavier pondered the problem for a minute.

"It could be difficult, but doable," Xavier said. "Along with the assessment of your abilities, we will need to have you take some standardized tests to see how much you remember, and where you would place in your knowledge. Tutors may need to be assigned to get you up to speed. It may be some hard work, but I feel confident you will not let yourself down."

Harry was a bit shocked to see that Professor Xavier had such confidence in him. Then again, he did seem like the type of man who seemed to want the best from his pupils, and commanded a certain deal of respect.

"That will be a bridge we shall cross when you make your decision, although I do encourage you to pursue a standard education no matter what path you choose," Xavier said. "I'm arranging for papers to be put together so you can attend Bayville High School, and not raise any questions."

Harry had no idea how this was being done, so he just nodded. He was going to go with the flow, and see what happened. He decided to give Xavier his most honest answer.

"I'll give you my answer, tomorrow," Harry told him. "I just need a bit more time to think about it."

"Very well," Xavier said, and he could sense that Harry was on the edge of joining up at the Institute. He seemed to be curious to learn about the nature of these true powers, and Xavier was rather intrigued about them himself, if he had to be honest.

At that moment, Xavier left, and Harry remained in solitude. He was almost sure that he was going to join. He found himself unable to come up with any compelling reason not to. He would have to
A grey hair man dressed in black stood with a surly expression on his face. He wore an eye patch, and he stared down a group of government agents. The agents backed up from him, and they appeared to be a bit nervous. Despite being hardened agents of a secret government organization, they knew when they were about to be chewed out. The man was someone who commanded a great deal of respect from everyone around him. He was as tough as nails.

The floating government base was high above everyone, hidden to everyone whether they would be friendly or otherwise. There were very few in the various governments in the world who knew of its existence. It was a super-secret government base, and organization. This flying fortress was called Helicarrier. It was the headquarters of Strategic Homeland Intervention Espionage Logistics Directorate, or SHIELD as it was most commonly known as.

The man in the eyepatch stared them down. He was Nick Fury, and he was not someone to be messed with.

"Let me get this straight," Fury said, and his tone left no room for argument. "Some of my best government agents were tripped up by a teenage boy. And then you lost him, and have no further information about him or how he arrived here!"

The Director of SHIELD snarled those last words. The agents understood that this was the time to keep their mouths shut. Fury breathed in and out. He took out a cigar, and took a puff on it. He stared down at his agents through a narrowed eye.

"Powers or not, that kind of performance is inexcusable," Fury told them in a gruff tone of voice. "I expected something like this from some wet behind the ears rookie, but not from hardened government agents. And Magneto's interference is even more troubling. He has interest in the boy."

"Our intelligence indicates that he left with Xavier's two associates," one of the agents reported.

"Yes, Xavier and his institute, I do have that under close surveillance," Fury said, and there was a moment of silence. The grizzled government agent took another puff on his cigar. "I've been at this game since before most of you were just a twitch in your Daddy's trousers. I've seen everything that you can believe, and many things that you would not believe. Yet, this new arrival, the readings that we scanned from this crater in Vegas…well you read the reports."

The government agents responded with swift nods. There was a moment of silence and Fury continued to speak with them.

"We know little about this new arrival, where he came from, and how," Fury said. "All we know is that he is capable of great power. That could make him a potentially dangerous situation. We must keep a close eye on him, and be prepared to strike in case he becomes too much of a problem."

SHIELD was in the business of protecting every single person in the world from a variety of threats. Fury himself knew first had that was far from an easy battle. Each and every day there were situations where everything that he knew would be questioned. This was one of those situations. He tried to punch up the satellite photos, and slow them down. There was a brief flash of light.

One minute their mysterious visitor was there, and the next minute he was not there. And Fury was at a loss for words as to understand how.

"Information is our game, and when we don't have information, you know that could be a problem," Fury said, and he turned around. "Once we gather the intelligence we need, this may require further
invention from SHIELD. For now, we sit back, and we gather everything we can find."

Fury turned to his agents.

"Is that clear?" he barked. The agents of SHIELD nodded, and they took a few steps back. "Good to see that we're on a common ground. And remember, your training will double after what happened. We're not going to repeat another mistake like you've done with your last mission. I don't need the cream of the crop be embarrassed. If word gets out, SHIELD will be a laughing stock."

There were no protests about the fact that Magneto's involvement may have tipped the odds. SHIELD would be waiting and watching. Fury looked at his men, a swift grin spreading on his face as he stared them down. He was pretty sure that they had gotten the message.

Now it was time to wait for the next move. He continued to study the latest reports. Fury realized that if Magneto knew about this new player, other less than friendly parties would be more than interested about finding out more. Doctor Doom and HYDRA would be two of the potential players to worry about, and Fury had his eye firmly on them. They were among the most dangerous threats that SHIELD had on their radar.

Harry leaned against the wall, the next day. He had a good idea what his decision was going to be when he had promised Xavier that he would give it. The truth of the matter was that he just needed a bit more time. It was not like he had many options to consider. If someone was going to come for him from the other side, then there was a chance that they would be stranded here as well. Providing that they would make it, and Harry seriously had his doubts that anyone could make it from the other side. He had thought that there was a chance that Sirius somehow was here, but this was a one in a million fluke.

He still wanted answers about where he was, and how exactly he got here. Something happened to him after he stepped through that veil. He suspected that there had to be someone, somewhere that could shed some light. For now, he decided that joining these X-Men was the best possible idea for him.

Harry paused, and then turned. With a swift knock, he announced his presence outside the study.

"Yes, come in, Harry," Xavier said.

Harry did so. Xavier, along with Ororo, Jean, and Scott were standing there. They all acknowledged him with polite nods and smiles. It was Scott who was the first one to speak up, and address Harry.

"So, I heard that you were going to make a decision about whether or not you were going to stick around."

"No matter what you decide, we will respect it," Ororo said, and Xavier responded with a nod.

Harry sighed. He shifted himself, and took a deep breath. Now it was time to speak up, and to tell them what he decided to do.

"You know what, I thought about it long and hard," Harry said. "I'm sure you understand that I didn't want to make a decision that I would regret."

"Quite understandable, yes," Xavier agreed. He waved his hand and motioned for him to continue. "Go on, Harry."

Harry did in fact go on.
"So, first of all, let me thank you for everything that you've done for me so far here, and all of the questions that you've answered, I think I had a few of them," Harry said.

"No problem, that's how we learn,' Jean said. "You should never be afraid to ask questions."

Harry understood that, at least now he did.

"Well, I've decided that after thinking about it, there is only one thing that I can do that's the best for me," Harry said. "And that is, I agree with to join the school, and to learn what I can about whatever mutant gift I could have."

"I may be biased, but that's a wise choice, Harry," Xavier said.

"You won't regret it," Scott said.

"Yeah, you can learn a lot here," Jean said. "Welcome to the Institute Harry."

"We are all confident that it's a decision that you did not make lightly, and it was for the bests," Xavier said. "Logan, I'm sure, will agree once he returns from his excursion."

Harry looked at them.

"What now?" Harry asked them.

"Well, I believe we have a number of tests to determine what your levels are, both from an academic standpoint, and from a standpoint of where your gifts are," Xavier said. "We can begin them as soon as you are ready."

"If it's alright with you, Professor, I'm ready right now," Harry said.

Xavier nodded, and he turned around. Professor Xavier hoped that Harry would be up for the challenge. He could sense that he seemed rather determined to understand what his powers would be. Perhaps that could shed some light onto how he mysteriously arrived her less than a week ago.

"And to make things authentic for those papers, my last name is Potter," Harry told them, almost as an afterthought. "Harry James Potter, that's my full name."

Now that he knew that he was in a different universe where his world did not exist, there would likely be no one tracking him down. So, really there was no reason not to give Xavier and the rest of the X-Men the information about his full name.

"I will make a note of that, thank you for that information," Xavier said. "And I welcome you to the Institute."

Harry nodded, hopeful he would enjoy his stay.

While the X-Men welcomed their newest member, the helmeted form of the Master of Magnetism stood, and pondered everything. He did wonder what might have happened if the X-Men had been a few seconds slower in arriving. It would not matter if they were too much slower. It would just be a period of five minutes at least. He could see that the new young mutant who arrived was considering the merits of joining him.

He would have questions, but Magneto could tell that he was considering what he had to say. It was just a minor setback that he had chosen to go with Xavier. It was always a shame when those with optimism had been blinded by Xavier's ideals. Yet it was not something that was unexpected. Xavier
he believed in his dream.

He turned around, and saw the arrival. A woman stood before him. She was dressed in white. Her skin was blue, and she had red hair. Her name was Raven Darkholme, but she was better known as the shapeshifting mutant known as Mystique.

"So, the new mutant slipped through your fingers," Mystique said. She tried to keep her tone calm.

"A minor setback," Magneto said. His voice was calm and crisp. Someone of his power learned all they needed to know about control, and more importantly patience. "A war is brewing, and we will need able bodies. The people we recruit might not be the most skilled. However they will be useful. There is a new age dawning, and humanity will try and bring us down to their level."

Mystique nodded. The fact she was a shapeshifter meant that there were many that mistrusted her on sheer principal. Magneto had silently reminded her of the debt that she owed him from all of those years ago. She was thus drafted into his service.

"But what about this boy?" Mystique said. "What is so special about him?"

Magneto pulled out a set of pictures. He handed them to Mystique.

"I was able to liberate these images of our young friend," Magneto said. "His powers are unlike anything that I have ever seen previously, and I think you would agree once you have looked at them."

Mystique was handed the figures. She looked at them. The young man was an interesting marvel. Yet, she failed to see exactly how this young man fit into her employer's plans. She studied every single little bit of the photos intently. The energy blasts could barely be caught in a photo. The more his powers were displayed, the more unfocused the photos had become.

"The government already has made much of these photos,' Magneto said. He turned around, and stepped back. "As has Xavier, and no doubt they have their own theories. Yet, he may be the one to bring upon a new age for mutants, and allow our brothers and sisters to finally gain the standing that they deserve."

Mystique's look seemed doubtful.

"He does have power. As raw as it might be, but I fail to see how he is anything completely special."

Magneto folded his arms. There was a long moment of silence between her and Magneto. The shapeshifter experienced the eerie silence, and it was a moment before Magneto decided to indulge her in a response.

"The potential he has may be unlimited. I do hope that it is not squandered underneath Xavier's thumb. I do see that a free spirit such as this young man might find himself at odds with Xavier and his disciples in due time. We will wait and watch. We'll continue to monitor this situation, and I trust you will report back to me on your mission."

Mystique nodded. Posing as the principal at Bayville High School would allow her to get a bird's eye view of potential new recruits.

"I expect regular updates on any progress you have made," Magneto said, and he turned around. There was no more correspondence between him and Mystique. They had their conversation, and the pair of them worked together out of necessity.
The war would occur soon, and all mutants would have to make a choice where their loyalty lied.
In his day, Harry Potter had fought many fearsome creatures and won many deadly battles. In his fifteen, nearly sixteen, years of life, he had been through a great number of tough trials. He had fought dragons, giant snakes, soul sucking monsters, deadly wizards, and had to sleep in the same room with Ron Weasley's snoring. Yet, there seemed to be nothing that was more intimidating to him then the challenge was ahead.

Harry Potter would be stepping into the realm of American High School for the first time. He heard stories. Not many stories, but a few stories that made him think rather carefully about what he had to deal with. Over the past couple of days, he had been put through a battery of tests to determine the status of his mutant power. Not to mention, Harry took a number of test to determine what he remembered from the days of actually attending standard school.

Thankfully, it was not as damning as he had feared. He had remembered far more than he thought he remembered. He would be spending some time trying to play catch up in certain subjects, with a little assistance. He felt he had been a solid student, perhaps not the most academically gifted, but he hung in there. However, if he was motivated he was willing to work hard in certain aspects. Perhaps this entire school thing would work out, and there would be tutors if he started to struggle.

Harry would vow to win this battle on his own. However, there were going to be many things that would be out of his control. All he could do was take one step at a time. He stood outside the doors of Bayville High School. He took a deep breath, and drank in his surroundings.

People chattered nearby, and he knew that this was going to be an entirely different experience from his days of Hogwarts. It was an entirely different world for many reasons, least of which being the lack of magic.

Then again, as he caught glimpses of the interactions, with all of the gossiping, relationship drama, and cliques, he wondered if this would be too much different from Hogwarts. Teenagers were in fact teenagers no matter the world or dimension that they were in. They had the same personality traits whether they had magic or not. He would just have to and see what happened. He made sure that he had his papers in order. Once he verified they were, he could proceed. Without another word, he took his first steps into the treacherous jungle that was high school.

'First stop is the Principal's office to make sure everything is in order on their end,' Harry thought to himself. He paused immediately, and his head turned around. He felt stupid. 'And I have no idea where it is. At least this place isn’t as big as Hogwarts, and has no disappearing staircases, paintings, or pesky poltergeists.'

Harry inclined his head, and turned around. He felt stupid immediately. He could have slapped himself in the head. All he needed to do to find the Principal’s office was to turn slightly to the left. The door was already open, so Harry stepped inside.

It was not the experience that he had taking his frequent trips to the Headmaster's office, or any of the teachers at Hogwarts for that matter. Actually the understated and quite bland nature of the office was quite refreshing.
The dark haired wizard took a step forward. He really had nothing to fear. He stood at the front desk, where a student aid sat. The aid noticed Harry was there, and cleared his throat.

"Yes, may I help you," the student aid said in a dry and rather uninterested tone of voice. He was there and showed little interest for his job.

"I'm here to see Principal Darkholme, I'm a new student being transferred here," Harry explained. "Harry Potter, er you should be expecting me."

The aid checked the notes on the desk in front of him. He offered a crisp nod.

"Yes, Principal Darkholme will want to speak with you, through that door to the back office," the aid said in a dull voice. He pointed towards the direction, as if Harry could not figure that out. Harry stepped forward into the back office.

Waiting for him in the office was a rather severe looking woman. She had dark hair and glasses. She seemed not to be one to be trifled with. The woman, Principal Darkholme, looked at Harry over her glasses. She was surveying him carefully, trying to figure out where he stood. It was an awkward couple of moments before she decided to break the silence.

"Mr. Potter," Darkholme said to Harry in a crisp voice. "Another one of Xavier's has been sent here, I take it."

"Yes, Principal Darkholme," Harry said. She took several moments to really look at Harry. Almost like she was sizing him up for a noose and that made Harry a bit uncomfortable. The woman remained seated behind her desk, and stared Harry down. "My records are here, if you need to take a look at them."

Darkholme snapped the records from Harry's hands. She remained silent for a few minutes. The seconds of the clock ticked by, and Harry sat himself down on the chair to look up at Darkholme. She seemed to be assessing something, and taking her time to do it. Harry decided it would be best not to speak. He just remained silent, and still as the woman before he did what she felt she had to.

After a moment, the Principal of Bayville High School opened her mouth. "Well, Mr. Potter, your records seem to be in order. There was a sizeable gap in your education due to an extended stay in the hospital. I trust your health is in an optimal state now."

"Yes, I feel much better than I have before," Harry answered. The story seemed to be airtight. Xavier thought that there was going to be people who were going to potentially poke holes into the story, although less if they had went with some prolonged illness. Harry decided to trust the man's judgment. Darkholme seemed to be particularly intent in picking together each and any hole with his story. It was almost like she did not buy the cover story for one second.

"For your sake, I hope you remain in perfect health, and cause no trouble," Darkholme said. She placed the files on the desk. She put her hands on the desk, and her eyes narrowed towards Harry. She peered at him from behind her spectacles. "I will be watching your every single move Mr. Potter. Slip up one time, and Xavier can pull as many strings as he wants, but that won't change the fact that you'll be out of here. I have a zero tolerance policy. Is that clear?"

Harry was reminded of Snape, only female. He shuddered at the rather horrifying mental image that he just gave himself. He decided to reply in the calmest, most polite voice he could manage.
"Crystal."

"Then everything that you need to do in this office is done," Darkholme said in a calm and calculated tone of voice. "I trust you'll be able to find your way to your first class. Remember, tardiness is not tolerated, as I'm sure you found out when you read your copy of the school handbook."

"Yes, I read it, back to front," Harry said.

He had no idea what Darkholme's problem was with him. Normally he would call her out on it, but he was trying to actually make an effort to stay out of trouble when he can. He had just got here, the last thing he wanted to do was to make a scene. A part of him wondered exactly how long that was going to last.

"Am I excused?"

Without another word, and a nod of consent, Harry was excused from the office. He looked up his locker number, and his combination. Actually having a locker was something that was completely different for him. He struggled with the combination a little bit. Then he realized no one was looking, so he just used a tiny bit of magic to cheat it.

What people did not know, would not hurt them after all? Harry hastened to his first class. Thankfully he was able to find it, before the bell rang. Less than ten seconds before the bell was going to ring, and Harry was going to be marked tardy.

He had cleared the first minefield. The day was still young, however.

The very first day of standard High School had actually been a rather tiring one for Harry. Perhaps he was used to the insanity of Hogwarts. High School offered a different type of insanity that threw him off. There were some similarities between both schools. There were teachers of different types. They gave homework, they lectured, notes needed to be taken. Harry struggled to focus. He reminded himself that he did not have his standard note-taker or homework checker with him in this universe.

He had to work alone. He had to buckle down, and not be lazy. Perhaps a stronger mind would allow him to have stronger powers.

On the bright side, he did not have a ghost teacher that did not drone on about Goblin Rebellions. So that was a point in the win column.

Harry knew had to work hard to not to fall further behind. A charm lightened his bag, actually allowing him to be able to carry all of his books without any problem. How the teachers expected them to carry all of the books, without getting a hernia that would be a mystery that he would have to solve on another day. He did hear a few snatches of conversation from the senior class students, who stated that their textbooks seemed to be getting bigger and bigger each and every year.

He would have to take their word for it. He would not be surprised if that was the case.

"Busy first day at school?"
Harry turned around, and saw Scott standing right behind him.

"Yeah, you could say that," Harry said. "It's a different experience than I'm used to."

Scott nodded. Given where Harry came from, there had to be many differences between the school systems. Plus as Harry told him, he was getting used to a more normal school structure. The school where he came from focused on the specialized classes that would center on mastering his powers.

"Don't get too frustrated by it too soon, Harry," Scott said to him. "Even those of us who are used to it get overwhelmed by it."

"Yeah, I can imagine." Harry said dryly. He took a deep breath, and offered a shadow of a smile. "It actually wasn't quite as bad as I thought it would be. A bit weird and it's going to take some getting used to. I got to all my classes, didn't cause any trouble, and hopefully I'll continue to get through the day."

It was not going to be that bad, Harry admitted. He was just going to take things one step at a time, and hope for the best. He took a few breaths, and suddenly he heard a message from inside his head.

'Harry, please report to my office at your earliest convenience. The results of your tests are processed."

Harry blinked.

"Still got to get used to being talk to in my head," Harry said.

Scott gave him a sympathetic expression. "It doesn't get any easier at all. Trust me, it still throws me off. Especially when I'm in the middle of doing something."

Harry nodded, and he made his way into the Mansion. It was a short walk to Xavier's office. He reached forward, and was about ready to knock on the door, but it turned out that he did not have to.

"Come in."

He proceeded to open the door. He walked inside Xavier's office. Xavier sat behind his desk, and pointed towards the chair in front of his desk. Harry took that as his invitation to sit down. He looked at Xavier, a curious expression in his eyes.

"You said my test results were completed," Harry said. He paused, and he added another thought he had. When he spoke, he tried not to sound too urgent or paranoid. "There wasn't anything that was wrong in them, or anything I should be worried about."

Xavier alleviated Harry's fears immediately. "No, Harry, there was nothing too bad. Curious, but something that is curious is not necessarily bad. While I don't claim to be an expert on magic, I have encountered it a time or two in the past. You seemed to be fairly above average in your powers. The fact you were able to perform it without a wand indicates that you might have received a power boost when you had left your world."

Harry thought this was a better explanation than he could come with it. He had not even thought of his wand, and a part of him was glad he did not have to use it. It was a bit of a problem if he lost it. So, the fact his powers got boosted because of it was a good thing.
"As for your actual mutant power, well that's an extremely curious one," Xavier said and he looked at Harry. Harry was a bit agitated from being left in suspense. "I could not say whether or not your powers manifested before or after you entered this universe. It is possible they manifested when you arrived here."

"What is it then, Professor?" Harry asked.

"You have super heightened stamina and reflexes, that are able to function on a tenth of an energy as the normal human or even someone with the X-Gene," Xavier said. "And I've observed that you have a keen ability to read the body language, and adapt your fighting stance from that. I believe that is what allowed you to dodge the attacks on your way here for as long as you did. I have cleared up that particular misunderstanding."

"Thank you," Harry said. He wanted to live a mostly normal life, well as normal as being a magical mutant would be. Something told him that was going to be easier said than done. "I…I really thought that my powers would be more physical, then passive."

"Well any power can be utilized in a physical matter depending on your creativity," Xavier told him. He consulted the report a moment later. "But there are numerous abilities that I have found that can be classified as just a further manifestation of your magical abilities. There is a grey area between the two, and it's difficult to determine what precisely your limits are. Further training in our Danger Room will assess the full scope of your powers."

Harry nodded slowly. He hoped to get started with his training.

"Of course, that can wait for another day," Xavier said. "The first day at public school, and I doubt they have wasted any time with giving you a fair amount of homework."

Harry looked at Xavier. He chuckled.

"Trust me when I say that I don't need telepathy to know that the load is going to be hard. I'll dismiss you so you can get a head start on that, and if you struggle, do not be afraid to ask for help."

Harry nodded, and he took up his bag of books and homework. He moved over towards the room that he had been staying with. He suspected that he had a good couple of hours at the very least.

It was not for the first time where he questioned whether teachers understood the actual passage of time and space. There were many times where he had wondered that at Hogwarts, and now he wondered it here.

Harry started with exploring the wonders of Algebra. He pulled a face at the thought of the subject. The sour expression was on his face, as he continued to press forward on his homework.

The work load was something that he would have to work hard to adjust to over time. Although he wondered exactly how much differently the workload was than from Hogwarts. The subjects were different, but honestly teachers the world other tended to get some kind of pleasure of causing a vacuum with the free time of their students.

Harry bit his lip carefully. He shifted back and forth and tried to focus on the work load he had. By a
sheer miracle, he was almost done. He plugged away at everything. The part he liked the most about 
High School so far is the fact he was absolutely normal. He was just another face in the crowd. All 
he was known as was that new guy with the accent, and that distinction would lose its charm rather 
quickly. Or at least he hoped it would. Still Harry was relieved to be as normal as he could be. 

Or at least as normal as a wizard who had additional mutant abilities could be. He had hardly realized 
that it was getting so late right now. He had only take a brief break for dinner, and then he plowed 
through the homework. He found it easier to retain the information the more he worked on it. It did 
work well in a nice quiet room as opposed to the hustle and bustle of the Gryffindor Common Room. 

He heard the voices of Jean and Scott. He knew that he should not be eavesdropping. Yet, he could 
not help himself. He listened a bit closely. 

"Jean…you know it was an accident. My glasses got knocked off. I didn't mean to hurt Duncan, I 
swear."

Harry's face flooded with understanding, and a bit pity. He shook his head. He knew that Duncan 
referred to Duncan Matthews, Jean's boyfriend. The actual dynamic of their relationship was 
something that Harry did not completely get. Jean seemed to be rather nice, and Duncan…well he 
kind of seemed to be arrogant. He figured that this was some kind of High School thing that he 
would figure out in time. 

"I know you didn't, but the Professor had to work hard to make sure no one noticed. You need to be 
more careful of keeping your glasses on. One wrong nudge and they could be knocked off. Then 
you could really hurt someone"

Harry knew that Scott had optic eye beams. He had trouble controlling them due to a head injury that 
he suffered during a plane crash when he was younger. The only thing that could block it was Ruby-
Quartz. Exactly why that was, he had no idea. Science was not one of Harry's strong points, and that 
was something that remained constituent from his primary school days. 

Speaking of which, he looked at his mostly completed homework. He figured that if it got much 
harder, he would need tutors. 

Harry stepped out of his room, nearly running into Scott. Jean had already left to use the bathroom. 

"What's up?" Harry asked. He acted like he had not been listening in. 

"Oh, Harry, sorry I've had a rough night," Scott said in an apologetic voice. "I had to break up a 
scuffle under the bleachers. There was a student who was using his gifts to steal from others. A 
couple of the Football players roughed him up."

"So there was another mutant?" Harry asked. "Just like us."

It was at this point where an expression crossed over Scott's face. "I'm not sure if you could classify 
him just like us. In the sense he's a mutant, but his sense of hygiene…well it left something to be 
desired."

Harry could tell that Scott did not approve. He shook his head. Jean popped up at that moment, 
having exited the bathroom. 

"His name is Todd Tolansky," Scott informed him, and Harry nodded. He had not encountered this
new mutant, but he had barely been at the school for a couple of days. So he was going to keep an open mind, until he had a chance to personally meet him. "I had to save him, no matter what he was. What would have done?"

Harry did not answer, but he honestly thought that he would have done the same thing. Immediately, the voice of Xavier projected into their minds. Even Jean and Scott shifted, and Harry felt relieved that it was something that they were not completely used to as well. They waited a few seconds, until Xavier informed them why he had summoned them.

"Our newest guest has arrived. He is waiting in the office right now, ready to meet you three."

Harry, Jean, and Scott all walked down the corridor and down the stairs until they reached Xavier's office on the ground floor. The door was already open for them as they walked. A knock on the door from Scott announced their arrival.

"Yes come in."

Harry, Jean, and Scott all stepped forward. They took several tentative steps towards the room, and saw Xavier sitting there, and Ororo stood there. By their side, stood a hunched over young man, dressed in a Monk's outfit. A hood was pulled over his head. Harry, Jean, and Scott could not get a good look at his face, so they made their way closer, and closer.

"This is Kurt Wagner," Xavier said to the assembled group. "Kurt escaped his home country in Germany to escape prosecution to regarding his unique appearance. He has come to our school to hope to control his abilities. Kurt this is Jean Grey, Scott Summers, and Harry Potter."

"Pleased to meet you, Kurt," Scott said, and he extended a hand forward. Kurt extended a hand, and it was noticed by all that it was blue and fuzzy. Jean and Scott were momentarily thrown off, although Harry seemed to take it stride. He had seen some weird appearances in his day, so perhaps he was just a little be desensitized to the entire thing.

Plus the appearance rarely mattered. It was how the person acted that mattered.

Kurt took Scott's hand, and shook it. He did the same to Jean, and then to Harry. He took a step back.

"Welcome to the school, Kurt," Jean said with a bright smile.

"Yeah, welcome to the school, I hope you'll be here for a long time," Harry said with what he hoped was an encouraging tone of voice. "It might seem a bit intimidating at first, but you'll get used to him. I'm new as well."

Kurt nodded, and his hood was pulled down. He had the appearance of a fuzzy looking blue elf, although it would be easy how certain people might mistake him was more demonic. That type of prejudice was something that Harry knew all too well, and could identify with.

"I do hope that none of you are alarmed by my appearance," Kurt said. Scott, Jean, and Harry stared unblinking, and they shook their heads. "It has caused many problems, where I got prosecuted for how I looked."

Kurt realized how he understated this fact. He was chased by a mob, and was nearly crucified before he was saved by Professor Xavier and Storm. He laid low for a while, before he came to America to
be part of the school.

Harry was the one who spoke up at this point. "Then they're idiots. It isn't how you look on the outside, but what you are on the inside that matters. It's your actions that matter."

Kurt nodded gratefully at this sentiment.

"I share those sentiments exactly," Xavier said, and he nodded. He paused, and considered his options. "Although until the moment that you are more comfortable with mixing in, I have something that would ease the transition a bit more."

He nodded to Ororo, who took out a watch.

"A free watch?" Kurt asked in awe.

Xavier chuckled. "Try it on, and see for yourself."

Without another word, Kurt strapped the wrist device on his wrist, and he tapped it. He immediately morphed into something more conventional that would not stand out in the crowd. He looked at Professor Xavier immediately, grateful at what he did.

"Thank you, Professor," Kurt said graciously.

"It was no trouble at all," Xavier said. "Storm will show you to your room, so you can settle in and enjoy your stay at the mansion. If you need anything, don't hesitate to ask."

Kurt nodded immediately, and he caught glimpse of his new appearance more in the mirror. Ororo smiled, and Kurt looked up with an apologetic expression in his eyes. He was lead off.

"The three of you are excused," Xavier said. Jean and Harry left, but Scott was the one that stayed behind.

Scott looked immediately apologetic. He tried to convey what he felt. "After what happened tonight…"

"I know, and I doubt that much could be gained from a lecture at the moment," Xavier said. "The only advice I will give you is to be more careful in the future. Even the best intentions are going to be something that goes awry."

Xavier remained rather calm. Scott shook his head. He hoped to obtain that level of calmness and restraint.

"The thief, I believe he was a mutant as well," Scott said.

Xavier nodded, knowingly. "Yes, Mr. Tolansky, he was nearly victimized with a brutal assault. Tell me everything you know, and have seen. He may have a spot at the Institute yet."

Scott proceeded to launch into his explanation. There seemed to be a bit of mistrust on his face and in his voice, but Xavier was willing to give anyone a fair shake. Even though there was evidence that told him that might not be a good idea.
Todd Tolansky, or Toad as he had been dubbed, looked up at the mansion. His eyes remained narrowed, and his fists clenched. He felt a high wind kick up below him. To be honest, he was not sure about this. Yet, Principal Darkholme was not the type of lady that one could really say no to. He was sent to the mansion to gain information. No one would suspect him. He took a look at the storm clouds and gulped. Without another word, Toad slid towards the Mansion.

A gust of wind picked up. Toad was caught off guard. The slimy mutant lost his balance. He spiraled forward, and he managed to avoid crashing through the window just narrowly. The door opened, and he looked inside. Another gust of wind picked him up, and sent him flying through the doors. He spiraled down to the ground, and landed with quite the embarrassing thud.

He shook off the expression. He saw a bald man with a wheelchair come forward. He

"Greetings, Todd, I am Professor Charles Xavier," Xavier said in a calm and reassuring voice. "I run Xavier's Institute for the Gifted."

Toad shook his head, to try and regain his bearings. This was not the reception that he expected. It took him a couple of moments to adjust to his surroundings. He stood up, and focused his stare at Xavier. He had a job to do. Before he could say anything, he caught sight of Kurt standing in the room. He glimpsed Kurt's unconventional appearance. He could not resist speaking his mind.

"What are you supposed to be?" Toad asked in confusion. He took a long and detailed look at Kurt. "Some kind of ratty plush toy or something?"

Kurt's eyes widened, and he looked at Toad.

"Oh, and have you looked in the mirror lately," Kurt fired back.

Toad looked at Kurt in confusion. "I have in fact, every morning. I say that I look quite handsome."

Kurt looked at him incredulously. Before he could say anything, Toad's eyes narrowed. He got immediately defensive, and his knees bent. He jumped forward into the air towards the furry mutant. Before Toad can get his hands on him, Kurt disappeared in a flash, and reappeared on the Chandelier above.

"What the…" Toad asked, and he shook his head. He was not about to be embarrassed by this ball of fuzz. His knees bent, and he sprang up. Toad missed him once again.

"So close, yet so far," Kurt commented.

Toad's fists curled up. "I'll show you too far, you fuzzy little gecko."

Toad jumped at Kurt once again. Once again, he teleported out of the way.

From the outside Harry watched the situation unfold before him. Toad was persistent, he'd give him that. Even if he was completely outmatched, and his hygiene sense left something to be desired, there was just something about him that was persistent. He half listened to the conversation between Ororo and Professor Xavier that went on several feet away from him.

"Do you think that Mr. Tolansky has potential to be part of this school?" Ororo asked.
Xavier pondered the matter for a moment, before he gave his honest assessment.

"It remains to be seen, but we must give him a fair chance. He does have a willingness never to give up. However, whether or not that actually means that he is a young man that can join this group, that's something we can debate. We must keep an open mind.

Ororo looked at her old friend and teacher with a knowing smile.

"I sometimes think that your willingness to see the best in others might blind you to the obvious."

Xavier did not respond, rather he kept his focus from him above. Kurt and Todd continued to circle each other. Todd got closer, and closer, before he grabbed onto the furry mutant's tail.

"Gotcha," Toad said, but Kurt disappeared, and transported them away.

The two mutants dropped down onto the ground. Both of them landed hard. Toad shook himself off first, and Toad gave his head a shake. He saw they were in a training room of some sorts. Kurt looked at Toad in wonder.

"Where are we?"

"You asking me?" Toad asked. He massaged his throat, and cleared it. His eyes snapped towards Kurt. "You were the one who brought me here."

Kurt opened his mouth to retort. Yet his eyes widened immediately, when he saw a laser start up. It aimed at him, and blasted towards him. He disappeared with a teleportation pop. He remained on his feet, and unsteady.

"I think that we're about to find out the hard way," Kurt said. He closed his eyes, and avoided the attacks. Toad screamed and managed to hop out of the way. He could barely hear the noises from up above, and there was a loud crack that echoed that cause Toad to jump around, and try and get out of dodge.

The voice of Professor Xavier called from the other side of the door.

"Scott, Jean, our two newest guests have found their way into the Danger Room."

'And people accuse me of finding trouble too easily,' Harry thought to himself.

There was a moment where time stood still. Toad landed on the ground when his attempt to hop out of the way had gone awry. His heart hammered on the inside of his chest. He tried to move forward.

He buried his head in his hands, and waited for the worst. As it turned out, he did not need to. Scott and Jean turned up. Scott aimed an optic blast to take out the laser torrent. Kurt was safely guided out of the way, as was Toad. The slimy mutant shook madly, unable to believe what happened. It took a moment to regain his bearings.

"What kind of welcoming committee is this?" Toad asked in an incredulous voice. Toad hopped away outside of the mansion. The entire group watched him.

Scott took a step forward, to chase down Toad, calling after him. Xavier stopped him immediately.
"It appears that our friend has decided that his experience at the Mansion was not the most accommodating," Xavier said. He shook his head. It was unfortunate, but he could sense that Toad had some potentially malicious intentions regarding the school. He did want to give him a chance, however it was a test that he failed.

Toad ran forward, and his breath continued to quicken. His movements moved. He ran into the imposing form of a dark haired man with claws. Logan stood there, and popped his claws. The glint flickered in Toad's face, and Logan stood there. Toad swallowed nervously, and gave a bit of a chuckle. He slowly backed away from Logan and his legs twitched madly.

"What are you looking at?" Logan asked in a growl.

Toad shook his head. He tried to indicate that he never wanted to make any trouble. The soothing tones of Professor Xavier could be heard by all telepathically.

"Let him go, Logan," Xavier said to him, and Logan stepped back, grunting.

Toad took it as his cue to leave, and he immediately darted out. Logan's eyes narrowed immediately, and he sniffed the air.

"I came back a bit earlier, thought I smelt trouble," Logan said. He stepped forward towards the mansion. "Maybe it just turned out to be ol' stinkboy there."

Logan watched Toad leave. His smelt something off about the mutant. Xavier had suggested that he let the mutant leave.

"Still think you're getting too soft, Chuck," Logan said gruffly.

"You never fail to be critical, a refreshing change to be sure," Xavier said in agreement. "It appears that our newest recruit, Kurt Wagner, has gotten into a spot of trouble. His first day at the mansion, and he already got into a scuffle."

Logan nodded. Kurt had just exited the Danger Room. His eyes remained unfocused, and he blinked. He shook his head, and wondered if he would get blamed for this. Harry, Scott, and Jean walked over here.

"Well, I didn't plan to make a first impression that way," Kurt said. "I'd understand if you didn't want me to attend the school anymore."

Harry just shook his head, and offered an encouraging smile. "We all make mistakes. If you think you're getting kicked out for one mistake, then you're really giving this place an unfair shake."

Scott nodded beside Harry, and Jean gave Kurt an encouraging smile.

"Welcome to the school," Scott said to him. "Harry's right, you shouldn't beat yourself up over what happened. Come this way, I have something to show you."

Harry knew that Scott was going to show Kurt the Blackbird. To be honest, Harry was interested in learning how to fly it, after a while himself. It might be different than a broomstick, but flight was flight.
Toad's hands trembled so fast that they were nearly a blur. The mutant looked up at the imposing figure of Mystique, or Principal Darkholme as he also knew her as. The woman did not need to utilize her shape shifting powers to produce the desired effect. She was rather intimidating without them. A sadistic scowl crossed over her face. Her arms folded over her chest, and she stood forward. She peered at Toad behind her spectacles.

"You had one job, one simple job!" Mystique ranted. Her nostrils flared with anger. Her fists were clenched, and Toad thought for one moment that he was going to be strangled to death. "You were supposed to infiltrate Xavier's school, and gain the necessary information that you could. Yet you get scared off immediately."

Toad swallowed the lump in his throat. He remained calm, and collected, despite the fact that he was more scared out of his life than he ever had been.

"Hey, me jumping out of there was just self-defense, it was nothing personal," Toad said, and he remained calm. "That Danger Room place, it's insane. There are so many lasers moving around. I can't keep my eyes on all of them at once."

Mystique raised her hand. Toad covered, and dropped to his knees, almost pleading for his life. The shape shifter's face contorted into pure rage. She snarled, and stared down Toad. For a few seconds, Toad thought he was really going to get it. Mystique relaxed her body language. Her demeanor remained sadistic, and ice-cold. It was like she would gut Toad, and leave him for dead if she thought she could get away with it.

"You were given one simple job," Mystique said in her most deadly voice. Toad gulped, and he was about ready to respond that they had been over this, but an incensed Mystique had cut him off. "You were supposed to gain valuable intelligence for the Xavier Academy, and you couldn't even gain one shred of information. You couldn't even smuggle in one camera, or hidden microphone. Hell, Xavier or Grey likely have erased any memories of anything you've learned from the pace."

It was at that moment where Toad had gone completely on the defensive. He thought that this was a bit unfair. He shook his head, and tried to argue with Mystique.

"Um, I don't remember getting my mind wiped."

This statement did not improve Mystique's mood. She picked up a letter opener from her desk, and slammed it down, breaking the wood. She grabbed Toad around the arms, and glared in his eyes.

"Of course, you don't remember if you got your mind wiped," Mystique said in a breathy tone. She looked in Toad's eyes, as the young mutant recoiled in fear. "That is the idea, so you don't remember anything!"

Toad shook his head frantically.

"It won't happen again, I swear, Boss Lady," Toad said in a trembling tone of voice.

Mystique's face contorted in an angry expression. "It better not, for your sake. You're dismissed, now get out of here before I change my mind."

Toad could not get up to his feet fast enough. He scrambled towards the door. However Mystique
stepped in front of him, and put up a hand.

"You now work for me, so report to this address," Mystique told him in a harsh voice. She held the envelope in her hand, and passed it to Toad's grimy hand. Toad seemed reluctant, and tried to drum up the courage to tell Mystique off. "Unless you want to be reported to the law for the thefts you've done. Someone like you won't last long. You may get dissected."

Toad shuddered at the thought. He could hardly believe it, but he remained calm and collected. He looked up at Mystique.

"Is that all?" Toad asked a shaky voice.

Mystique waved her hand, and her eyes continued to simmer with fury.

"Yes, go before I change my mind."

Toad could not hop out of there fast enough. He nearly slammed into the door, and tried to escape. Mystique sat down behind her desk. She needed a good round with a punching bag after the idiotic bumbling that Toad did. She suspected she had herself to blame. She sent an amateur to do a professional's job.

She heard a rattling on her desk. She saw the tin on her desk begin to come to life. The paper clips rattled around. They were magnetized, and she followed their progress with her eyes. She knew that the man in the shadows could manipulate larger pieces of metal, and could bring anyone to their knees.

"That fool Toad bumbled the entire operation," Mystique said. She once again held the letter opener in her hand. The blue skinned mutant found the letter opener pulled out of her head by Magneto. "I suppose it was partially my fault to allow a bumbling fool like Tolansky with such a delicate operation."

Magneto tapped the letter opener on the desk. Mystique followed the progress of the object, and there were a few moments before the Master of Magnetism decided to indulge her with speaking to her.

"I wouldn't be too hard on yourself or the boy, Raven," Magneto said in a cool voice. The paper clips and the letter opener swirled around her head. Had Magneto chose to, he could do some serious damage with it. "We could have gained valuable intelligence had it succeeded. Since it failed, there was no risk of losing a valuable asset."

Mystique had to agree with Magneto's answer. She found the letter opener spin around above her head, before Magneto continued to launch it into the wall.

"And what is your assessment of young Mr. Potter after meeting him?" Magneto asked.

"He remains an enigma," Mystique admitted to him. "At first he does not seem capable of anything extraordinary at all."

Magneto just responded with a crisp nod at first. Then a few seconds later, he spoke in a cool tone of voice.

"Keep monitoring him. Appearances may be deceiving as first. As someone of your powers
understands perfectly."

Mystique nodded. She had no choice, but to comply and continue her mission.

Magneto let her alone with her own thoughts of the events of today. There would be a reckoning with Xavier and his students, sooner rather than later.

"Alright Harry, it's your turn."

Harry stepped forward towards the Danger Room. His arms were relaxed by his side. He kept his posture steady and firm. This could not be any worse with undergoing Quidditch training with Oliver Wood. Harry remembered those days fondly, in a way. He had to fly in all kinds of insane weather, and even with a lack of sleep. Many would complain about it, but if Harry had to admit it, he did not mind it at all. He took a nice and deep breath, and stepped into the Danger Room.

His Quidditch training has given him enough of a sense when to duck. There was many times where he had applied that training to dodge spells. Back in the Department of Mysteries, he was able to dodge every single spell that the Death Eaters threw at him. That did seem like a lifetime ago now. There was just a built in instinct in him. He had a keen idea of how to dodge most spells.

Flying lasers should not be something that was too different. At least that's where Harry hoped.

"This first exercise will be a solo run, until we integrate you into the team proper," Xavier said to him.

Harry relaxed, and nodded. He looked up with a look of confidence spread across his face. He shook his head and was ready to go.

"Ready to go when you are, Professor Xavier!"

Xavier nodded. Scott, Jean, Kurt, Ororo, and Logan all watched the progress of Harry. He took a moment to calm himself. He made a mental rule to himself not to use his magical abilities at first, unless he was in a sticky situation. When he got more in tone with his mutant powers, he would figure out how he mixed, and matched the powers.

He could not think much longer. He just had to switch to action. There was a blast of laser energy. Harry dodged to the side, to the left and to the right. He took several deep breaths, and rushed forward. He tucked his head, and rolled underneath the blasts of the lasers. He tried to gauge the trajectory of the lasers, and fight the traps in the room.

One by one, Harry managed to hold his own against everything that the Danger Room threw against him. He was not a complete pro at it, but he immediately ducted each and every attack. He ducked, and rolled his head. The X-Men watched immediately from high above, and accessed his abilities and Xavier, Ororo, and Logan were marking down suggestions that they would give him for improvement. He was not perfect, but he was good.

"So, what do you think?" Xavier asked after they had watched Harry in the Danger Room for a few minutes.
"Kid has potential," Logan said. "He could try to keep a bit cooler head in there."

"Speaking from experience, are we?" Ororo asked, and Logan just turned around to follow Harry's progress further. "It's not too bad."

"Yes, it's not bad at all," Xavier agreed. He thought that before too long Harry would be able to handle the higher levels. They did not want to overwhelm him on the first day.

Harry could not dodge forever, he was caught off guard. The lasers were not lethal, but they stung a little bit. He understood that he had to keep a cool head in there, and become mindful of his surroundings.

He vowed to improve. He wondered if he was going to beat the high score in the Danger Room any time soon. He decided that it would be best to improve upon his own abilities.

Then he would worry about beating everyone else. He was coming up with his own ideas how to best adapt, and he was sure that the instructors had their own suggestions.

For some reason, he found the Danger Room to be something that he could adapt much better to than High School. He smirked, and wondered how well that spoke of his sanity, or lack there of.

He continued to press forward. As the levels kicked up, he had a feeling the Danger Room would live up to his name. In the meantime, he would work himself up.

And hopefully his body would be stronger, and he would be more able to defend himself. Either by using his powers, or not using his powers.
Chapter 5: Phase.

The birds were chirping outside. The sun shined brightly, and it was a picture perfect day. It was a day that should be enjoyed by all outside in nature. Harry Potter sighed in relief. He would actually get to see some of it as it turned out. The pile of homework he had been given was nearly completed. And before the end of the weekend as well, that was the thing. Harry had some tutoring, but once he had everything explained to him, he was able to move through the work easily.

The tutors helped a little bit. Even though Harry thought that he managed to be rather decent with schoolwork when he sat down, and blocked out the distractions. His parents were supposed to be smart after all.

He had stepped forward, and he had finally put down the pile of homework. He had to admit, this was getting easier and easier with each passing moment. He walked forward to the Mansion. He made a movement to go outside, yet something had caught his attention. He spotted Professor Xavier hard at work underneath Cerebro. A frown appeared on his face. Jean stood by his side.

"Another new mutant, Professor?" Jean asked.

Xavier responded with a crisp nod. "Yes, she just tapped into her powers recently. I believe it was a surprise for her….yes do come in Harry, and don't linger outside."

Harry was surprised, but he tried to remain calm and collected. He entered the room, and saw Xavier and Jean begin to work through the system. There was a long pause, and Xavier decided to announce to his two X-Men what he had found out.

"Our young new mutant's name is Katherine Pryde," Xavier said. "She's currently a sophomore in High School. She lives in Chicago. She discovered the power of intangibility, or to put it in lamen's terms, she can walk through walls at will."

Harry and Jean responded with a nod. They both exchanged an unspoken agreement about the nature of this new young mutant's powers. They thought that was a potentially useful power. And a potentially dangerous power if it was in the wrong hands. There was so much potential to be able to walk through walls.

"She discovered her powers in the middle of the night last night," Xavier said. The slightest hint of amusement crossed through her face. "I believe that she did so when she had passed through the floor all the way to the basement. I don't think it is too much of a stretch to say both herself and her parents were completely shocked."

Harry thought that if something like that happened to him, he would be freaking out just a little bit. Jean would have to agree. "The poor girl, she must be confused."

"Yes and that confusion is something that could present a problem," Xavier said. He turned to Harry. "We could use a bit of help to persuade her."

Harry was taken completely aback by this statement.

"Me?" Harry asked in confusion. "Why me?"
He took a good look at the girl on the screen. She was a rather cute brunette; he had noticed that. So, he was interested, just a little bit about going on this mission. Then again, what he knew about girls could be written on the head of a thumbtack.

"I figure that someone closer to her age and peer group would be easily relatable to her," Xavier explained to him. Harry nodded, that made perfect sense to him. "Jean and I should be able to persuade her, but at the same time it never hurts to have a little extra help. And you can consider this a bit of a reward for your hard work in trying to keep up on your studies."

Harry shifted in agreement. He thought that it would be good to get out. The last few days he had been itching for a chance to stretch his legs. He had spent most of his time at the Mansion, and at school. Some new surroundings would be something that would be a nice change. He nodded slowly, and smiled at them.

"If you're so confident in my abilities, then I won't let you down," Harry said to them.

Jean frowned, and took a good long look at Harry.

"Don't sell yourself short Harry, you're a part of this team," Jean told him.

Harry nodded calmly. He could tell that Xavier had more information. That would be given to them on the way. Jean, Harry, and Xavier made their way to the Blackbird. There was a moment where Xavier remained calm, and collected. He then turned to them.

"Also, there is a second mutant who has manifested his powers within the same time in the area," Xavier said, and Jean and Harry both perked up in interest. This gave Xavier the opening to continue, and explain to both of the members of his team. "His name is Lance Alvers. His power is that he can create seismic vibrations with his hands."

Harry looked intrigued at this. He knew that there were certain charms that could cause the ground to shake, and it would be something that he was interested in tapping into when he had the time. He could only experiment with magic, trying to build upon and improve on what he knew. There were times where he got the sense that he retained magical spells that he never remembered learning. There was almost like there was a second set of memories buried inside his subconscious.

A frown spread across Jean's face, and she looked at Xavier. She could tell that her mentor was holding out on some kind of information, although it was unclear what at this point.

"Is that all of the information?" Jean asked.

"We must keep an open mind," Xavier told them, and Jean and Harry both knew that Xavier sensed a problem. He would not judge anyone, everyone deserved a chance. "However, Mr. Alvers has a history of being accused of petty theft and vandalism even before he had tapped into his powers. We must try and reach out to him as well as young Katherine. But do be prepared for hostility should we push him too much."

Harry and Jean had a feeling of dread pouring into their minds. They tried to push it out. Then again, they hoped that this would turn out well. Still the prospect of one or two new recruits was something that they hoped to be a part of. Harry had known from his role of teaching the D.A. that powers must be taught, and honed. Being part of the X-Men had really continued to enhance those lessons.

Jean piloted the Blackbird towards the intended destination. The flight was nice and leisurely, without any problems. It gave them a moment to prepare. Harry sat in the back, and wondered what surprises today would bring.
Katherine Pryde, or Kitty as her friends and family knew her as, was not having a good time right now in her life. The fifteen year old girl had a frown spread across her face. Normally she tried to keep a happy face. Yet, she had been pushed to the brink. Over the last couple of days, she had undergone changes in her body that she was unable to cope with. It caused her a lot deal of distress.

One could argue that this was just the part of maturing from childhood to a teenager. However, the standard changes of puberty were something that Kitty could perhaps deal with. Perhaps, maybe, but that was beside the point. These changes were far different. The changes she experienced right now had her falling through the floor.

All teenagers went through phases. However, Kitty phased through the floor, which was not something that she had in mind. She just wanted to keep her head down, work hard, and achieve her status as a straight "A" student. Well straight "A's" except for gym class, which seemed to be a hurdle that she could not overcome. Both in the figurative sense, and the literal sense, but that were beside the point.

This change scared her to death. First she dreamed she was flying. She was lighter than air. Then she dreamed that she was falling. No matter how hard she tried to fight falling, she was falling lower and lower. It panicked her. She always read that during falling dreams, the person would wake up the moment they hit the ground. At least that was the most common theory, but that matter was up for much debate.

However, there was no excuse for what happened. She had phased directly through the floor. She was at the point where she found herself face-first in the basement. Her blankets and pillows had been stuck in the ceiling.

Scientifically speaking, that should not be possible. However, she came to one possible explanation. Her teenage mind could only come up with one conclusion. It was absolutely elementary. She was a freak. Kitty felt she was a genetic mistake and someone who was not going to fit in if word got out about her condition.

She took a deep breath. Perhaps if she just was able to keep control, and not accidentally shift her molecules, she would be okay. No one had to know what was happening to her. Things were already awkward enough with her parents knowing. Even though she was sorely tempted to do so right now, and she grabbed onto the locker. She banged, and tried to push her way into the locker. She tried to open it.

The laughter echoed through her ears. Every school had their tormentors, and they tended to pick up the easiest target. The one who focused on academics were often the most obvious targets. They were singled out as geeks, nerds, and dorks. It seemed to be an unfortunate part of the high school social structure. Many would just brush it off as kids will be cruel. It was easy to say that when you were not the direct party of the torment.

Cruelty was something that was much harder to cope with when a person was normal.

Kitty tried to push open her locker, and finally got it open. She tried to ignore the two tormentors. Block it out. That was what was suggested to her by her parents. Try and be the better person, do not engage them, do not stoop to their level.

"Ah, I think Kitty-Cat is having a of trouble with her locker."

"Let's give Pretty-Kitty a hand."

Kitty hated the fact that some people just had to be the stereotypical bully out of every single after
school anti-bullying special on the planet. However she found herself shoved into the locker, and it slammed behind her.

"Hey!" Kitty yelled in an incredulous tone of voice. She tried to bang her fists on the locker, but it was no use.

'I didn't even know people actually shoved others into lockers in real life,' Kitty thought to herself. Her desperation was at a higher height. She gritted her teeth. The bell had long since rung. So not only was she trapped in her locker, but she was going to mark up a tardy.

She wondered what happened. She tried to beat her fists against the locker. There was no one outside, but then she heard footsteps outside. She remained still. A part of her wondered if this would somehow be decided to be her fault. It was possible.

Instinctively, Kitty popped her head outside. She shuddered, and unexpectedly, she spiraled out of the locker. She went head over heels, and landed with a crash. She saw a dark haired boy dressed in a black t-shirt, and jeans. He was looking at her in awe, and perhaps a tiny bit of a calculating expression. Almost as if he was considering the possibilities of what he just saw.

"What are you doing?" Kitty demanded, and she saw the spray paint can in his hand. She put two and two together, when she saw the lockers that were vandalized.

The young man, a Senior by the looks of things, looked at Kitty, with a raised eyebrow. "That was amazing. You were in the locker, and then you were out of the locker. It's like you walked through it"

Immediately, Kitty was on the defensive.

"No, I didn't," Kitty said, her voice rising in alarm. This was her worst fear come true, someone had figured out what she was.

She tried to shake everything off. She had to keep it cool. There was no reason that anyone had to know.

"I saw you, and heard you," the young man said. He looked at her. "I was wondering if there was anyone out like me, with gifts like mine."

The young man lifted a hand, and the lockers vibrated. The seismic vibrations rocked the school. He stopped before the trophy case, or the trophies inside had cracked from the impact. He stood, with a calm expression on her face. Kitty still seemed alarmed, unable to fully reconcile what had been going on.

"Um, yeah, but listen…I don't know what you thought you saw, but I didn't do anything," Kitty said. Her voice shook a little bit, and she realized how unconvincing she sounded.

"I won't tell, if you don't," the young man said. "Lance Alvers, Senior Class, and I'll be glad when I get out of here, won't you?"

Kitty did not share those sentiments at all, but she had no reason to argue. This was not a battle she could fight. She was a bit choked up.

"Kitty Pryde, and I'm so going to be late for gym," Kitty said, and she rushed off immediately.

She left Lance in her wake. The young man watched her leave. The truth was that he had been keeping an eye on her for a while, from afar. And to find out that there was another one like him was
interesting. He looked outside, and saw two of the girls harass Kitty. Perhaps he would give her a hand as a gesture of good faith.

He closed his eyes and raised his hands. The ground outside began to rock. The two girls in question were confused, not to mention injured when he had unleashed his powers. He watched Kitty's expression. She was utterly terrified. However, she would learn that it would be best to embrace her powers, and consider them a gift. It was just like that woman told him that met him on the street; his powers could be used for something more than rocking a few lockers.

And taking a look at her, Lance had the perfect idea to take a nice little shortcut to the top bracket of the class.

All he had to do was persuade the girl to help him.

Kitty walked around in a funk. She tried to shake her head, and clear the cobwebs. Given what happened today, living a normal life was something that she felt slip away from her moment after moment. She tried to keep her head up. It was all she could do not to lose it. She held her breath, and tried not to lose it. The last time she lost it, she went through something. It didn't hurt for her density to shift. However, it did feel weird never the less.

She heard a wheelchair roll up behind her. Kitty stood carefully, and spun around to face him. After everything that happened today, she was tense. She saw the bald man sitting in the wheel chair. A teenage girl of about seventeen or eighteen years old stood before her. She gave Kitty an encouraging smile. Kitty eyed them suspiciously.

Time stood still for her.

"Hello, Ms. Pryde, we'd like a few moments of your time if it's fine with you," the bald man said. Kitty let out the breath she was holding. Immediately she was on guard completely. Her fists had been clenched, and she shifted her weight from one side to the other. She continued stare at them. She was careful not to say anything. "I'm Professor Charles Xavier, Headmaster of the Xavier Institute for the Gifted, and this is one of my students, Jean Grey."

"Hello, Kitty," Jean said.

She seemed nice enough. Curiosity got the better of Kitty.

"What do want with me?' Kitty asked. She balled up her fists, and took a deep breath. "I so didn't ask for anything that happened to me."

Jean offered a reassuring smile. "No one asks for anything like this to happen to them. Yet, the gifts mean that there is something special within you."

"Hello, Kitty," Jean said.

Xavier picked up where Jean left off. "Jean speaks great wisdom. It is easy to be confused. Both for yourself and your parents, but I can assure you that your parents understood what was happening. They were a bit concerned, but they understand that this is something that is not going to change the person that you are."

Kitty looked extremely skeptical. She relaxed a little bit. She saw Xavier and Jean look at her.

"It's just something that I wasn't used to before; I woke up in the morning and well…” Kitty said, and she trailed off. She seemed to be unable to articulate the words that she wanted to say. She shook her head. She tried to speak once more. "It was just something that totally messed with my head. I couldn't believe it; I didn't want to believe it."
Kitty was trying to remain brave in the face of this new change in her life. That was easier said than done.

"Kitty, it's okay," Jean told her in a reassuring voice. "The moment I got my powers, I was scared too. It was hard to shut it off. All of the thoughts around me, they flooded in my head."

Kitty's eyes snapped up towards Jean. Her breath began to go in and out. She came to one conclusion. This conclusion alarmed her.

"Wait, you can read minds?" Kitty asked.

"Yes, but I can assure you…"

Kitty was not listening. Much like many teenagers, she was jumping to the worst possible conclusion possible at this distressful news. She slowly backed away, and closed her eyes.

"I can't believe it, you know what I'm thinking," Kitty said, and she turned around, before she stormed off immediately.

"I didn't…"

Get out of my head!"

"Kitty, wait!"

Kitty was not listening. She rushed off immediately. Jean frowned, and watched her leave. Xavier just closed his eyes, and sighed deeply.

"Perhaps you should not have shared that bit of information with her as of yet," Xavier told her gently, and Jean nodded.

She had made a crucial error trying to relate. It was not hard to realize why the mind reading thing could upset someone.

"I guess I really blew that one, Professor," Jean said.

"I wouldn't say that, we should have realized that Kitty was still coping with the development of her powers," Xavier said. He sat straight in his wheelchair. This opportunity was not completely blown. He wondered what he was going to do now.

Thankfully, he had one more ace up his sleeve. Harry showed up at this point. He had just missed the show apparently. He walked over, and turned to face the Professor and Jean.

"I searched all over the school, but I didn't come across her," Harry said. He saw the look on Jean's face. "Let me guess, you had better luck in finding her."

A strained smile spread across Jean's face. "Finding her was the easy part. Actually convincing her that we were here to help her was the bad part. Most people don't react well to the fact that someone can read minds."

"No, they don't," Harry agreed. Xavier turned towards Harry. "Maybe I should go and talk to her. I could have better luck."

This was part of the reason why he was brought here.

"Yes, Harry, but tread lightly," Xavier said.
Harry enjoyed a challenge more than anything else. He moved down the hallway. He had a feeling that the girl would not have gone that far. He hoped that he was not going to make this situation even worse than it was already. He walked forward, and spotted the girl sitting on the desk of a locked classroom. She could only get through that door if she had phased through it. It was locked from the inside.

Immediately, Harry twisted the door knob, and with a little magic, had opened the door. He really had no idea how he was going to deal with this. He just decided to go with his instincts.

Kitty sat on the desks, arms folded, deep in thought. She made a total idiot out of herself, and overreacted. Yet, it was too late. She heard footsteps. Immediately, she jumped up.

"Look, I'm sorry that I snapped at you, but it's just kind of creepy that you can do the entire mental probe thing and it kind of freaks me out!" Kitty shouted and she looked up. She saw that it was not Professor Xavier or Jean Grey. She blinked, and took a long look at the person who had shown up. For a moment, she was tongue tied. "Oh, sorry, I…I thought you were…someone else."

Kitty wanted to crawl into a hole and die out of embarrassment. She had just yelled at someone, and had taken out her bad day on a complete stranger. The brunette spent a moment staring into his eyes, before she snapped out of it.

Harry watched the girl with a smile. He knew all about overreacting to simple situations.

"It's okay, given the situation, I perfectly understand" Harry said. He took a step forward, and spoke in a gentle voice. "If I was going through what you were going through, I might have reacted the same way."

Kitty looked at him and she relaxed a little bit. She looked at him, a bit testily. He held his hands up.

"Don't worry, I come in peace," Harry said to her. "I remember the first day that I discovered that there was something really different about me. It was a bad situation."

"What happened?" Kitty asked, and she immediately realized that she was a bit too nosy for her own good. "Sorry, but…"

"I was being chased by a group of bullies," Harry said. He was speaking about this casually like he was discussing the weather. "One minute I was on the ground. The next minute, I was on the roof. It wasn't for ages until I figured out what I did."

Kitty nodded her head.

"Harry Potter, by the way," Harry said.

"Kitty Pryde," Kitty said in the calmest voice she could imagine. This Harry really did make her feel a bit more comfortable. "It's just been a really stressful last couple of days."

"Believe me, I understand, I've had days like I'm sure you've had," Harry said to her. "Walking through walls, that can be very useful. Do you know how many times where I got locked inside a room, with no way to get out?"

"Um, no," Kitty said.

Harry decided to elaborate. "Must have been loads, but the point is that your power could be extremely useful. It's not shutting a door, but opening a window. A window of opportunity, and it's not the end of your life, rather a new beginning."
Kitty tried to piece together this Harry. He seemed so mature. He was not like other boys her age that she ignored. She was interested.

"Jean and Professor Xavier were just trying to be friendly, and I don't think either of them would really read your mind, without permission," Harry said to her. "And if you think that they might try, just picture them in their underwear. That will get them out of your mind quick."

Kitty laughed. Harry sat down next to her on the desk. Kitty tried not to do anything to embarrass herself.

"So how did you get here?" Kitty asked. "How did you join up with that Xavier guy I mean?"

Harry smirked a little bit. "That's a long story. Maybe if you join the school, I could tell you a little bit of it."

Kitty thought that was a compelling enough reason. Still she was not completely sure. Perhaps she was loopy from phasing through the wall one too many times, but Harry just seemed like one of those guys that she could trust.

They had made some light conversation for a few minutes. Kitty felt more and more at ease with Harry. There were times where Harry seemed sure of himself. Then there were times where he seemed more confused than anyone she knew.

He was an enigma. And she was fascinated about learning more about him.

Several moments later, Harry and Kitty walked down the hallway. She was in a bit better spirits than she was an hour, or even ten minutes ago. It was just that everything came crashing down on her ears immediately, and it was hard to cope with. The minor trials and tribulations of a teenage girl who was struggling to pass her gym class, and being bullied really paled in comparison.

Now she felt much better.

"So have we come to an understanding?" Harry asked her. "Your powers don't make you a freak, rather they make you unique. And there's no shame in that."

Kitty could not resist smiling. It was the first genuine one she had in days.

"Nice slogan, you should really put that on a t-shirt," Kitty joked.

Harry looked at her. "I was being serious."

"I know, but it's actually a good point, really it is," Kitty said. Her eyes looked up and down at Harry. "So...I feel like a total idiot for freaking out like that."

"No, it's all good, you weren't a total idiot," Harry said, and Kitty crossed her arms. "But, I think that we're good right now. Are you ready to go back to Jean and Professor Xavier, and give them a chance? They won't read your mind."

"Yeah, I'm trying to keep a bit more of an open mind about that," Kitty agreed. Harry offered her a smile.

"Good, because I don't like to see everyone at odds," Harry said. "All of the angst gives me a headache. I'm trying to cut it out of my life."

"And yet you're a teenager," Kitty said. "Are you sure you're not much older?"
"People have accused me of acting immature in the past," Harry told her.

"Really, you?" Kitty said skeptically.

The two continued to walk down the hallway. Another party stepped in front of them. Harry tensed up immediately. He tried to remain calm and collected. He knew from sight that this was the other mutant that Xavier picked up on Cerebro. Lance Alvers, and immediately Harry remained cautious. While there was no reason to suspect hostile intentions right off the bat, there was also no reason to be a fool, and expect that Lance would be completely trustworthy.

Harry braced himself. Kitty stood beside him.

"You really are going to walk away with this guy, like he's some knight in shining armor, are you?" Lance asked.

Kitty opened her mouth. She was flummoxed by his aggressive actions. After a moment, she spoke up.

"No, he made some good points. You know, I'm sure they'd help you with your powers too. Everything would be all cool."

"I don't need any help with my powers, and you don't either," Lance said, and he stood up straight. His gaze burned into Kitty. "When they say help you with your powers, they really mean they're going to put you on a leash. I know what teachers really mean when they say that they're going to help you. They're going to help you be miserable."

Harry could tell that this young man had some bad experiences in the past. This was not going to be fun. He tried to be the voice of reason, even though he wondered if he was being a fool. Still he had to try, he was stubborn like that.

"It's nothing like that," Harry said. "The Xavier Institute…"

"Yeah, I heard all about Xavier and his high and mighty ways," Lance said. His eyes danced with hostile intentions. "And you seem to already mixed in with his holier than thou ways too."

Harry just shifted on his feet. This was not going as he had planned. He was trying to keep a cool-head. He was trying to keep a level head. He was really trying not to cause any trouble. He had gone a few weeks in this world without causing too much of a stir.

"If you don't want anything to do with the Xavier Institute, that's fine," Harry said to Lance. He took a few calming breaths. He stared down the other boy. "But, Kitty and I are going to return. So please step out of our way and…"

Lance did not move. Harry sighed. He was really making this difficult. He reached forward, and lightly grabbed Kitty's wrist. Kitty phased out of his grip, rather annoyed at his actions.

"You can't be serious, and buy his crap," Lance said. He decided to dangle the carrot in front of Kitty's face. "I know how you're about to flunk in gym. I can tell you where they're keeping the grades, and you can use your powers to change them. Just think about it, you'd be in and out, and no one would notice."

Harry now felt like the angel on the shoulder, and he hated having to be the cooler head that had to prevail. He gently grabbed Kitty's shoulder, and steered her to the side.

"Let me first say, that this is up to you, we're never going to force you to join," Harry told her. He
was completely serious when he said this. "No one should force or pressure anyone into using their powers in a way that they don't want to. My only request is that you think about what you're going to do nice, and hard. How is it going to affect your future? There is a difference between doing what is easy, and what is right. And that's a choice you're going to make."

Kitty bit her lip. There was a temptation, and she was ashamed to admit this, of changing her gym grade. Admitting was the first step. Then again, her desire for perfect academics was beaten over the head by her conscience. She took a deep breath, and looked at Harry.

"I told you, I made up my mind," Kitty said, shaking her head. She looked at Harry honestly. "I really…I really do want to come with you. To the school, I mean. I mean what if I lose my mind, and end up phasing out of my clothes in public. Imagine the embarrassment. I mean, that would be really, really bad. I think I would die of embarrassment."

Harry did imagine that would be a pretty mortifying situation. He turned towards the brunette, and he looked at her, seriously.

"So, if you're sure, then Jean and Xavier are waiting for you in the other room. I'm sure they're going to forgive your little outburst. It happens to the best of us, even the most mature of us."

Harry remembered his frequent outbursts earlier that year. That summer he had quite the temper. He was sure that he took a few years off of his friends' hearing after what he did. Yet, he had grown beyond that. He realized that he could have better control of his powers if he held better control of his temper. Then, the dark haired wizard told to Lance, giving him a "no hard feelings" look.

"Just remember, the offer is open for both of you," Harry said.

Lance's teeth gritted. Harry sensed trouble. He did more than sense trouble. He sensed the floor vibrating beneath his feet. He cursed his luck. Kitty looked at him, and Harry moved forward.

"You don't want to do this," Harry said. He was trying to stay out of trouble, but he was not going to let anyone walk over him either.

The debris broke up from the ground. Dust flew everywhere. Harry threw his body in the way, and a large chunk of debris smashed into him. He grimaced, and he went through his head, racking his brain for a way to counteract the attack. Perhaps he had gained greater clarity in his concussed state, but he had the right idea.

Kitty dove forward, and grabbed Lance. She made both of them intangible. She phased them halfway through the floor, before the vibrations were too much for her to keep straight. She was back out, and Harry used a shield charm to block the debris. He repelled them back at Lance. It was self-defense. He knocked him out.

Lance was down on the ground, still breathing. Harry shook his head, and nearly collapsed to the ground.

Harry staggered. All things considered he could have been better, but he could have been worse. Blood dripped from his mouth. Kitty rushed over, kneeling down beside Harry, and at that moment. Jean and Professor Xavier arrived. Xavier surveyed the mess, most of it which Harry cleaned up. He had a nasty bump on his head, and his mouth bled. Yet he seemed in rather good spirits.

"Harry, are you alright?" Jean asked.

Perhaps once again it was his concussed state, but Harry thought that was the stupidest question he could ever imagine. He was perfectly fine.
"Yeah, peachy," Harry said in a dry voice. He noticed their questioning looks. "I had to knock him out, he could have crushed, Kitty, and any innocent bystanders."

"And you, too!" Jean yelled.

"Yes, and me," Harry said as an afterthought. He staggered around a bit dazed. He tried to brush it off.

Kitty turned towards Jean and the Professor. A bit of a shifty smile crossed her face. She looked at them. Things were kind of awkward.

"So, um, I made up my mind, and I'm going to try the school," Kitty said.

"Yes, I imagined that would be the case," Xavier said. "We will meet with your parents to discuss your options for your future. After Harry gets medical attention after what happened today."

"No need to worry about it, Professor, I'm fine," Harry said.

Jean looked at him through narrowed eyes.

"Yeah, the bloody mouth really indicates fine,' Jean said.

Harry was now annoyed once more.

"Merely a flesh wound," Harry said, shaking his head.

Jean shook her head. Logan was like this, but Logan had the amped up healing factor. Harry had no such thing. Then again, she snuck a peek at the scans Professor Xavier did on Harry. Magic had natural healing abilities. Maybe Harry was not as strong as Logan for that, but he could heal from things that would bring most men down to their knees.

Harry was eventually persuaded to get medical attention. Kitty could barely hold back her laughter at the look on his face. It was like he was being condemned to death row. It was kind of funny and a bit cute if she would have to admit to herself.

Kitty shook her head, wondering if she got clonked on the head as well.

After the events of the day, Kitty was both rather happy, and also kind of nervous to be back at her home. Jean and Professor Xavier were right there with her, and Harry was also sitting beside her. Jean seemed to have the uncanny ability to pacify everything, and make things a little better with authority figures. Yet, Kitty was still a bit nervous, and this was showed on her face.

"You aren't mad at me, are you Mom and Dad?" Kitty asked. A frown appeared on her face. She could handle what anyone else thought of it. It was letting down her parents that caused her to be a bit more stressed. "About the entire power thing and how it's going to interfere with my life…"

"No, Kitty of course not, but it's just a shock to see your only daughter go through a change like this," her mother said. She surveyed her daughter with a reassuring look. "You are still the same girl that you were a week ago. It's just…"

"You have found a special talent that you need to understand and train," her father said. He tried to keep his expression neutral and fair. "Professor Xavier has talked to us, and informed us that there are other people like you out there. People who have abilities, and we think that it's best that you go to that school, and learn what you can. Besides, you can get a fresh start."
"Yes, Kitty, if you are willing to join, we can have you enrolled in the Xavier Institute, and Bayville High School by the end of the week," Xavier said. "Your academics will not be interrupted, and you can begin learning how to train your powers."

Kitty looked at them, looking at her parents, and the representatives of the school. She nodded.

"Yes, this is something that I really have to do. I think I'll look forward to doing this. I'll miss you guys, but it's not like I'm going to leave forever. I'll e-mail you, every week, and I'll come home and visit when I can. There's no way I'll ever forget you, ever, I promise."

Kitty's parents just nodded, and smiled. They knew she would not. Jean got to her feet, and Xavier turned to Kitty's parents.

"Here is the contact information for the Institute, in the event that you need to get in touch with the school in the case of a family emergency," Xavier replied, and Kitty's parents nodded. "We'll be leaving now."

"I'll go pack," Kitty said, trying not to sound too eager. After some of the things Harry told her about the school, she was more excited than ever before. Plus for some reason, spending more time with Harry seemed rather enticing.

Kitty scrambled up the stairs, and began to pack. Jean ushered Harry over. She looked at him with a knowing smile.

"What are you smiling about?" Harry asked her.

"Nothing, just glad to see that you seem to be back on your feet after what happened," Jean told him. She grew suddenly serious, and looked over Harry. "There are far better ways of getting someone's attention then to take a huge chunk of debris on the top of your head."

Harry looked at Jean. A cross expression appeared on his face.

"I was trying to make sure no one got hurt," Harry said.

Jean looked at Harry in an exasperated manner.

"Well, some might argue that you're far from a nobody, Harry," Jean said.

Harry shifted in annoyance. He hated when people worried about him. While it was understood where they were coming from, it was still annoying. He was more durable then people gave him credit for. He could handle himself, and had many times in the past. Jean did not press the matter anymore, so neither had brought up the subject. There was an awkward silence. Professor Xavier gave the Prydes a few more words.

Kitty made her way down the stairs, trying to lug her bag with her. Harry used a charm to help her steady it.

"Thanks," Kitty said to him.

"No problem, looks like you could have packed a bit more evenly," Harry said.

Kitty looked at him with a frown, and a challenging expression.

"Oh, are you some kind of expert in how bags should be packed?"

"No, but I can tell that the bag would be ripped if you shifted it the wrong way with how it was
"I don't know how I ever could have lived without you," Kitty said in a teasing voice.

"Pretty easily, I'm sure," Harry said, and both teenagers laughed. Xavier cleared his throat.

"I believe the Jet is warmed up, if that's all, we must be departing, so we can return by dark," Xavier said.

Kitty nodded, and she rushed over to give her parents one last goodbye.

"So, Kitty, about that boy," her father said in a casual tone of voice.

"Dad!" Kitty yelled in an incredulous tone.

She could not believe that her parents would embarrass her like that. Then again, she was pretty sure that was in the official parenting manual that you had to embarrassing your children. If Harry had heard this conversation, nothing was mentioned. Kitty intended to not bring anything up.

She acted like nothing happened.

Kitty prepared to leave with Jean, Harry, and Professor Xavier for a new life of adventure and fun with the X-Men.

She just hoped she survived the experience.

Then again, it could not be any worse than High School, could it?

There was no way possible.

Was there?

Lance walked outside. He stewed after what happened. The truth was what happened today, he could have handled a bit better. His pride had taken a huge hint. That other boy seemed to be a pushover, but he had turned his own powers against him. And when he had woken up, he had hit his last strike. He had been expelled from school after his attack. Not that he needed school. He sat outside, and rubbed his forehead. He could barely hear a car pull up, and the door slam.

"Having a bad day, Mr. Alvers?"

The same woman who had talked with him on the street had walked out for him. She was dressed in a business suit, and wore glasses.

"Yeah, what's it to you?" Lance asked.

"No need to get hostile, I heard that you got expelled from school," the woman said. Lance looked at her. She decided to elaborate. "I can offer you an opportunity to get a fresh start, and right the wrongs. All I need is for you do a little favor for me."

Lance folded his arms. There was a catch. There always had to be a catch. Yet, despite that fact he was intrigued. His full attention was focused on the woman, and he figured there was no harm in asking her any questions. What were his options?

"What is it?" Lance asked.
"Move to Bayville, on the East Coast, and I can offer you a fresh start that many only dream about," the woman said. "I am the Principal of Bayville High School. I can offer you a spot at the school. You will get close to other interesting students. Students from the Xavier Institute, who also attend my school, and I believe that they are troublemakers. But, I am recruiting several promising students to help keep an eye on them."

Lance thought the chance of retribution was rather promising. Perhaps his anger had gotten the better of him. Yet, he had never been one to back down from a fight. Calling it a side effect of how he grew up, and the fights he had, but that was just how he felt. The woman seemed to be giving him all of the right answers, for the most part. She warned him that there were those who did not understand his powers, and sure enough he was right.

"So, where do I sign up?" Lance asked.

Principal Darkholme had a calculating look spread across her face. The fish had swallowed the bait, and she had netted Magneto a second recruit. The recruits might be scrapping the bottom of the barrel; however she could train them up. Strict discipline would turn these teen recruits into an elite fighting force on par of Xavier and his lackeys.

"Right now, Mr Alvers," Darkholme said.

"Please, call me Avalanche," Lance said.

Darkholme just responded in a very dry voice. "Lance Alvers…Avalanche, yes that's very original of you."

Despite this, she had a new recruit. Said recruit was also willing to leave immediately. She had struck while the iron was hot, and now another member for the growing Brotherhood. Magneto would have his army, and hopefully would get off her back.

If what she found out was right, she had a mission of the more personal nature to deal with.

**To Be Continued in Chapter 6 "Lessons."**
Chapter 06: Lessons.

The Blackbird was boarded with the entire assembled group of X-Men. This was a mission where Xavier suspected that the entire team should go on. Given the fact that this was a weekend and thus not a school night, there was no reason for any of them to stay in bed.

Ororo, or Storm, was the one who was designated to fly the plane. There was space designated next to her, where Professor Xavier's wheelchair could be placed. The ramp extended down, and Xavier rolled up it, and only place. The next two seats on the plane back were occupied by Jean and Scott. Kitty took a seat in the next row, and Harry sat down beside her. Kurt sat in the next one on the plane. Logan, being Logan, sat away in the back, and propped his feet up, waiting to go to their destination.

There was silence that was going to be broken in a matter of moments.

"So where are we going?" Logan asked. He was short, and to the point, always one to get to the answers without cutting through the bullshit. "We pulled everyone out of training, so it has to be important."

Logan had the air of someone who thought that was a mistake.

"It is Logan," Xavier said. "Another mutant was picked up on Cerebro, and her mutant powers are quite intriguing. This will be a bit of a flight, so it's best that I explain properly."

Scott spoke in a casual voice. "So, are we talking about the good kind of interesting? Or are we talking about the bad kind of interesting?"

"Depends on what your perception is, Scott," Xavier said. "She can absorb the memories of people through the touch of her bare skin."

"That must be a useful power," Harry mused.

"Well, providing if you can control it," Xavier said.

"She can't control it," Harry said, and he suddenly grew rather grim.

"That does seem to be the case, she touched just a tiny bit of her flesh on a boy's hand today, and he blacked out," Xavier said. "The boy will recover in time, but for now he's in a catatonic state. It's uncertain if he'll remember what has transpired. The girl's assumed name is Rogue, at least that's what she goes by."

"Well it seems like that name's already taken," Kitty said to Harry in a joking manner. "That kind of sucks, it does fit you."

"Very funny," Harry said, and Kitty just nudged him.

"Oh come on, it's not like you're someone that stays out of trouble," Kitty told Harry.

"Yeah, she does have a point," Kurt said. "You tend to attract the most trouble for us in those Danger Room sessions."
"I get you out of the trouble don't I?" Harry inquired. His expression remained firm and emotionless. Kitty and Kurt both nodded their heads.

"It's all part of your training," Ororo said, before this discussion could go any further again. "Although one day, I hope that your training will progress to the point where you don't get into trouble in the first place."

Harry would have to agree. He thought that as well. Contrary to popular belief, he would have liked to be have avoided trouble. Yet, it seemed to follow him. No matter what universe he was in.

There was silence on the Blackbird. Harry thought his Danger Room training was moving nicely. The solo stuff he was better at than the team work. He had to admit, for some reason he worked better alone. Still he was improving, so that was actually something that encouraged him.

"It's going to be a long flight to Mississippi," Kitty commented lightly. She looked at Harry with a smile. "And someone dodged out of the conversation about the codenames yesterday, before we could properly finish it."

Harry opened his mouth, before he decided to go in with the only retort that he could think of.

"Jean doesn't have a codename," Harry said.

"Hey, don't get me involved in this," Jean said. The truth was she thought of one that sounded cool. When she was about sixteen, and now at the sophisticated age of seventeen the name "Marvel Girl" did not sound that cool or anything but cheesy. Scott was the only one who knew, and he was not going to say anything.

If he knew what was good for him.

"Come on, codename," Kurt said. "It's not that painless, its better you pick out one, before Logan does or something like that."

"And what's that supposed to mean?" Logan asked.

Kurt shook his head.

"Nothing, nothing," Kurt said, changing the subject. "Still, I picked out Nightcrawler, and Kitty…"

"Shadowcat, duh," Kitty said. She shook her head, and crossed her arms.

"So that was the one you finally decided on after the fifty million codenames you threw out in the state of hyperactivity you were in," Harry said. He had a grin on his face, and Kitty just shook her head.

"Hey, I couldn't decide, all of them were epic," Kitty said.

Scott turned around to look at Harry.

"You know you'll never here the end of this, if you don't pick a codename soon," Scott said.

Harry sighed. Names were not something that he was good at. He closed his eyes, and began to crack his brain.

'Firebolt...no naming myself after my old broom isn't going to work out,' Harry thought to himself. 'Sparky...no I'll never here the end of that one. Wizard...too generic. Sorcerer...yeah that's even more generic. Spanner...I have no idea where that bit of stupidity came from. Who would want to be
named after a wrench? Downfall...no. Potter, think off something before you get saddled with something that's going to stick."

The plane hit some temporary turbulence, but it was nothing that it could not recover from. Harry was jolted out of his thought process.

"I've got it," Harry said. Kitty moved over, and nearly phased through her seat belt in excitement. She could not wait to see what brainstorm her team mate had come up with. "I think Arcane would be the perfect codename for me. I don't know what, but there's just something about the codename that speaks to me."

Kitty looked at him, blinking in confusion, before she understood. She looked impressed.

"Well given that it means something that's understood by few, mysterious and secret, that fits you to a tee," Kitty said.

Harry thought that did fit him, even though that was not quite the direction he was going for.

"Actually, I was going for the magic user aspect of it, more really," Harry said.

"Although you really should have gone with the name Excalibur or something, I mean that just sounds cool," Kitty said. Harry looked at her, with a raised eyebrow. The brunette looked at him in an exasperated manner. "You know, like the sword with King Arthur and Merlin and all that stuff."

"Yes, I'm aware of what Excalibur is," Harry said with a chuckle, and there was laughter all around. "I just don't see it as a name fitting me. And are you trying to say that Arcane isn't cool?"

"No, I'm not saying that all," Kitty said. "But you got to admit that the name Excalibur just seems to be so much more epic."

Harry sighed. He looked at her, with a frown.

"Arcane's good too," Kitty added.

"Glad to see I have your vote of confidence," Harry said.

"Good, we finally got that settled," Kitty said. She turned to Kurt. "Unless you can think of a better name."

"No, it's good," Kurt said.

"Well, I'll miss hearing that debate," Scott said dryly and suddenly they saw that they were there.

The X-Men prepared to see what they could find from the newest mutant. The way Xavier had briefed them on the situation, they knew that they would have to take extra care not to terrify the girl, and cause her to lash out against them, using her powers. The Blackbird landed, and they exited it to walk to the last known spot where the girl was sighted.

Getting here was the easy part. Finding their mystery girl was going to be something different all together.

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A young girl dressed in gothic clothing stepped forward. She was pale, with dark hair, and white bangs. She looked around over to the side. Her heart began to thump a mile a minute. She could hardly believe what had happened. Her entire world had been turned topsy-turvy. She continued to run forward as fast as her legs could carry her. The events of the last few hours had played through
her mind. She had gotten mostly a sense of herself. However, there were just many more questions that were yet to be answered.

The girl known as Rogue leaned against the wall. She was at a party. It was a rare outing that her guardian, Irene, had allowed her to attend. There was something that was always different about her. She had been told that she had a skin condition, and had to avoid contact with other children her age. Well, skin condition would be one way to put it what she had. She held her arms across her chest, and took a few deep breaths.

It all came back to her. There was this boy, at the party. His name was Cody. He asked her to dance, they did. Suddenly their skin touched, and the lights went out. His memories became hers. His talents on the Football field had become hers. She was standing there, and took a deep breath. She still shook her head.

'What's happening to me?' Rogue asked herself. She put her hands on her face. 'Is this what's going to happen every single time I go out in public. I can't even stand to face anyone? I have to be afraid to accidentally bump into someone, because this might happen. This is crazy. This is...no there's got to be an explanation. I got to get out of here...get home.'

Rogue put her hands on her head. She continued to be confused, and took a deep breath. The solution had swam around her head. She needed to get home. However, where was home? That was something that she had no idea. Was she home right now? Was this her home or Cody's home? Where was she going? She wiped her hand across her forehead.

She barely even remembered her real name any more. She could not sit around here, gawkin' like some kind of idiot. She had to keep moving. It was useless to try and think otherwise. She made sure her skin was completely covered, or at least as covered as it was going to get. The last thing the girl wanted was some relapse of the incident.

Suddenly she stopped. She heard growling from outside. Rogue felt faint, and stopped.

"Who's...who's there," Rogue said, and she prepared to fight.

A short man dressed in orange had stepped out. He had dark hair.

"I've got you, right where I want you," he growled.

He charged forward, and jumped at Rogue. Rogue tucked her head, and rolled out of the way. The man crashed into the bed, and Rogue decided to use that as her opportunity to rush out of the backdoor, as fast as her legs could carry her.

Mystique watched Rogue leave. Her eyes followed the girl's progress out the door, as she thought about the plan. Wearing the face of Wolverine was something that she detested, but it would have to do for the plan to work. She could not allow Rogue to be recruited by the X-Men. Xavier had already gotten to one of them, and poisoned him with his lies. Mystique refused to allow another one to get corrupted by that foolish man's even more foolish dream.

She watched Rogue leave. Her beady eyes were narrowly fixed on the girl. She gave the girl a couple of moments to sweat things out. Then she turned into Storm. She reached into her belt, and pulled out a miniature pellet. This would simulate fake lightning.

"No one escapes the X-Men," the faux Storm bellowed in a commanding voice.

This performance would go on without a hitch, and Rogue's own confusion about her powers planned into her plans perfectly. She pelleted in, and the flash of light scorched the ground, it caused
Rogue to tumble head over heels. She landed on the ground with a thud.

She rolled over, and got back to her feet. The woman she saw kept in the shadows, so she looked like an imposing figure. Rogue took a few deep breaths, and tried to remain on her feet. She scrambled on her back, and kept running.

Mystique watched Rogue leave. It was a shame she had to do something like this. The name of the game was deception. It was all about sticking to the plan. Mystique turned around, and she got on her cell phone when she was sure Rogue was running out of sight.

"She's running scared," Mystique said. There was a small bit of regret in her voice. Yet, she was trying to keep neutral.

She had a job to do.

The X-Men had arrived. Already Rogue would be confused. Mystique morphed into a raven. It was time to get a bird's eye view, and watch the show. Soon she would continue to drive nails into the reputation of the X-Men.

The entire group exited their jet, unaware that they were being watched by Mystique. As long as she remained hidden, and in the shadows, there should be no way that any of them would know that she was here.

The game was afoot. Now it was the time to take things up to the next level when Xavier and his disciples got involved.

The seeds of discontent will be sewed even further.

Harry always found himself to be someone who could think really quickly on his feet. He had never been much of a planner. That was the one reason why he kind of was a bit reluctant about being a part of a team. It kind of stopped him from thinking on his feet. He had to compensate for the follies of others.

He stood around. Scott, Jean, and Logan went one way. Ororo took to the air to see if she could spot this Rogue girl. Harry was with Kitty and Kurt on the ground. One of them could teleport away from trouble, and one of them could become intangible to avoid attacks. And they could do so to other people.

Harry thought he heard something. It was merely a bird.

'Got to learn to relax, Potter,' Harry thought to himself.

Suddenly, he did spot something. The girl Professor Xavier described had been running in the distance. He had gotten a glimpse of her. It took him a few seconds to register what he saw.

"Look," Harry said to Kitty and Kurt. They both spun around.

"Yeah, that's so her," Kitty said. She pulled out the communication device that she had on her. "Hey, Scott, Jean, we got her."

"Great, don't let her out of your sight, we're going in," Scott said.

"That shouldn't be too hard," Kurt said, and he teleported out of the way.

"Not all of this can do that," Kitty said. Harry disapparated away next and left Kitty stranded. Kitty
placed her hands on her hips. Harry returned.

"Hang onto my waist tightly," Harry advised her.

Kitty looked at him strangely. "Your waist?"

"That's what I said," Harry said, and he grabbed Kitty, pulling her in closely. Kitty wrapped her around his waist. The two disapparated with a pop.

There was a moment where Kitty had her arm around Harry's waist. She paused, and noticed that they were there.

"Um, right maybe I should let go," Kitty said.

"Take your time," Harry told her with a smile.

They joined Kurt over to the side. Kurt was standing there, and Logan hovered in the background. The fuzzy mutant turned his attention to both Kitty and Harry who stood and waiting.

"It looks like we don't have to worry too much, Jean's found her," Kurt said, pointing them out.

Harry moved in to listen closely, and he caught snatches of conversation.

Jean walked up towards Rogue. She had collapsed on the ground, and was now seated on the ground cross-legged. She looked up at Jean. She backed off.

"It's okay, there's no need to be upset," Jean said. "With your powers, you're scared, and confused. But we're here to help."

"You are?" Rogue asked.

"We're here from the Xavier Institute for the Gifted, and you can learn how to use your powers," Jean said.

"And you expect me to just get up, and walk off with you," Rogue said. There was a great deal of distrust dripping from her voice.

Jean shook her head. She could see the suspicious look in Rogue's eyes.

"I don't expect you to do that. However, just think about it. Take this communicator device, and if you consider going, just press that button. It should contact one of us, and we can pick you up. We'll be around a little bit longer tonight."

Rogue just pondered. She really didn't know what she wanted to do to be honest. Suddenly she looked up, and spotted of the ones who attacked her. The man who had tried to attack her in her room was now walking up towards her, and Rogue panicked.

She saw the woman who had tried to zap her with lightning. Immediately, Rogue ran off.

"I don't understand, it looked like she was going to join," Jean said.

"Something's rotten here," Logan said. He sniffed the air. "I can smell it."

"Yeah, the way she's running, could someone else be here?" Harry asked.

Logan considered that for a second.
"Possible, I'll keep an eye out," Logan said.

"So do you think that we should try and talk to her?" Scott asked.

Kurt popped up. This was his first official recruiting mission, and he thought that this would be the perfect chance to do something useful.

"Maybe she ran away from you guys, but maybe I could talk to her," Kurt said.

Harry nodded. He thought that Kurt was more of a people person than he was. His conventional regular appearance was not a reflection of what lied within. This Rogue girl seemed rather more distressed than Kitty was when Harry had run into her. Kitty was just dealing with her powers. If Harry did not know any better, Rogue was attacked by someone.

"I'd be careful, someone might have been attacking her," Harry said.

"You mean trying to make us look bad," Ororo said.

"Yeah, that makes sense," Kitty said. Her eyes focused on Logan and Ororo. "When she saw the two of you, she panicked."

"Elf, go see if you can talk some sense into her," Logan said shortly, and Kurt nodded. "The rest of you, stick around here. If someone is attacking here, they could be going after us."

Rogue nearly collapsed on the ground. She had been running for so long that she was sick of it. She saw a dark haired boy on the swing set of a playground area.

"Hey there's no need for alarm," the boy said with a smile. "We're not your enemy, we're your friends."

"I don't know what's going on here," Rogue said. "Who are you?"

"My name's Kurt," he said. He dropped down, and looked at Rogue. "The X-Men are here because they want to help you."

"The X-Men, two of them tried to attack me," Rogue said. A scowl appeared on her face. "Look, you might be one of the good ones, but the one that attacked me today were not good."

"None of us saw you until you were running," Kurt argued.

There was a long moment where Rogue looked at Kurt with abject disbelief. She shook her head, and could not believe him at all. It just seemed so crazy. She wanted to believe it, but she couldn't.

"I just want to try, and get home and get some answers," Rogue said.

"I understand, you think the entire world is out to get you," Kurt said.

Rogue thought that was an oddly accurate statement. Kurt got up to his feet.

"So, just let everyone have a chance to explain themselves, and it won't be so bad," Kurt said to her. He paused, and gave Rogue an encouraging smile. "You'll see."

Rogue shook her head. She took a step forward, but a figure jumped her from behind. Before either Kurt or Rogue could see who it was, Rogue accidentally brushed up against him. His powers had been absorbed and he dropped to the ground, knocked completely unconscious. Rogue panicked. This was the second time this happened, but she got something more than memories.
Rogue teleported immediately. All she intended to do was to get out of there. However, all she could do was teleport.

Kitty and Harry arrived. They saw Kurt on the ground.

"Kurt!" Kitty yelled frantically.

Harry held her back. He performed a few diagnostic spells. It was determine if Kurt was in any immediate danger.

"He's merely stunned," Harry told Kitty, before she could completely freak out. "She barely touched him; he'll be up in a couple of minutes."

"How do you know?" Kitty asked him.

Harry looked at her seriously.

"Because, I saw it before we got here," Harry said. He turned around. His gaze was in the shadows. "There's something else here, that attacked both of them."

"Is that the same thing you think is attacking Rogue?" Kitty asked.

Harry nodded. Scott and Jean were nearby in case they needed back up. It would be another couple of minutes before Kurt would come too.

His breath quickened, as did his heartbeat. Harry began to pick up the pace a little bit more. He hoped to reach Rogue before it was too late. She was still teleporting like mad. Harry knew that this might get him absorbed too. He grabbed Rogue's wrist to block her, and grounded her in place.

There was a long pause for a moment where it appeared that nothing happened. Then Harry felt something wash over him. He passed out from the pain as quickly as Rogue grabbed his wrist. He dropped to his hands and knees, and then blacked out.

Rogue staggered back. She had gotten a taste of what it was like to have Harry Potter's memories. This was not going to be pleasant for her at all. She began to scream in pure agony. She managed to disapparate nearly halfway across the town with a huge crack.

Harry was coming to. He felt like he had been dunked in ice water. His powers had protected him for the most part. He had only felt a slight buzz when Rogue absorbed him.

"I tried to stop her," Harry told Jean as she showed up.

"You did, but it seems like your powers aren't something that can block hers," Jean said. She paused, and added. "You weren't assuming they were, are there?"

Harry responded with a shrug.

"Magic makes an idiot out of most science," Harry said. He thought that this was the most logical explanation at the time. "I had to take a guess."

Jean nodded. That was fair enough. Kitty moved over with them, and Kurt was beginning to stir as well. They still had the problem of a rogue...well, Rogue.

Harry got a good look at how her powers worked, and if he would have had to grab her next time, he would be able to negate them. His mind processed that much. He could be completely of base, but he hoped not.
Rogue shook her head. The longer she ran around, the more confused she was. The moment she touched that second boy, his memories just did not make any sense to her. At least for the most part, and the memories that made sense had completely tortured her mind. What kind of life did he live to have something like that in his head? That had to be the most messed up mind ever.

The X-Men were something else that caused her confusion. Sometimes, they seemed to want to help her. Then there were other times where they wanted to attack her. She took a step back, and ran into a building. She just needed a quiet place to think and to recoup.

She heard the footsteps behind her.

"Who's there?" Rogue demanded. Her Southern temper flared up at this moment. "Look, I'm so sick and tired of you all giving me the go around. I want some answers, and I…"

She stopped, and the redhead who had given her the communicator had shown up at that moment. She managed to straighten up, and take a deep breath.

"It seems like some people just don't want to be helped," "Jean" said.

Rogue looked up, and the columns behind her exploded. She scrambled towards the nearest exit as fast as her legs could take her. The girl came to one conclusion. This entire group was nuts and possibly fickle as well. Rogue took her next steps, and scrambled away as fast as her feet could take her.

Mystique stood, under the guise of Jean Grey. So far, everything was going towards plan. Pretty soon, Rogue would be turned away from the X-Men forever. She closed her eyes, and then her form morphed into that of one Harry Potter. Mystique took a step forward, and drew a breath.

"Going somewhere?"

Mystique turned around to come face to face with the real deal. This was not part of the plan at all. How did he get here some quickly?

"You know if she sees us in the same place, at the same time, your little deception is going to go down the tube," Harry told her.

Mystique fired a kick. Thanks to his reflexes, Harry ducked. He rolled out of the way, and tried to back off. He tried to alert the team, but Mystique had kicked the communicator out of his hand. Harry was now on his own, and he turned to engage her. He tried to manipulate her into position to fire a spell at her. She seemed to be able to dodge that accordingly, and they circled around each other.

Rogue stepped back, and now she was really confused. Not to mention she was very angry. She saw two versions of the same dark haired, green eyed boy that she was fighting. This made no sense at all. One of the boys shot energy beams from his hand of some sort. She felt stupid for describing what he did like that. Yet, that was the only explanation she could think of.

The X-Men showed up at that moment. They were greeted by the sight of the two Harry's fighting.

"So, which one is the real one?" Kurt asked. He had just woken back up, and was still a little groggy from the battle.

Kitty frowned, and she pointed out the right Harry.
"I'm guessing the one that's shooting the magic stuff out of his hands," Kitty said.

"Yeah, that makes sense," Logan grunted.

Mystique was getting more and more frustrated as time went on. No matter what she did, she could not get one hit on this young man. Who had now ruined everything, and it was not like he was skilled at fighting. He was not skilled at fighting in the slightest. It was just that he was jumping around, and it was beginning to drive her nuts. All he was doing was dodging.

She backed off when she saw the X-Men. The numbers had turned into odds that she did not like. This was the last thing that went through her mind before an orange light impacted her chest. She landed to the ground and her breath had been knocked out of her.

Jean decided to ask the obvious question. "Professor is that…"

"Yes, that is, Jean," Xavier said. The other members of the X-Men looked confused, especially the newer ones. "This is Mystique. She is a shape-shifter, and a highly dangerous fighter. She's a master of deception."

"That much I gathered," Harry said dryly.

"So, she's the one who tried to go after her?" Logan asked.

Rogue stepped forward, and looked at the entire group of X-Men. Her eyes widened at that moment, and her mouth opened.

"Will any of you explain to me what the hell is going on here?" Rogue asked. Her eyes narrowed, as she looked at all of the X-Men. "Is this is some kind of sick joke?"

"There's no kind of sick joke here, Rogue," Xavier said. Rogue looked rather skeptical. Anyone would be given the circumstances. Thankfully Xavier was able to pacify the situation as only he could. He sat on his wheelchair, and peered up at her. "The X-Men are not your enemies. We can help you figure out your powers."

Rogue looked dubious at best. Mystique's eyes flickered open. She slowly managed to get to her feet, before she was missed. Logan had seen her rushing from the window.

"We've got a runner," Logan growled.

Harry moved over to stun Mystique again. However he was stopped.

"Let her go," Xavier said.

Harry's eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"What?" Harry asked, unable to believe this.

Xavier sighed. This was going to be hard one to explain. Yet he had to.

"We must let her go, young Rogue here is of the most importance," Xavier said.

"We had a perfect opportunity to bring someone dangerous like that down, and we're just going to let her go," Harry said. He spoke slowly, and deliberately as if he was not sure he was hearing right. He was pretty sure he did not get hit in the head during the battle.

"I got to go with him on this one, Chuck," Logan said.
"I'll explain my reasoning for it later, Logan,' Xavier told the mutant telepathically.

Logan just grumbled.

"Harry could have got her easily you know," Kitty said. "The rest of you aren't going to just stand around and let her get away, are you?"

"If the Professor has a good reason for it, then perhaps we should," Scott said. He was in two minds about the situation, but Professor Xavier often did have a good reason. Even if he was at a loss to figure out what that reason might be.

Rogue stared.

"You can come with us Rogue, if you want, or we will drop you off back home," Xavier said.

"Fine, I'll come with you," Rogue said. She looked at them to make sure she let them know this decision was completely in her hands. "Then I'll decide whether or not if I'm staying."

Xavier nodded his head. All and all that was the best that he could hope for given the situation. He would be able to talk to Rogue.

"We all got off on the wrong foot I think," Harry said. "I'm sorry."

"For what?" Rogue asked.

"You saw my memories," Harry said.

"Yeah, well I was the one who touched you, so I had it coming," Rogue said. "I'm going to have to figure out why that keeps happening."

"Well come to the school, and you might," Kitty said.

Her cheery demeanor was something that threw Rogue off, and just annoyed her on principle. It was nothing personal against the girl. It just was against her nature. She just nodded. Perhaps that would be something that she had to consider.

A black bird watched as Rogue left. Her beady little eyes were fixed on both Harry Potter and Charles Xavier. She blamed both of them for what happened, and she plotted her revenge. There would come a day where both of them would pay.

"So have to come to a consensus of whether or not you're going to stay, Rogue?"

Rogue stared at the assembled group of the X-Men. The truth was she had really been trying to figure out where she stood. There were a million thoughts going through her mind. She was quiet the entire trip back. No one seemed to want to look at her. Then again, after this entire event she took a deep breath. She looked at the group, and folded her arms. She delayed the answer, even if she knew what it was going to be.

"I'll be honest, I thought that you people were out to get me," Rogue said. "Then it was…that Mystique wasn't it?"

"Yeah that was her," Xavier said. "She is a master of trickery. Do not feel bad that you nearly were tricked by her. There were many people who had fallen for her tricks in the past. And there will be many more people who have fallen for her tricks. Many of them far wiser, and it was lucky she was
Harry had no idea whether or not luck had anything to do with it. Mystique was there, and then she was gone. Harry took a step back. Kitty, Kurt, Jean, and Scott stood in the background. He had wondered why Xavier made the decision that he did. That one was going to annoy him for a long time.

He was hoping to avoid the standard answer of people having their reasons. And Xavier likely had a good reason he was sure. The only thing that stopped Harry from calling out Xavier on everything was the fact that he did not have a back-up plan. He was still in this strange world.

Still one day, he would likely have to confront him on it.

"Yeah, Mystique is slippery," Harry told Rogue, for lack of anything better to say.

"You took her down," Rogue said. "And then you let her go."

"Yeah, I'm at a loss for that one too," Harry said.

"Why did you tell Harry to let her go, Professor?" Kitty asked.

"Yeah, she was one of the bad guys, so we should have brought her in," Kurt said.

Xavier knew this was not going to be a conversation that he would not relish having with the younger members of the team. If he had taken in Mystique, he would risk starting a war with Magneto. Humanity would be caught in the crossfire. Their relationship had been tense. It was almost a truce, or a ceasefire.

"No human prison would have been able to hold Mystique," Xavier said. The answer was honest, and most would have bought it.

Rogue, Kurt, Kitty, and Harry all exchanged expressions of deep skepticism. The older members of the team seemed about ready to buy this answer. Logan just grunted, and scowled. Something told them that he did not believe it any more than they did.

"Okay, Professor, you're the boss," Kurt said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Now, I hope that today's events will not sour our relationship," Xavier said.

Harry nodded. He was still getting used to being a part of a team. Perhaps this is one of those team building exercises, and things he had to learn to deal with.

The more answers he got, the more questions he got.

"I'd like to stay, Professor, give the X-Men a shot," Rogue said. She shifted her shoulders.

"We'd appreciate you giving us the chance," Xavier said.

"Welcome to the team, Rogue," Jean said in a bright voice.

"Yeah, you won't regret it," Scott said.

Rogue nodded. She hoped that she would not. Harry looked at her, and she followed him out of the room.

"I want to talk to you for a minute," Harry told Rogue. His voice was low and urgent. "What did you
see?"

Rogue thought this was a good question. The memories when she absorbed them barely made sense.

"I don't really know," Rogue said. "None of your memories that I absorbed were that vivid. Even your powers, I couldn't really control them."

"My powers are far different than most," Harry said. "It's a wonder you didn't black out yourself when you absorbed them."

Rogue blinked when Harry had dropped this statement on her.

"You can't be that powerful," Rogue said.

Harry chuckled. This was going to be fun. He looked at the gothic girl seriously. This was going to be one of those things where he would have to explain it carefully. He felt a bit more at ease that she had not seen something that would come back to haunt him later on.

"No, trust me, power has nothing to do with it," Harry said. "And it's a wonder that you didn't start blowing things up. But that's beside the point. I just want to know if you saw anything. There are some things in my mind that I don't think anyone really deserves to see, or have to experience."

Rogue shifted. She had gotten a sense of that.

"You've had a hard life," Rogue said.

"That's one way of putting it," Harry said.

"And you're not happy about letting Mystique go," Rogue said. Harry did not blink. He opened his mouth to try for the diplomatic approach, not trying to stir anything with the new student. "It's okay; I don't blame you at all for thinking about that. I would have done the same thing."

Rogue turned around, and walked off. Accidentally, she brushed against Harry. She winced immediately, but Harry kept watching. The girl was sure that their skin touched together. She remembered what Mystique did today. She almost did not go to this school, because of everything that she tried to pull. She had enough problems with the fact that she could not touch anyone without knocking them out.

Harry walked over, and sunk into the chair with a sigh. Kitty sat down on the chair opposite of him.

"Tell me about it, it's been a long day," Kitty said. "I wonder why the Professor wanted to let Mystique go."

"Damned if I know," Harry said, slumping in the chair, and he summoned over a book to read. Kitty dodged it when it flew through the air.

"No, need to get all broody over it," Kitty said.

Harry jumped to the defensive mode immediately.

"I'm not getting broody," Harry said. He looked at the brunette with a smile. "You'd know when I was getting broody."

"Oh, are there little storm clouds forming above your head or something?" Kitty asked. "Because that's the only way people would be able to tell the difference between now, and how you normally act."

"That's none of your concern," Harry shot back.
Harry just smiled.

"Trust me, you'd know," Harry replied.

"And you were totally scared when Rogue energy-vampire you," Kitty said. "Is the big bad Harry Potter keeping some deep dark secret?"

"Yeah, the bodies of brunettes who keep pestering me with questions," Harry said dryly. He looked at her with a slight smile. "I keep them in my basement."

"Hey!" Kitty yelled.

"Seriously, I just like my privacy," Harry said. "And the past should remain in the past."

Kitty nodded. That was fair enough. Harry barely talked about his friends, or where he came from. Then again, he was never going to see them again.

Kitty would freak out if she went through what Harry did. She found herself watching Harry, as he was reading. She found herself lost in his eyes.

"What do I have something on my face?" Harry asked her.

"No, just thinking," Kitty said.

Harry just smiled at her and went back to his book.

The day that was had been a rather frustrating one for Mystique. She had thought that she had everything under control. Then she had to deal with that Potter. Potter had not only figured out her deception, but he had knocked her unconscious. It was a small miracle that she managed to escape. Yet, there was no miracle what she was up against. She found herself face to face with Magneto.

"You failed to recruit her properly into the Brotherhood," Magneto said in a calm voice.

Mystique wished Magneto had raged at her. This calm disappointment was far more demeaning to her than mindless rage.

"My plan was compromised," Mystique said.

Magneto seemed to be not in the mood to listen to any excuses. He stared down Mystique, and promptly began to speak. "Compromised, plans do tend to get compromised, Raven. Yet, the true measure of a mutant is how well they are able to adapt. If our brothers and sisters are able to withstand the onslaught, than adaptation is something that you must learn. Do not disappoint me such again. So far, you have gathered a few recruits to our group. And there will be many more to come."

"Yes, I won't disappoint again," Mystique said.

She watched Magneto. These moments of long silence really did get to her much of the time. She had thought Magneto was considering whether or not she was an asset. Had she not proven her loyalty to that man time and time again? She should be thanked for all that she had put on the line, and now all that she had lost.

The Potter child would have a problem.

"I trust you will continue to keep an eye out, and give me further progress reports on the situation," Magneto said.
Mystique nodded in a stiff manner. She had no choice, but to do that. Magneto turned around to depart. This left Mystique standing there, a frustrated expression spreading across her face. She took a deep breath, and turned around to see a dark haired woman with glasses. This woman was her associate Irene Adler. She was blind; however she had the gift for the foresight.

"You have encountered the one that walks between worlds," Irene said in a cryptic voice.

Mystique's face was contorted with confusion. "The one that walks between worlds?"

"He is not strictly classified as a mutant and he has great potential," Irene continued. She stood in front of Mystique, and nodded carefully. "He will serve to be an asset for whatever side commands him. He has the ability to inspire great light inside darkness, and could lead mutants to a new age."

Mystique nodded. Her friend had told Rogue's powers would manifest. And warned her not to be careless.

"He has influenced many already, even if his time here has been short," Irene said cryptically. "He will be one for many to watch. And many will see fit to end him, to prevent him from becoming a threat to their plans."

Mystique had no idea how much of this she wanted to believe. The mysterious arrival of the boy only known as Harry Potter had completely vexed her. Yet, the fact that he could be some kind inspiration to mutants intrigued her just a little bit. Magneto seemed interested in monitoring the boy's progress.

For now, Mystique considered him a little more than a thorn in her side, and an individual who disrupted her plans.

She would have to wait if that opinion was changed.
Chapter 07: Sorcerer.

There was one thing that all of the students of the Xavier Institute for the Gifted could say about the Danger Room. It kept them on their toes, and in fighting shape each and every moment they had trained in it. The programs were varied enough where they could expect the unexpected. Harry dodged a set of lasers, and tucked his head. He used his agility to roll out of the way. He deflected two of the blasts. His attack had knocked out the attacks.

It had been an interesting last few weeks at the Xavier Institute. Harry had never thought he would have been able to fit in that well. Yet, he found his way to a brand new home. He had a brand new life, with many of the same challenges.

He deflected two of the attacks. It was important to learn to work as part of a team, and not as a solo act.

"Kitty, dodge to your left, and turn!" Harry yelled. Kitty nodded, and did what Harry had advised. Harry tried to get a handle of his surroundings, before he continued to yell suggestions. "Kurt, go to your right, and turn, and Rogue stay through the middle."

The lasers were deflected on that note. Harry thought he was coming into his own at spotting certain patterns in the Danger Room. He did give Logan some credit for changing everything up in the Danger Room. It would be foolish to allow them to grow complacent. There were a set of lasers, and the shower began to blast out them. The closing walls of the Danger Room nearly tripped them up. Kitty went intangible, and disabled them.

"We're not going to make it!" Kitty yelled.

"Of course we're going to make it," Harry said. Kurt ported in front of Harry. "Kurt, is Rogue behind you?"

"Present!" Rogue yelled, and she rushed forward. The Goth girl took a good look around. "Is it just me, or is Logan trying to make an effort to kill us every morning before breakfast? And lunch and dinner?"

Harry just offered her an encouraging smile. Kitty was the one that piped up immediately. "It isn't just you. I swear, just because he has a healing factor, doesn't mean the rest of us does."

"Keep focused!" Harry yelled at the top of his lungs. Which could be pretty loud, given that Harry was capable of some volume.

Kurt, Kitty, and Rogue did keep focused. They continued to dodge the attacks, bobbing and weaving around them. Harry looked at the clock. If they did not complete this program in a certain amount of time, they would fail in this Danger Room session. Harry did not intend to fail, even if he had to rely on the other team members.

"Kitty, disable, Kurt teleport, Rogue up you go," Harry said.

No one was going to call out Harry on his strategy. He actually managed to get them through most of the course. The energy rings were far ahead. The four managed to get through most of the Danger Room.
"Could you use magic to disable them?" Kurt asked.

It was Rogue who answered.

"Remember, Logan said that would invalidate the entire point of the exercise," Rogue said.

Kitty was the one that piped up next. "Harry would use something like that in real life though, so I don't know why it's not allowed."

Harry would have to concede that she had a point. Although, he did have to train his other abilities, in addition to his magic. The three of them continued to move forward. Each step they got closer towards the end of the Danger Room. Harry's heart skipped a beat. He made sure his team members made it through safely.

"Okay, we're going to the last leg, everyone stay together!" Harry yelled.

Kitty, Kurt, and Rogue nodded. The last hurdle did seem to be among the most dangerous. They had to keep moving. Harry led the group down the final leg of this training session in the Danger Room. It was a sharp turn. They could see Professor Xavier watching from above. Logan was watching as well. The expression on his face was unreadable.

"I think we're going to have to jump this one," Rogue told them.

Harry nodded. He would have to concur. Kitty and Harry rushed to the front of the line. It was Harry that cleared the pit first. His knees had been bent, and he landed on the ground. Harry staggered. He managed to adjust his footing. Kitty was the next one that had made her way over the pit. She closed her eyes. She could feel the floor tingle underneath her feet. This was pretty much a warning shot for her to go through. Kitty bent her knees, and sprang up forward.

Her balance was not as poised as Harry's. Most of it had to do with adjusting for the development of her powers. She was getting better. However, her footing was something that could use work. She nearly fell over. Harry caught her in his arms for a moment, just to allow her to readjust herself. The two shared a lingering stare. Harry looked at her, about to ask her if she was okay. Kitty nodded immediately, trying to remain cool under the situation. Kurt followed through next, and Rogue had brought up the rear. The four X-Men stood at the end, and they knew the finishing line was there.

"We're going to actually make it!" Kitty yelled in a triumphant voice.

Rogue shook her head. "Yeah, by the skin of our teeth."

"We can argue about how close, or how far we came later," Harry said. He took several steps forward, and reached the end. Kurt followed him next. Kitty followed him next, and Rogue had landed.

They waited for the light to go off. The Danger Room session had been completed. Harry shook his head. He thought he could have got through that a bit faster if he had been able to use the full scope of his magical abilities, or if he had done so by himself. Yet, he was rather pleased all things considered with how well his team had done. They had all kept it mostly together under fire.

This was the second time they did this particular Danger Room exercise. The first time they did it, the less said about that the better. This was a few weeks back. Harry thought Rogue in particular looked like she was going to crawl into a hole and die out of frustration.

"So how do you think we did?" Kitty asked, tugging on Harry's sleeve to get his attention.
Harry looked at her. "We did decently enough I think."

"Decently enough?" Kitty asked.

"He means there's room for improvement," Rogue said to Kitty. "And I agree, there were a couple of times where we looked like we were kind of cutting it close."

Harry thought that a couple of times were something that was a generous assessment. However, they had improved from the last time. The last time they had failed this session.

Unfortunately, it was not Harry who was the one who had to give the final assessment of the matter. It was Logan who had that happy role.

Kitty, Rogue, Kurt, and Harry all stood, and the Danger Room doors opened. They had managed to all remain conscious throughout the entire session. Surely, that was progress?

Logan stood outside of the Danger Room. He had watched the training session. There was always something that he would have done different. However, even he had to admit that they were doing decently enough. Under the circumstances, they could have done much worse. He saw the Danger Room doors open. Kitty, Kurt, Harry, and Rogue exited. Logan turned towards them. His eyes looked at all of them. Logan stared at them, and they stared back. There was a few seconds of silence before Logan decided to break the silence.

"Well, you didn't completely embarrass yourselves like you did last time," Logan said. He offered this gruff assessment, which the quartet took as praise. "Not too bad in there, but if this was real life most of you would be dead. You would have been skewed to bits."

Harry agreed with this. That is why they had these simulations, and training sessions. It was to iron out all of the kinks in the teamwork before they were out on the field. However, Harry did know one thing. More often than not there was a huge world of difference between a simulation and between actually being out. Harry learned that all of the training in the world would not prepare for the impossible.

"Next time, we'll get out there easier," Harry said.

"This session was way too easy on all of you, especially you," Logan said to Harry. Harry looked back at Logan, his expression firm. "You're someone who should be handling tougher things in there. You're going to get some solo time in the Danger Room on the higher levels."

Harry thought that he had did the best job he had in keeping the team together. The team had made it out of the scenario one hundred percent. No one had passed out; there was not even a scratch on them. To Harry, he thought everything had turned out rather well. Still, he had to agree with Logan, there was room for improvement. Teamwork was something that was the hardest thing to fine tune. If more than one team member was out of sync, then they would have to compensate.

"I didn't think we'd get out of there in time," Kurt said. "And I thought we improved."

"We did improve, it's just certain people here can't really see improvement," Kitty said.

Harry shook his head. "I told you we all did well. All I said was there is room for improvement. Trust me, if we had been a step or two quicker, we would have been able to finish that Danger Room session in quicker time."

Harry took a deep breath. He took a step forward into the hallways across from the Danger Room.
Jean, Scott, and Ororo disappeared into the shadows. Harry took another step forward. Logan walked up, and had something else to say to them.

"I need to up the difficulty in the Danger Room," Logan said. "The four of you got through that a bit too easily."

"Easy," Kitty mouthed.

"In what world was that easy?" Kurt asked.

"Yeah, I didn't think that was too easy," Rogue said.

"Of course it wasn't," Logan said. He shook his head, and walked away.

"You really did think it was too easy," Kitty said to Harry. Harry just shrugged.

"Not really, but we're going to get thrown in with the wolves if we complain too much about it," Harry said.

Jean and Scott walked out around the corner. Harry stopped and looked at them.

"So, did you see that?" Harry asked them. Jean and Scott nodded. "So, what did you think?"

"I think you did well in there, Harry," Jean said.

Scott gave his input. "A little rough around the edges, but you're not as bad as you were a couple of months ago. Give it time and you'll be going through there so well that even Logan won't find anything to critique."

Harry actually hoped not, because he was always looking for ways to improve. Kitty just snorted at the very thought of Logan not finding something that they could improve on. Then again, the first time she was in the Danger Room, she blacked out after the training session. She had thankfully gotten better since then. Kurt and Rogue both walked off; to do homework they had lingering. For once in his life, Harry had actually taken the initiative and had completed his homework Kitty had assisted him on it, a little bit, but for the most part Harry had gotten it all done.

His grades in school had been improving, or at least he thought they did. It was something that was hard to figure out when he was comparing grades from a magical school to the grades of a normal school.

Harry sighed.

"What's up?" Kitty asked.

"Just thinking about that speech I have to give to the class on Monday," Harry said. "I'm not the best public speaker in the world."

"Nerves, everyone has those, don't worry about it," Kitty said. She added with a smile. "Just pretend that everyone's in their underwear."

"You do realize that you're in that class," Harry said. His voice remained calm. However there was a slight hint of a smile. "So, wouldn't I be imagining you in your underwear?"

"You mean you don't imagine me in my underwear," Kitty teased back.

Harry just gave her a smile.
"Wouldn't you like to know?" Harry asked.

Before this interplay could go on any further, Kitty and Harry noticed something off to the side. They were about to head outside on the account of having their homework done, and just hang out. The two took a couple of steps forward, and saw a strange man with dark hair arrive. He was in the midst of a conversation with Professor Xavier. The two could not resist listening to the conversation.

"Sorry for not meeting with you sooner, Charles. There were extra-dimensional manners that demanded a great deal of my time."

Xavier responded. "No problem at all, Stephen. The responsibilities of the Sorcerer Supreme are something that demands a substantial amount of your time. You did read the message that I read you about young Mr. Potter."

Now Harry was intrigued that they were talking about him. Kitty stood up straight next to Harry. The two of them discreetly took a step forward, to listen closely.

"Yes, I have heard about him, and I have studied the mystical energies that surrounded his arrival to this plane," Strange said. "His powers have raw potential, but they are unrefined. It seems as if the magical education he had given had been the most rudimentary. It could have done him more harm than good as regards to his magical prowess."

Kitty looked extremely curious. She nudged Harry to ask him a question, but Harry hushed her.

"I believe that it would be prudent for you to talk to Harry himself," Xavier said. "Perhaps you can shed some light on his strange arrival in this world."

Harry shook his head, and acted like he had not been listening in just a second later. Kitty looked amused. Harry could not act innocent to save his life. Although she had really appreciated the effort, and the door opened.

"Ah, Harry, I was hoping you were still available," Xavier said to Harry. If he had noticed Harry was eavesdropping, he did not bring up the fact. "I wish for you to speak with a friend of mine."

"I'll wait for you outside, Harry," Kitty said. She offered him a smile, which Harry returned. She figured Harry needed space. Perhaps he could find out the reason why he got here, and maybe a way to get back.

Kitty wondered if Harry would want to go back. She kind of hoped that she did not. She shook her head, and walked off.

'**Stop being selfish, Pryde,**' Kitty thought to herself. She shook those thoughts off.

She watched Harry leave with Professor Xavier.

Harry exited the room, and walked inside. He tried to not look too nervous, or as if he had been eavesdropping just few seconds ago. He spotted Professor Xavier the moment that he walked in first. There was a man that stood beside him, dressed in black robes. There was a golden amulet around his neck. He looked at Harry with a nod, and Harry wondered what this was all about. He had a feeling that he would find out all too soon.

"Harry, this is an old colleague of mine, Doctor Stephen Strange," Xavier said. Harry looked at him with a curious expression on his face. "He is the Sorcerer Supreme of Earth."
Harry was now intrigued. He figured there would be other magical users in this dimension. Logic dictated that there had to be. He just had no idea where he would have met them.

"Please to meet you, Doctor Strange," Harry said.

Strange offered a polite nod, and shook Harry's hand. Harry could tell this was a man of great power. He had assumed that Dumbledore was the most powerful wizard that he had ever meant. However, this guy just gave off the vibe that he was in an entirely different class that might as well have made Dumbledore look like a squib. Strange took a deep breath.

"I've been following your arrival here, as had the rest of the world," Strange said. Harry nodded, and waved his hand to give Strange the opportunity to continue. "Someone like you would have caught the attention of a lot of eyeballs. I was alerted to your presence, but I decided not to intervene unless necessary. I felt until the time was right, I would step back, and see where you would fit in with this universe."

Harry nodded. He had been here for a little over a month right now, and he had been settling in. The Sorcerer Supreme of all people had expressed that he had watched him. Harry had no idea what the responsibilities of the Sorcerer Supreme were, or how a person obtained such a title. He was interested in finding out.

"So, you just decided to meet up with me now," Harry said.

Strange shifted on his feet. There was a moment before he addressed Harry. "Yes, I sensed that there would be others who would be far interested with the raw power that you command. Your magical abilities are something that remain an anomaly. When combined with your mutant abilities, you are quite the unique young man indeed. Less than one percent of population in the Earth dimension would be able to obtain magic and mutant abilities simultaneously. The fact that your body would be able to contain such a power proves that you are in the top percentile of regarding power."

Harry nodded. It took a bit to sink all of these in. He thought that he had been powerful, or at least that's what people told him. His confidence of his powers tended to be all off the board. Then again, he could achieve things back in his world that many other people could only dream about. There were not many people who could master a Patronus. And not only master a Patronus, but master them in the face of all of those Dementors. Performing a Patronus is one thing, performing it under pressure while relieving your worst memories was another thing entirely.

"Magic is a blank canvas," Strange continued. "The possibilities can be endless, and only expanded by your own mind. However, it is very easy to allow your powers to run away from you. There are times where powers can be used for great things. And there are instances where powers can be used to corrupt."

Harry understood one potential example of how powers could be used to corrupt. Lord Voldemort was at the top of the list. That was one part of his universe where Harry did not miss. A part of Harry wondered what happened when he left. With no Harry Potter, he wondered if anyone stepped up and defeated Voldemort.

"I believe between the two of us, we can figure out how you arrived here, and if it is possible for you to return to your dimension," Strange said.

Harry took a deep breath. He was debating furiously about whether or not he wanted to return if the opportunity had presented itself. There was a doubt that the opportunity would even be there. He could actually be himself with no pressure of being the Boy-Who-Lived there. He did not have to be the Chosen One. In that world, the fame would be thrust back onto him. There were his friends, but
they could not be the sole reason why he was leaving. They would be fine without him.

"With your permission, I will try and walk you through with your arrival through this dimension," Strange said. "I can assure you that anything that happens on this trip will stay between the two of us. I think that there are many secrets that should only be yours to declare when they are ready."

Harry looked reluctant. On the one hand, he was intrigued about potentially getting some tips from someone who appeared to be far more knowledgeable about magic than he ever hoped to be. On the other hand, he was not sure if he wanted anyone to know anything about what happened in his home dimension. Still, he was curious about one thing. How did he get here, and if he wanted to go back, could he?

"I think I would be interested in learning more," Harry said.

"I thought as much," Strange said. "I will be borrowing your student for the day Charles, and perhaps depending on today, we can make further arrangements regarding training about his other powers. I've been meaning to take an apprentice."

"It's no problem at all, Stephen," Xavier said. He wished he could offer any more insight with Harry's mystical abilities. If there was one person in the world that he could trust giving one of his X-Men that kind of insight, it was Stephen Strange.

Strange and Harry disappeared into a glowing purple light.

Strange and Harry arrived from the Xavier Institute. They popped up outside of a large manor house. Harry thought that it looked to be almost alive. Then again, there were times where Hogwarts seemed to be alive. The days where the stairways had shifted out from underneath them, where doors moved, and the fact that there were magical portraits that could visit each other. So seeing a building that was sentient did not faze Harry in the slightest. Harry stood, and waited for Strange to tell him where he was.

"Welcome Harry, to the Sanctum Santorium," Strange said. Harry nodded slowly. This was something that was completely new to him. "This is my official residence, and where I have cataloged a great deal of my magical research tomes. I hope that over time they will be of use to you, if you are willing to learn."

Harry took the step forward, and the doors swung open. It allowed him entry into the Sanctum Santorium. Strange walked behind Harry. There was a moment of silence. Harry looked around, and was impressed. There was an eerie presence within the fortress. Harry stood on his toes, and wished he had a few more sets of eyes. He wondered if there was a spell to allow such an effect.

"Be careful not to touch anything," Strange told Harry. Harry stood on his toes, and was once again careful not to brush anything. "While I do not doubt your capabilities, there are many dangerous objects that I have obtained. It is just a matter of keeping them out of certain hands of those who would use them for harm. And some of them are rather alive."

"That would explain the feelings that I have been having," Harry said. Strange looked at the young wizard with a curious expression on his face. Harry decided to elaborate what he meant to the Sorcerer Supreme. "It's just when I stepped in here, I felt like everything in this place was calling out to me. It's almost like I understood it, but at the same time I didn't understand it. It's really hard to explain."

Strange nodded. "It is not anything out of the ordinary to feel those sensations. Magic tends to call
out to the strongest of us. I would not be too off base with saying that the very nature of your 
ymystical abilities have changed the moment that you arrived here."

Harry responded with a nod in the affirmative. Strange did not offer any more insight on the matter. 
The Sorcerer Supreme turned around and took a step towards a dusty shelf of books. He blew the 
dust off of the book, and read the contents of the book. Harry looked at him with a quizzical 
expression in his eyes. Strange shook his head.

"I simply needed to verify something," Strange told Harry. Harry nodded. He would accept that for 
now. "Now we must go through the method which you had arrived here. I know you arrived in the 
desert as if you had never existed. I must tell you that I am well versed in the methods of sudden 
appearances and disappearances. My status as the Sorcerer Supreme has allowed me to deal with the 
strange and the mysterious."

Harry could have figured out that Strange was someone that had his share of strange experiences, for 
lack of a better term. He threw all caution to the wind. Curiosity had got the better of him, and he 
decided to dive into the explanation.

"I was fighting a group of servants of a rather powerful dark wizard in my dimension. I had brought 
a group of my friends to help me. I insisted that they stayed behind but…"

"They wished to fight alongside you despite the dangers," Strange offered him.

Harry nodded. That was one way of putting it, he supposed.

"So anyway, they came with me," Harry told them. Strange invited Harry to continue. "All of us 
fought the servants of this dark wizard. They underestimated us, because I think they thought they 
would get an easy ride against young witches and wizards. A group of adult wizards arrived to help. 
One of them was my godfather, his name was Sirius Black."

Harry took a deep breath.

"He was blasted through a curtain, and disappeared," Harry said. "I had thought that I would follow 
him through the curtain, and try and find him. I felt…I felt like every inch of my body was on fire. 
Then I felt more at ease than I had ever been. It is hard to explain it."

"I have heard a legend about a mysterious curtain that could act as a passageway, I will endeavor to 
research it later," Strange said, and Harry looked on with a smile. He thought he would finally get 
some answers. "Is there anything else you can remember?"

Harry shook his head. For some reason, he decided to keep the mysterious flashes of memories that 
he had in his head to himself, for now. Learning to open up to people was a new experience.

"Everything from the moment I stepped through that curtain, until the moment I got here was a 
blank. It was four years ago that I left that dimension. Yet, I didn't age a day."

"A combination of time travel and interdimensional travel is very potent magic," Strange said. "One 
or the other can lead to a potentially dangerous experience. Combining both disciplines of magic can 
lead to magic that could rip someone apart."

Harry decided to address the elephant in the room.

"So my godfather…"

"I cannot say," Strange said, cutting Harry off before he could speak on anything. "Without knowing
the full nature of how you arrived here, there is very little insight that I could offer. The mantle of the Sorcerer Supreme offers me a deeper insight on many matters of magic than most. There is much responsibility in wielding this position, and a constant job. However, I believe that this is a mystery the two of us can solve."

Strange remained calm and he looked at Harry. Harry sensed that the Sorcerer Supreme was determining how much to tell Harry.

"I believe that you have untapped potential Harry, but your power are rather raw," Strange said. "We can discuss what can be done to refine it over time. Presently, just relax, and we will try and determine what has gone wrong."

Harry did relax at that moment. Strange's spell allowed him to relive the entire experience.

"You were dead for a minute, but something occurred," Strange said. "You passed a test and instead of being sent beyond, you were sent to this dimension. I will find more about this veil, and will tell you more when I can determine."

Harry sat and waited.

"You may read that entire back wall of books while you wait," Strange told Harry. "I would need to supervise your attempts to perform any magic in any of the other books given the nature of the content."

Harry nodded, and Strange disappeared. He picked up the books, and began to read about the magic. It described sorcery that was far beyond anything that had been taught at Hogwarts.

Books did tend to be more worth a person's attention when there was material that was conveyed in an interesting and enlightening manner. At least that was what Harry thought when he had combed through the various books while he waited for Doctor Strange to return. He realized how many books he had been assigned at Hogwarts had been written in a dry-manner that really did not give the desire to read the books.

To him, magic should have come alive on the pages of the books he read. Although, how literal that statement would be, it would be something to be determined in time. While he did not know about half of the spells or enchantments on the pages, it would be something that he would have to learn in due time. There was also something else pretty interesting. The theory actually was more exciting than watching paint dry with the way it was conveyed. If he had learned magic in this way, he might have gone further and applied himself.

There was no use to thinking about what could have been. Rather, he would have rather think about what could be now. Some of the dark creatures described in these books were nasty, and Harry shuddered at the thought of having to encounter them.

Harry was so captivated with his reading, that he barely noticed that Strange returned. The Sorcerer Supreme walked up from behind Harry.

"I thank you for waiting patiently," Strange said to Harry. Harry nodded, to try and convey that this was not a problem at all. "I found some information about that veil you eluded to, and also it may offer some insight about how you have arrived here."

Harry's attention perked up just a little bit. Curiosity had got the better of him. He had nodded his head. How did he get here?
"Years ago, a mysterious gateway was created by a group of wizards in medieval times," Strange told Harry. Harry nodded, to indicate that he had his full attention on him. "The gateway was created to execute criminals that were too powerful to be killed by mundane means. A version appears to have existed in your world as it has in this world. The gateway would be the ultimate method to judge witches and wizards."

"You mean that it would actually determine whether or not they were guilty or innocent?" Harry questioned.

Strange replied with a swift nod. "That was the intended purpose. However, the creation of magical artifacts can be a tricky process. The gateway was intended to destroy anything that passed through in the case of the guilt. One might stand to reason that guilt had already been decided and assumed the moment that they had passed through the veil. None had been known to survive, even if there was a small chance that they could survive."

Harry just pulled a face. That was just the story of his life. He was always surviving things that no one else should have been able to survive. The Killing Curse was one thing, the veil was another, and he was sure that there were many other examples. His body should not have been able to stave of Basilisk venom for long enough for Fawkes to cry his tears. Maybe his real mutant power was that he was able to survive the impossible. Which meant knowing his luck, something utterly mundane would kill him.

He took a deep breath, and looked at Strange. "So I got here through the veil…"

"I believe the veil considered you to be different than anything that had ever come into contact with it," Strange explained to Harry. "Therefore, since you willingly walked through the curtain, it perceived you as innocent. With that perception, it allowed you to enter this universe. A universe that is very different from your own."

Harry took a deep breath, and looked at the Sorcerer Supreme. "So is there any chance at all that I would be able to return home?"

Strange looked thoughtful at that moment, and took a moment to consider this. Harry could tell that this was something that he spent most of his time trying to determine when he left Harry to his own devices.

"Theoretically speaking you could return," Strange said. Harry sensed that there was a "but" hanging in the air. "However, the trip back may in fact be even more dangerous than the trip you took to come here. You would have to return the same exact way that you arrived here, and there is a significant margin for error."

Harry pondered this matter immediately. He thought that was the case. Once again, he hoped that no one would walk through the veil. While he had the ability to survive these things, a part of him wondered if other people would survive. Given what Strange told him, that was highly unlikely.

"I can sense you have a desire to learn more about the mystical arts," Strange said.

Harry paused, trying not to seem too eager. He did not want to seem like some overindulgent child in front of the Sorcerer Supreme.

"Yes, I would appreciate learning more," Harry said. He spoke this statement in a matter of fact manner.

"Then I would offer my services to assist you along the way of your training," Strange said. "Now,
there is magic that may be beyond your capabilities, at least at first. However, with hard work, and careful planning you can learn about the mystical arts."

Harry pondered this.

"If you are willing to learn, and if you want to think about this, I will understand," Strange said immediately.

It was something that he thought about. The past month he had been trying to figure out a way to continue his magical training. Experimentation would only get him so far without any guidance. Who better to get any guidance from than the Sorcerer Supreme?

"I accept your offer for training, Doctor Strange," Harry said.

The Sorcerer Supreme nodded, and turned around. He was hoping that Harry would accept his offer for training. That type of power should be trained up, and the untapped power would interest those magical users of lesser scruples. During his time of the Sorcerer Supreme, he had encountered many dark and dangerous forces. Even with his power, there would always be someone out there with more strength than him. That is why he sharpened his wits, and his resourcefulness.

"One of the most important aspects you can learn about magic is this," Strange explained to Harry. "Magic is all about testing the limits. However, there are times where if you try and tap into too much power, too soon, it can corrupt even the most noble of minds. The books are there for your disposal, but only these books on this shelf should be practiced without my direct supervision."

Harry nodded. He had a feeling that his training would just began. That he would learn more from Doctor Strange than from all of his teachers so far.

Strange looked at his library. It was something that he was proud of. There was only one person that he knew of in this realm who had collected as many books on the occult as he did, and that was Victor Von Doom. But that was beside the point.

Right now, he slowly gave Harry the benefit of some of his knowledge of magic. He did not want to overwhelm the young man on his first day. The Sorcerer Supreme had a feeling that he was still assimilating into this universe. And he was still trying to find his place.

Each day a journey began with many steps. Every day was a winding road.

The past few hours had been rather interesting and enlightened Harry a great deal. However, he was rather glad to return back to the Xavier Institute. He arranged to visit with Doctor Strange after lunch on the weekends for more lessons, if there was not any kind of catastrophe on either end. Given Stephen Strange was the Sorcerer Supreme, and he had many responsibilities, Harry felt grateful for any of the time that the man had taken out of his day.

Harry had a feeling that there was going to be another Danger Room session after dinner. He stashed away the book that he had been given about the nature of magic. Strange suggested that would be read it for the weekend.

Kitty popped up, and greeted Harry.

"For some reason, I thought you wouldn't be coming back," Kitty told him.

Harry looked at Kitty, with a teasing smile. "What, are you trying to get rid of me?"
Kitty laughed.

"No of course not," Kitty said shaking her head, and she stepped forward, to look at Harry. "It's just; Professor Xavier mentioned that this Sorcerer Supreme was going to see how you got there. And I figured that…well never mind. I guess you're still here."

"I don't know if I would go home right now even if I could," Harry told her.

It was not really home, really. His life was far less complicated here in this dimension, than it was in his home dimension. The lack of prophecy hanging over his head really did relax him just a little bit. He had made friends, and had created a new life.

"Do you miss them?" Kitty asked him.

Harry just gave a bittersweet smile. "A few of them, but really as long as go I've left, they likely already forgot about me. So I don't think about it too much."

Kitty stepped up, and looked at Harry.

"Well if they're truly your friends, I don't think they ever forgot about you," Kitty said. "I wonder if any of them tried to follow you."

Harry shuddered.

"Given how the veil killed everyone else that walked through it, I hope not," Harry said. Kitty looked at Harry quizzically. "Because the veil was a tool for execution, and most were supposed to die. Somehow I didn't. That's the story of my life."

"Only you would have some kind of negative spin on not dying when you should," Kitty said. Despite the fact she was shaking her head, she had a fond smile on her face.

Harry looked at her seriously. "Well it's not the part about not dying that bothers me. It's just…it's just complicated."

Kitty stepped forward, and instinctively reached for Harry's hand. Harry did not say anything, and did not call her on her actions. She placed her hand on his.

"Sometimes things don't have to be complicated," Kitty said. "You'd be surprised how totally simple life could be."

Harry just looked into her eyes. They stood outside, with the breeze blowing.

"One day, I hope to figure out how simple life is," Harry said. Kitty took another step towards Harry.

"Maybe we can figure that out together," Kitty told him. The space between them was mere inches.

Kitty and Harry shared a quiet moment outside. Kurt popped up at that moment, which caused the moment to be lost.

"Harry, good you're back," Kurt said. "See Kitty, you and Rogue were both freaking out for no reason. Well Rogue wasn't freaking out, more like a quiet brooding, but you get what I mean."

Harry's interest was piqued.

"I wasn't freaking out," Kitty told Kurt defensively.
Harry raised an eyebrow, but he had said nothing about it.

"I think Logan is trying to kill us before we have a last meal," Kurt said.

"Overreacting just a little bit, Kurt?" Harry asked him.

Kurt shook his head. "One hour Danger Room session before dinner and you think he's not trying to kill us? He wants you both in there, five minutes ago."

Harry and Kitty exchanged a look, and nodded. They had walked inside.

"We're going to have to continue this at another time, I guess," Kitty said.

Harry looked at her with a playful smirk. "I wouldn't miss it for the world."

Kitty thought that was the type of smile that stopped girl's hearts. She nearly lost control of her bearings, and phased through the ground. Thankfully, she avoided that embarrassment. It was time to head off to the Danger Room for a training session.
Chapter 8: Field Trip.

Time flew by for one Harry Potter, each and every single day passed through the ether. He could hardly believe it. Time did have a nasty habit of running away from people. The last few weekends he had been spending time learning some of the most interesting magic in the universe from Doctor Strange. Strange was a wealth of magic knowledge that had offered him many opportunities to expand on the foundation that he learned on at Hogwarts. Granted, the foundation was shaky. Strange theorized, and Harry agreed, that the best witches and wizards from that world did some kind of independent study. There was no lack of power that was the problem, but rather the lack of ambitions.

Harry found he was able to process information a lot faster. He had read through five percent of the books Doctor Strange had in his library. Given the vast amount of books that he had, five percent was not a statistic to sneeze at. Harry had a smile on his face when he thought about that. He was reminded anew how intriguing magic was, along with how much potential it had. Although Strange gave him theories about how magic could corrupt the mind and the soul, and some of the incidents where people embraced a darker side of magic. Some of the foes that Doctor Strange went against made Voldemort look like a girl scout.

Harry shuddered at the mental image he gave himself. He doubted that anyone would accept cookies from Voldemort.

That was the past, and Harry could not wait for another weekend trip to learn a bit more about magic. He thought that he was learning at a quicker rate than the past. Magic was a tool, and could be used in any number of creative ways. Some had used the tool to hurt, and some had used it to help. Others had used it to better their lives. There were a multitude of uses.

The veil had some interesting side effects, and they were all for the better. It appeared that what did not kill you, must make you stronger. That was a credo Harry would live by.

At this point, Harry exited the school bus. It was field trip day for the students at Bayville High School. This was a rare day where they could get away from the monotone of pencils, and books. Harry stepped forward, walking out from the bus. Kitty was right beside him. Kurt and Rogue brought up the rear. They were not the only school in the area to take this field trip. There were several other school buses from across the nation.

"I can't wait; this is going to be so awesome!" Kitty yelled.

"Yeah, it's thrilling," Rogue said dryly. She seemed to be a bit disinterested.

"Rogue, you should be thrilled about this," Kitty told her fellow X-Men. "We're taking a trip to the Baxter Building, and the lab of Reed Richards. Maybe we'll see some great scientific invention that will change the world."

"You mean, Reed Richards, as in the leader of the Fantastic Four?" Kurt inquired. He tried to keep the excitement out of his voice, but this was a failed endeavor.

Amusement crossed Harry's face, and a chuckle escaped his throat.

"Yeah, that Reed Richards," Kitty said. She seemed to try to keep her excitement to a minimum,
even if she was failing a bit at doing that. "The Fantastic Four are supposed to be the first family of super heroes."

Harry just nodded slowly. He had taken some time to read up about the Fantastic Four. They had many interesting battles and were role models where all aspiring superhero teams strived by. The real interesting thing was that the entire world knew their real names, as they had gone public and come clean with their secret identities.

"So, does anyone have money for the gift shop?" Kitty asked.

"They have a gift shop?" Kurt questioned, an eyebrow raised at the thought.

"They added it just last month," Kitty informed Kurt.

"Great, the first family of super heroes has gone commercial," Rogue said. She stepped over and paused. "Harry, you don't have any money on you do you?"

"Loads," Harry told Rogue, with a smile crossing over his face as he said this statement.

Kitty looked at Harry with a surprised expression. "I don't know how you have the money that you do half of the time."

Harry just smiled a mysterious smile, and began to open his mouth to speak. Rogue cut him off.

"I swear if you say it's magic, I'm going to groan and roll my eyes," Rogue said. She smiled in spite of saying that statement.

"Well what else would it be?" Kurt asked. He suddenly looked serious. "You haven't been duplicating money with magic, have you?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Kurt, Harry wouldn't do that," Rogue told Kurt. She paused, and looked at Harry. "You wouldn't, would you?"

Harry just laughed, and a smile spread across his face. A mysterious smile, as if he was keeping his friends in suspense. Kitty just nudged him, playfully.

"Spit it out already, what did you do?" Kitty asked them. She looked at him with a pleading expression, and wide eyes "Please."

Harry decided to not leave them in suspense. In reality, he thought the idea was so simple; it was amazing that many magical users did not think of it as a way to make a little extra income. Of course, given their ignorance to the Muggle world, and the profit potential, it was obvious why this was. Harry turned to the entire group to share his findings.

"There are repairing charms that could make everything as good as new," Harry said. "People bring me broken objects. A little wave of my hand and everything is brand new. They don't ask, and I don't tell."

"Does this work for everything?" Rogue asked curiously.

Harry decided to elaborate. "Well, not everything. There are some electronics where it is going to be hard to make the repair charms work right. Unless I understand exactly how the electronics work, and find a way to get around them without frying the circuits. Trust me, I can tell you horror stories about what happens when magic and electronics mixed."
Harry paused, and continued to speak.

"If I can understand it, I can fix it. The simple stuff like chairs, books, bags, and clothing, that's no problem. I don't want to do anything too elaborate. I kind of want to keep the lid on my powers. And I'm sure Professor Xavier would agree."

"I wonder how long that will last," Rogue said.

Harry shrugged, and shook his head. That was a good question. In addition, he had been searching for dropped money that had been left on the streets of New York. It was remarkable how careless people had been with their cash. Money dropped on the sidewalks, in the streets, in the parking lot, and in the sewers even. Money was money, and Harry was using every trick to his advantage. Also there were a surprising amount of halfway decent items that people just threw out. A few charms to fix them, and a couple charms to clean up, and Harry could sell them.

"So, can you buy me something?" Kitty asked him. She looked at him with a pleading look, and bit down on her bottom lip.

Harry smiled. "Of course, that's what friends are for. I've got plenty of money. Just don't make a habit out of it."

Kitty nodded, and then looked nervous. "Right, the last thing I want is to turn you into my own personal ATM. That would be totally taking advantage of your friendship, and that would be wrong."

"I'm not opposed to helping out every once in a while," Harry said. He looked at the brunette with a smile. "Just anything that you want from me, don't be afraid to ask."

"Anything?" Kitty asked. A couple of naughty thoughts went through her head at this point, but the brunette shook them off. This was not the time or the place. She looked at Harry. He nodded, and a smile spread across her face. "Thanks Harry, you're the best."

This interplay was interrupted when the teachers lead them into the Baxter Building. The four X-Men saw Jean and Scott in the distance. They were in a separate group, being herded in with the Junior and Senior students.

Harry walked into the Baxter Building, and prepared himself for what was to come. He would be switching gears from magic, into the realm of science. The two disciplines seemed to be rather similar, given the fact that they were hard for many to understand.

It would be a change of surroundings. Harry resolved to enjoy a nice and relaxing day where nothing would happen.

The Baxter Building was a fantastic building deep within the heart of New York. There were many individuals deep inside the building. Yet, there were four individuals who were among the most interesting of them all. They were heroes that many in the world had looked up for. These four had saved the world from countless destruction numerous times. And in one memorable instance, they saved the world from getting consumed by a cosmic force of pure destruction.

The Fantastic Four were considered the first family of super heroes. The brains behind the outfit was Reed Richards, or Mister Fantastic as he was often called. He had the ability to invent seemingly anything, and his powers would be that he could stretch his body. Of course, not unlike most geniuses, he tended to be rather absent minded and forgot many obvious things, despite his knowledge for science being second to none. This caused him to get called on by his teammates...
constantly, albeit in a good natured way. They would not change Reed. He was their absent minded professor.

"Reed, the students for the field trip are coming down! The teachers are expecting for you to pull your head out a test tube, and talk to them all."

That was the voice of Susan Storm, or the Invisible Woman. She was kind hearted, but at the same time not one to be trifled with. Her powers were to create fields of invisibility around her. These could be used to attack her enemies to great success. Anyone who called her the weakest member of the team was in for a painful surprise.

Another voice had further brought Reed out of his work.

"Yeah, Reed, stop geeking out, and get with the program!"

That was her brother, Johnny Storm, or he was better known as the Human Torch. The Torch might have been a hothead, but he was still a valuable member of the team. When he could get focused, he was rather skilled. And had been a valuable part of the Fantastic Four for the time it had been around, despite the fact he tended to be a hot head and impulsive. Johnny stepped forward. Reed snapped his head up, a smile crossing his face as he looked at the Human Torch.

"In a minute, Johnny, Sue, Reed said. His eyes were fixed on what was in front of him. "I'm just finishing cataloging this fascinating specimen."

"You might call it fascinating, but the rest of us people in the real world call it dullsville," Johnny said. He did a mock yawn, and stood back, looking around the lab. "Come on Reed, get with the program. This tour is going to really get the rep of the Fantastic Four up."

"Yeah matchstick, and remind me why our rep is in the toilet in the first place. Oh that's right, the fact you keep grandstanding."

The fourth and final member of the Fantastic Four was Ben Grimm, or the Thing. One should not let the Thing's rocky demeanor fool them. Despite his gruff exterior, the Thing was all heart. In fact, many might argue that he was the heart of the Fantastic Four. Without the Thing, the team would not function as a team.

"Hey, boulder brain, settle down, that wasn't really my fault," Human Torch said.

Their good natured bickering was something that ensured there was never a dull moment at the Baxter Building. Sue smiled at them, but she prepared to step in, should things get too hostile. The fact was that ever since their parents had died a few years back, Sue had taken responsibility for Johnny. Somehow that had turned into keeping responsibility for the rest of the Fantastic Four team. The nineteen year old woman thought that it had been an interesting two and a half years. Even if Reed did spend most of his time in his test tubes, and not enough time paying attention to certain other matters.

Yet, that was beside the point.

She peered through the doorway of the main lab. The teachers were filing in, bringing the students. There were buses all over the state.

"The rest of us will be downstairs, Reed," Sue said to him. "Try and join us when you can."

Reed tapped his fingers on the side of the desk. Sue cleared her throat, and Reed sat up straight.
"Coming in a second," Reed said.

"For all of his inventions, he should really invent a watch that he can pay attention to," Johnny said. This statement was agreed by with the remaining members of the Fantastic Four.

Three of the four members of the Fantastic Four made their way down the stairs. Reed continued to look at the equipment on the desk. He had been studying the odd inter-dimensional disturbances that started a couple of months back. The first influx had happened a month ago. It was like something arrived here. Was that someone friend or foe? It would be a worthy subject of study.

Reed would have to find out later. He knew that if he found out the disturbance, others would. It was highly advanced science, beyond anything this world had ever seen or even Reed seen. And Reed Richards had seen everything. The scientist walked out to join the tour. His mind was still half on his work when exiting the lab.

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The group of students stood waiting for the presentation. Harry, Kurt, Kitty, and Rogue stood off to the side a little bit. A group of girls squealed, which caused Rogue no small amount of irritation. She turned to Harry, and rolled her eyes.

"Great, the fan girl brigade is here," Rogue told herself.

Harry just patted Rogue on the arm, consolingly. Rogue smiled, that Harry seemed to share her pain.

'I'm just glad they're not for me, for once,' Harry thought to himself.

Kitty frowned. She took a moment to look at them. "They're…really obsessive. And a bit too bubbly for my taste. Talk about surgery sweet."

"Like you aren't," Rogue said.

"No, really, I'm not that bad, they're putting me on an entirely new level," Kitty said. The brunette mutant shook her head. "They're cavity inducing."

She stepped back. She nearly instinctively phased through the wall.

"Come on, let's find a space a bit closer," Harry said.

"Before or after we get trampled?" Rogue asked.

Harry just smiled, and he led the two girls over. Kurt was near them, and followed closely. The Human Torch stood in the background. He seemed to be milking this for all of his work. Until his sister pulled him into the background, and gave him a stern reprimand. Johnny fell into line, and Harry turned to the group with a smile.

"It seems like the first family of superheroes are just that," Harry said.

"Yeah, they're no different than any of us," Kurt replied. "So do you think the X-Men will get the respect that the Fantastic Four do?"

Rogue just scoffed. "That would be the day."

"I don't know, that would be pretty cool," Kitty said to them all.

"We're going to have to stay in the shadows, we're not ready to be exposed," Harry said, reciting Professor Xavier's warning to them all. Harry found all of the secrecy to be annoying. Once the veil
of secrecy got knocked loose, everything would come out.

For now he had to play the game.

"Yeah, but we have powers, why can't we use them?" Kitty questioned. She waved her hands, and decided to go into a perfectly logical statement. "The Fantastic Four saves the day three times before breakfast, and there's Spider-Man, and Iron Man…"

"Iron Man doesn't have any powers though, that's a suit of armor," Kurt argued.

Kitty just sighed. "You get my point."

Harry just smiled. He scoped out the surroundings, to see what he was up against. The Fantastic Four were about ready to address the crowd. Everyone was getting restless. Harry tapped his foot on the ground, and waited for their arrival. Kitty and Rogue stood on either side of him, with Kurt standing in the background. All four of them craned their necks over the crowd.

"Look, there he is," Kitty said, and a smile crossed her face. There he was indeed. Reed Richards, one of the most brilliant scientific minds in the world, walked out. His mind seemed to be elsewhere. Harry had got the impression that he was a genius, even though he was a bit scatterbrained. Then again, the best geniuses often were. The other three members of the Fantastic Four stood by the side.

"We love you Johnny!"

The Human Torch waved at them, a bright smile on his face. He adopted a businesslike expression at the looks from the Invisible Woman and the Thing. Harry watched. He noticed Jean and Scott with their classmates a bit back in the background.

"Oh for the love of God," Rogue groaned.

"It's not that bad," Kurt said. Rogue just stared at him, eyes narrowed. "Okay, it's that bad, but it could be worse."

Rogue was about to question how it could get worse. However Harry was the one who stepped in and evaded a potential crisis. He was getting rather good at doing that for some reason. Then again, he had plenty of experiences.

"It's started," Harry said. Kitty stood by Harry's side. She walked in closer to Harry. Kurt and Rogue stood, their eyes directed towards Reed Richards. He tapped on the microphone a couple of times to test to see if it was working. Reed cleared his throat.

"Thank you for coming out here today," Reed said. The scientist looked around, to see each and every person who had come out. "My team managed to pull me out of my lab long enough for me to address everyone. I must say, it is great to see some of the potential bright minds of tomorrow. It just seemed like yesterday I was experiencing the trials and tribulations of High School myself."

Reed decided that it was prudent not to state that the real trials and tribulations were due to the fact that he had a genius level intellect. Therefore, he was rather bored with the entire process of education. Most geniuses tended to get rather bored within the formal process of school. Things simply went too slow for them, and forced them to think inside the box.

"The work I have had done as part of the Fantastic Four has allowed me to open up new avenues of research," Reed added. He had a captive audience listening to his every word. "And I hope that you will have many of the same opportunities that I did. Even though I do hope that it does not happen
due to being bombarded by cosmic radiation. That's a life changing experience that many of us could have done without."

"I'll give an amen to that," the Thing said under his breath. Harry thought that he was the only one who heard what the rock hero had said.

"I must warn you that many of the inventions I created are dangerous, and therefore are not for public view," Reed said. "That's why the top levels of my lab have been sealed. Perhaps one day, they will be fit for actual use. I have studied countless disciplines of science in the recent past. And there is so much that I do not know. If there are any questions, then please do not hesitate to ask them."

Kitty was the first one to chime in.

"Doctor Richards, you wrote a paper describing how what is perceived as magic could be considered to be an advanced form of science, and thus did not exist," Kitty said. Reed nodded, and Harry looked rather curious. Kitty took this as her invitation to continue. "However, wouldn't you agree that there are some things that cannot be explained through any kind of conventional science?"

Reed remained calm, and tried to answer that question the best that he could.

"That's an intriguing question, but for every actual there is a scientifically plausible explanation," Reed said. "For years, conventional science would be considered to be that of sorcery. Science that we take for granted, but use every day in our normal lives. Fifty years ago, cell phones and the Internet would be something that we could scarcely dream about. If anyone described them, they would be considered witchcraft. Yet, they exist. There is a plausible, and logical explanation, even if one has not found it out as of yet."

Sue decided to jump in. "I think what Doctor Richards means is there is a correlation between science and magic. They are two elements where many people struggle to understand. And there are certain laws to how they are governed."

Harry actually thought that made a certain degree of sense. There were laws to magic; although Harry did wonder how much actually governed how magic worked and how much that put limitations on them. There were more questions, many of them about the battles the Fantastic Four had, and if it was true they once had to stop Doctor Doom from launching the Baxter Building into space. They also asked question about their battles with Mole Man and the Puppet Master. Harry privately wondered who named these people.

"Let's keep moving, things are getting crowded around here," Harry said.

Kitty and Rogue were both grateful for different reasons. Kurt also nodded. The two girls followed Harry.

"Let's take a look at that gift shop," Harry suggested. Kitty smiled back at him.

"Yeah, let's buy some cheap trinket that will be forgotten after a while," Rogue said. Yet, Rogue's eyes were at the gift shop, with a little bit of interest in them.

"Rogue, if you wanted me to buy you something, all you had to do was ask," Harry said.

Rogue blinked. She nodded, slowly.

"Maybe, I'll have a look around," Rogue said grudgingly.
"Let's go this way," Kitty said, grabbing Harry's hand.

The group walked towards the gift shop, to see what they could take a look at.

The gift shop was an absolute madhouse, and brimming with all sorts of chaotic activity. Harry wondered how he got talked into this. Then again, perhaps he was a fool for thinking that that people would be more interested in the science than the trinkets.

Another girl looked on. Kitty and Rogue were off to have a look around. She stepped forward, and nudged Harry as he was busy watching Rogue and Kitty to make sure he did not lose track of them.

"Excuse me," the girl said. She was blonde, wearing a black shirt, and jeans. The girl had a black headband in her hair. "Sorry, I didn't mean to get in your way. I had to get sucked back here in the madhouse."

Harry waved off her apologies. "It's alright, really it is."

"I just can't believe the Fantastic Four would actually think this was a good idea," the girl said. She rolled her eyes, at some of these bandwagon jumpers who only started to follow the FF because they were the hot new thing. "Then again, when they went public, they were like completely different people. They were still heroic, still saved the day, but they just seem to be more celebrities than superheroes."

Harry nodded. "Why couldn't they be both?"

"I suppose they could," the girl said with a shrug. She turned to Harry. A smile spread across her face. "Gwen Stacy, Midtown High."

"Harry Potter, Bayville High School," Harry said.

A smile cracked across Gwen's face. Her blue eyes flickered with amusement.

"I suppose we're supposed to hate each other for sports team related reasons," Gwen said. She had an amused expression on her face. "Then again, I don't really pay attention to sports, unless I can help it. Still for some people, sports is really serious business."

"I don't really pay too much attention to sports either," Harry admitted. The only sport he really enjoyed was not played in this universe, and that was more for the love of flying than anything. "Then again, I'm afraid I'm not privy to the big sports rivalries of the New York area. I just moved here a few months ago."

"Oh, really, British right?" Gwen asked. Harry nodded. "Yeah, I guess I could kind of tell from the accent. It's kind of a telltale thing. Are you adapting well?"

"I do kind of wish that people would learn to drive on the other side of the road, it's very off putting," Harry said. Gwen laughed, in spite herself.

"It's two different worlds, isn't it?" Gwen asked. "It's amazing how much the people from two countries can be separated by a common language. For the record, I apologize on behalf of my country for mangling you guy's language."

A slight smile appeared on Harry's face.

"So, are you waiting for someone?" Gwen asked.
"Yeah, my friends Kitty and Rogue are over at the gift shop," Harry said. He looked over, seeing his fellow X-Men. "And Kurt's over there too."

Gwen thought that Rogue was a rather strange name. Then again, that had to be a nickname. Not that she was going to judge. She tried not to be judgmental.

"Are you waiting for anyone?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, my friend Peter," Gwen said. A questioning look was on Harry's face, and Gwen quickly defused everything. "He um had to go use the bathroom. He's been in there a very long time, and I hope he gets back soon, and everything goes alright."

Gwen knew the real reason why Peter had gone off. She was good at keeping her friend's secrets, and she would not tell anyone. Peter tried to play dumb with her about what the situation was, but Gwen figured it out right away.

"Well, hopefully he doesn't get lost," Harry said in a joking manner.

Gwen nodded. She realized how lame the bathroom excuse was all things considered. Peter and her were in an rather frustrating spot in their life. They were in the "just friends" phase, not that Peter would know a romantic overture if it danced naked in front of him.

That was beside the point. Gwen found herself looking at this Harry Potter with interest. Then again, someone like that already had a girlfriend, or at least girls lining around the block. Of course, Gwen wondered if he would be blissfully ignorant to that fact like Peter was.

Case in point, one of the girls stepped up to join them.

"Hey, Harry, I found something cool, you have to see this," Kitty said. She looked at Gwen. "Oh, hello, I'm Kitty Pryde, and you're…"

"Gwen Stacy," Gwen said, with a smile which Kitty returned. She turned to Harry. "It was nice meeting both of you, but I have to go check to see if Peter returned and I just missed him."

Gwen walked off. Rogue stopped and looked at Harry.

"Another girl falls to the charms of Harry Potter," Rogue told him in an undertone. "If I didn't know any better, you were trying to collect them."

Harry had no idea what to say to that. Rogue cracked a smile.

"Rogue, we just met each other," Harry said.

"Yeah, I know, and your heart is somewhere else," Rogue said. She smiled. It was a bit of a forlorn smile.

Rogue turned around, and walked away to keep with the crowd. Harry pushed through the crowd and joined Kitty.

"So, what do you think?" Kitty asked, and she held the necklace replica of the Baxter Building.

"It looks like it suits you," Harry said.

"You mean it's tacky," Rogue commented.

Kitty gave her an incredulous look, but Rogue just smiled.
"Actually, that's far better than some of the stuff they're selling here," Rogue said.

"You don't have to ask, I'll buy one for both of you," Harry said.

Rogue and Kitty looked at Harry. Both girls had smiles on their face, even if Rogue's was subtle. Kitty rushed over, and hugged Harry. Thankfully she did not phase both of them through the wall this time. She was getting a bit better at that.

"Thanks Harry, you're the greatest," Kitty told him, and she leaned over to give him a slight kiss on the cheek. A slight smile crossed Harry's face.

Kitty was surprised at her own daring. Yet, Harry was not going to complain. Her and Harry had been spending a lot of time together over the past couple of weeks, with Kitty helping Harry with his school work when he struggled. Harry actually was rather smart when he applied himself. All he needed was some confidence, which Kitty thought he lacked from whatever happened in the world he left. Without knowing about Harry's friends and family, Kitty could not draw any conclusions.

The group continued to move around. The Thing and the Human Torch walked around to talk to the tour group. The two signed autographs and mingled with the people. They did seem to be two of the more popular members of the Fantastic Four.

Harry could have smiled. The day had gone rather smoothly all things considered. It was just a normal day out, without any problems whatsoever. The crowd at the Baxter Building was chaotic, but if that was the only thing he had to complain about, then it was a satisfying day. He was about to say that this was a perfect day.

A loud explosion echoed from outside of the Baxter Building. Kitty, Rogue, and Kurt, along with several other students, looked on, backing up from the explosions.

Rogue decided to ask the obvious question. "What was that?"

'The consequences of me trying to be a little bit optimistic,' Harry thought to himself. He offered a bit of a long sigh, and braced himself for what was to come. Another explosion echoed from outside, and Harry remained on his feet. He was rigid, and shook his head. Surely, this could not really be happening.

"Everyone remain calm, I'm sure it's nothing," Reed Richards said, and he walked forward to analyze the situation.

Harry stood on his guard. He turned to his fellow X-Men, who also tensed up. Training in the Danger Room tended to do that to people, and they waited for the other shoe to drop.

"Explosions rarely amount to nothing," Harry stated slowly.

"Where's Scott and Jean in all of this?" Kurt wondered.

"They're likely with the upper class, in that tour group in the next room," Harry replied to Kurt. He took a deep breath, and suddenly the windows cracked. His eyes narrowed. Breath lightened, and Harry paused, eyes focused on what was coming. "You've got to be kidding me."

Harry only said that because he wished that someone was kidding him. Yet he could not deny what he had seen. He looked over his shoulder. Thankfully most of the students had been ushered out, which would make what he had to do a lot easier. There were less eyes to witness the magic that he must perform to get them out alive.
"Everyone stay close, and don't get separated," Harry told his teammates. "I'm going to see what I can do to them."

"And how are you going to do that?" Kurt asked.

It was Kitty who responded with the obvious answer. "Magic, duh."

Harry saw the robots before his yes. They were silver, with green cloaks. They stood before him, and armed with a large assortment of lasers. The lasers had been armed on Harry.

"Target detected, fire."

Harry immediately put shields up that would prevent any stray lasers from hitting bystanders, and to a lesser extent, him. With a swift shot, he knocked half of the robots out of commission. They exploded into debris. Harry waved his hand, and caused the debris to disappear before it could hurt anyone. One of the robots could have attacked him, but Kitty popped out from underneath the floor. She phased her hand through the robot's chest plate, and shorted it out. Sparks flew in every direction.

"What are these things?" Kurt asked.

"I'm guessing they're bad news," Rogue said.

The Human Torch heard the sounds of screaming, and for once it was not his adoring public. He looked at the Doom Bots, and sighed. For most people, this would be an alarming situation. For Johnny Storm, this was just another Wednesday.

Sue, Ben, and Reed were on the next room, working crowd control. Reed having slipped off a moment ago, to check his scanners. Johnny wished Reed would have used his eyes more and his science less, but that was a discussion for another time. He stood in a pose, and fried one of the Doom Bots. Another Doom Bot swooped in and sprayed flame retardant foam on Johnny Storm. He was unable to flame on, and he dropped to his knees, cursing his luck. One of the students stepped in.

"Get back, you don't want to get hurt," Johnny said to the boy, but his green eyes burned with determination, and three of the robots were demolished like they were paper.

Harry smirked. It was rather new to him for anyone to tell him to get back because he might get hurt. Immediately he blasted the robots, and sent them flying in every direction. The robots crumbled to dust, and Harry rocked back on his heels. Kitty, Rogue, and Kurt tried to discreetly help engage the robots. Suddenly Kitty looked out the window. There was a drone outside of the building, and it began to heat up.

"Um, guys," Kitty said, pointing frantically.

Harry tried to blast it, but a shield repelled his magical attacks.

"Oh you've got to be kidding me," Rogue said. There was an energy field around that floor of the Baxter Building, and everyone who still stood within that particular room felt themselves encased in an energy field.

Harry tried to figure out what this field was. If he could figure it out, he could blast out. It seemed to be partially magic, some mix of sorcery and science. Which made it a bit of a problem to deal with, as only someone who was cunning could mix disciplines like that. Doctor Strange told him that mixing science and sorcery was something that very few could master. The fact someone managed
Rogue, Kitty, Kurt, Harry, the Human Torch, and several other students had been transported off in a flash of light. Harry wondered why they were the lucky ones to be chosen. The group of them ended up in a dungeon. Harry had known from past experiences that being inside a dungeon was never a good thing. Kitty walked up behind Harry, and asked him the obvious question.

"They transported us somewhere, didn't they?" Kitty said.

"Yeah, they transported us somewhere," Johnny said, speaking up. He was trying to think quickly on his feet. Reed was always the level headed one, to be able to think out of any situation. "The question is where?"

"Yeah, that's the question."

They turned around and saw Gwen stand right there with them. The blonde haired girl seemed a bit calm and collected, or maybe she was just good in keeping cool. Harry wondered if she had to deal with something like this before.

"So did you ever find your friend?" Harry asked her.

"No," Gwen said shortly.

She hoped that her friend could find them. Gwen had a feeling he might come in handy. Of course, she could take care of herself if push came to shove. Taking out her cell phone, she tried to call for help. It was dead, and she could not even dial anyone.

"It's not working," Harry prompted. Gwen shook her head. "I'm not surprised. That much magic in the air, it's going to fry most electronics."

Gwen was caught off guard. Her eyes narrowed, and she slowly asked a question. "Um, what does magic have to do with this?"

"Explanations later, right now we should find a way out of here," Kitty said. The Human Torch was trying to get a communicator device working.

"Guess it must be something potent if Reed's technology has been fried," the Human Torch said. "So, um, I guess we better keep moving."

They all nodded. The group walked down a long and cavernous hallway. There were many things that Harry did not take too kindly with. One of them was being transported somewhere against his own will.

Harry would be having stern words with whoever did this.

"Can't you just teleport us out of here or something?" Kitty asked him in undertone.

"Don't you think I would have tried that if that was the case," Harry replied back.

"Well, yeah," Kitty agreed.

"Yeah, I can't teleport either," Kurt admitted. "I just pop in and out at the same place. Someone really big just smacked me across the face."

Now Harry was rather curious. Who was behind this?
"I'm sure you have a good idea who's behind this," Harry said to the Human Torch.

Human Torch did not answer that question.

"Well?"

"Nothing good," Human Torch said, more seriously than anyone had seen him.

When Johnny Storm got serious, one could take it to the bank that there was a problem. He closed his eyes, and tried to get the group through this problem. While some members of the group exhibited powers, some of them were just normal humans.

It seemed like the group was in a maze. It was a giant Labyrinth of passageways that never ended. Some of the members of the group were restless.

"Okay, we've been walking around forever," Kitty said.

"No kidding," Rogue said, and she shook her head. She looked up. "My blisters have blisters."

"Yeah, well I'm getting a bit tired of being someone's prisoner," Harry said. He crossed his arms. Rarely did he like get transported anywhere against his will. And this was against his will for sure. Harry took a few steps forward. His breath continued to quicken. He walked up the steps, and Kitty, Rogue, and Kurt followed him.

Johnny returned from the other end. "Wherever he sent us, it's a maze."

"Who is he?" Harry asked.

Kitty opened her mouth to offer her theory. The door creaked open, and Harry moved forward. He was at the end of a large torch lit room. There were guards surrounding the room in every direction. Harry stood on his guard. The guards stepped back, and allowed Harry and his group to continue to walk. Even though Harry had an idea that they would jump him if he had performed any hostile actions.

He looked up and saw a figure in the shadows on a throne room. The figure spoke in a low voice, and one that commanded authority.

"Come closer, child."

Harry took a step forward. The wizard braced himself. There was no attack. It was that tense moment before what was going to happen. That calm before the storm. He wanted answers, and his temper was reaching its boiling point.

"I don't know who you think you are bringing me here!" Harry yelled. Kitty winced as she began to put two and two together.

"Harry, that's...."

"I want answers, and I want them now!" Harry continued. "You drag me and my friends off to some castle, and now..."

"A being of great power and great impatience," the rumbling voice stated. "You will be silent in the presence of Doom!"

Harry felt realization slap him like a cold burst of water.
"Wait, Doom?" Harry asked.

Silence occurred. Harry realized how serious everything had gone.

"Doom, as in Doctor Doom," Kitty told him gently. Harry felt the need to face palm "You know, Doctor Doom, arch enemy of the Fantastic Four, the biggest bad that ever did bad. That guy."

There was another pause. Harry slowly turned to Kitty.

"Why didn't you warn me?" Harry asked her.

"I tried," Kitty said meekly.

The group stood back. Doom leaned forward. His engraved metal mask showed malevolent eyes. A green cloak was pulled over his body. He wore a suit of armor that covered every inch of his body, which had been burned.

"Hey, Victor, looking good, is that a new polish job?" Johnny asked, trying to break the tension.

Doom only barely acknowledged the Human Torch's flippant comment. His childish antics were something that Doom had grown accustomed to, and only regarded them with disdain.

"Rudeness all around and you do not appreciate my hospitality," Doom said. "No matter, the Fantastic Four will be down a member shortly due to your insolence. It's a pity it wasn't Richards."

Harry stood around, and there were legions more of these robots that had attacked them.

"Great, invasion of the Doom Bots Part Ten Million," Johnny said. He rolled his eyes. Again, for him, Doom Bots was just another Wednesday.

The Doom Bots crowded around, ready for battle.

"In Latveria, Doom's word is law!" the Doom Bots droned.

Despite their powers, they could be overwhelmed by the sheer numbers just bearing down upon them. Several of the non-powered students seemed frightened, and faint. This was his first official mission that he led, and talk about being thrown out into the deep end.

Doom might have been a bit out of his depth, but Harry would not give up.

"Protect the civilians!" Harry yelled out, taking leadership.

It was a good thing that robots tended to blow up easily in the face of magic. It was a bad thing that sheer numbers were being used.
Chapter 09: Doom's Law.

The Doom Bots began to arm themselves for battle. Harry looked at them, and calculated the threat. Pressure was something that he could handle, it had only happened too many times with him. And he was confident that it was something that his teammates could handle as well.

Harry levitated Kitty up into the air, and he flung her magically through one of the Doom Bots. Kitty shifted herself, and shorted it. The Doom Bot crashed down to the ground. Suddenly, Kitty tried to punch through another Doom Bot, but it exploded back into her. The brunette mutant was unharmed, and rather rattled.

"Guys, these things are becoming adaptable," Kitty said. She frowned, and Rogue moved over, dodging the attacks.

It was just like in the Danger Room, only more real. Rogue maneuvered herself, and two of the bots blew each other.

"Yeah, I got the message," Rogue dead panned.

The Doom Bots stampeded towards both of them. Kurt latched onto one of its arms, and grabbed it. It was ripped off in the impact. The X-Men and the Doom Bots continued to engage each other into battle. The Human Torch assisted, and sent blasts of fire. Once again, he was extinguished, and dropped down to the ground.

"Oh, come on," the Human Torch said.

He rolled over, and coughed. This was not one of his better days. Harry turned to the X-Men, and tried to usher the shell-shocked civilians out. Some of them were rather faint, and had frozen in battle.

"We better work on getting the civilians out, they can't...." Harry started. He was stopped when he saw Gwen out of the corner of his eye pick up one of the Doom bot arms that had been severed, and aim the laser in it, taking out three of the robots at a time. The lasers cut through the Doom Bots like a hot knife through butter. "Okay, never mind."

Gwen got her share of strange looks. She sighed.

"What?" Gwen asked. "Oh come on, I'm not going to hide in a corner and bawl my eyes out because I don't have any super powers."

There was a bit of a pause, mostly so Harry could readjust his charm work, and divide and conquer his enemies. Kitty nodded her head.

"Fair enough," Kitty said.

"Yeah, more power to you," Harry said.

Gwen began to fire more blasts at the bots. Harry managed to encircle them with magical energy. Taking out multiple targets at once could be tricky, especially so without hurting them. However, his training with the Sorcerer Supreme was something that gave him a leg up beyond what most would have. Harry blew them out with the magical energy.
Doom watched the battle, making sure to analyze every single move. The Human Torch was once again into the battle. That annoyance was not something that was within Doom's notice. Rather, he watched the dark haired child who had appeared months ago in a flash of light. He was worthy of further observation. While his skills were only blooming, he had potential. Potential was something that Doctor Doom respected, and felt could grow. A blast of energy had shot through his creations. Doom continued to watch, and wait for this battle to play out.

Kitty and Harry did a tandem attack. This set them up for Rogue dodging the attack. The agility that had been formed through battles in the Danger Room had caused her keep ducking, dodging, and bobbing around the attacks. The robots blew up each other rather nicely. The other students were ushered out. Except for Gwen, who despite her powers did not run away, and had stayed to help. Harry's awestruck expression was kept on Gwen's face, and he decided to ask a question once the dust had been cleared.

"How did you learn to fight like that?" Harry asked her.

"When your Dad is a police officer, you have to learn a few things about self-defense," Gwen explained. She continued to keep up with everyone. "With all of the drug dealers, mobsters, and just general nut-jobs...kind of have to learn something to keep yourself from being picked apart as an easy target. You know, there has been some level of survival instincts."

Harry would be hard pressed to disagree with that. He continued to help lead his team through the battle. There were miniature explosions that rocked the castle that they were at.

"Stay sharp!" Harry yelled.

"Staying sharp, and on our toes," Kitty agreed.

"I don't know how many of these tin cans he has," Rogue said.

"Too many," Johnny said, knowingly. He wondered how many of these things Doom had on hand.

The explosions continued to ring out around them, and the battle intensified. The Doom Bots dropped down to the ground. They formed a barrier in front of their leader. Harry and Kitty saw that barrier as only another way to blast through. Harry aimed his hands, and a powerful attack cut through the air. He was getting closer and closer to the throne. He would have reached his destination much sooner; however he also directed his shield charms to protect his friends.

"Hey, um guy, see if you can get a close shot at Doom," the Human Torch said. Harry focused his attention on Doom. "I've got your back!"

Harry did try and blast Doom at close range. An energy field appeared around him, and bounced off the magical attack. That was just what Harry thought. He would have had his throne shielded.

"Damn it Reed, why couldn't you make something that couldn't get fried?" Johnny grumbled.

The Human Torch once again was knocked down. He flamed on once again, and immediately was doused once again. Harry siphoned the foam off of him with a charm, and he gave his nod of thanks. The Human Torch shot off like a cork into the night, and flew around.

The Doom Bots were dropping like flies. Of course, the bots were one thing. The man at the top of the throne was another thing entirely. Harry stood, and watched, keeping an eye on the rela threat. He wondered if these robots magically multiplied. The thought seemed absurd to most, but for Harry's life, absurdity did seem to be the order of the day. A deep breath was taken, and Harry continued to look forward, waiting for the opening that he needed to gain the definite advantage.
By now, he was certain that they would have been missed. It was only elementary. Fighting the battle was one part.

"Don't let up now, we're almost there," Harry grunted. "Keep it up, everyone don't lose your heads, we're doing well!"

His words of encouragement were shouted to his teammates. A part of him hoped that they could lead them onto victory. Everyone was still in the battle, which raged on, and they choked in the smoke of the destroyed Doom bots.

Doom continued to watch, and wait. He was perched, and stared down his enemies. The powers of this strange young man were something that he would find a use for in due time. Right now, he was content to wait, and watch, and plot.

Jean rushed around, breathing in and out. She tried not to panic, because bad things happened when she panicked. A telepath was not someone to be trifled with when she was in a state of distress. Scott treaded lightly as he stepped behind her, and watched his friend. Jean folded her arms.

"So, you did see that?" Jean asked.

"If you mean that half of the students just disappeared, including our team mates, than yes," Scott said. "Who did this?"

"Does it really matter?" Jean asked hotly.

Scott took a step back. Red heads and telepaths tended to be rather high strung, and since Jean was both, he knew better than to agitate her right now.

"It matters, but the real question is whether or not we're going to get them back."

Jean spun around, and saw Ororo and Logan walk up to join them. Jean's expression was fixed, and rather calm, almost eerily so. She took a few seconds to compose her thoughts before she began to address Logan.

"So, I take it you heard about what happen," Jean said.

"Yeah, I heard," Logan said. He sniffed the air, and the face of the mutant turned into a scowl. "Smells like Doom Bots."

"Yes, I was afraid of that."

Reed Richards showed up at that time. Ben Grimm and Susan Storm followed him. Three fourths of the Fantastic Four stood before them, and stared down the X-Men.

"Hey, Logan, it's been a long time," Ben said in a gruff voice.

"Yeah, last time, I drank you under the table," Logan replied.

The Thing just looked at Logan. He waved his rocky hands. "Ah, I seem to remember that happening a little bit differently than you do. But, hey, far be it for me to get in the way of a good story. I do wish we could have met up under better circumstances."

"You and me both," Logan said to the Thing. He looked out the window, and tried to get a sense of what was going on. "If it's Doom, we could have a bit of trouble."
"A bit of trouble does often come with the territory when one deals with Victor," Reed said. He sighed. "His vendetta never seems to cease. In fact, it gets stronger with each passing year. But, why did he come here, of all days? He seems to be keeping the peace, and did not attack us for some time. I won't say things are better between us, but it is different, almost like a cease fire."

'I don't know if we should tell them about Harry,' Jean projected to the entire group telepathically.

Logan, Ororo, and Scott all nodded, but kept their faces grim. Doom would have noticed Harry's arrival, and would have been waiting for the right opportunity for weeks. It would suit Doom's king sized ego to abduct someone out from underneath the nose of Reed Richards, his most hated enemy. The rest of the team mates, they could not say. Hostages, maybe, for some kind of collateral, or perhaps they just got caught up in everything.

"I'm sure if we all work together, we can find out what Doom is up to and stop him," Ororo said.

"Yeah, there's a bit of a problem with that," The Thing said. The member of the Fantastic Four sighed. "Latveria is restricted space, and Doom has diplomatic immunity. We don't like busting down his door any more than we have to, even if we do it."

Sue was quick to notice the discomfort of at least one member of the group. "However, given the circumstances, we might not have any choice. We don't want to see anyone get hurt at all, and whatever Doom is after…"

Sue trailed off. Her brother had gone off with them. While Johnny could take care of himself, well most of the time, it still did not stop her from worrying.

"Yeah, Suzie, we know, and we'll get him back." The Thing said in a gentle voice. He gave his team mate a reassuring look. Sue wished she could be a bit more cheerful.

"What are we waiting for then?" Logan asked, breaking the uncomfortable silence.

"Right, we need to go into there with a plan, because Victor will be expecting us," Reed said. "If anything he's obsessively prepared."

"Ain't that the truth, stretch," Thing grumbled.

Reed Richards punched in a number of coordinates. If he could trace what happened back to its source, then he could find out where Doom had taken the guests in the Baxter Building. There were a few moments before he had struck it.

"I believe we have it, where Doom has taken them," Reed said. "They're at the Latverian Embassy."

"Just perfect," Logan said bitterly.

"Then we have little time to waste," Ororo said.

"What could Doom be doing to them?" Jean asked. She tried not to look worried, but the expression betrayed the red headed telepath.

Logan shook his head. "They'll be fine. We've trained them for battles like these. Even though someone like Doom is far beyond the most extreme levels of the Danger Room. The guy's nuts."

"Took the words out of my mouth," the Thing said.

The members of the Fantastic Four and the X-Men all nodded. It was time to separate the men and
the women from the boys and the girls. The entire group moved out, and was ready for action. Logan remembered the last time he tangled with Doctor Doom. It did not end all that well, and Doom had humiliated him. His teeth gritted when he remembered that moment. He knew that the Fantastic Four had a handful of battles with this guy, and it was always a tough battle.

"The three of you better stay sharp, because Doom ain't a walk in the park," Logan warned them. "We're not going to go down without a fight," Scott said. "He took some of ours, and we're going to bring the fight to him."

"No, we get the kids and get out," Logan said firmly.

Logan was looked at strangely by the group.

"Never thought I'd see you of all people back down from a fight," Ororo said.

Logan shook his head. "I ain't backin' down, just playing it smart."

"I'd agree," Reed said. "We should try and to not indulge Victor in whatever he is doing."

The Fantastic Four and the X-Men got the transport Reed had offered. It should have cloaked them until their arrival. They were ready. Doom was not going to be a day at the beach, and they just hoped that their young charges could hold their own.

Harry's teeth gritted together, and determination flashed through his green eyes. Several of the Doom Bots froze in ice. That allowed the group to continue to fight forward. Harry kept his eyes on both the Doom Bots. Suddenly, the man on the throne clapped his hands, and his remaining metal servants took several steps back. Harry looked up at this dangerous individual. Doom stood before him, and there was a long moment where they exchanged a stare down.

The silence continued, passing through each moment. Doom's steel gaze fixed upon the entire group. Everyone waited for the all shoe to drop.

"Is he going to say something?" Kurt wondered.

Kitty and Rogue wondered that as well. The Human Torch stepped forward. He had never danced with Doom one on one himself. It had been always been with the members of his team. Not that Doom was one to offer that much one on one time with his adversaries. The ruler of Latveria was an individual who sent legions of his Doom bots at his enemies.

"I have seen as much as I wish."

Doom spoke in a slow and deliberate voice. It was the tone that commanded absolute respect. Harry only knew a small amount of information about Doom. Knowing your enemy seemed to be the order of the day. However, without that knowledge of an enemy, a person no matter how much power they had was outgunned. Harry's gaze remained cool, and focused. Doom looked back to him, not showing any emotion in his eyes. The eyes were the window's to the soul, and the only visible part of Doom's costume.

"I noticed your arrive here, young sorcerer," Doom told him. His voice rumbled throughout the castle. "And I have prepared for this opportunity. Much to my dismay, you have decided to join up with a foolish dreamer in Charles Xavier. Such untapped potential should not be at the disposal of a fool. Both Xavier and the Sorcerer Supreme lack the imagination needed to properly understand your gifts. Doom has an ample imagination, and could see the potential that you have at your disposal."
Harry just allowed Doom to drone on. While Doom was speaking, Harry was trying to calculate a way to get one good shot in on him.

"I sense your skepticism," Doom declared. "Many have likely told misguided tales about Doom. Yet, I do what I must to take hold of the world, and to keep it from following into decay. And I can sense a kindred spirit deep within you. The two of us could do much together. There is great potential that is untapped. A greater purpose that could be utilized, and the two of us could work together. Harry Potter, join me and together we will rise above all of these fools."

There was a long pause. During this pause, Harry focused his gaze up at Doom. He gave the impression that this was done to stare down Doom. In reality, the dark haired wizard scanned the throne, trying to find some flaw in the defenses of Doom.

Gwen was the one that broke the silence. "Well, at least he didn't tell you he was your father."

Kitty shook her head, and folded her arms. Harry looked eerily calm, and it was almost like he pondered this. Kitty seemed a bit worried. Harry seemed too independent to willingly follow someone like Doom.

"Harry?" Kitty asked.

"Your offer is interesting, Doom," Harry said, and Doom leaned forward, eyes flashing with interest. The ruler of Latveria thought that he had Harry in the palm of his hand. His gaze continued to linger on Harry's face. Harry decided to drop the bombshell. "However, I will have to respectively decline your offer. I don't know if you've figured this out, but people normally don't like when they are kidnapped against their will. And I'm nobody's pawn."

Doom's demeanor remained unchanged. The calm before the storm was prominent. Doom clutched the side of his throat. The monarch stood up to his full height, and his eyes never waved.

Several more Doom bots were summoned. The group stood up on their feet. The Human Torch shot up, to try and get his hands on Doom.

"No one will pass," Doom said. He raised his hand. The Human Torch was blasted out of the air.

The Human Torch, never one to give up, pulled himself to his feet. The Doom Bots stormed forward. Kitty, Rogue, Kurt, and Harry engaged them into battle, swiftly and fiercely.

"Look on the bright side," Kurt said.

"There's a bright side to this?" Rogue asked.

"Well yeah, this will prepare us for the next time Logan throws us in the Danger Room," Kurt said.

Kitty grabbed the arm of one of the Doom bots, and phased it through the other. While her bare hands would not do, this attack seemed to do well. Harry caused a quarter of them to blow up with a well-placed Reducto field.

"Where does Doom find all of these things?" Rogue asked.

"Maybe he buys them in bulk," Kitty suggested.

"That wouldn't surprise me," Harry concluded, and he sent another wave of energy towards them.

The Doom Bots broke apart. They could tell that Doom was going to take a chance to get out of
there. Not that the X-Men had any delusions about their ability to beat someone like Doom in at this point in their training. All they could do was stall him. Kitty dodged the attack, and Harry looked at her with an encouraging expression.

Kitty took out three of the Doom Bots. Rogue blasted one of the Doom Bots with the arm. The laser fire cut through it. Kitty jumped into the air, and tried for another attack. One of the Doom Bots smashed into her, and knocked her to the ground.

Kitty winced. Her elbow popped. She bit her lip, and a bit of pain folded at her. The Doom Bot moved in for the kill. Harry's eyes narrowed.

"Everyone stand back!" Harry shouted at the top of his lungs.

Kitty tried to convey that she was okay. Sure her ribs and arm was sore, but that came with the territory. Yet, perhaps that would fire Harry up, and Kitty was too transfixed by the magic Harry was displaying.

Harry's magical field expanded. It was a trick that Doctor Strange taught him. However, it was one that he was struggling with. The struggle was one of Harry's more frustrating moments.

The right kind of motivation could allow him to do anything. The energy concluded. The Doom Bots blew up into nothingness. The remaining Doom Bots that Doom had were fried. The Ruler of Latveria pressed on a button. He stepped back, and tried to escape. However, he looked up in the air.

"Richards," Doom said. The word was spoken with even more contempt than when Snape spoke the word "Potter" back at Hogwarts. He stepped forward, and tried to make his escape. This would be a situation that he would have to obtain further information on.

Harry shot cords around Doom to bind him. He was surprised by his success that he had caught one of the most dangerous criminals in the world in his grasp. The entire group looked at him with amazed awe.

For some reason, Harry thought this was too easy, but he was not one to jinx what happened. Doom seemed to grow silent and cold at that moment. Now Harry really did wonder, but he was about to find out.

Harry kept his eyes on what seemed to be Doom for another couple moments. The Invisible Woman, Mister Fantastic, the Thing, Wolverine, Storm, Cyclops, and Jean all stormed the palace. They half expected some kind of battle to walk into. The last thing they expected to walk into was smoldering Doom Bot remains, and Doctor Doom bound with Harry and the Human Torch standing by him.

"You actually captured him?" The Invisible Woman asked. Her mouth opened and closed in absolute astonishment.

Johnny chuckled at the expression on his sister's face. It was a true Kodiak moment.

"Hey, Sue, good to see you too, yeah I'm fine," the Human Torch said. He turned and inclined his head towards Doom. "So, we've got old Victor wrapped up, and ready to go."

Reed stepped forward. He was rather skeptical on sheer principal. The scientist took a second to tap on the form of Doom. Sure enough, his theory was justified.

"I'm afraid that's not Doom," Reed confirmed. Sure enough, Reed broke open the bot, and there was a microphone inside.
"Figured it was too easy," Harry said.

"Oh you've got to be kidding me, a Doom bot again!" The Human Torch exclaimed. He could hardly believe it, but it was true. There was some times where Johnny wondered if they ever went up against the real Doctor Doom, or had fought a never ending stream of Doom Bots, who answered to other Doom Bots.

"I wish I was, but the scientific proof is there," Reed said. His voice was humorless. "This model is nearly flawless to the point where it could pass for the original. In fact, until the moment Victor deactivated it, I would not be far off from hypothesizing that it would think it was actually Victor Von Doom."

Reed analyzed the Doom Bot. It would be foolish to bring it back to the Baxter Building, at least until he gave it a detailed scan. Knowing Doom, there were a few surprises that would have been left behind. Reed expected a Trojan to be left behind. Doom had done that before, and Reed had learned that lesson the hard way.

Harry only half paid attention to this. He stepped over, and walked towards Kitty. The brunette hunched over. Harry offered his hand to her. Kitty took it, and Harry held her steady. A smile spread across her face. Harry held her close to him, and concern flooded his face.

"Are you hurt badly?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, my ribs are a bit sore and my arm, but it could have been worse," Kitty said. She shook it off. "I'll live. Maybe not comfortable for a while, but I'll live. That was an advanced move, and I should have waited before trying it in battle. Guess I just jumped the gun."

Harry looked at Kitty.

"But you have some great moves, I didn't think you could do that," Kitty added.

Harry just smiled his smile. "Well, we don't know what we are capable of, until we do it. I guess I really just decided to throw all caution to the wind. And it worked."

"Well it's robots, so it's not like you had to hold back," Kitty said. "And keep doing it, if it saves people."

Harry would have to agree. They were robots where he was sure were shielded from magic, at least most magic. The longer he fought, the easier it got. The more he understood what he was fighting. Even highly advanced technology had patterns. Kitty walked over, and Ororo looked at her.

"Don't worry, you'll get medical attention when you return to the Institute," Ororo told her in a consoling voice.

Kitty was about to protest to say that she was fine. Her breath went short. The stabbing pain in her side had told her differently. The entire group moved hastily to the transport. It was going to take some smoothing over to figure this out.

Harry did not envy anyone having to explain what happened to all of the parents. Gwen just shook her head and walked towards the transport that was being offered off of the Latverian Embassy.

"My Dad's going to flip out, and lecture me," Gwen said. The blonde girl had a smirk on her face. After the incident with the pepper spray, her dad should have known better that Gwen was not going to sit back and be a good little girl when people were in danger. "Especially when he finds out that I got involved in the fight. Given that he's a cop, he really has no room to talk, but there you go."
Gwen looked at Harry, Kitty, Kurt, and Rogue, and pondered on what to say.

"Right, and I'll see you around sometime," Gwen said. She jotted down her e-mail address, and handed it to Harry. "If you need my help for any reason at all, you shoot me an e-mail."

Kitty looked at Gwen with a quizzical expression.

"Don't worry, I'm not trying to steal your boyfriend," Gwen teased her. Kitty just offered a brief smile, and Harry raised an eyebrow.

Neither Kitty nor Harry corrected that misconception. Mostly because of the fact that time ran rather short and Gwen was on the transport the next moment. The X-Men exited the building. Reed Richards had dismantled the Doom Bot, and had taken it along for further study when he was certain that there were no nasty surprises behind it.

'So any idea what happened to the real Doom?' Rogue asked.

Harry thought that was a good question.

"I hope we never run into him again," Kurt shuddered.

Kitty and Harry exchanged nods. That was a sentiment all of them agreed about. The real Doctor Doom would be ten times more dangerous than this imposter they fought today. The only thing all of them cared about was returning home. The team boarded the jet, and it flew off. This would take some smoothing over, and Harry wondered if his life would ever be anything, but complicated.

That would be food for thought for later. He had thought that his first official mission where he was technically de-facto leader had gone better than could be expected. Perhaps there was some kind of potential for this entire team work mess. Harry had been having his reservations. Call it a gut feeling if one might, but Harry tended to pay closer attention to his instincts.

Until he amassed some level of resources, Harry had to wait and ponder what to do. As much as he hated to admit it, money did make the world go around. There were a few ideas in his head, and there would be time to expand on them in the not so-distant future.

Doctor Doom's latest scheme had reached the ears of SHIELD Commander, Nick Fury. He paced around, nearly wearing a hole in the Hellicarrier floor. Doom had always been a national security threat ever since becoming the ruler of Latveria. What pissed Fury off the most was that he had his hands tied, thanks to the diplomatic immunity that Doom enjoyed, and flaunted in front of face. Doom and Fury had gone around a few times, and Doom had slipped out of trouble.

Fury was only mildly interested about what Doctor Doom had done, and majorly interested about the other results of the day's events. His intelligence had revealed that some of the students from Xavier's school had been among those kidnapped. Whatever Doom was after, no one was talking. Fury saw that as a challenge. He would just have to dig even deeper, until he found what he wanted. The Director of SHIELD tapped his fingers, and stood poised. He turned to his agents.

"Did you at least get one stinking surveillance photo from the entire mess?" Fury asked his agents.

The agents shook their heads. Fury stood up straight. The Director of SHIELD brought himself to his full height. He continued to stare them down. People would have backed off by now, and cowered.

"Just this one photo, sir but it's blurry," one of the agents aid timidly.
Fury snatched the photo in his hand. He studied it through a narrowed eye. There was much that was interesting about the photo. He saw Xavier's students in it. There were faces that he could scarcely make out.

"This was taken before Doom's security camera's short circuited," another agent added as an afterthought.

Now Fury was interested. There were a number of theories that he could follow up on, and investigate. A man like Nick Fury did not put much stock into theories or guess work. In his line of work, there was much to be lost if he did not have the right information. Teeth gritted, and Fury studied the photo. Being a secret agent, he was used to picking out the details. It was the difference between certain death and living to fight another day.

Fury looked up at the agents. He turned around.

"Barton!" Fury barked.

Clint Barton spun around, and his eyes were on Fury. Barton was an expert archer, who could hit any target. It had earned him the nickname Hawkeye. He was one of the most valued agents of SHIELD, even if he and Fury did not see eye to eye. At this moment, Fury needed someone who would be able to be able to think outside of the box.

"Yeah, Fury, what do you want now?" Clint asked. He leaned against the wall. The archer was calm and collected.

"I need you on the Potter situation, and fast," Fury told him. Clint remained calm, and waved Harry. "Someone shows up at random, and it isn't a coincidence. Xavier and his group are harboring him. And that Institute has always been a potential security snafu waiting to happen."

Barton nodded his head. He had seen the files. Maybe not read them from cover to cover, because he was not that meticulous. However, Clint had scanned enough of the files to be interested. Fury was collecting biographical information on every single member of the Xavier Institute, every time a new student showed up, Fury seemed to know. How he learned such things was one of the greatest mysteries of SHIELD. New agents tended to act those questions. Older agents just decided to go with the flow, and see what happened. Nick Fury knew things, that seemed to be his super power.

So when he did not know something, he got on edge. This Potter situation put Fury on edge.

"So what do you want me to go?" Barton asked. "Tail some kid twenty four seven?"

"Just keep an eye on him, Barton," Fury replied. Fury cracked his knuckles and his eye narrowed. "We need to know information about him. These biographical details are just too clean, too arranged. Xavier might have fooled most, but the lack of any kind of paper trail to follow up on anything. Potter seems to be paranoid about making sure anyone sees him doing anything. Every one of his actions has been mostly discreet. We've only been able to pick up the slightest of hints on security camera footage."

Barton leaned against the wall. This was again not news to him. His eyes flickered on Fury.

"Paranoid, and trying not to see, seems like he'd be a good fit in SHIELD," Clint said. "Maybe one day he'll take your job, Fury. Is that what you're afraid of?"

Fury ignored the flippant comment from the archer.

"Yes, but that could mean he was a tactical mastermind," Fury said.
Barton blinked. "We are still talking about the sixteen year old mystery boy, aren't we?"

"Don't let appearances fool you, things aren't always as they appear," Fury said. "We have a bigger problem than this one boy. Xavier and Lehnsherr are on the borderline of some kind of war. It's an arms race between the two of them to collect mutants. SHIELD needs all of the information they need. Keep an eye out Barton. I've gotten you a job at Bayville High to keep a closer eye on everything. You will be cleaning up."

Barton stopped, and stared. Clint Barton cursed the very day that Nick Fury was born. He had to work undercover at a high school as a janitor. That was not the lowest mission he had, not even close.

"Can't Natasha do it?" Clint asked.

The archer realized that the woman in question would likely pummel him senseless if she ever found out she was being volunteered for an undercover work as a janitor.

"You're more of the janitor type, Barton, and Agent Romanov is on a deep cover mission," Fury said gruffly. Barton read that as something that was on a need to know basis. "I trust that won't be a problem."

Clint offered a nod. Fury always had a way of talking people into things. So he might as well skip the middle man, and do it. Perhaps he could get back in the good graces of Fury after his last than stellar results on the last mission.

Fury remained calm, and kept his temper in check. Xavier and Magneto were recruiting mutants for their respective groups. One might argue that these super powered people could be used as weapons. Fury had no problem with mutants; it was the damage that they could cause that worried him. And this Harry Potter could potentially be a doomsday weapon.

Harry thought about the events of today's impromptu mission. Things could have gone much better. Everything could have gone much worse. Harry walked down the hallway, towards Kitty's room. He went to visit her in the infirmary. However, Harry had been informed that Kitty had been released. Harry knocked on the door.

"Kitty, are you in there?" Harry asked.

"Yeah, come in, Harry!" Kitty called brightly.

Harry opened the door. He walked inside the room that Kitty and Rogue shared. It was still early, and Rogue was down having recovering from the latest Danger Room session. Harry stopped, and paused when he looked at Kitty. His heart skipped a beat when he saw her.

Kitty was sitting cross legged on the bed. Her hair was not tied up, but rather flowed freely down her back. The brunette wore a short black-shirt that stopped before her waist. The shirt showed her midriff, and Harry found his eyes lingering on it. She wore a pair of black panties. Harry's eyes traveled down to her legs. He found himself staring at them. Kitty cleared her throat, and Harry looked up to her. Harry saw the grin on her face, but she quickly shifted her expression in an innocent expression.

"Kitty, I didn't know...you weren't..." Harry managed.

"What, decent?" Kitty asked. She slid to the side of her bed, and looked up at Harry. "It's not that bad. It's not like you walked in on me when I was naked, or anything."
That was not the mental image that Harry needed right now. Kitty patted her hand on the side of the bed. Harry took the invite to sit down, and sat down beside Kitty on the bed. The brunette looked at him. Her blue eyes met his green ones. She smiled at him, and placed his hand on his leg.

"So why did you come in here?" Kitty asked.

"I just wanted to see if you were doing alright," Harry said.

Kitty could barely conceal the glee she had.

"I'm doing fine Harry," Kitty said. She scooted a bit closer to Harry, so she could look at him properly. "I'm a bit sore after what happened. That will teach me to remember I can, you know, go intangible more often."

Harry smiled. "It's a lot easier to think about what we should have done, then what we did do out there."

Kitty fired back with a grin. Her hand still rested on Harry's knee. "I can see what you say. There are a million things that we could have likely done differently every time. However, everyone got out fine, and we learned a valuable lesson. Doom is still out there, but he wasn't really there to begin with, so that's not something that we can do anything about."

Harry just looked at her, and nodded. Kitty scooted just a little bit closer to Harry.

"We need to talk about something," Kitty said.

Harry was curious. "What about?"

"The two of us," Kitty said to Harry. Her hand was still on his knee. She then reached forward, and put her hand on Harry's. "We've kind of been dancing around everything a little bit. We're out there, fighting together. And we've been spending a lot of time together, and I enjoy your company. I don't know if you feel the same."

"I do," Harry said. Kitty tightened her grip on his hand. "I really like spending a lot of time with you."

"I'm glad," Kitty replied to Harry. She shifted by Harry, and it seemed like she was choosing her next work. "The truth is, I really like you a lot."

Harry decided to have a bit of fun at Kitty's expense.

"Well we are friends," Harry said. "So I should hope you like me."

Kitty just shook her head. "No, I mean as more as friends, kind of like this."

The brunette leaned forward, and wrapped her slender arms around Harry's waist. Kitty leaned forward, and her lips met Harry's in a kiss. Harry was caught completely off guard by this action. His brain managed to kick into gear, and he did the only thing that made sense. Harry kissed back. He felt her lips on his. It was very nice. He put his hand on the small of Kitty's back, to pull her in close to him.

The kiss continued to linger. The two were a bit nervous. They had never truly kissed anyone. Both hoped that they did not screw up.

Harry and Kitty slowly pulled apart after a couple of minutes. Both wanted to get an assessment of
what the other felt. The two stared at each other, and Harry was the first one to break the silence.

"That was…well wow," Harry said.

"Yes it was," Kitty concurred.

Kitty curled up into Harry's lap, and Harry wrapped an arm around her waist. She shifted slightly, squirming against him. Harry decided to break the silence.

"So, I guess that makes us boyfriend and girlfriend then," Harry said to her.

"Are you asking?" Kitty asked.

"Kitty, will you be my girlfriend?" Harry asked her.

Kitty spun around, and kissed Harry once again. Harry returned the kiss. Kitty ran her fingers through Harry's hair. The brunette broke the kiss. She practically straddled Harry on the bed, and was slowly pulling his shirt up over his head. Kitty slowly traced patterns over his chest and abs. The training in the Danger Room was starting to do him a lot of good. Kitty stroked his chest, and a smile crossed her face.

"I'm sure you've done this sort of thing often," Kitty said to Harry.

Harry shifted, and was a bit nervous. "Actually, I didn't really have much time for dating, with everything that happened. There were…complications. I had about two dates. They both ended in disaster. One was to a school dance, and one was with a girl a year older than me that I had a crush on. We kissed a few times, but she was crying so it was not nearly as nice as yours."

"Why would she cry?" Kitty asked, completely confused. Harry was an amazing kisser, and would likely get better with experience. She felt a little wet just thinking about it, and what else Harry could do with his mouth.

Harry sighed. This was not a pleasant topic to talk about.

"Well, she was thinking about her dead boyfriend, and then she kissed me," Harry said.

Kitty's eyes snapped up. She felt a bit bad for Harry. "Talk about your mixed messages."

"Tell me about it, that entire relationship was messed up," Harry said. Kitty stroked his face, and looked into his eyes.

Kitty's wrapped her arms around Harry's neck. She was draped over his lap. Kitty whispered into his ear. "So, Harry, you have a half-naked girl in your lap? What are you going to do?"

Harry paused for a moment. He looked at her. The expression in her eyes danced with mischief, and Kitty shifted over to the side of him.

"Kitty, don't you think we might be…"

"Going too fast?" Kitty asked. She pulled him into another kiss. This one was short, but nice. It was enough for Harry to be eased slightly. "For some people, maybe they could say that. Some people might argue that we're not mature enough to do this. But, don't we have to go into deadly training simulations every day, where we have to dodge lasers, robots, and all kinds of insanity? If we're mature enough to do that, than I think we're mature enough to do this. I think any norms for any relationship should be thrown out the window, given the situation."
Harry had to concede that she had a point. Deep down, he would have to agree, and he tightened his
grip around Kitty. The brunette gave him a wicked grin. Kitty placed her hand on Harry's pants, and
slowly phased her fingers through them. She brushed against him, and brought Harry no small
amount of pleasure.

"Did you just…"

Kitty laughed. She withdrew her hand from within his pants.

"Do you like that Harry?" Kitty asked Harry in a sweet voice. "Would you like me to touch you like
that again?"

Harry's expression looked at her. He tried to hide his want. Even if his face did not betray him, the
bulge in his pants did.

"I think I'll take that as a yes," Kitty said.

"What about…"

"Contraceptives?" Kitty asked. "Um, would they even work on people like us?"

Harry looked at Kitty in confusion.

"Well, we're supposed to be evolved, so wouldn't we have something a bit stronger."

"Yeah, that does make sense," Harry said. "I know they won't work on magical users, at least normal
ones. Condoms wouldn't work either. Because of the magical discharge within wizards causes them
to break or worse vanish. It really depends on the power."

Harry looked thoughtful at that moment.

"There are contraceptive spells," Harry informed her. "I've been looking into them, but I haven't
really mastered them yet."

Kitty could not resist commenting on this news. "Oh, you've been looking into contraceptive spells?
I guess you've been scheming to get into my panties for a while now."

She said this in a teasing manner. Harry reached forward, and placed his fingers on the edge of her
panties. This was a more bold action that he had ever done. Kitty went intangible, and Harry's
fingers passed through the fabric of her panties.

"Judging by how wet you are, it seems like you've been thinking about me getting in your panties
too," Harry fired back.

"Alright, I guess two can play that game," Kitty conceded. She went solid, and Harry's hand was
"stuck" in her panties. Not that either was complaining. "So, I guess the two of us can have a little
fun, and then we can go all the way once you learned those charms."

Kitty thought that she might be able to go intangible before Harry erupted in her. However, she
might get lost in the moment and forget. It was best to play it safe, for now. There would be plenty of
time for more fun later. They could just pleasure each other, and go further later.

"So what do you have in mind?" Harry asked her.

Kitty just grinned, and arched her hips up, to meet Harry's hand. The fun had just begun.
Smut/Lemon Begins.

Harry felt her pussy on his fingers. It was warm, and better than anything than he had ever felt in his life. Kitty smiled, and the dark haired wizard paused for a brief second. He decided that it was best to go with his instincts. Harry stroked Kitty through her panties. Kitty's eyes glazed over, as Harry started to play with her. A slight moan escaped from her mouth when Harry explored every inch of her private parts.

"Feels good," Kitty told him. She paused, and then added. "It would be better if you saw what you were doing."

The brunette mutant shifted herself. She slowly phased out of her clothes. Harry was rendered speechless. His heart skipped a beat.

Kitty sat on the bed and spread her legs slightly. Harry took a good long look at her. A mischievous grin played across her face. Harry watched all of her. His eyes traveled towards from her cute face, with a winning smile. Her slender shoulders were next, with freckles on her shoulders. Harry took a look at her breasts. It had been the first pair that he had ever scene. They were not as large as some, he suspected, but they looked like a decent handful. Her pink nipples stood out, perky. Harry continued to look at her tight stomach muscles, forged from the training in the danger room.

His heart fluttered when Harry took a look at her tight little pussy. It was moist, with a small strip of brown hair visible. Her legs were sexy as well, and caused Harry's mouth to water. Harry watched Kitty, who stared back at him with a grin on her face.

"So, is this how you imagined me when you thought of me naked?" Kitty asked mischievously. 

"Better," Harry admitted. He grabbed Kitty by the shoulders, and pulled her in close to him. "You look beautiful."

Kitty smiled, and pressed her naked body against Harry's. Harry felt every inch of her skin on his. Immediately, Kitty grabbed his pants, tugging them firmly in her hands.

"Only fair, to put us on equal footing," Kitty whispered in his ears. "Let's see what you've been hiding behind those baggy pants."

Harry arched his hips up, and Kitty phased him out of his pants. Kitty's eyes stopped at Harry's cock. She stared at it. It bulged in front of her, and Kitty felt her mouth water when she looked at Harry.

Immediately, Kitty pounced Harry. She wrapped her legs around Harry's waist. Harry placed his hands firmly on her ass. The two of them made out. Their lips smashed against each other, as their hands explored each inch of their flesh. Harry squeezed Kitty's ass, and she paused for a second. She grinded her wet center across Harry's pelvis, to get him to continue. Harry arched his hips up, and his cock brushed against her opening.

"Making it very hard to resist," Kitty breathed.

"Oh, am I?" Harry asked. He leaned her back onto her bed, and kissed her neck. Kitty breathed out. Harry sucked on her neck. That would be leaving marks, but somehow it was worth it. She placed her hands on Harry's back, and encouraged him.

Harry's mouth found her tits at the next moment. Kitty thought she was going to lose it immediately.

"Suck them Harry, please I need it," Kitty said. Her nipples were really sensitive, and having Harry lick them was driving her into new levels of pleasure. The brunette also was sure that he was using
magic to drive her pleasure up.

Harry was glad that Kitty was enjoying what he was doing. This was the first time he had done anything more intimate with a girl then a kiss. Harry decided to make attention to her body language, and what seemed to give her the most pleasure. If that particular gift worked when delivering pain to his enemies, maybe it could work well with delivering pleasure to his girlfriend.

His mouth planted a series of kisses on Kitty's stomach. Kitty arched her hips up. Harry decided to take things to the next level. His fingers brushed her slit. Kitty shivered.

"Stick them in me," Kitty told him, and Harry plunged a finger into the brunette below him.

"You're so tight and wet," Harry whispered.

"Yeah, make me wetter them, if you can," Kitty encouraged him.

Harry rose to the challenge. A second finger was inserted into Kitty's pussy. The third was entered, and Harry slowly gained a rhythm. His fingers pumped into her, slowly at first. Kitty pushed her hips up, and Harry continued. Kitty tugged on her hair, and her eyes glazed over.

"Feels so good," Kitty breathed shallowly.

Harry played with her a little bit more, before he responded with a grin. "It's going to feel a little bit better, wait for this."

He pumped into her a few more times, and pulled out. Harry switched, licking her pussy. Briefly, he sucked on Kitty's clit. Kitty was driven absolutely insane, but bit her bottom lip. Harry thought it was the sexiest thing he had ever seen. Kitty struggled to not convey pleasure vocally, but had failed. Harry looked at her.

"I put up silencing charms, go nuts," Harry informed her.

Kitty loved magic at this point. She wondered what else it could do. Perhaps it could allow them to heighten their pleasure in other ways. Kitty made a mental note to encourage Harry to explore that later. Right now, she had lost sight of all coherent thought when Harry had dove into her pussy.

Harry scraped his tongue on the inside of her core. Kitty placed her hands on the back of his head. She encouraged Harry to continue to work her over with his tongue. Harry's tongue managed to hit all of the pleasure spots deep within her. Kitty slowly bucked her hips up.

"Harry, keep eating me," Kitty encouraged him.

Harry closed his eyes, and began to rattle his tongue on the inside of her. It was at that point, Kitty had almost lost it. Harry was hissing into her pussy, and it felt so good. Her eyes had been shut, and Kitty lost sense of where she was. She had soaked Harry's face with her orgasm. The brunette girl saw stars on the inside of her eyes.

The next thing she knew, she was becoming intangible. She nearly pulled Harry through the bed with her. Harry had caught her, and Kitty pulled herself back up. His green eyes locked onto her blue ones with an apologetic look.

"Kitty, I'm sorry."

Kitty could have laughed. "For what, for giving me a kick ass orgasm and nearly making me phase through the floor?"
Harry was relieved that she was not mad at him. Kitty gave him a kiss.

"Maybe I should put some charms up to prevent you from going further than the floor," Harry said. "We wouldn't want to give everyone on the floor below a free show."

Kitty thought that would be for the best. She wrapped her arms around him. Her eyes looked at him, and a smile spread across her face. "Could you do that?"

"I'm sure it's possible, magic is capable of many things," Harry said with a shrug.

Kitty pushed back, and slowly wrapped her fingers around the head of Harry's cock. Slowly, the girl teased it. "Speaking of magic, I think it's time that I serviced your wand."

Harry rolled his eyes a little bit at that. Then again, between both of the Weasley twins, he had heard enough wand jokes to last a lifetime.

"You just had to go there," Harry said. He would have to admit, having a feminine hand on his member felt much better than his own.

Kitty smiled, and clutched Harry's cock in her soft hand. Her hand slowly ran up and down his length. She needed both hands on it to firmly grasp it. Harry was rather gifted. Kitty felt fortunate that she would always be Harry's first, no matter what. The girl gave a slight lick to the head of Harry's cock. Harry pushed his cock into her hand, and Kitty's mouth was towards it.

"Ready for your first blowjob, love?" Kitty asked in an adorable, but terrible British accent.

"As long as you don't do that accent ever again," Harry said.

Kitty just smiled, and stroked his cock. Her tongue then tentatively licked it up and down like a lollipop. She tasted it. Harry's cock tasted so good, but it was the milky filling inside that Kitty could hardly wait to sample the most.

"Just think of this as incentive to learn those charms, so we can go further," Kitty purred in his ear.

Kitty slowly wrapped her lips around Harry's cock. She only managed to fit a certain amount of Harry's length into her mouth. The rest of it, she grasped firmly in her hand. Kitty slowly bobbed her head up and down on Harry's cock. Harry placed his hands in her hair, and stroked it. He lifted his hips slowly, and Kitty continued to go down on him.

"Use your tongue a bit more, that's it," Harry managed. Kitty stimulated Harry with her mouth and tongue. "Your hot mouth, feels so good. I bet your hot pussy would feel even better."

Kitty played with herself, and she continued to go down on Harry. She had never thought about doing this before. Yet, Harry was responsive to her actions, so she must be doing something right. Her mouth continued to pleasure him. Kitty stroked the remaining length with her left hand, and squeezed his balls sac.

"I love it when you touch me like that," Harry grunted. He stroked his fingers through her brunette hair. "Suck my dick, Kitty."

Kitty maintained eye contact. Harry was getting her hot as well. His cock in her mouth was a wonderful feeling, and Harry reached around, to play with her breasts and stiff nipples. Harry rubbed her. The brunette felt Harry's muscles tighten in her mouth.

"I'm going to cum, Kitty," Harry whispered.
Kitty was quite ready to taste Harry's cum. Her bobbing never ceased. In fact, she speeded up, and stroked Harry. She would coax the cum out of his balls, and down her throat. She went faster and faster. The look of pleasure in Harry's eyes while she went down on him encouraged the girl to go on.

Harry groaned.

"So good, cumming," Harry grunted, feeling his muscles tighten.

Harry spurted his cum into Kitty's mouth. Some of it dribbled out onto her chin, but Kitty managed to swallow the vast majority of it. It left her with a warm sensation in her. All of her bumps and bruises disappeared, like they were a distant memory. She milked his cock until it was dry, and fell back on the bed. A look of contentment spread across her face.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Harry grew rigid. He looked at Kitty at that moment, and felt something.

"Someone's coming, I better go," Harry whispered.

He waved his hand, and his clothes were back on him. Harry leaned forward, and kissed Kitty goodbye. He disappeared with a soft pop. Kitty immediately put her clothes back on, and the door clicked open. Rogue entered the room. She looked about ready to collapse.

"Rogue, how are you doing?" Kitty asked.

Rogue walked forward in a dazed state, resembling a zombie.

"Don't want to talk about it," Rogue said, and she stepped forward. "The good news is that I survived the entire session in there. If you can call it survival. Harry didn't break a sweat in there."

'Well not until now,' Kitty thought, barely suppressing a grin she had.

"Whatever Harry has, he should bottle it, he'd really make some money," Rogue said.

Kitty could barely suppress a grin. She had some of what Harry had alright.

"I'm glad that someone's feeling better," Rogue told her. She looked at Kitty, and her expression softened. "Seriously, are you doing alright?"

"Fine, everything's just great, a bit sore, but I'm recovering," Kitty said.

The truth was that Kitty was feeling much better after she had her fun with Harry. She could not wait to go further. Kitty looked pleased. Rogue stared at Kitty.

"There's something on your chin," Rogue said. "What is that?"

Kitty brushed her chin, and licked the excess off of her fingers. She responded in a very casual and innocent voice. "Cream."

"Cream?" Rogue asked.

"Yeah cream, tastes good too," Kitty replied, smacking her lips.

Rogue looked at Kitty. Perhaps her mind just went in the gutter, but Harry walked up here to visit Kitty. He did not return downstairs, and might have been up there for a while. Kitty had something
white on her face, and Rogue just was struck by the sudden realization. Rogue was able to put two and two together.

"You're lucky it was just me that almost walked in and not Logan or anyone else," Rogue said, after a moment of silence.

Kitty's expression fixed to one of innocence. "I have no idea what you mean."

Rogue just looked at her roommate with a scandalous expression. The Goth girl rolled her eyes. Innocence did not suit Kitty. She decided that she was going to collapse on the bed. After today, that did seem to be logical.

"Harry came to visit me," Kitty said brightly.

"I'm sure he did," Rogue replied. She turned around, and closed her eyes. The girl could crash right now and be dead to the world.

"And he asked me to be his girlfriend," Kitty said.

"That's great Kitty," Rogue replied dryly.

"He's amazing," Kitty said with a sigh.

Rogue's mind ran wild with the possibilities of what Kitty could be implying. She shook her head to dislodge her mind from the gutter.

"I'm sure he is," Rogue remarked dully. The truth was she had given the matter some thought, but Rogue dislodged her thoughts immediately.

Kitty just turned around. She had really not thought about boys in that way, before she met Harry. Perhaps she was too distracted in academics, or something.

She was confident that Harry would learn those charms. Then they could cut loose, and had some real fun.

It was a great way to relieve stress that was for sure. Kitty had a feeling that there would need to be a lot of stress relief if days like this became common place.
It was not too long before the cat was out of the back, and it was known that Kitty and Harry were dating. The fact it only took less than a week actually was astonishing. Everyone in the Institute found out, and after the standard words of warning about safe sex, everything was fine.

The High School rumor mill did tend to work fast. Once again, Harry thought that there were very few differences the world over for teenagers. Harry and Kitty walked into the High School, holding hands. There were several dirty looks being given to Kitty by several girls. If looks could kill, Kitty Pryde would be dead would be dead.

"Really, they're being really mature," Kitty said. She looked at Harry with a smile. "You know, if they act like that, then they won't be in a very stable relationship."

Harry would have to agree. Jealousy would be one of the more frustrating emotions to deal with as a teenager. He had been down that road before, but had matured and grown past that. Well for the most part, Harry would be lying if he was not capable of some immaturity. His hand was held on Kitty's, and the two walked forward. Rogue and Kurt joined them. Rogue looked at Harry and Kitty for a few seconds, before she straightened her posture.

"I've never seen that many angry girls in one place," Kurt commented.

"Believe me, I have," Harry said, shaking his head.

"Where?" Kurt asked.

"It's a long story," Harry said.

"Is anything with you ever a short story?" Rogue asked. Harry just shrugged, and offered her a smile. Rogue really wished he would quit doing that, it was distracting. "Well, it's not hard to see where they are coming from. I mean, you can't really blame them."

"No, I guess you couldn't," Kitty agreed. She leaned closer to Harry. Harry wrapped his arm around her. She was honestly surprised that Harry only had less than a handful of dates, and had not gone so far. He was such a natural, and Kitty could hardly wait to go further. The two of them would be each other's first, and whatever happened from there, would happen. "Good taste, bad attitude, that's really a dangerous combination for sure."

Harry offered a smile, and the three of them walked. They saw a new student, or at least one that they did not notice before. He was a rather large student.

"Well there's someone that's going to stand out in a crowd," Kitty commented.

Harry just looked at this young man, and tried to figure out what to make of him. He could not help, but think that this large student had made Dudley look positively anorexic. Not that Harry was one to judge, but he looked like he ate Dudley and his gang.

"Yeah, in the worst ways, and looks like he has a bit of a temper," Rogue said, watching the scene before her. She saw the young man get a bit agitated when he walked by. Rogue winced, and saw the path he left.
Off in the distance, Todd and Lance stood by watching, the scene. One of them simmered with rage and jealousy. Lance watched Harry and Kitty, barely guarded contempt in his eyes. This caused him to lose some control of his powers. The ground was beginning to shake beneath him.

"Hey man, cool it before you sink the school into the ground," Todd said. He then paused, and added. "On second thought, keep it up, go nuts."

Lance just turned around and looked at Lance. "What does she see in him?"

Todd looked at Lance. Surely, he could not be for real. Granted, they were friends, by default, but even Todd had to call a spade a spade.

"Well, I could start making a list, but we'd be here for a long time," Todd said. "Hell, if I was a girl…"

"Enough," Lance said with a shudder. He did not need the mental images. He stood back, and continued to watch. There were many things that were going through his mind right now. "I wonder what that Darkholme woman wants us for. She has us holed up in that dump, because of some grander plan."

"Hey, I don't question her, bad things happen when you question her," Todd said with a shudder. His eyes looked up. "Hey, is that the new guy that she mentioned the other day?"

Lance's attention was diverted towards the large blonde teenager that walked up.

"What's his name?" Todd asked. He took a moment to think about it. He shook his head. "Oh yeah, Fred Dukes."

"Looks like a blob," Lance said in a surly voice.

"Yeah, he kind of does," Todd agreed. "So, we better try and get to class. Darkholme threatened pain on both of us, and I kind of believe she'll follow through on it."

Lance just gritted his teeth. Darkholme tended to expect a lot of them, with giving very little in return. And there were a number of threats. He had a feeling that Darkholme worked for some higher power.

Speaking of the devil, Principal Darkholme walked up. She passed Todd and Lance only with the barest amount of acknowledgement. She turned towards Fred.

"Mr. Dukes, I trust you are not having any troubles," Darkholme said.

"Yeah, no trouble," Fred grunted. He stared down Darkholme. His large form stepped forward at that moment. "Just trying to fit in here, High School is a new thing for me, after working at the freak show."

"Good, and I trust you'll find your way to class on time," Darkholme said. "The first bell rings in three minutes, and it's unwise to linger. I trust you'll not be late. I don't tolerate tardiness."

"Yeah, I won't be," Fred grunted. Did she think that he was stupid or something. He took a thunderous step forward. He saw a group of Football team members laughing. "What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing, man," one of the jocks said.
"Even if you're just a big joke."

Fred stopped walking in the school, and turned around. He tried to keep his temper in check. It had been a problem. He hated when people laughed at him. Everyone laughed at him, but he was not a joke. His fingers twitched.

Harry and Kitty walked by at that moment. Kitty noticed that Harry had a calculating expression on his face. She decided to call him out on it.

"What is it, Harry?" Kitty asked.

"I'm beginning to think that Darkholme is someone else," Harry told her in an undertone.

Kitty looked up at Harry in confusion. Harry seemed certain about this, so curiosity got the better of Kitty.

"Okay, who do you think she is?" Kitty asked.

Harry decided to drop the bombshell. "I think she's that Mystique woman we fought a few weeks back."

Kitty's eyes flickered, and suddenly she looked at Harry.

"Are you sure?" Kitty asked.

"You don't believe me," Harry said.

"Of course, I believe you," Kitty said. The girl was incredulous that Harry did not believe that she would believe him. "You can read the body language of people, can't you?"

"And that's how I picked out that she was Mystique," Harry whispered.

There was a moment of silence, which Kitty broke a bit later.

"Maybe you should tell the Professor about this," Kitty said.

"I wonder if he already knows," Harry said.

"Maybe, but if he doesn't, you could tell him," Kitty suggested. "It's up to you, whatever you want to do."

Harry debated whether to tell the others as well. He knew that Rogue would flip, given what Mystique did to her. Harry was reluctant to tell her, due to this fact. Then again, Harry hated when people kept information from him.

"There's the bell," Kitty remarked, breaking Harry's attention.

"Yeah, don't want to be late," Harry said.

"Darkholme's a bit of a bitch, whether or not she is a shape shifting mutant in disguise," Kitty said. She and Harry exchanged a brief kiss before they went their separate ways to their first period classes.

Harry had a lot of things to think about and ponder on. He would need to think about school, and keep his mind on that. Then he could worry about other matters, later on.
"Scott, I'm just showing him around, it's no big deal."

This had been the scene that Harry had walked in after school on that day. Scott and Jean seemed to be having a heated discussion about something. Harry would loath to have called it an argument, because it was not that heated. He had seen some arguments in his day. They could be pretty violent, and sometimes he had been stuck in the middle of them trying to play peacemaker.

"I know you're just being helpful with showing the new guy around the school, and that's great. Really Jean, it's really great. However, Dukes does seem to be…well there's just something about him that's wrong."

Jean folded her arms, and she inhaled for a moment. The red haired telepath looked at Scott, and kept a calm expression on her face. "Fred's just trying to fit in. He's in a new place, and he doesn't know anybody. You remember what it's like, don't you?"

Scott did not answer, even if he did remember it with picture perfect clarity. Harry tried to walk away slowly and casually before he had been sucked into this argument. He tried to avoid being sucked into arguments on general principle. Unfortunately, Scott had seen him, and called him over.

"Hey, Harry, did you hear?"

"Hear about what?" Harry asked. Feigning innocence was the best possible thing, to keep him out of trouble. Granted, there was a fact that he heard many things, so strictly speaking there would be many things they could be alluding to. Harry always had keen observation skills. Of course once something was heard, it could not be unheard. That was the biggest problem.

"Jean is showing this new guy, Fred Dukes around the school," Scott said. An exasperated expression crossed on Jean's face. Harry could tell that Scott was just concerned. He was just showing it in a way that was rubbing Jean the wrong way. Harry could tell he was not going to like being drawn in this, if he could help him. "You've seen him."

"He's rather large, kind of hard not to," Harry remarked in a flat and dry voice.

Scott nodded. "And he has a bit of a temper…"

"I'm not denying that he is, Scott! It's just that…well Harry knows what it's like to be in a new place."

"It's not exactly the same thing."

"Well, it kind of is."

Harry shook his head, frustration mounting. He waved off the argument. The truth was that Harry desperately needed to have a word with Professor Xavier, and did not have the time or energy to deal with this. He took a deep breath, and decided to go for the most diplomatic answer he could.

"I'm sure both of you have valid points. I've only seen Dukes, and not met him. Therefore, I can't say, and I kindly ask you to not ask me of my opinion. I don't have an opinion either way, and I'll talk to both of you later."

Jean and Scott were left by Harry at this moment. Harry had no doubt the conversation continued. He walked inside of the Xavier Institute. His mind was going many miles a minute. The Mystique thing kind of bugged him when it happened, and when Xavier just allowed her to leave, Harry did wonder. He wanted answers, and insisted on getting them. He knocked on the door of Xavier's office. He did not have to wait long for an answer.
"Come in."

Harry clicked the door opened, and walked in to face Professor Xavier. He sat behind his desk, and began to file paperwork. Xavier looked up to Harry, with a friendly and approachable smile.

"Harry, what can I do for you today?" Xavier asked.

"I noticed something odd at school, that you might want to know," Harry said. Xavier made a motion with his hand, inviting for him to continue. "Principal Darkholme I think she's Mystique."

Xavier looked at Harry, as if trying to figure out how he had come to this conclusion.

"An interesting accusation to make Harry, and one that could be possible. Given that Mystique is a shape shifter, she could pose as any person, including me or you."

Harry noticed the lack of surprise in Xavier's tone. Perhaps he was being paranoid, and seeing things that were not there. Yet, paranoia was the one thing that often kept people alive. At least that was Moody told them all about a year ago.

"Their movements were similar, and the way both carried themselves," Harry said, and Xavier responded with a brief nod. The two of them exchanged an expression. Time tended to stand still with the two of them. "I want to ask a question about what happened a few weeks ago, with Mystique."

Xavier figured that this was coming. It actually was always interesting when students questioned him, as it allowed him to gain an entirely new perspective on a situation. Even if he sometimes did not agree with the disagreements, Xavier did welcome all feedback. "Given the circumstances, an explanation is in order. You did meet Magneto upon your arrival here."

Harry's mind flashed back to that night where he arrived here.

"Hard to forget something like that," Harry answered.

Xavier remained rather calm, and decided to explain the facts of the matter. Harry folded his arms.

"Mystique is working for Magneto. I believe she may be recruiting troubled mutants. These youngsters would be easy to entice, with a small amount of power and respect, offered as a dangling carrot. Magneto and I are at a crossroads with each other. Putting Mystique in prison would expose mutants before we are ready."

"And when will we be ready?" Harry asked.

There was no harsh tone in Harry's voice. He framed his question as calm and crisp. A year ago, he might have screamed, and came across as an angsty teenager. A long time had passed, and Harry had kept his emotions in check.

"I cannot say that," Xavier said, and this was a rather honest answer. "I do understand your concerns, and appreciate your information. Humans will know that we exist in due time. It will be a long and hard road to achieve tolerance."

Harry understood better than anyone that some people tended to be intolerant to others that were different from them. The fanatical racism towards magical creatures moved that much. And the less said about his experiences with the Dursleys, the better.

He did know one thing. Harry would be keeping an eye on Mystique, and trying to figure out what
she was going to do. If she made a wrong move, Harry would step in, consequences be damned. The
last one was a free pass, this time; Harry was going to take whatever heat he would get from Xavier
and the others. Even if it got him kicked out of the Institute, Harry had to do what he had to do. He
was accumulating a decent amount of resources, and training. He had been saving every dollar he
could find, and had been researching other potential avenues of income. If push came to shove, he
would be fine.

"Thank you for your time, Professor Xavier," Harry said.

Harry walked off, and nearly bumped into Rogue in the hallway. Rogue winced as Harry brushed
against her, and remembered that he could in fact touch her. It was taking every single bit of her self-
control to actually bring up this subject with Harry. She figured he knew, and he knew that she
knew, so Rogue did not feel the need to bring it up. The fact that Harry was currently dating Kitty
had also caused Rogue a bit of pause, and reluctance to bring up the subject.

"Sorry, Rogue," Harry told her in an apologetic voice.

Rogue waved off Harry's apology. She looked at him. "Don't apologize; I was the one that wasn't
looking where I was going. My mind was elsewhere."

Harry did not ask where her mind was, and Rogue was not about to tell him.

"Rogue, I need to tell you something, but promise you won't freak out on me," Harry said to her.

Rogue looked at Harry, and a frown spread over the Goth girl's face. That was never a good thing
when someone asked another person not to freak out on them. She looked at him for a moment, and
nodded.

"What is it?"

"Mystique is Darkholme," Harry told Rogue.

Rogue's expression darkened, and a bit of anger bubbled to the service.

"Rogue, calm down, please," Harry told her in a voice. Rogue took a deep breath, and for Harry, she
would remain calm.

"Did you tell the Professor?" Rogue asked.

"Yes," Harry replied.

"And what did he say about it?" Rogue asked.

"Not too much," Harry admitted.

Rogue thought that Professor Xavier meant well. However, if it was up to her, she would not have
let Mystique escape after what she did. Had she been given the chance, the shapeshifter would have
killed everyone. She was ruthless, and Rogue had seen a bit of that first hand.

"We'll keep an eye on her," Harry said. "Kitty knows about it too."

Rogue agreed. If Mystique was posing as the Principal of a school, that meant she was up to
something. The real question was what. They all had to keep an eye on Mystique. Whatever plan she
was up to, they would find out, and stop her.
Fred Dukes was someone who was short of temper, and did not care who knew it. The one thing that gave him clarity was the fact that no matter what, nothing could move him. There had been people who had tried to budge him, to laughable results. It would take a super natural force to knock him back even a few inches. Since no one could move him, he figured that people should move out of the way of him.

Harry stood in the hallway, preparing to head to his next class, when the immovable object brushed into him. Cool as a cucumber, Harry stood his ground.

"Hey, you could watch where you're going," Fred grunted.

Harry just stood back. He was not about to take this, and braced himself for a fight "Well, I was watching where I was going."

Fred did not look the way that this pipsqueak was looking at him. At that point Jean showed up.

"Oh, hi, Jean," Fred said, and any anger was forgotten at that moment.

"I was just wondering if you were doing alright fitting in," Jean said in a kind voice. Fred looked at Jean.

Harry could already sense that there was going to be some amount of trouble with Fred. He could see it in his eyes, with the way he was looking at Jean. Harry doubted a girl had showed Fred Dukes any kindness before. Or really anyone for that matter, but that was beside the point. So it was going to entice him, and in all of the wrong ways.

He prepared to deal with what was to come.

"Yeah, it's been great," Fred said. He shifted on his feet, and looked at Jean. A hungry expression flickered through his eyes. "With my powers, I've been able to cut a wide path. No one can get in my way."

It was at that point Jean frowned. "Fred, I know you're struggling to fit in. But with your powers, they could really hurt people."

"Yeah, they could," Fred agreed.

Harry saw the red warning signs right away.

"So, I'll be going right now, I don't want to be late for lunch," Harry said.

Fred's eyes brightened up. Harry shook his head, way to play into the stereotypes.

"See you around Jean, um…." Fred said.

"Harry," Harry replied helpfully. "Harry Potter."

"Right," Fred said, and he turned around, and walked off, or rather lumbered off.

Jean looked at Harry. Harry turned to Jean at that moment, his expression was questioning. The red head telepath threw her hands up. "He's really…"

"Jean, if you want to help people, it's your business," Harry told her.

"Would you have?" Jean asked.
Harry remained silent, a flicker of grin spreading over his face, and he responded to Jean honestly.

"I think we've established that I'm not a people person," Harry responded.

Jean nodded, if that was not the truth, Harry did not know what was. Harry did tend to open up to very few people. There were some rather prominent trust issues that Harry was still working out. Although, the people that Harry did open up, he would fight for, providing they wanted his help. So that was something that could have been appreciated.

"I take it you didn't just want to talk to me for a casual conversation," Jean said.

"What, did you read my mind?" Harry replied, with a teasing expression.

"I would never do that," Jean said. She then paused, and added. "I get the impression that for some reason your mind is a very disturbing place to be."

Harry thought that Jean hit the nail on the head, and then some. The truth of the matter was that he was afraid of the things that had been going around on the inside of his mind. There were those thoughts and memories Harry was certain that were not his.

He briefly debated on enlisting the help of someone, but after Snape, people going around inside Harry's head was something that the wizard was a bit tentative about signing off on. Harry was seriously considering asking, although he did need a telepath who might not take some of these memories the wrong way. The flashes could be disturbing. Xavier might be out on that note, and Harry was not sure Jean would be in either. She was still mastering her powers anyway, and Harry did not want a novice poking around on the inside of his head.

"We may have a little bit of a problem," Harry said. Jean leaned in to listen closely, and made sure no one else was around. "It's to do with one of our old enemies, you know Mystique."

"I know her all too well," Jean said. She folded her arms. "Do you think she's up to something?"

"Yeah, up to being the Principal of this school," Harry replied.

Jean cocked an eyebrow, and looked at Harry. "Please tell me you're kidding."

Harry just offered a smile. "I really did wish that I was. Did you notice her demeanor?"

Jean frowned, and pondered the situation over in her mind. That was a problem if Harry was onto something. Mystique being the Principal of this school could allow her to keep an eye open for potential recruits. The redhead asked the one question that had been on the tip of her tongue.

"Did you tell Professor Xavier about this?"

"Told him, he said that he would look into it," Harry said.

Jean seemed a bit miffed about this for some reason. While she did appreciate everything the Professor did, there was sometimes where he did certain things that Jean found herself rather skeptical about.

"Rogue and Kitty know too," Harry added.

Jean offered a knowing smile. "Of course they do, and we should really let everyone know, but that's up to you."

Harry had thought about it. Logan likely would have flipped out, and maybe called Xavier out on the
entire mess, or at least kicked up a fuss about it. Storm's reaction might have gone either way. Harry fully expected Scott to not question the Professor too much, even if he was secretly miffed about everything that had been going down. Harry tensed up before he could think of much more about what was going on.

"Harry, what is it?" Jean asked.

"I thought I heard someone," Harry said.

"There's no one around here, but the janitor," Jean retorted, a frown spreading across her face.

Harry relaxed, just a little bit. The truth was that this janitor did tend to lurk around just a little bit too much for his liking. Harry wondered if he was being more paranoid than Moody when he suspected the janitor to be part of any wrong doings.

"We better get to lunch, before everyone takes all the edible food," Harry said.

Jean nodded, that was actually a sensible suggestion. Her mind was still on Mystique being in the school. Harry was right to be concerned, and be on his guard. A shapeshifter proved to be a rather dangerous foe for the obvious reasons. Jean walked off, and went her separate ways with Harry.

Clint Barton walked off into the shadows. This assignment had not been dynamic, or exciting up until now. He might not have found out anything about Potter, but he knew that one of Magneto's chief people had been put in a key position at the high school thanks to overhearing that conversation. He had a feeling that Fury would have kittens when he found out. Providing of course that the Director of SHIELD did not already know, and Clint made a note of that. Perhaps this janitorial gig did have its benefits, and the pay was halfway decent as well.

On the other hand, Clint missed the glory days of being shot at by HYDRA troops. The toilets awaited him.

"The teachers didn't quite seem to bury us with too much homework tonight," Kitty said, as she compared notes with Harry outside. The two decided to walk home together to the Xavier Institute, on the account of it being a beautiful day. If the walk went long, Harry could always transport them home.

"Speak for yourself," Kurt said popping up as if he had teleported out of nowhere, and Harry would not be surprised if that was the case. "I swear, they're trying to kill us, or at least make us very miserable."

"Well, guess some teachers remembered we actually had something vaguely resembling a social life," Kitty commented.

"Or they're just luring us in a false sense of security," Rogue inputted, when she just walked over to join the group.

The four walked together in silence. Scott joined them after a little bit. He decided that it would be prudent to ask the question that was on the tip of his tongue.

"Hey, have any of you seen Jean lately?"

"Not since when I talked to her before lunch," Harry said.

"Yeah, she told me about that," Scott replied. His expression was neutral, and Harry could not read
what he was saying. Whether or not Harry would have asked Scott his opinion was not important for
now, that could wait until later. That moment was lost for right now.

Harry's ears perked up, and he noticed something with his keen instincts. There were a signs of a
struggle. Harry's steps quickened. His instincts told him that there was something that should not be.
He left his fellow X-Men in his wake, before Harry slid to the ground.

The dark haired wizard stopped, and stared at the situation that was before him. Jean's boyfriend,
Duncan, was currently on the ground. He had been knocked out by some brutal force. Harry paid
little mind to the jock on the ground, just stepping over like he was a non-factor. It was not Harry's
business to meddle in other people's relationships, although he might have wondered what Jean saw
in Duncan that had made him a fitting relationship. Harry's steps got closer and closer, and he zeroed
in on the source.

Jean had been caught off guard by Fred Dukes. Something told Harry that something like this was
going to happen. The logical thing would be for Jean to use her telekinetic powers to defend herself,
or so Harry thought. Jean had appeared to have frozen up, and lost every bit of her nerve. Her breath
quickened.

"Just want to talk to you, that's all," Fred grunted.

"Yeah, well I don't think…"

Harry stood before the large blond teenager. An expression appeared on his face, and Harry folded
his arms.

"You know, you might want to back away from her," Harry said. Fred Dukes laughed. Harry
thought that he had been underestimated. That was a mistake many people had made. "There are
other people around the corner, people who wouldn't appreciate what you're doing."

"Yeah, and they'll be on the ground just like the Quarterback was," Fred said with a chuckle.
Duncan's pained breathing was all that Harry needed to know. "And just like you're going to be. So
get out of my way."

"Let her go," Harry stated in his most dangerous voice. "I'm not warning you again."

Fred had thrown Jean onto the ground. The large mutant had tried to attack Harry. Harry dodged
underneath his arms, and spun around. He staggered and spun around. Harry used a tripping spell to
cause Dukes to fly onto the ground with a crash. The impact no doubt got more than a few people's
attention. Dukes landed, and rolled over. Harry stood over him. The wind blew through his hair, and
the expression in his green eyes, was stoic.

Now Fred Dukes might have not been the brightest bulb in the box. However, when someone
moved him, when he was pretty sure that could not be done, something was up. The real question
was what, and Dukes pulled himself to his feet. An energy field of some sort had blocked in.

The rest of the X-Men showed up at that moment. Other students and teachers had crowded around.
Jean regained her bearings at that point, and Fred Dukes found himself stared down by Scott
Summers. Scott had put two and two together about what happened, and was not too pleased.

"Really, that's low, even for trash like you," Rogue said.

Dukes just grunted. "I'll take you all on, this pipsqueak got lucky."

Harry frowned. He thought that Dukes was the one that might as well be considered lucky. Once
again, magic utterly bitch slapped physics. He had moved what was considered unmovable by his powers.

"Mr. Dukes!"

The large boy turned around. Darkholme marched out of the school doors, and spun around, to turn her attention to Fred. The larger boy did show a modicum of fear now, his bravado having been erased.

"I was just trying to…." Dukes said.

"You're coming with me," Darkholme demanded harshly. Dukes would have likely gotten into a great deal of trouble for assaulting one student and trying to kidnap another. She sensed an opportunity to pull another one into the Brotherhood fold.

Harry frowned at what had transpired, and really it could have gone better. Jean walked by, a bit tentative. She looked at Harry.

"Um, thanks," Jean muttered and shifted carefully.

"No problem, I'm sure you would have done the same for me," Harry replied. "But, remember next time you do have mutant powers."

Jean suddenly looked a bit cross at that statement.

"Yeah, I froze a little bit, okay, Jean replied defensively.

Sympathy crossed over Harry's face.

"It happens, just learn from the experience," Harry stated.

Jean walked over to rejoin her fellow teammates. For some reason, she got the impression that Harry was a bit too used to life endangering experiences, where he had to think quickly on his feet. He was mysterious and an enigma in many ways to Jean. Scott looked like he was going to say something to her. Kitty walked over to join Harry.

"You really knocked him down, and made it look like he just tripped," Kitty commented.

"Well that was the idea," Harry said to her in an undertone. "Now, I believe we were walking home."

Kitty held out her hand, and Harry took it, squeezing it firmly in his. The two leaned forward, and exchanged a kiss. Harry wrapped an arm around her waist, and pulled her in. Kitty melted into his arms, and nearly phased into Harry. Thankfully she got a grip on everything, and the two broke apart with an unspoken promise to do a bit more later after they got their schoolwork and training done. They bid their goodbyes to their fellow X-Men.

The walk home was nice, mostly because they were together.

Fred Dukes sat in the office of one Principal Darkholme, his arms folded across his broad chest and a surly expression etched over his face. The severe looking woman had her eyes on Dukes. Today, he had lost his temper in the worst way. What was worse was that little pipsqueak Potter had moved him. No one had moved him before. Darkholme's gaze burned into the large teenager's forehead. Time ticked by, before the principal began to speak to him.
"Well, it seems like we're in quite a tight corner Mr. Dukes," Darkholme said. "Attempting kidnapping of a student, attacking another, and getting into a fight. And it's not like I can punish Mr. Potter for what he did, because he didn't put one finger on you."

Fred realized that the principal had a point. The fact of the matter was that Potter did not put one finger on him. Which made the situation even more humiliating and potentially demeaning, and the large teenager crossed his arms. He looked at the woman.

"I brought you here, and it means that you're my responsibility," Darkholme replied. Her gaze burned into the face of Fred Dukes. Silence occurred in the office for a moment, with the tension being able to be cut with a knife. "I do wonder what I would be able to do with you."

"You can't do anything to me, just give me another crack at Potter," Fred said.

Darkholme's face snapped towards the young mutant. Her gaze burned into his face. Fred slid back into the chair, and thought that he had taken one step too far with his bravado. Despite his girth being three times the size of Darkholme, he still felt a small amount of humiliation. There was a lengthy pause between the two of them, before Darkholme responded to him. Her voice was cool, and deadly when she had spoken.

"I have a place for students that have potential like you. I know of your abilities, and there are others like you. Others who need guidance, and rest assure that will be something that you will be receiving. Just stop, and consider the deal I'm offering you. Join this group, and I can choose to look the other way. Fail to join, or do as I say. and the consequences will be harsh to bare. Just consider what your future is."

Fred's eyes narrowed and the large mutant thought about it. To everyone else, he was nothing, but a blob. Someone who would be cast aside, and someone who would be mocked. Anyone who was nice to him would have been done so out of pity. Fred thought that if he was going to be a misfit, at least there was something that he was going to be in good company with.

"Yeah, I'm in," Fred grunted.

Darkholme folded her arms and nodded.

"Rest assure that your training will only be harsher from here," Darkholme responded in a crisp voice. Her stern gaze focused on Fred's face once more. "You can meet your fellow roommates. They are waiting for you outside the office."

Fred got up to his feet, and took a large step forward outside of the office. He pushed open the office door, and his eyes narrowed. He saw Todd and Lance standing outside of the office. Lance surveyed Fred for a moment, before he responded.

"So, you got taken out by Potter, too," Lance said.

Fred's expression twisted to gritted teeth. He would have not liked to be reminded about that fact.

"No problem, we'll get him next time," Lance said.

Todd's expression changed. "I don't know. I mean the rest of those X-Men; they look like they'll let you go the other way. Potter on the other hand, I don't think that he's going to let us go without a fight. He could really mess us up. Potter gives me the creeps, to be honest."

Todd shuddered at the thought. The slimy mutant's words were fallen on deaf ears. He was not necessarily being afraid. Todd just enjoyed the fact that he was alive, and that was always a positive
thing. Messing with Potter might change that fact.

Was it his fault that he enjoyed living?

Logan watched the latest session in the Danger Room, and the doors opened up. Harry stepped out, and brushed his hands off.

"I guess you can go to the next level," Logan grunted. There was almost an approving vibe to voice, and an expression on his face that indicated that he enjoyed the challenge Harry offered.

"Logan, I would advise not overwhelming him," Xavier said.

"No, it's not overwhelming me," Harry replied. "There were times that I was getting a bit bored in there, to be honest."

"Don't get too cocky kid, you might not be able to take that back," Logan warned him.

In truth, Logan had a sense that Harry was all too used to being in near death experience. The young man had a sixth sense of when something was going to try to kill him. Logan now saw it as a challenge to create a program that would trip Potter up. The rest of the team was moving along well. The team sessions did slow Potter down a tad, mostly because he had to adapt his surroundings for the other team mates in his training.

Harry walked out of the area around the Danger Room, and felt rather pleased with everything that had happened. A pair of hands popped out of the wall, and grabbed him, before pulling him through wall into the next room. Harry readjusted his surroundings, and Kitty stood before him. The brunette girl was dressed in a blue t-shirt that showcased her midriff. She had changed into a short black skirt, and black boots. A confident smirk spread across her face.

"Kitty, you know that I could have done something to you, with you catching me off guard," Harry said.

A smile spread across Kitty's face. "You can't deny it isn't worth the risk."

Harry felt that he could not deny that fact. Harry placed his hands on Kitty's waist, and he peered into her eyes. Kitty peered back, and she leaned against Harry.

"So, Harry, are you ready to study?" Kitty asked to him. A smile spread across her face.

"We got all of our homework done," Harry replied to her.

"Oh, I think that we could brush up on our biology," Kitty said. She placed her hands on Harry's face, and Harry looked back into her eyes. "And maybe a bit on our oral presentation as well. How are you coming along on the charms?"

"I believe I got them down," Harry answered her.

A mischievous grin spread over Kitty's face.

"Well, how are you supposed to master something when you don't have a living, test subject?" Kitty asked. She posed for Harry, and Harry felt himself stir a little bit. Kitty reached forward, and placed her hand on Harry's crotch. "Maybe you need a little bit of motivation."

Smut/Lemon Begins.
With a grin on her face, and maintaining eye contact, Kitty rubbed Harry's crotch through his pants. Slowly, her hand phased through his pants, and touched his member through them. Kitty stroked Harry for a little time through his pants, and took a step back. Kitty sat on the edge of the bed. She stood, and smiled at Harry.

Harry waved his hand, and Kitty felt a tingling sensation through her being.

"Did you feeling a tingling through your spine?" Harry asked. Kitty responded with a light nod. "Good, that means the charm is working."

"Like it wouldn't," Kitty said with confidence. She grabbed Harry by the wrists, showing surprising strength for someone her size.

Kitty pushed Harry onto the bed, and pressed her lips against his. Harry wrapped his arms around her waist, and deepened the kiss. The two indulged themselves in each other's lips. The two got into the kiss, their fingers trailing through the other's hairs. Kitty grabbed Harry's shoulders, and made them both intangible. The brunette mutant pulled Harry through his clothes, and then Kitty shifted out of hers. Harry saw her body and the girl reached forward.

Harry arched his hips up, and Kitty clasped her hand around his cock. The brunette stroked his length up and down. Harry felt her hand on him, and he reached forward towards her.

"Feels so good," Harry breathed. Kitty's motions continued, and the girl pumped up and down on his length. "Keep stroking my dick, Kitty."

"It's so big, and so hard," Kitty breathed.

"That's because of you and your tight little body," Harry told her, and Harry reached into her pussy, fingerling her. Kitty moaned, at the efforts. "I didn't know how tight you are, or how wet. Just wait until my cock is in your pussy."

Kitty felt her pussy moisten with desire. She wanted that cock, in her, badly. It was a burning desire within her. A few more minutes, she played with it, feeling it, getting to know every single inch of Harry's throbbing member. Kitty grinned, and then slid back, spreading her legs.

"Come and get it, Harry," Kitty told him.

Harry looked at her. "I heard the first time hurts."

"Yeah, but I can handle a couple of minutes of pain, for many more moments of pleasure" Kitty replied. She stroked her fingers across her folds, and Harry explored them as well. "Let's get the hard part over with, and yes I'm sure. Shove it in me."

Harry aimed for her entrance, and slowly, gently pushed his cock in. Kitty bit down on her lip, with to stave off the pain as her hymen was busted by Harry's entrance. She felt blood drip down.

"I didn't hurt you," Harry whispered.

"No, not too bad, perfectly normal," Kitty said, and Harry waved his hand. Kitty felt the pain numb, and then the blood vanish.

"How are you now?" Harry asked.

"Good, now take me, make me your woman," Kitty told him, a lustful expression in her eyes.
Kitty pushed her hips up, and Harry decided to slowly pump his cock into her. Kitty was not having any of it. She grabbed Harry's neck and looked him in the eyes.

"Harry, fuck me like you mean it," Kitty demanded.

"If you think you can take it," Harry replied.

Kitty gave Harry a "bring it on" look, and Harry gripped her slim hips. He then decided to push into her a little bit faster, and harder. Kitty started to moan, but Harry could tell from her body language that she was enjoying it. Harry slammed his cock inside her pussy. Kitty wrapped her hands around Harry's back, encouraging him. He buried his cock deeper into her, fucking her pussy all the way.

This was far better than anything that she could imagine. Kitty could feel Harry's cock stuffing her full. She felt herself being brought to an orgasm, her very first while having sex. The girl felt a bit of smug satisfaction that she would be Harry's first. This was numbed by the pleasure. Harry rubbed his thumbs onto her nipples, and Kitty moaned.

"I love your perky little breasts, I think I'm going to suck on them,: Harry said.

Harry placed his mouth on them. Kitty breathed in and out, and the cock continued to slam into her. Her tight crevice was being punished, and the brunette enjoyed every single action Harry made in her. Harry's hands were all over her body, sending little jolts onto her.

"Harry, do that, more," Kitty encouraged.

Harry obliged on both fronts. The time ticked by, how much he did not know. His balls tightened, with Kitty's cunt squeezing into him. Kitty went intangible a little bit, but Harry stopped. This encouraged Kitty to get a hold on her powers, and Harry once again stopped back. The brunette pushed herself up to meet Harry's cock. Her walls squeezed, and rubbed him, and Harry never felt better.

"Feels so good, that tight pussy," Harry breathed.

"Wreck me Harry!" Kitty yelled.

Harry obliged, and thrust himself deep into the girl's cunt. Kitty grabbed her hands around Harry, and thrust her hips upward, with Harry pumping deep into her.

"Going to cum," Harry warned her.

"Do it in me," Kitty pleaded, tightening her grip. She felt her pussy muscles tighten, and had no idea how much longer she could go.

Harry thrust into her a few more times. Kitty pushed her hips off of the bed, and Harry's balls tightened. Kitty's pussy clenched around him, and both reached their orgasm. Both mutants saw stars when Harry deposited his load into Kitty's wet and willing pussy. Her walls had been painted white by his thick and juicy seed. The mutual release from both of them had been enjoyed.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Harry was on the bed, his arms wrapped around Kitty. Her face rested against his chest. Kitty's eyes snapped towards Harry, and a smile crossed her face. The brunette mutant took a moment to allow herself to regain her composure.

"That was amazing," Kitty commented.
"Glad you agree," Harry replied.

Kitty looked at Harry. She was sure that Harry only had the slightest idea what he was capable of. Women would be lining up around the block for him, and wanting a piece of that action. Kitty was just glad that she got on the ground floor. The brunette wondered if she would mind if Harry had slept with other girls than her.

The brunette mutant came to the conclusion that as long as she got her Harry time, it was more than fine with her. A shifty grin crossed over Kitty's face, as she thought of the kinky possibilities that multiple partners would create.

Her parents had told her never to be selfish. Although Kitty was not quite sure this was what they had in mind, but the advice applied.

When the time was right, Kitty decided to gently break the subject to Harry. And if she was honest, she wanted to go a few more rounds with Harry. Then they could decide if they wanted to expand. Kitty already had one person in mind, and she could almost tell that Harry was curious. And Kitty could tell that this person was looking at Harry, and undressing him with her eyes when she thought no one was looking.

Not that Kitty minded, because she could not fault someone for taste. And hey, they were all friends, so what was the harm in a little fun? Even if Kitty could not really touch Rogue, she could tell that Harry could, even if he had not tested how long, or how intimate things could get.

"What are you smiling about?" Harry asked.

"Just thinking about something, tell you later," Kitty said. "We can sit here a little bit, and relax, unless you want to go another round."

Harry smirked, and pulled Kitty into a long kiss. The brunette mutant sighed into Harry's mouth, and Harry ran his hands over her body. Kitty responded in kind.

Both enjoyed the sensations that each other gave them. Somehow, both felt stronger than ever, and more relaxed, along with being less tense.
Chapter 11: Inbetween.

The fall wind blew, sending leaves scattering in every direction. The weather was a bit cooler halfway into the month of October. Harry and Kitty walked around the outside of the school, laughing at something. A smile spread across Kitty's face at something that Harry was saying. The brunette mutant leaned in closely, and gripped Harry's hands. She stood on her tiptoes. This action allowed the girl to properly look Harry in his eyes.

"So he really made a big deal about you not being invited to his little party," Kitty remarked. The brunette shook her head. She shifted positions, and only held one of Harry's hands. "I don't know what you did to him."

"Duncan does have many hang ups, and one of them is being a jerk, it seems," Harry said casually. He just threw his hands, like it was not really a big deal at all "It just seems like half of these high school parties with the popular kids are highly political, and just a way to gain some sort of bragging rights."

Kitty nudged Harry, and a smile spread across the young mutant's face. "Are you sure you aren't being overly cynical? That's kind of your thing."

Harry pondered about the matter for a few seconds, before he turned towards Kitty, and addressed her.

"Or, I could be the only sane one," Harry said, blinking rapidly. With these words, Harry placed a hand on the small of Kitty's back. Kitty smiled at him, mischief dancing in her eyes.

"If that's the case, we're in trouble," Kitty retorted. Harry just pushed her back slightly.

Harry's lips met Kitty's in a tender kiss. They were out of the way from prying eyes at this point. Most of the other students had stayed closer to the school. Harry thought that this was the perfect time to steal a moment with his girlfriend. Kitty closed her eyes, and enjoyed the kiss. Harry's tongue invaded the inside of her mouth. Kitty pushed back, and stroked Harry's hair.

Harry slowly backed off, and Kitty cocked an eyebrow at the sudden stoppage.

"Shapeshifting principal at ten o'clock," Harry whispered.

Kitty nodded. Public displays of affection might have gotten them in a bit of trouble. Everyone did them, and few got called out upon them, it seemed, but they were being careful. Yet since Darkholme had it out for Harry, and likely Kitty by extension, it would be best to maintain some level of discretion. The two walked by casually, seeing Darkholme exit her car.

Toad sat there, looking very miffed. He was just inches away from grabbing the juiciest bug that he had ever seen. Granted, one might argue that it was disgusting, and the mutant was living up to his namesake a bit more than he should. However, Toad did a lot of research to live up to his reputation. Certain bugs were high in protein, even more so than most food that people ate and took for granted.

That was his story, and he was sticking to it.

Darkholme exited the car, and stopped halfway out. She peered at Toad, who sat there, trying to act innocent. The act was not something that was bought by Darkholme. Over her glasses, the woman
glared at Toad.

"Mr. Tolansky, that car is brand new," Darkholme remarked in a crisp voice. Her gaze burned a hole through Toad, and Toad scooted back, fear dancing in his eyes. "If I see one bit of slime on it, I'll be displeased. Is that clear?"

"Yeah, crystal," Toad said dryly. The slimy mutant crossed his arms, and was rather miffed at the situation. He waited until Darkholme was gone, before the mutant offered one more comment. "Even if you cost me my lunch."

Toad decided to hop up to see if there was any more grub to be held. Harry and Kitty made sure Darkholme was out of sight, before the two of them made their way back towards the school. Kitty checked her watch, and an expression crossed her face. Harry's gaze snapped towards her.

"Bell is about to ring in a couple of minutes," Kitty stated, looking anxious at the moment. "We better get going."

Kitty leaned forward, and gave Harry a parting kiss to the lips. The kiss was nice, and lingered just a few seconds. The two of them broke up all too soon, to the sound of Jean's voice.

"Kurt, wait!"

Harry sensed some kind of impending doom, and normally these sorts of feelings would be spot on. He hated when he was right. Harry and Kitty walked forward, quickening their footsteps, and had been greeted to quite the sight. Scott was sitting there a bit miffed. Jean looked at him like he had done something wrong. Rogue was just standing in the middle, trying to be a neutral party.

"What happened?" Kitty inquired, eyes widened when she looked at the group.

Rogue was all too happy to get Kitty back up to speed.

"Oh, Kurt was just being himself, and he was showing tail," Rogue said, in a crisp and casual tone of voice. Rogue realized what she was saying, shivered, and decided to amend her statement. "The actual physical tail, that is, and Scott grabbed him by it."

"I was just trying to get him to cool down, and not get us exposed," Scott said, throwing his hands into the air.

Harry pinched the bridge of his nose, and offered a long sigh. He was sure that Scott had meant well. However, there was something about what happened where he could see Kurt had gotten a bit miffed.

"That could have come better," Scott admitted, shoulders slumping.

"Yeah, you think," Rogue responded in a dry voice. Her eyes narrowed at Scott. "Kurt was really upset."

"He'll be back around," Kitty said, voice raising, trying to remain cheerful.

Jean smiled, trying to put a reassuring spin on the situation. "I'm sure he will. He just popped off somewhere. Kurt can't teleport any further than what he see."

Harry had to rain on their parade with his own commentary on the situation. "Well he could have teleported a ways away from here. Several times, in the time that were talking about what happened."
Scott shifted guiltily at this moment. Perhaps he could have exhibited a bit more tact. That was one of the things that the Professor did tell him to work on if he wanted to be a leader. Yet, didn't leaders have to make tough decisions every single day?

"Don't worry about it, everything can be smoothed over later," Harry remarked, waving them off.

"Yeah, for sure," Kitty agreed. She then shifted. "We better get to class. If we don't, we'll be late, and Darkholme might kill us."

Rogue paused, and what they knew that might as well have been literal. So far, Darkholme had not done anything, and had just stepped back. Of course, given the master of deception part of her powers that did not mean anything, she was just waiting for the best moment. Rogue was keeping a close eye on her personally, and if Darkholme did anything suspicious, Rogue would bounce right in.

Harry thought that it was a shame that Kurt and Scott had some kind of row. There would be plenty of time to figure that out later. Right now, he had a test in his first class after lunch. So Harry's focus moved over to take care of them, for better or for worse.

"I can't believe the nerve of that guy sometimes."

Kurt Wagner walked through the school grounds, and had a few bitter thoughts in his head. The truth was that he needed a few moments to calm down, and reassess the situation around him. Time he was offered when teleporting away from the screen. Scott did tend to be wound tight.

At that moment, Kurt had arrived at the door of a basement; curiosity had gotten the better of him. He knocked on the door, but there was no one inside. With a swift movement, Kurt opened the door. A set of steps marked his destination, and Kurt choked on the dust when he walked down the stairs. His eyes watered as well when he moved down the stairs.

'No one has been down here for years,' Kurt thought to himself. The fuzzy mutant's expression was one that was awestruck.

He made his way down to a makeshift lab. Kurt's arms folded over his chest, and walked down the stairs, getting further and further into the basement area. Kurt took a closer look. The equipment had not been touched. He wondered if anyone had even been down here to clean in a while. The dead rats were a telltale sign that he would have to lean towards no one cleaning anything down here in an extremely long time. Kurt's arms folded together. He rocked on the balls of his feet.

There was a brown device on the floor. Kurt tapped it, and a spark flew from it.

"Hey, what are you doing down here, elf boy?"

Kurt turned, and saw Todd Tolansky perched down on the railing of the stairs. The slimy mutant's expression was fixed on Kurt, and time stood still for a minute. Toad hopped down to face Kurt. The mutant took a step back, and braced himself for some kind of confrontation.

"What are you doing down here?" Kurt asked, standing and bracing himself for what was going to happen.

Toad waved his hands. "I asked you first."

"Oh that's real mature," Kurt retorted.
"It was a simple question," Toad said, throwing up his hands. He took a step back, and stared down Kurt. "Then again, you X-Men think that you are so great, and all that. I don't know what you're problem is half the time."

Todd hopped at Kurt. Kurt teleported out of the way in a cloud of blue smoke, and landed on the other side. Todd dropped down on the other side, and grabbed the device in his hand.

"What's this?" Toad asked.

"Hey, you better put that down," Kurt said.

"Looks like some kind of funky camera," Todd mused, taking a good look. He began to play around with the buttons on the device.

"You don't know what you're doing!" Kurt yelled, nearly grabbing Toad in frantic fury, but the mutant hopped back.

Todd's face just relaxed. "Hey, don't worry, I know exactly what I…"

A zap echoed, and a bright light engulfed Kurt at that moment. Toad watched, dumbstruck, mouth hanging open. Kurt vanished into a bright light. One of the X-Men had vanished before his eyes.

The slimy mutant blinked. He saw that the X-Men had disappeared, and just shrugged his shoulders. He hopped off, with the object in his hands.

"Hey, get back here in and finish this!" Kurt yelled, with his fists clutched in the fury. He tried to reach forward, and grab Toad. His fingers passed through Toad. The blue mutant blinked, and tried to teleport forward. He landed outside of the gym. He realized that his image inducer had failed. Something about that machine had fried it when he passed through.

This was not something that would be considered an ideal situation. Kurt saw a group walk towards him. They were laughing, and barely paid any attention to anything around them. Kurt braced himself for them, and they passed through him.

Confusion was something that passed through his mind. Kurt now had no idea what was going on. He moved forward and towards the school. It was almost like he was there, but at the same time he was not there. Kurt regained his bearings, and blinked several times. Another step forward, and Kurt continued his movements. The doors of the school opened, and Kurt heard the bell.

"Rogue!" Kurt yelled suddenly, and he reached forward, waving his hands frantically.

Rogue walked right by Kurt, like he was not even there. Now Kurt was confused, and pondered what happened.

"None of them can hear you."

Kurt spun around, and saw a young dark skinned man standing before him. He was dressed in a white shirt, and jeans.

"Trust me, I've tried until my voice was hoarse," he said. At this point, he offered a shrug and a shifty smile "The name's Forge."

"Kurt," Kurt replied dully, shaking hands with him. If this Forge was bothered by his unconventional appearance, he did say anything. "What happened? I was in a lab, and got in a fight with someone. The next thing I knew, no one could hear me."
"Oh boy, that's not good," Forge said, shaking his head. "That was my lab, and it looked like the school locked away my inventions after I disappeared."

"That lab didn't look like it had been visited in years," Kurt replied. Forge's expression never left Kurt's face.

"That's because it hasn't," Forge said quietly. He took a step forward, and looked at everyone who passed through him. "It hasn't been visited since the year nineteen seventy eight. That was when I disappeared."

Kurt was caught completely off guard by this new development, and his mouth hung open. Stepping back, Kurt tried to shake his head to gain some situation. For a moment, the fuzzy mutant seemed dumbstruck, and then he spoke.

"You've really been here for this long."

Forge laughed it off. "Well, it's kind of hard to explain. Then again, we've got all of the time in the world. I've heard every bit of gossip, who's dating who, who is trying to start trouble behind each other's back. There's really nothing else better to do, then just watch everyone and learn everyone's business."

"How did you not go insane?" Kurt asked, eyes widened with astonishment. He was visited by another question. "How did you eat if you been there for that long?"

Forge paused, and looked at Kurt. That was actually a good question, and one he had thought about. He did not really think that much about it, and paused before the answer was given.

"Well, it wasn't really a problem," Forge said, shrugging his shoulders. Kurt looked at him with a quizzical expression. "Never mind, I've been trying to find a way out of here, and you might be able to help."

"How could I help?" Kurt asked, standing on the balls of his feet, impatiently.

"I saw you out there, teleporting," Forge answered. The young man shook his head. "I didn't think that there were other people like me, well not exactly like me, but you get my point."

"So you're not bothered by my appearance?" Kurt asked, trying to keep his body language relaxed. That might have always been a sticking point.

"Trust me, I've seen weirder," Forge said, dismissively shrugging the question off. He added to try and lighten the mood. "I did live through the seventies."

Kurt's eyes snapped forward, and Forge looked at him. The two walked through the gym doors, and saw a group of girls make their way towards the locker room.

"So how far does this pocket dimension go?" Kurt asked in a casual voice, inclining forward, eyes focused.

Forge paused, thinking about it. "I've run some tests, and it seems to stop just a few inches outside of the girl's locker room."

Kurt's face fell immediately. Forge just shook his head, and cleared his throat.

"With you here, we can both find a way out of here," Forge replied, business as usual. "There have been bits and pieces that were brought here during the accident, and I've been trying to fit everything
together. I haven't had something to jump start it. I need your help."

The blue mutant nodded, and leaned in for Forge to tell him what the pair of them needed to do.

The school day had ended, and most of the people were untroubled. Rogue walked outside the building, and her eyes moved forward. Harry and Kitty walked out from behind her, and before they could get a word in edgewise, Jean and Scott walked up. A look of worry and guilt crossed over Scott's face as he stared down Harry. There was a moment before Scott decided to open his mouth, and speak.

"Have any of you seen Kurt after lunch?"

"No," Harry replied, craning his neck to look over the shoulder, in hopes that Kurt would appear. Then again, he did not have any classes with Kurt after lunch. Kitty shook her head. Rogue was the one that decided to pop up.

"No, he wasn't in last period," Rogue informed them, and she turned around where Jean and Scott stood there.

"So that means that he was gone for over two hours," Jean said, before biting down on her lip. She sighed, and tried to regain her bearings, taking a deep breath. "Almost three hours, and…"

"This is all my fault, he ran off," Scott grumbled, slumping in defeat.

Harry shook his head. "He's got to be around here somewhere. I mean, he can't be gone forever. Where would you be if you were Kurt?"

"Somewhere where I wouldn't want to be bothered," Kitty suggested, before she shrugged her shoulders. That's was all she had.

Harry nodded, and he took a step forward. The dark haired wizard saw a door partially ajar. He wondered if anyone noticed anything. Performing a couple of scanning spells, Harry saw there was someone there. Kitty and Rogue walked up behind him. Both girls seemed to wait for Harry to say a word.

"So anything?" Rogue asked, leaning forward to peak at what Harry was peaking at.

Harry paused for a moment, and decided to elaborate. "Someone has been down here."

"Why?" Kitty inquired, impatiently standing on the balls of her feet.

"Yeah, that's a good question, why would anyone be down there?" Rogue asked, wrinkling her nose at the dust. Harry looked at her, and Rogue just shrugged. "No offense, but it doesn't look like anyone has been down there for years. In fact, I could have sworn those doors are normally locked."

"They are," Scott told them, standing alert. The X-Men stood, and all of them had a look around. Jean suddenly remained rigid, and she listened to something.

"Did you hear something?" Jean asked, spinning around, at the sounds that occurred behind them. The members of the group shook their heads, except for Harry, who nodded. Harry carefully took another step forward, and scoped out the situation. His eyes narrowed, his tongue clicked, and the situation was checked out. Harry could sense that there was something that he could not see, and only barely perceive.
Harry spun around towards the rest of the group. They stood rigid, and waited for Harry to give his input.

"Something really weird happened, and I think Kurt might have been transported somewhere," Harry concluded, letting out the breath he was holding. The X-Men all looked at him, pausing for a moment, and Harry elaborated on what he said. "There are other worlds, realms that can exist between dust particles in the air."

Kitty backed off, and her eyes widened in horror, and voice rose a pitch level. "You mean we could be totally be crushing Kurt right now!"

Harry smiled at the similar reaction Kitty had to when he learned that there was sentient life existing between dust particles.

"No, it doesn't work that way," Harry said in a reassuring voice, and placed a hand on her shoulder. Kitty relaxed, and Harry placed his arms around her. Kitty looked at Harry, waiting for an answer. "The universes exist when they shift away from each other. They are on different levels. Whether Kurt is on a level if he can see us, but we can't see him, I don't know. It's highly possible."

"Fine, we have a theory on where he went," Scott said, and Harry invited for Scott to continue. "But, how did he get there?"

Harry picked up a flash of light from the parking lot. A grimace appeared on his face, when he watched the lightshow.

"I have a theory."

Harry walked forward. Someone had tapped into another plane of existence, some kind of world between worlds, a Middleverse with science. And one of the members of the Brotherhood had gotten ahold of it. Toad played with the device like a toy, and several items disappeared into nothing. Including Mystique's brand new car, and good riddance to it as far as he was concerned.

"Hem Hem!"

Toad spun around, nearly falling over in fear. Harry smirked; he always wanted to do that to someone else. Now, the dark haired wizard understood why that woman did that particular cough. It did work wonders in getting the attention of people.

"Um, hey, how are you doing?" Toad asked, shifting around, and looking at the green eyes of someone who could hurt him really bad.

"You're playing with something that is far beyond your comprehension," Harry told him, without missing a beat.

"Nah, I got it to work, see," Toad said, waving the device in his hand when he spoke. As a result, he demonstrated and blasted a bird from the sky.

Harry reached forward, and grabbed Toad.

"Listen, I know what you did to Kurt," Harry responded in an icy voice. He did not yell, he did not scream, he did not shout in full force ballistic intensity. Yet, Toad knew that he was miffed.

Toad backpeddled. "Hey, I didn't do anything to elf boy, he could have got out of the way, you know."
Harry clicked his thumbs, and carefully looked at Toad. He clicked his fingers, and narrowed his eyes. "Give me the device."

"Here!" Toad yelled, shoving the device into Harry's hands, and hopped backwards, nearly landing on his feet.

Harry was glad that he did not have to threaten bodily harm to get him to act. Toad scrambled back, getting as far away from Harry as possible.

'Whoever calls Toad the dumbest member of the Brotherhood really doesn't get it,' Harry thought, a small smile crossing his face. He walked off to join his fellow X-Men.

"We've got it, and it's easy to send there's there, but bring them back might be another thing entirely," Harry informed them, holding the device for all of them to see.

"Let's take it somewhere, and get a look at it," Kitty suggested, also analyzing the device. "We better be careful though. If we press the wrong button, it could send all of us to the fifth dimension or wherever."

Harry turned to Kitty, with a smile crossing his face, and Kitty wondered what was up.

"Well, you're our resident genius, so I think you would figure it out," Harry told her, placing a hand on her shoulder.

Kitty looked flushed at this compliment, but shook it off. "Um, I'll do my best."

"That's all we could hope for," Harry replied back with a smile. The expression on Kitty's face was determined, and her fists clutched together. She would not fail, especially with Harry putting so much faith into her.

Kitty would not let him down; Harry just had that effect on people, when he put his faith into a person, they did not want to let the dark haired wizard down.

If there was one thing Kurt could say about his experience today, it was that being nowhere, along with everywhere was just a tiny bit surreal. He stood, and waited for the next moment. There were people passing him. Suddenly, a car had flown into the scene. It slammed down onto the ground, and Kurt's eyes widened when he saw it.

"Did you see that?" Kurt asked, on alert, and his eyes darting around wildly for any more flying options.

Forge grumbled, before he recuperated.

"Someone's messing with my device," Forge said, clutching his fist. He tried to remain calm under fire, but the time displaced mutant failed to do so. His hand was on his head. "That's our only ticket out of here, and if he breaks it…"

"We'll be stuck here forever," Kurt concluded grimly, and Forge nodded.

There were a few instances where Kurt could hear faint voices. There seemed to be a presence.

"I'm pretty sure Kurt is still there, but the question is finding the right frequency to get him out!"

"Harry?" Kurt asked, eyes widened at the sound of his teammate. He paused, and then yelled. "Yeah, I'm here, just hang on and be careful with that thing!"
The yelling fell upon deaf ears, and Kurt deflated when there was no response.

"Kurt, no matter how much you yell, he can't hear you," Forge said, shaking his head. He turned his hand into a machine, which allowed the mutant to fix together a power pack. "In this realm, you still can teleport, but you can't teleport completely out. I'm hoping that with a small adjustment, you'll be able to give your friends a warning, and tell them what to do."

Kurt allowed all of this to sink in, and asked the burning question.

"What do you want me to do?" Kurt asked, impatiently shifting on his feet from the left to the right, and back again.

Forge held his hand, to motion for Kurt to wait a minute. This was delicate work, and Forge did not want it disrupted. Especially given the supplies in this place was not something that were plentiful. The mutant continued to work, and managed to put together something.

"The good thing about these powers, is I can put together anything," Forge said, holding up his arm which had converted into a tool that would allow him to make anything with the proper materials. "I think you'd agree how handy that is. We need anything to get out of here, and I have something that could help us."

Forge took a moment and walked Kurt over. He double checked everything, and relief flooded him when everything appeared to be in order. That was always a plus, and a foundation that he could be built upon. He held the battery packs in his hand, and tried to fasten them to Kurt. Kurt looked at him with a questioning expression.

"Please stand still," Forge told Kurt, and Kurt did as he was told, careful not to fidget. The young mutant tried to adjust everything that was needed to do so. "This is a very delicate process, and I can only allow you thirty seconds at the absolute maximum when going out there."

"That's thirty seconds more than we would have had," Kurt offered, once again trying his best not to move, and Forge responded with a swift nod. He clicked together a few more items, and made sure the battery back was tightened. If it fell off when Kurt teleported, there was no telling what would happen. Although, being the scientific genius, Forge would have to offer a hypothesis that it was nothing good.

Forge took a deep breath, and looked at Kurt.

"Everything is set, and we need to get to the area of my lab, that was the direction they seemed to be heading," Forge stated, resigning himself to what may happen. Kurt followed Forge, passing more leaving teachers and students. The two of them remained together. "We need to have them inverse the fluctuation matrix."

Kurt's confusion was obvious, so Forge decided to elaborate.

"We switch off the yellow switch, and turn on the blue switch," Forge explained.

"Why didn't you just say so?" Kurt asked, confusion flooding his face.

"I just did," Forge said, and he shook his head. They made their way outside the doors. Kurt saw the Brotherhood mobilizing on the outside.

"Oh boy, that can't be good," Kurt said, his eyes focused on them, and cursing his luck mentally.

"Those guys are trouble?" Forge asked.
Kurt suddenly looked exasperated. "More trouble than you could know. We better hurry. They could bust that device if they get into a fight with my team."

Forge suddenly looked a bit nervous, and dread flooded his face. There was no hypothesizing about it at that time, if the device was busted, they would be there forever. Forge had been there for twenty years, and did not want to be there a second longer. He had a feeling that Kurt felt the same way. The two of them hurried, and saw the X-Men down in the lab.

"It's go time," Forge said, resolved to see this through.

"I'm ready," Kurt said firmly. "So I just need to teleport?"

Forge nodded, and Kurt prepared to teleport, with the battery packs fastened on him. It was do, or die time. The fuzzy mutant knew what he had to do. Kurt just hoped that he would not die over it.

"There is a point seven percent chance that you will be ping-ponged between the dimensions, until you cease to exist," Forge added as an afterthought, and at this point, alarm folded Kurt's face. "Relax, relax, that's not good odds, but I'm just putting out the possibility."

Kurt braced himself. It was now or never. His eyes were shut, and at the very least he had to try.

Kitty placed the device down on the table, and tried to slowly piece together what she needed to do. She was no idiot when it came to electronics, but this seemed to be the strangest device the girl had ever come across. The wiring had been all over the board, the switches did not seem to work out well, and there was just something about the entire set up that just looked rather off. Then again, it was likely homemade. Yet, Kitty had to try. The girl took a deep breath, and prepared to figure out what needed to be done.

Jean, Scott, and Rogue all stood guard. While Harry's charm work would have kept the Brotherhood out, and away from interfering from this very delicate operation, the X-Men left nothing to chance. The ground outside rumbled.

"Avalanche," Rogue said, rolling her eyes. "Charms or not, if the ground shakes, we're not going to be able to hold down the fort for much longer."

"They'll hold," Harry told Rogue, firm with his resolve.

"For how long?" Scott asked, a bit nervous.

"Five minutes, ten minutes, but the great thing about magic is that I can always reapply the charms if they weaken somehow," Harry respond. He could feel the ground rumble beneath them. If at all possible, Harry would have liked to avoid a fight. It just would have complicated the delicate situation they were in. "Although we might want to step it up quickly. The longer we're in there, the more people are going to suspect something is up."

"This is completely messed up, whoever did this wiring," Kitty said, frustration mounting. "This is like so messed up. I don't know if I should start randomly pressing buttons, or not, or just smash the entire thing."

"You know, smashing it might reverse everything," Scott suggested.

Jean shook her head, trying to get some sense in this situation "It could free Kurt, or it might be able to trap him in there forever."
The doors continued to rumble, and Harry's shoulders slumped. So far, everything held tight, and he hoped it would stay that way. Spending five years mostly away from any kind of electronics had caused him to be a bit behind the curve of how modern convenience worked. Harry had just re-learned how to type properly. Apparently typing with one finger was not something that was accepted, but Harry shook that thought off.

"This might need a magical touch, but I don't know if I feel safe reaching through dimensions or not," Harry said, closing his eyes, and pondering on the situation. While it was true that he might one day be capable of pulling off such a feat, Doctor Strange cautioned him about not doing anything that daring. "This looks like a job for the Sorcerer Supreme."

"Well do you have him on speed dial or something?" Rogue asked, and Harry thought this was a good idea, he should have thought of it earlier.

Harry decided to give Strange a try. Sure enough, Harry knew that solution would not be that easy. He turned to his fellow X-Men and relayed the bad news to them. "Busy, Strange is in another dimension, he's working on a problem there, and can't be reached at this moment."

"Well don't bother leaving a message," Scott remarked, and Harry moved over to reapply the charm work to keep the Brotherhood out. He was confident that should hold, and allow them to finish up here.

There was a small burst of light. Kitty offered a surprised noise, and grabbed Harry by the wrist. Harry turned around, and both saw Kurt. The other X-Men looked at Kurt, and all noticed that they were faded.

"Listen to me….inverse the…switch off the….switch on…."

"Kurt, you're breaking up!" Kitty yelled, leaning forward to try and listen to him, and Kurt suddenly faded back into nothingness. Kitty placed her hands on her face, and tugged at her hair. "Oh, what I am going to do?"

Harry paused, and listened closely. He could hear something, faint.

"I think he said to inverse the fluctuation matrix," Harry said, slowly and quietly. "Whatever that means."

"Are you sure?" Kitty asked, biting her lip nervously. Harry nodded. "I mean, I guess that would make plenty of sense, yeah it would make total sense. So, let's see on that thing, we turn off this yellow switch, flick on the blue switch, and hope that I didn't just screw up all of reality."

Kitty closed her eyes, and her breath hitched. It was all or nothing. There was a long pause, where Kitty thought for a brief moment that she buggered everything up. However, a bright flash of light erupted from the machine, and filled the lab. Kurt and Forge dropped down from the ceiling, and landed with a solid thud. Both of them seemed to be rather shaken from everything.

"Kurt, it's glad to see you back!" Jean yelled, relieved.

"Yeah, it really is," Rogue said, taking a deep breath.

Kurt offered a smile, and he was glad to have returned to firm ground. "It's good to be back."

Scott turned to Kurt, an apologetic expression on his face. "Kurt…."

"I know," Kurt replied, waving it off.
Kurt and Scott both nodded at each other.

"Well that was direct," Kitty said, and she looked pleased. "Um, do you think we better bust this thing so no one gets zapped by it again?"

It was Forge who had piped up. He had gone pretty much unnoticed by the entire group for the moment, but he had to get his two cents in. "There is truly no harm in breaking it now. We're all back, and hopefully not returning."

Kitty took this as her cue to shift her hands through the device, and bust it apart.

"The name's Forge," Forge said. He shook his head, clearing the cobwebs that accumulated during his time. "As for where I've come from, well that's a long story….

"He's a mutant just like us," Kurt chimed in. He opened his mouth, but Scott had sidestepped him.

"I'm sure Forge can tell us about his story on our way back," Scott said, and the entire group pause, before they heard a frantic yell coming from within the school.

"WHAT IS MY CAR DOING IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SCHOOL HALLWAY? Tolansky!"

The X-Men exchanged smiles, seeing the Brotherhood scramble away like thieves in the night, to avoid any more trouble. Someone had been busted, and it was a good feeling that it wasn't them. It was time to walk way, the lessons learned from today filed back to think about at a later time.

Forge had just finished relaying his tale to Professor Xavier. The young mutant waited for the headmaster of the Xavier Institute to offer his final assessment. There was a moment before Xavier did.

"Forge, your story is one that is unconventional," Xavier said with a nod of his head, and Forge responded with a nod of his own. This gave Xavier the cue to continue. "All mutants, even among those who are displace through the annals of time, are welcomed always at the Institute. Such opportunities were not offered during your youth, I have no hesitation in saying."

"No they were not," Forge agreed. He immediately took a moment to ponder what Xavier had told him. "Your offer is very generous Professor, but I'm going to have to pass. I'd like to look up my parents, to see if they are still around. I might have a little explaining to do, and I'm very much past curfew."

The members of the X-Men laughed at this, and even Xavier cracked a slight smile. He looked at the young mutant, before addressing him.

"Very well, it is your decision and I respect that. Allow me be the first to tell you that if you change your mind, or if you need a place to say, room will be offered at the Mansion."

"I thank you for that Professor," Forge said, with a gracious look in his eyes, and he took a step back, before looking at the other X-Men. He really had no idea what to say, so he settled for the absolute obvious. "I'll see you all around, I guess, and I'll stay in touch."

Everyone said their goodbyes to Forge. To him, that was a muddled mess. In many ways, Harry had a great deal of sympathy for the young man's plight. While it was not exactly the same than his, being displaced in a world where you had only a small amount of understanding what was going on and was far different than the one that was known was a challenge.
Kitty offered a smile to Harry, having a shrewd idea what he was thinking.

"I'm sure he'll adapt like you adapted," Kitty remarked, standing next to Harry.

Harry offered a smile towards the brunette mutant, and nudged her slightly. "Stumbling around blindly, and hoping for the best."

"Hey, it worked didn't you," Kitty teased him. A fond smile spread over her face "You're not that hopeless, well no more hopeless than any other teenage boy out there."

"Nice to see you think so highly of me," Harry replied back, and Kitty stood up on her tip-toes to give Harry a light kiss on the lips. She pulled back with a grin.

"Harry, I think the world of you," Kitty told him, before deciding to switch tracks. "So, did you get all of your homework done?"

"Actually, yes, there wasn't too much of that," Harry remarked. He lightly gripped Kitty's hand, and offered her a smile. "The teachers must be slacking; either that or they've been replaced by shape shifting aliens."

Kitty rolled her eyes at the absurdity of shape shifting aliens, but despite that action, an amused glint appeared in her eyes. She grabbed Harry by the arm. "Only you would try and put the most negative spin on it. But they would go in well with the shape-shifting principal"

Harry just smiled, and managed to put a monitoring spell in the woman's office, under the pretext of bringing her a note from one of his teachers. Naturally, so far it did not yield anything worthwhile, but perhaps it would sometime. Mystique might not have been foolish to do anything incriminating in a public building.

"Some might call it negativity, and others might call it realism," Harry replied, looking at her with a stoic expression.

"And I just call it, you being yourself," Kitty fired back. Harry stepped back, smiling. "So, the two of us, you want to head out, and hang out?"

"Yeah, it might be nice to get out," Harry agreed.

Kitty turned, and saw Rogue standing off to the side. On a whim, Kitty asked a question. "Hey, Rogue, do you want to come with us?"

"No, it's okay, I mean it'd be like I was a third wheel on your date," Rogue said. She also hastily amended her statement, nearly tripping over her words to do so. "Besides, I've got work to do, lots of homework."

Kitty frowned. "Well, that's too bad then. It's not really a date-date per say, more like a hanging out between two friends thing. If you're sure…"

"Yeah, Kitty, I'm sure," Rogue told Kitty.

"You wouldn't be a bother," Harry added, in a reassuring tone of voice.

Rogue offered a slight shadow of a smile. She appreciated this sentiment.

"I know, but I really have a lot of homework to do," Rogue answered, which was the truth. It was not an excuse, even if it was a handy explanation.
Kitty and Harry paused for a couple of moments, before they nodded.

"Fair enough, we'll catch you later," Kitty said, shrugging slightly.

"Good bye Rogue, try not to get too stressed out," Harry told her, watching her leave, and looking towards Kitty with a curious expression.

"I won't," Rogue told them.

She wondered if Harry and Kitty had offered to let her tag along out of friendship, or out of pity. Then again, Harry and Kitty were her friends. And Harry was the only one who could touch her, even if was just brief touches, without any complications. Rogue would be lying if she did not think about Harry touching her in more intimate ways, but she shook her head to clear those thoughts.

Right now, she had a huge pile of homework to focus on. The teachers might have been trying to kill her, or at least trying to drive her nuts. Still in some ways, a huge pile of homework was great. Rogue watched Harry and Kitty walk off, laughing and bantering with each other. She buried herself in the History assignment, and it took her mind off of a lot.

It was hard to think about relationship drama when one's entire grade hinged on this assignment.
Chapter 12: Web Slinger Part One.

The bright lights of New York were wonderful at night, or at least that's what the opinion of Harry was presently. To be honest, there was very little to complain about. It was good to get out, and have some fresh air. Kitty stood next to Harry, allowing herself to look around the city. The truth was that the night was still young and curfew was still a couple hours away.

"And we only ran into one pickpocket," Harry told Kitty. That little adventure had been short lived, but rather entertaining.

Kitty's amusement was obvious across her face. The brunette mutant crossed her arms, and smirked. "Yeah, and you turned his knife into a rose."

The two laughed for a few minutes, enjoying the memory.

"No one will believe it," Harry told Kitty, and Kitty stood in the streets. New York was a busy place at night. "I mean, before you knew all of this stuff, would you have believed that some random guy on the street would have transfigured someone's knife into a rose?"

Kitty shook her head. She stood on her tip-toes to get a closer look around, before she sank back down, and looked at Harry. "I wouldn't have believed it for a second. In fact, if you would have told me that even three months ago, I would have thought that you were insane. Just amazing how everything has happened a month away."

Kitty and Harry sat down on a bench that had been provided outside of a park. They were directly across from a billboard, promoting Stark Industries. The two of them paid little attention that, enjoying the time that they spent with each other over the past month or so, especially enjoying the time they spent with each other tonight.

Harry placed his arm around Kitty's waist, and the brunette scooted closer to him on the park bench. It was a great night to be out together, just hanging out. After some of the days they had, with the training and everything. Harry had the communicator at hand, half expecting it to go off after some emergency.

Thankfully, Harry's notoriously bad luck had left him alone. Kitty grabbed Harry's hand, and they walked the sights and the sounds of the city. The two of them sat together, and enjoyed each other's company. After today was over, they might be enjoying each other's company in a more intimate way, behind closed doors.

The two of them rested on the bench against each other, and there was a bit of silence.

"The last few weeks have been perfect Harry," Kitty replied, a warm expression in her eyes and she looked at her boyfriend. "And I'm glad you trusted me to take our relationship to the next level, when we did a couple days ago."

"I'm glad too," Harry replied, and he pulled her in. He wrapped his arms tightly around Kitty, and pulled his girlfriend into a kiss.

The kiss lingered a long time. Kitty ran her hands through Harry's hand. People making out in public was in fact most certainly an uninteresting sight in New York, so they only got a few courtesy glances and shrugs. There had been far weirder things to behold, with the large number of super
powered criminals and villains coming down the pike. Harry pulled away from Kitty, and stroked the flesh on the small of her back. The two smiled, and looked in each other's eyes.

"Just think, Harry, this is only the beginning," Kitty told him. Harry leaned in closer, to see what she had in mind. "Someone like you, you're bound to have many girls who would like to be in a relationship with you."

"Kitty, we're together now, you and me," Harry replied, a bit perplexed at what Kitty was saying. Kitty just looked at Harry, with a slightly impatient expression crossing her face. Harry could not resist teasing her a little bit. "Don't tell me you're already bored of me?"

"No, I'm not, I can never be bored of you," Kitty replied, and she laughed at the very thought. She looked at Harry, mind going wild with a few possibilities "We just scratched the surface."

"I know teenage relationships are supposed to be fleeting, but shouldn't we at least pretend that it might last a long time?" Harry asked the girl, wondering what the game was.

Kitty smiled, Harry was powerful, handsome, but sometimes a bit slow on the uptake. Or maybe he just enjoyed acting that way; it was hard to tell sometimes. Kitty decided to how to best convey this to Harry. Sometimes it was a lot easier to have some plan in her head, then to actually spit it out.

"Harry, I didn't say that we would break up any time soon," Kitty told Harry. She looked in his face, stroking his hair, and smiling. "However, I'm open for experimentation if you're comfortable with that."

Harry wondered if Kitty was implying what he thought she was implying. He wrapped his arms around her, trying to get the slightest hint of what she had in mind. Granted, Harry had thought about it. He was a guy, there were things like that he thought about. To have his girlfriend come out, and say something like that, Harry wondered if he was indulging in some wishful thinking.

Something that was rare to him, and he had seldom thought about himself.

An explosion had startled Harry immediately, and had ruined any moment the two might have had. The mutant couple was greeted by a situation. In the skies, Harry spotted a blur swing past him. There was a middle aged man who gave chase, and was dressed in a leopard print vest and tight black pants. The man in question carried a spear, and was in a crazed single minded pursuit for the enemy above him.

'There's something you don't see every day,' Harry thought to himself.

"Even in New York, didn't that strike you a bit odd?" Harry asked, nudging Kitty at this point.

Kitty cupped a hand to her chin, and looked thoughtful, nodding slowly. Truth be told, that was something that looked on. Harry turned to her, and their eyes locked with each other. He decided to ask a question on a foolish impulse.

"So do you want to check it out?" Harry asked, struck by a sudden daring inspiration.

Kitty smiled, and nodded. Checking it out would be a good idea right about now, given the fact that it was weird. And she would not rest until she had determined what was going on. The two of them walked off. They had their mission uniforms in their bag, after all it was best to be prepared. Perhaps they would get to the bottom of this, and what was happening. The two had changed with each other in the same room, having nothing to be ashamed about.

"I think it went over that way," Harry replied, and Kitty nodded, seeing the scene above her.
Harry grabbed Kitty around the waist, and on a sheer impulse, took up flying. It was like riding a broom, only without a broom. Kitty turned to Harry, in shock and awe, and her eyes widened. It took her a moment to catch her breath, and reconcile what she saw.

"Um, since when could you fly?"

"Since about fifteen seconds ago," Harry retorted, mischief flashing in his eyes.

'My boyfriend is like so totally awesome,' Kitty thought to herself, with a smile.

Kitty thought that was a fair enough response and the two prepared to see what the scene of the disturbance was. The two decided to take the plunge together, peering out from behind the wall. They were in the fact finding part of the mission, which was rather crucial. Only then could they jump into battle.

The unknown had awaited them.

A figure swung over the rooftops of New York. He was being chased, or so his hunter thought. In reality, he was luring his attacker into a false sense of security. The man dropped down, but he was no mere man. He was the Amazing, the Spectacular, the Sensational, Spider-Man, and he was being stalked by one of his most persistent enemies.

It was amazing how much of a difference eleven months had made. Eleven months ago, Peter Parker had been a normal high school student, and had been the punching bag of the local jock. A field trip to Oscorp changed that, when one of sixteen genetically altered spiders got loose, and bit Peter. It was no ordinary spider bite; it gave him amazing spider powers. The ability to be faster, jump higher, be stronger, and to climb walls, and just have heightened stamina, was at his fingertips.

At the age of sixteen years older, Peter Parker learned one lesson, and that was with great power there must also come great responsibility. He had allowed a thief to get away, when he was too busy grandstanding. That same thief had accidentally shot his Uncle Ben. The thief had been desperate, but Spider-Man had been outraged. He barely held himself back from pummeling the thief to a blood pulp, remembering that Uncle Ben would not approve.

It was from that day forward that Spider-Man dedicated himself from protecting the city. It was not easy, especially adding onto school, dealing with friends, and making sure he was home in time before Aunt May's curfew. Yet he managed everything just as well as he could be expected.

However, none of that matter, as right now Spider-Man was being stalked by one of his more persistent and annoying foes. The man's name was Sergei Kravinoff, or as he had been dubbed by the Daily Bugle, Kraven the Hunter. Kravinoff was a world renowned game hunter who had hunted some of the most deadly beasts in the world, including endangered species. He had traveled to New York to hunt the deadliest game of them all, that being Spider-Man.

"I can smell your fear," Kravinoff stated, dropping down and stalking Spider-Man. The sadistic glint appeared in the eyes on the hunter. A spear extended out, and a toothy grin appeared on Kraven's face.

"Are you sure that's what you smell?" Spider-Man asked, preparing to engage the enemy. There were times where the web head felt bad about engaging on unarmed opponent in a battle of wits, but that took the fun out of everything.

The web slinger tucked his head, and somersaulted out of the way. Kraven charged him, but Spider-Man avoided another attack. "Because I'm getting a distinct BO problem, and it's coming from you."
"Your bravado is almost amusing," Kraven declared, stalking his prey and he stood ready to pounce. The web slinger dodged out of the way.

For Kraven, there was only one law that applied, and that was the law of the jungle. When he was out there on the hunt, it was a game of survival of the fittest, and it was kill or be killed. That was the only thing that mattered. Kraven charged Spider-Man with his spear. The web slinger ducked around.

"You will be the greatest trophy I have ever mounted on my wall," Kraven summarized, teeth gritted, and spear clenched in his fist.

Spider-Man pulled a face underneath his mask, and regained his bearings. "You know, if you're someone who hunts people, you have a serious problem. And here's the newsflash, the name's Spider-Man. There's a heavy emphasis on the man in there."

Spider-Man dodged another attack, and web yanked the spear out of Kraven's hand. He knocked the mighty hunter back with a series of rabid fire punches.

"And there's also a hyphen in there," Spider-Man added as an afterthought. Kraven rushed Spider-Man, but the web slinger tripped up the mighty hunter. "Which a lot of people tend to forget, that's always annoying."

"Enough, you will be prize trophy," Kraven growled, and he pulled out a pair of daggers.

With a mighty roar, Kraven charged Spider-Man, but the web slinger dodged the attacks once again. He avoided the stabs by the dagger.

"Didn't your mother tell you not to run with knives?" Spider-Man taunted him. Kraven just growled, ripping the webbing off from around his eyes. Kraven once again attacked, and once again Spider-Man avoided those attacks. "You could hurt someone, likely me, with them."

Kraven knocked Spider-Man back, and he landed onto the ground with a thud. The web slinger was back on his feet, and Kraven swung a huge punch. Spider-Man was sent backwards. The web head popped back up, and shot a line of webbing at Kraven. Kraven dodged it. His speed and reflexes were second to none, and they had to be, given some of the dangerous wild animals he had to hunt. Kraven reached forward, when suddenly a mysterious force had blown him back.

The hunter gave a pained yell, when he was thrown off of the edge of the building, and crashed to the city streets below. Spider-Man took a moment to look around, and he was taken aback by what happened. A new arrival had caused the web head to be surprised, and he spun around.

The web head looked at a dark haired youth, who wore a black jacket with a green t-shirt. There was a red belt with a green "X" in the middle, and he wore black pants, along with boots. His companion was a brunette girl, wearing a black top, a black jacket, and tight black pants. Spider-Man was caught dumbstruck for a moment.

"Hi!" the girl yelled in an excited voice.

It took Spider-Man a moment to regain his composure, which had been rattled after playing tag with the mighty hunter all night. He blinked, and stared at them.

"So, wait, let me get this straight, you're the one who blasted Kraven off of the roof," Spider-Man managed, speaking slowly and clearly. He was not sure what he thought about that. The web head stared down to the alleyway below, and was taken aback. He could not even spot Kraven, mangled body or not, and he had no idea where to go from there.
"I didn't, he did," the girl responded, pointing to the young man with her.

Spider-Man had encountered more than a few heroes in this town. He had met up with the Human Torch. The web head also teamed up with Daredevil and Luke Cage to tackle street level crime. He also encountered some bad tempered guy with claws who called himself Wolverine. Among other heroes, but these two were new to him however.

"So, I'm sure you know who I am," Spider-Man said.

"Iron Man, right?" the boy asked.

"What...no?" Spider-Man asked, but both were laughing at the dumbfounded expression on his face. The two looked rather amused, and Spider-Man realized that he just got punked.

"Relax, we know who you are, Spider-Man," the girl said, trying to be serious. "My name is Shadowcat, and this is Arcane."

Spider-Man took a good look at the young man, and he nodded.

'Mysterious and something that few people understand, that fits that guy to a tee for some reason,' the web slinger thought. 'Then again, some people could say that about your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man.'

"You knocked Kraven off of the roof," Spider-Man said slowly. "You could have killed him."

"You mean, I didn't?" Arcane asked, and Spider-Man seemed to be flummoxed. "Relax, he was a guy who was going to stuff and mount you on a wall. What's the harm if we got a little rough with him?"

Spider-Man had no real way to answer that question, without looking like a glorified boy scout who had always followed the rules. That was the dilemma of a hero. It seemed like the press alternated between slamming him for being a threat and a menace, or had said that Spider-Man was too soft. There were no reasoning with some people.

"Um, thanks I guess, even if you were a bit extreme," Spider-Man remarked.

"No problem, happy to help," Arcane replied, with a nod, and he extended his hand. Spider-Man, sensing no trouble with his spider sense, shook it.

Spider-Man turned around, and bid his goodbyes. He would have liked to stick around for chat, but he was way late in meeting Gwen to hang out. It was not a date, both of them had agreed to that. It was just two friends, doing what two friends do, and that was hanging out. It was nothing more than that.

Harry turned to Kitty, and decided to address the elephant in the room.

"So any clue where the mighty hunter went?" Harry asked her, a questioning look in his eyes.

Kitty shrugged. "As hard as you blasted him, he could have been sent half way to Jersey for all I know."

Harry would have to agree. He did a few scanning spells, but Kraven did not seem to be in the intermediate area. A scan with his own eyes had not seen anything as well, as magic was wonderful, but not absolutely foolproof. Harry scooped up Kitty in his arms, and lowered them both to the
"I think he was a little bit freaked out that you knocked that guy off of the roof," Kitty suggested.

Harry turned to her, before answering in a completely honest voice. "It was all in the name of saving lives."

Kitty smiled, and nodded in agreement. There was some times where certain brutality couldn't be avoided. It was a hard choice to make. Kitty preferred not to have to take that route, even if it was unavoidable. Yet in the heat of the battle, one seldom had a chance to worry about what was right. It was a choice of what got them out alive, and that could be the difference between life and death.

Harry thought similar thoughts, if people were going to try and attack him, and others around him, well they were honestly taking their chances. Regardless, the two of them tried to move off to enjoy the rest of the night, although they had a feeling that any chances of a normal date might have been moot with these two.

Kraven was not the only one who was hunting Spider-Man throughout the concrete jungle of New York City. Even though the hunt of this particular individual was a more subtle kind of hunt, there were still observations that were being made by one individual. Ever since Spider-Man came on the scene, and displayed the powers he did, this man had been interested. Given the fact that there was circumstantial evidence that the web slinger's powers came as a byproduct of one of his experiments, it only stood to reason that he would take an interest.

The man's name was Norman Osborn. He was the CEO of Oscorp. The Osborn family fortune had been squandered through many years of obsession and vices. Yet, Norman spent most of his adult life rebuilding his fortune, often at the expense of several other companies throughout New York. The sins of the Osborn name had caused it to be a tough road. It was a family name that was strongly connected with indulging in vices, and mental illness. Every single Osborn for the past several generations had succumbed to a mental illness prior to the age of forty.

The thirty seven year old owner of Oscorp turned his attention to the video wall. The latest exploits of Spider-Man was played for him to see. Whether or not Spider-Man was a hero or a menace, that fact did not concern Osborn. It was the furthest thing from his mind. The fact of the matter was that Spider-Man could be considered to be a valuable asset, and one that could bring Oscorp to a higher level possible.

Norman Osborn could smell the type of opportunity someone like Spider-Man presented from a mile away. All he needed to do was seize that opportunity, and it would be his. Osborn tapped his fingers, and turned to the head of his research division. This man was a portly man with dark eyes, and a bowl haircut who went by the name of Otto Octavius.

"Progress report, Otto?" Osborn asked in a brisk voice.

Octavius proceeded to respond in an oily and rather tentative voice. "Um yes sir, Mr. Osborn, I have collected a small sample of data regarding Spider-Man. I would require a more significant sample of his blood to ensure what his full capabilities are."

"Well, what are you doing just standing here?" Osborn demanded in a harsh voice. Otto took a step back, knowing when to pick his battles. He secretly longed for the day where he would be able to rise above, and take charge of Osborn, instead of the other way around. "Spider-Man could be the secret to Oscorp's success. It is unfortunate that the board of directions shut down the experimentation we have done."
"Yes, quite unfortunate," Octavius droned.

Osborn turned around. When someone shut a door, a window had re-opened. He would have some level of clarity, and progress past this point.

"Yet, despite all that, one spider got loose, and bit someone, the question is whom?" Osborn asked. "These extraordinary powers are not something that just popped up overnight. If we can offer this proof, then the government will be eating out of our hands, any government for that matter. We will have an army of super powered spider soldiers that will allow us to charge high dollar to anyone."

Osborn paused, and thought about the matter that had ate away at him for a number of months. The Board of Directors had been breathing down his neck, and a few of them had called for his resignation. Those fools had no idea that they would not be in the cushy position they were in, had it not been for his hard work, his blood, sweat, and tears. They were ungrateful and greedy.

"And for that to matter, I need results and not just guess work from you, Doctor Octavius," Osborn continued. His expression snapped fully on the oily scientist before him. "I want you to find out every single thing you can about Spider-Man, and I want greater samples. We will be able to replicate that, and create our army, to sell to the highest bidder. If the United States government won't pay, then we'll find someone who will."

Octavius offered a courtesy nod, and continued to punch up information to be displayed on the screen in front of them. He suddenly caught some images of Spider-Man's latest battle. Checking with the catalog he had placed together of the various enemies the web slinger had fought; Octavius recognized that particular foe as Kraven the Hunter. That was not the only interesting observation that Octavius picked up.

Rather the interesting flash across the screen was some blur that had knocked Kraven off of the roof. He rewound the few images that were presented. This person never touched Kraven, never even laid one finger on him. Yet, Kraven was knocked off the roof in one fluid motion, blasted away like he was nothing. The scientist was keen in observing what had transpired.

'Interesting,' Octavius thought to himself, and he scratched his chin, pondering certain possibilities.

"What are you staring at, Otto?" Osborn asked, suspicion lingering in his eyes.

"Nothing, Mr. Osborn, sir," Octavius said in a meek voice, and Osborn's eyes just snapped towards his head scientist.

"Are you certain it was nothing?" Osborn inquired, pressing on further.

Octavius responded with a swift nod, and did not say another word.

"I had assumed that I had picked up another clue regarding Spider-Man," the scientist said. "But I guess that it was a false alarm."

Osborn took a moment, and did not seem to completely buy that notion from Octavius. There was something up.

"If I find out you've been hiding information from me, Otto, after everything that I've done for you…"

"Just merely a camera glitch, sir," Octavius remarked dryly.

One day, he would be the master, and Osborn would be the slave. Otto Octavius dreamed of the day
that he would rise up, and take control of everything that Osborn built.

Osborn on the other hand, his mind was firmly fixated on one goal. Spider-Man continued to intrigue him. At first, he seemed to be annoyance, and someone who stopped petty crime. Another do-gooder in a mask, but at each passing day, there was more and more about it.

Ocatvius pondered web slinger's mysterious savior. If he had taken out the hunter in one fell swoop, and then toppled the camera, there was some level of power beyond his wildest dreams. Octavius was curious to what science this person's powers was derived from. There was a feeling that it would be interesting.

Yet, a great deal of his time was eaten up by his boss's futile studies on Spider-Man. Otto Octavius tried to slow down and focus the security camera footage, but once again found nothing. At least nothing he could derive anything from.

'I'll just have to dig deeper,' the scientist thought to himself, and prepared for the next faze of his operation.

After that minor hiccup, Kitty and Harry walked across the sidewalks. Given that this was the first proper date for either of them, both were a bit tentative away.

"Maybe we can catch a movie?"

"That'd be a first for me."

"Oh, you've never seen a movie with someone?"

"No, watching a movie period, my relatives…well they were a bit movie phobic. They were very strict, didn't approve of imagination."

Kitty just looked at Harry, and accepted that answer for now. For some reason, Harry seemed to alternate between being too casual and not being casual enough as it regarded to talking about his relatives and the rest of his world. Kitty had wondered why. There were any number of theories that were floating around the brunette girl's head, and all of them had made her curious.

The only reason why she did not really pry was the fact that it really was not any of her business. Harry really only stated a few times that he missed his friends, but what was done was done. He did not really miss his relatives, or say anything to that extent. Then again, Kitty really could not blame Harry for his detachment. If he was not going back, he should not work himself up.

"I wouldn't know what good movies are showing right now," Kitty replied shaking her head.

"Maybe we should have thought this entire date thing out."

"Hey, the night has been fun so far," Harry answered, putting his hand on hers. "We saved Spider-Man from getting mounted as a wall trophy of some crazed game hunter."

"Yeah, really romantic, wouldn't you say?" Kitty replied sarcastically, but she was smiling in spite that fact. She was deep in thought. They had hung out around the mansion, but this was the first time that Kitty had a date. Harry had briefly remarked that he had one date, but he would rather not talk about it. Kitty suspected that this was with the girl that cried when she kissed Harry, and the less said about that relationship the better.

"Harry, is that you?"
Kitty and Harry turned around, and saw Gwen Stacy sitting outside at a table. The blonde seemed anxious, and waiting for someone. Her foot tapped on the ground, and her arms were folded. Her expression brightened when she saw it was Harry.

"Hey, Gwen," Harry replied brightly. "You remember Kitty Pryde, my girlfriend."

"I seem to recall the last time we meant, something about some monarch trying to kill us with a bunch of robots," Gwen said. At those words, a bit of a grin crossed her face.

"So what are you doing here?" Kitty asked curiously.

Gwen offered a long sigh, and looked up. "I'm actually waiting for my friend Peter."

"Oh the one who was in the bathroom," Kitty answered brightly.

"Yeah that one," Gwen said, worry flooding her. Peter had told her that he was going for a patrol around the city before he met her. One quick patrol in the city seldom meant one quick patrol around the city for Peter. His luck was notoriously rotten, even before the spider bite. And it seemed to amplify tenfold since the bite. "He should be around here any time soon."

"Oh, are you two going on a date?" Harry asked.

Gwen brushed off that statement, a bit too quickly, shaking her head.

"No, we're just hanging out like two friends, studying, there's a big test coming up at school you see. We kind of want to keep our status as the two highest grades in the school."

Harry nodded, and offered Gwen a smile. "A lofty goal."

"Well you know me, shooting for the stars," Gwen answered, and her expression brightened up. "Peter! It's glad to see you can make it!"

"Peter, this is Kitty Pryde and Harry Potter, I met them on the field trip a couple of weeks ago," Gwen announced to Peter.

Peter shifted with a minimal amount of guilt. There was something about these two that seemed a bit familiar, but he shrugged it off as nothing.

Harry had thought for a moment that Peter had deduced that he and Kitty were the two that saved him earlier today. The charms Harry had put on their mission uniforms had worked like, well a charm, and Peter Parker did not connect Shadowcat and Arcane with Kitty Pryde and Harry Potter.

"Gwen told me about what happened at the field trip," Peter said. He tried to keep the guilt away from his voice. "That was quite a mess you got into, wish I was kind of there to see it."

"It's no problem, given that you were indisposed," Harry told Peter.

Peter just nodded, he had been indisposed. Just not in the way everyone had thought. He was playing tag with Rhino and Shocker, who had teamed up on their latest crime spree. It was never a fun time when two of his criminals teamed up, especially those who were that dangerous.

'Limp, disappears at all times, I'm beginning to think that this isn't the first time we've met Peter
Parker.' Harry thought to himself. He did not let either Kitty or Gwen know about this. That was Peter's secret to tell people, if he chose to. Although Harry did have a sense that Gwen knew, and was also hiding it from other people.

The problem with Harry was that he was able to pick up little details that most people would have missed, and had noticed pretty much anything. There were little hints in the body language of people. Harry had thought about what he wanted to do, but suddenly, he turned around and could have sworn that he heard something.

Harry stopped and looked around; then again the city of New York would have many people lurking around. So being paranoid about one sound would not do him any good. Kitty's expression moved towards Harry, questioning him. Harry decided to enlighten her a bit on what he was thinking.

"I think we better stick around for a little bit," Harry told Kitty, and Kitty once again looked at him with a quizzical look. "The mighty hunter might still be lurking around."

Kitty opened her mouth to protest, but Harry kissed her, both to silence her, and under the pretext of letting anyone watching get lured into a false sense of security. Not that this was a bad tactic, and Kitty enjoyed the kiss, as long as it lasted.

"We'll just stick around, and everything will be okay," Harry said. He looked at Gwen and Peter. "Do you mind if the two of us tag along with you for a little bit, while you're going that way?"

It was not a problem at all for either Gwen or Peter. Kitty had no reservations about it. Now that Harry had mentioned something, she kind of half sensed a presence. This was one of those times where it would be useful to have Logan around. Kitty shook her head at that, the last thing she wanted was him chaperoning her date.

Kitty and Harry walked, trying to act natural, and have some semblance of a good time. Both hoped that Harry was being over careful.

The only and greatest rule of the jungle was that survival of the fittest had occurred. A hunter learned more from a failed hunt, than from any perfect one, but the hunt was not truly over until one party was dead. Kraven the Hunter cracked his knuckles, and proceeded to pick up the trail of Spider-Man. He had doused the web slinger with a special powder during the battle that would allow him to track his greatest prey.

The fact he got blown off of the roof by this mysterious sorcerer was most annoying, but the true hunter adapted and learned from those mistakes. Kraven's keen senses had allowed him to brave most of the fall. The bumps and the bruises had been mild compared to his hunt against the wildest game of them all. Some of the species were among the deadliest in the land, yet Kraven had brought them to his knees.

"You grow closer, Spider-Man," Kraven remarked to himself. A toothy grin spread over his face, and the hunter was ready to jump into battle. Soon, the battle would commence, and Kraven would be able to land himself the biggest prize.

The only game Kraven played was to hunt big game. He heard a few traces of conversation. There were those who had misunderstood that there was nothing personal with his hunt with Spider-Man. At least not at the moment, it was merely a sport which he craved. In some ways, he did respect Spider-Man, and that respect was what drove him deeper and deeper into the hunt. The respect would make his ultimate triumph that much better.
Kraven could also sense the one who blasted him off of the roof was near. That was a potential annoyance, but Kraven braced himself. He mentally reprimanded himself for being caught off guard in such a careless manner. Had Kraven not had the ability to jump at that time, it would have been his demise. That one bit of carelessness was something that could shift the balance between life and death in the jungle.

"Yes, Spider, your scent, I can smell you, and those who will hope to shield you for your inevitable fate," Kraven remarked in a low growl. His teeth gritted.

He pulled out a pair of binoculars, and continued to scope out the scene. With each passing instance, the mighty hunter grew closer to his pretty. Thus, it would be closer to his triumph. Those around him were ignorant that they were being watched. Kraven picked his spots wisely, and prepared his tranquilizer darts. If he needed to take out an obstacle, a long range attack would be best.

Against Spider-Man, Kraven preferred the glory of hand to hand comeback. It got his heart pumping, blood racing, and allowed himself the full joy of the hunt.

Ever since his childhood, Kraven hunted. His father had put him outside to fend for himself and that was how he ate. In the village he lived in, if one did not hunt, one could not eat. And if one could not eat, than one would not survive.

Kraven had saved up an immense amount of money, and thus no longer needed to hunt to eat. He hunted for the thrill of the hunt, and the sport it offered. The deadlier the game, the better, and the more satisfying the actual capture had been. Kraven showed no mercy on who he hunted, for these beasts would show no mercy against him.

He envisioned taking out Spider-Man, and stuffing his body, before mounting it on his wall as a trophy. Once that was done, Kraven had no idea what other challenges he would have, for this was the ultimate hunt.

The hunter vowed not to get ahead of himself. Until the moment he captured Spider-Man, and the last breath left his body, the hunt was still on. Kraven sat, like a cat ready to pounce, and prepared for the final stages of the hunt.

The first step was to divide and conquer.

**To Be Continued in Web Slinger Part Two.**
Chapter 13: Web Slinger Part Two.

Harry stood outside, and took a long look around. So far so good, at least from what he saw. Perhaps his paranoid suspicion was off the mark, perhaps there was no threat. He had burned up about an hour just hanging around. Yet, Harry needed to be completely sure that there was nothing around. He turned to Kitty, with a smile.

"It's been great hanging around with you guys, really it has," Harry said, with an honest expression on his face and Peter and Gwen nodded.

"Yeah, it was nice meeting you for the first time," Peter replied, trying to be rather polite.

"We should really do this again sometime, if you're ever in the neighborhood," Gwen answered, looking at them with an honest smile. It was oddly refreshing not to get attacked by Doom Bots, or whatever when they were out.

"So, if it's alright with you, we'll be heading on to enjoy the last few minutes before we have to head back," Harry told Kitty, offering her an encouraging squeeze of her hand.

Kitty nodded, even though she had a shrewd suspicion that Harry might be trying to lure out whatever he had seen earlier. The brunette mutant locked arms with Harry, and they waved goodbye to Peter and Gwen. Suddenly, there was a buzzing in the air that had caused Harry to be on his toes, and look straight up into the sky.

That was not the only thing that was buzzing. When there was danger nearby, Peter had an early warning. The problem was being warned about the danger was not nearly as good enough compared to what the danger was. However, it was something useful, and Peter had dubbed it his spider sense.

Peter stood on his toes, with his spider sense going wild. A rocket shot through the air, immediately impacting the ground, and the civilians scattered. He could see Harry stand rigid, with his eyes on Peter. Peter found this to be rather annoying, given the fact that he could not change into Spider-Man.

Harry wished Peter would just run off already, and some of the people would go with him, so it would be a lot easier. He tried to scan for someone, and a dagger flew through the air. With expert reflexes, Harry diverted it harmlessly away from any targets. The hunter was spotted high above the roof tops, and continued to stalk his prey. Everything was becoming rather tense, and the entire situation was hard to deal with, given the fact that there were still witnesses.

Gwen spotted Kraven out of the corner of her eyes, stalking in the shadows.

"Alright, the game is up, one of your cowards is Spider-Man, I can smell you, and I can track you!"

Gwen had to take drastic action, to get Peter some time to change. So she reached over, and pulled the fire alarm, to lead to the necessary distraction.

Funnily enough, the crazed hunter throwing daggers and explosives was not enough to get everyone packing. The fire alarm on the other hand, got everyone running quick enough. Harry had slipped by, and Kitty with him. Peter had moved to the other direction.

Kraven stepped forward, ready for the attack. His voice was menacing, as was his stance. "I know
you're here Spider-Man, I have tracked you."

Spider-Man knocked the much larger hunter down from behind. Kraven landed on his hand, and
skillfully landed on his feet. He pulled out two discs and threw them at Spider-Man. His reflexes
dodged the attacks.

"Yes, yes, this is the ultimate thrill," Kraven declared, his eyes glassed over with pleasure when he
continued to stalk his prey. "You are the ultimate prey, Spider-Man, it's such a shame that we have to
reach a climax tonight. You will be stuffed and mounted on my wall."

Spider-Man continued to dodge the attacks from Kraven.

"Um, that's just sick and wrong on so many levels," Spider-Man added, and he tried to ensnare
Kraven with his webbing. His webbing latched onto the soda machine, and Spider-Man gave it a
tug. Kraven dodged the flying machine, and rolled around on the ground, before throwing daggers.
Spider-Man dodged them immediately. "Seriously, do you think you need to get a room before you
act out these sick fantasies?"

While the mighty hunter had been fighting Spider-Man, Harry was ready. He had disabled the
security cameras. All of the civilians had been evacuated from the premises, and were safely out.
Spider-Man and Kraven continued to fight.

Shadowcat and Arcane exchanged an expression with each other.

"Standard attack ploy, distract him from the front, while I get him from the back," Arcane told her,
eyes focused with a determined expression in them.

"Gotcha," Shadowcat said, and she tucked her head, before doing a roll.

Kraven knocked Spider-Man down to the ground. The web slinger crashed with a thud, and Kraven
stood above him, twirling his spear in his hand. He moved in for the kill. Before Kraven could
plunge down onto Spider-Man's chest, Shadowcat stood in front of him, arms folded with a
determined expression crossed over her face.

"Get out of my way, little one," Kraven growled, not in the mood for games.

"Why don't you make me?" Shadowcat challenged. "Unless you don't think you can beat one
teenage girl."

Kraven just laughed. "Please, teenage girls are the least intimidating of beasts."

"You've obviously never been at a mall then, have you?" Shadowcat asked, rolling her eyes at the
hunter.

Kraven was not about to be baited by one little girl.

"I'll say this one last time, get out of the way, before I move you out," Kraven growled.

Shadowcat stood tall and proud, and saw Arcane move into position. Kraven rushed forward, to try
and ram a spear into her. At the precise moment, Shadowcat went intangible, and dropped through
the ground. Kraven's eyes widened, and he was knocked from behind, tripped up. His balance,
normally precise, had caused him to fall forward, and land on his spear.

The spear of which impaled him, straight into his heart. Kraven rolled over, and blood gushed from
his chest. Everyone could not believe what had happened.
Spider-Man was numb in shock. Gwen stepped forward, and the web slinger seemed to be unable to articulate anything. She opened her mouth, but Spider-Man got there first.

"You...you...just killed him!" Spider-Man said, barely able to string together a coherent sentence.

"Last I checked, he impaled himself on his own spear," Arcane replied coolly.

Technically while that was true, Spider-Man was in too much of a numb shock to really comprehend all that had happened around him.

"Arcane just did save your life, you know," Shadowcat answered, and she winced at all of the blood. That was a messy way to go, especially impaled on one's own spear. Arcane placed an arm around her, and looked into her bright eyes.

"Are you okay?" Arcane asked her.

"Piece of cake," Shadowcat replied, but the sirens had indicated the arrival of New York's finest.

Arcane stood to look at Spider-Man, who was partially rattled from the battle, and completely rattled by the fact that he just saw someone kill one of his enemies. There was a conflict of emotions running through the web slingers head at this point in time.

Captain George Stacy walked onto the latest crime scene. After twenty years of distinguished service, there was really nothing that surprised him anymore. One could tell when the cops on the force were rookies. They were among those who had been a bit squeamish and unable to handle the insanity that came with the territory.

"There was this hunter, and he was screaming for Spider-Man."

'I should have known,' Captain Stacy thought, and he fixed his face into a stoic and businesslike expression.

The truth was that Captain Stacy was following the exploits of Spider-Man, along with the rest of the world, ever since he came onto the scene nearly a year ago. Some had accused Spider-Man being a threat and a menace. Many accused Spider-Man of being the cause to the growth of super powered criminals. Captain Stacy took a different tact to the matter.

He felt that many of these people would be committing crimes, regardless of whether or not Spider-Man existed. A few of them had been on the scene, and perhaps many of them would still be on the streets, racking up the casualties and the body count would be more than the NYPD could handle. Stacy thought that Spider-Man was something that the city needed, even though as long as that mask was on, people would wonder about him.

He also understood the necessity of wearing the mask. Everyone had loved ones and Spider-Man was no exception. All of the dangerous enemies who went after Spider-Man, would go after his loved ones with extreme prejudice.

Captain Stacy had been greeted to quite the grisly scene. Spider-Man stood there in numb shock, and Kraven was down on the ground, dead with a nasty wound in his chest. There were two other people standing there that Captain Stacy did not recognize. Being the no-nonsense man he was, he decided to get the answers he needed.

"Would anyone explain what is going on?" Captain Stacy asked in a crisp and calm voice.
It was Gwen who had piped up, looking at her father, with pure conviction in her eyes when she spoke. "It was Kraven, Dad. He attacked Spider-Man, and tried to attack me and...Arcane and Shadowcat here."

Gwen pointed out the two heroes in mind, who stood there, with unreadable expressions on their faces. Captain Stacy saw that the girl looked a bit more scared than the boy, who seemed to be the type where nothing could really faze him.

"Arcane and Shadowcat?" Captain Stacy asked, raising an eyebrow when he looked at them. He just mentally filed that away, there were two more super powered heroes, add them to the growing number. New York did seem to be overflowing with both super powered heroes and villains. "Continue, Gwen."

"He tried to attack Shadowcat with his spear," Gwen continued, trying to remain clam, and Spider-Man slumped against the wall, nodding. "Arcane had to defend her, and one thing lead to another, and Kraven tripped, and got impaled with his own spear."

Captain Stacy saw this Arcane having his arm around Shadowcat's waist, and held her tight to him.

"It was an accident then?" Captain Stacy answered in a cool voice, trying to get the facts of the situation.

"Yes, it was an accident, self-defense," Gwen said firmly.

Arcane really agreed that it was an accident. He was intending to take care of Kraven, but not that messily. Something clean and painful, to compensate for the fact that he put innocent people in danger.

There was a moment where Captain Stacy looked over the scene. There was no clear evidence that Arcane had acted in pre-meditation. He understood as a veteran police officer that there were times where deaths happened in the heat of the moment. Sometimes, when protecting others, people could not think of a way to bring in the prep alive. While this was not technically that situation, he looked down at Kraven, and then looked at the group.

"I know this must be a shock, but there was nothing that you could have done, given the circumstances," Captain Stacy replied. The veteran cop had his eyes on both Shadowcat and Arcane. "I would tell you to endeavor to keep more careful in the future."

Arcane and Shadowcat both nodded. Captain Stacy walked away to check out the crime scene with his officers. Arcane and Shadowcat stepped forward.

'I better go talk to him,' Harry thought, when he looked at Spider-Man.

Spider-Man stood in the background; he still could hardly believe what happened.

"For the record, I didn't mean for it to happen like that," Harry told him.

Spider-Man's head snapped around, and he looked at Harry. There was a moment before he found his voice.

"You really can't just go around and killing everyone, he would have been captured by the police…"

"For how long?" Harry asked, and Spider-Man just stopped.

Spider-Man really had no answer to that one.
"It'd make us as bad as them," Spider-Man said, and everything he stood for was shaken to the core. "We have great power, and with great power there must also come great responsibility."

"That's a nice sentiment, but great responsibility could be exercised in a number of ways," Harry replied in a crisp manner, and Spider-Man stood rigid. "What if one of your costumed enemies breaks free, and in their attempt to kill you, kills a group of school children?"

Spider-Man winced at that thought and honestly, that was a fear that he had. Yet, he had to do things the right way.

"They could still be rehabilitated," Spider-man argued.

"Some still could, but others are beyond hope," Arcane replied, not really paying much attention to what Spider-Man said. "You must ask yourself after about the third or fourth go around with some of these people, if they are really worth trying to save, or if you're just sacrificing the needs of many to protect a few."

Spider-Man looked at Arcane, trying to reconcile what he said.

"I would prefer that we didn't have to kill anyone," Shadowcat replied, her expression gentle and her voice calm. She would really have preferred that she did not get blood on her hands. Sometimes, it was sadly necessary. Especially when the situation was either kill or be killed.

Logan had a long talk with all of them, telling that while killing was not something that he preferred, there were sometimes where it was unavoidable, and only they could know when it was necessary. Xavier seemed to want peace, but Logan had tried to give them a nasty dose of reality, that sometimes peace was not an option and there was a need for blood on their hands. It should be avoided if possible, but at times it was impossible.

"Kraven would have broken free, and attacked you, maybe even hurting innocents in the process," Arcane explained, his gaze fixed and determined on Spider-Man.

Spider-Man nodded grimly.

'He's right…but why does it have to feel so wrong that he's right?' Spider-Man thought to himself.

"Um, yeah, I don't…see you around, I guess."

Spider-Man spun around, and took the buildings, swinging off.

"You didn't really want to do that, did you?" Shadowcat asked.

"If a person really wants to kill and gets pleasure out of it, then they have something wrong with them," Arcane told her. "If a person avoids killing beyond all reason, then there might be something wrong with them too. When someone admits that it's necessary, and not relish it, that's the most balanced at all."

That was Harry's story, and he was sticking to it. Any plans of a happy evening had been ruined, and they were about to head home. Hopefully they would try again at another time.

Despite the night that was, Harry and Kitty found themselves returning to the Xavier Institute, in rather good spirits, or at least as good spirits as they could be given the situation. The two had their arms interlocked, when they walked up the drive, and smiles were on their face. The moon was out tonight, and there was a slight winter chill in the air. Harry offered Kitty a warming spell, and the girl
was rather pleased with this turn of events.

"You know, call me crazy, but that was fun," Kitty told Harry, a grin on her face.

Harry fired back with a smile, and tightened his grip around her waist. "You know, I'm sure no one would call you crazy, at least to your face."

"But you can't deny that you haven't thought about it," Kitty answered, and the two stood next to each other, bright smiles on their face. Harry just smiled back at her.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" Harry asked to Kitty, and he playfully nudged her. "Actually, I thought that despite everything, it was a fairly decent night. No innocent people died."

"That's always a good thing," Kitty answered to him, and the two took a step forward towards the front door of the Xavier Institute. Harry reached forward, and the door opened with a click. Kitty smiled, and walked in. "Good in bed, and a gentleman, what did I do to deserve you?"

"I think I have other qualities that balance out, the entire finding trouble no matter where it goes thing is one of them."

"I don't think you find trouble just as much as it seems to stalk you around every single corner," Kitty argued, and she stood on her tip toes, and brushed her lips against Harry's for a light kiss. She pulled back. "Maybe you should get a restraining order on it."

Harry laughed at the joke, and the two of them entered inside. They spotted Logan sitting in the chair, and his eyes were on the both of them. Harry wondered if this was a good thing, or a bad thing.

"I guess you two couldn't stay out of trouble for one night, could you?" Logan asked, looking at them.

"Given some of the things that you get up to, I don't think you have any room to talk," Kitty replied, not really in the mood to deal with a reprimand right now.

Logan would have to agree.

"Not criticizing, just making a point. Your little escapades made the news, and I see you've run into the web head. I've met him before, once. Kid won't shut his yap, but he has a good heart, and he won't ever give up."

Harry and Kitty both nodded, but they remained careful. Every single step they took inside, and they heard the wheeling of a wheelchair before them. Professor Xavier arrived, and Jean and Scott stood by him.

"For a normal night out, it seems like you two had a lot of excitement," Scott said, trying to keep his voice even and neutral. "Although I do wonder if it was such a good idea for you to get involved."

"People noticed Shadowcat and Arcane, but they couldn't tie it back to us," Harry answered, having a sinking feeling where this conversation was going to go.

Jean was the next one who stepped in. "We're not blaming you, either of you. It's just that there's a certain temptation to use your powers, and it can get harder."

"I do hope from here on out, both of you will be more careful," Xavier replied.
"No one got hurt," Harry persisted.

Xavier had sensed some thoughts from Harry, and did suspect that the harsher life had hardened his approach to many people. "Sergei Kravinoff's death might have been no accident, and if it was an accident, then I will have to ask you to be careful."

"Crazed hunter with a spear, who tries to attack people so he can stuff them as trophies is not something I'm going to play nice with," Harry answered, his eyes flickering in warning. If people's lives were in danger, then Harry vowed to take corrective action. "We're thrown in that Danger Room every single day, and for what?"

"I understand that it is hard to look the other way…"

"No, it's not hard to look the other way," Kitty replied quietly. "It is the easiest thing in the world to do."

Jean decided to best pacify the situation, and the somewhat bitter thoughts that were coming off gave her a headache. "Why don't we all just calm down, and take five."

"That's a good idea actually," Xavier replied, deciding that emotions ran too high to get any logic done. "With the adrenaline pumping after the battle, and the shock of hearing what happened, none of us are in sound mind to discuss what has occurred. Do remember that the aim is to train up your powers so that you can use them for good, and use them safely."

Harry just nodded, and Kitty placed her hand on his. The two of them thought they were doing that. Again, Kraven was not supposed to die that messily, but Harry was going to take any situation where everyone got out in one piece to be one where he considered it to be a victory.

"I believe all of us can learn much from what has transpired tonight," Xavier added.

Harry would have to agree, everyone could learn something from any battle. That was one thing that he had tried to take to heart. Granted, there was always a chance that a lesson could be learned, and it was the wrong lesson. Logan stood, and watched them.

"I ain't blamin' either of you for what happened," Logan told both of them. "It's battle out there, and someone like Kraven, well never met the guy, but I heard enough about him to know he's nuts. He would have taken both of you out, like you were nothing."

Harry recalled that Kraven had tried to drill a spear into Kitty, so really anyone who attacked his girlfriend was going to be high on his list of people that he would not sympathize with their deaths.

"Let's see what the news is saying about us," Kitty replied in a bright voice.

"I'm not sure if I want to know," Harry replied.

"It would so totally be fun," Kitty added to him.

"No, it so totally wouldn't," Harry replied to her dully.

Kitty opened her mouth to protest, but Harry caught her open mouth with a kiss. Rogue walked out at that moment.

"You two could get a room," Rogue said, shaking her head, in a half of daze.

"Well the only available one would be with you in it," Kitty fired back.
Rogue shook her head, and walked down the hallway to use the bathroom. The truth was that she was now thinking about Harry pinning her against that wall, and having his way with her.

Why did not being able to touch anyone make sexual fantasies so vivid?

"Remember our conversation from earlier, Harry," Kitty told him.

Harry was immediately alert, and Kitty looked at him.

"Are you thinking what I think you're thinking about?"

"Maybe," Kitty told him in a mischievous voice.

Harry placed a hand on her waist, and Logan walked by, just turning away. As long as Harry treated her right, and it did not interfere with their training, Logan found himself uncaring about the romantic drama. He knew better than anyone else about how annoying it was for someone to stick their nose in someone else's relationship.

Plus he had better things to do with his time than worry about who was dating who.

Objection was a virtue that had driven the greatest of all men. It did not matter what walk of life they stood in. Some people would be obsessed to obtain any amount of greatness. Among those who could get the most obsessive would be athletes, scientists, businessmen, and writers. This was a few of the people who had obtained this level of obsession. On the streets and in many fields there were people who had dove directly into this obsession.

One such man was Norman Osborn, and another such man was Otto Octavius. A scientist, and a businessman, and very different in many ways, but they were driven by one thing and one thing only. That was their mutual obsession, an element that drove the both of them. Norman Osborn had tried to puzzle together one key question, and that was, who was Spider-Man?

Osborn had many things that had driven him, and had demanded his time. Everything in his life kept coming back to that one single moment of time, where Spider-Man had gone the scene. It could only come from his research, and if he could prove that, then he would be able to keep Oscorp in his hands where it belonged.

There was one other burning question that had entered his mind, based on revenge events. The beady little eyes of the New York businessman looked at the screen, and there was a huge question that also echoed out. This only very nearly snuffed out the question of who is Spider-Man, and that was, who was Arcane?

One grainy image was in front of Osborn's face, and he had seen a flash of something. Was he some government experiment who had escaped? Was he some traveler from a long distant planet, or just something else entirely?

Many people feared the unknown, and Osborn could see it in front of his eyes, the biggest unknown of them all. S.H.I.E.L.D would likely have wanted a piece of him, every single government in the world, and every single business would have seen this Arcane as a potential resource. The strange energy disturbance and the arrival of the mysterious stranger was also not lost on Norman Osborn.

'Those who wait can find their opportunity,' Osborn mused to himself, and he continued to look at the one grainy photograph.

Behind him, bubbled several containers of a green fluid. This formula was a performance enhancer
that would increase the stamina, strength, and durability of anyone who had been doused in it. It was unfortunate that Osborn lacked enough test subjects for it. The formula would not be able to be picked up on any standardized drug tests, which made it a perfect source of revenue for professional athletes.

"The fool doesn't understand what he's doing,' Otto murmured to himself, eyes fixed on what was in front of him.

He twisted a few knobs, and had found one little bit of DNA. It was a hair, but it was better than nothing. He analyzed everything, while Osborn had gone on one of his latest flights of fancy. There would come a time where Otto would unlock the secrets of the universe. He continued to keep up the experimentations.

While others waited, and chased spiders, Otto was prepared to unlock the genetic curiosities that had eluded men for quite some time. At least that was what his intention was.

His equipment had a short circuit, and everything had failed. For many, this would be frustration, but for Otto this represented something else. This represented something that would be considered opportunity. This opportunity would be his key to scientific potential, and a twisted grin spread across the scientist's face when he had thought about what could be done.

First he had to unlock the secrets of that DNA, and that was where he hit a snag.

"Inconclusive," Otto whispered to himself.

This little reading did not deter him. In fact, it caused him to be even more curious about the secrets locked in this one strand of hair. Osborn continued his obsessions, and walked by to check the progress of his precious formula. The formula had power, but the potential within this one being, this Arcane could be more powerful.

Yet there were more like him, Otto had heard rumors, and whispers about a higher evolution of people. He found it well worth his while to keep up with his studies, and ensure that he unlocked everything.

Power would be in his hands, and the scientist knew that something like this would take months to barely scratch the surface. Working for a control freak like Osborn had taught Otto many virtues, one of them would be patience. Once he had uncovered these secrets, it would be Osborn who would grovel before him.

The very thought sent a sinister smile to the face of the scientist, and he continued to plug away at his experiments. Information was at the tips of his fingers, and it would be his to digest when the time was right.

As for Spider-Man, well Otto would prove his worth by capturing him. He would prove his value to Osborn. All Otto needed was some help, a few bad men so to speak.

Six did seem like a perfect number for some reason.

Plans formed in the mind of the demented scientist, using his robotic arms to allow him to do his work four times as quickly.

Obsession was a most powerful motivator, and that was what drove this scientist.
she had no idea how late it was, although she had a good taste of what happened. She saw Kitty and Harry make their way towards Harry's room. Rogue took a step forward, and looked at the two of them.

"So, did you two have a nice date?" Rogue asked them, for lack of anything better to say. Her eyes fixed on both of them.

Kitty snickered, and looked at Rogue. "Yeah, it was very eventful. A bit of it might have hit the news."

"Oh, did it?" Rogue inquired, and Kitty responded with a crisp nod. Rogue placed a hand on the hair and ran her hand over it. It took a moment, before Rogue had decided to look at her. "So, aren't you going to give me a hint?"

"Well, let's just say we ran into Spider-Man, and bailed him out of trouble," Kitty told Rogue, and Rogue looked at her, as if inviting her to give more information. "And it was so totally awesome."

"I'm sure it was," Rogue answered barely suppressing a smile.

"Seems like you missed out on something, by not joining us, Rogue," Harry told the girl, a slight smile appearing on his face.

Rogue just fired back at this moment. "Well, I might have just weighed the two of you down. Although are you going to try and outing where you don't run into any trouble?"

"It's hard not to run into trouble, when it keeps following me," Kitty answered at that moment, and she nudged Harry, with a smile spreading his face. "It doesn't matter; it's some good practical training. Really makes us think on our feet, and it really makes the Danger Room training worth it in a way."

Rogue pondered, and would have to agree with that. The fact of the matter was that there were many times where she did hope for a more practical application of the training done in the Danger Room. She took a deep breath, and proceeded to cross her arms. On Harry's advice, she worked on her reflexes, and dodging, along with using her opponent's momentum against them. While her powers could potentially be useful if harnessed, Rogue felt a desire to not use them, as it left echoes of her "victims" in her head

"And we need to talk about something, the three of us," Kitty chimed in, and Rogue just looked at Harry. "I can see you looking at Harry all of the time, Rogue."

Harry did notice that as well, even if he was not about to bring it up. Besides, he was in a relationship with Kitty, and did not really offer any hope that it would expand beyond that, until the moment where Kitty had hinted that she would be open to experimentation. Rogue just took a step back, and put her hands up.

"Kitty, I wasn't…you're just imagining things," Rogue responded, her voice completely reeking of someone who had gotten defensive. Kitty just smiled, and shook her head. Rogue was taking things the wrong way, and she took a step forward, a smile crossing her face.

"I'm not mad, it was just an observation I made," Kitty told Rogue, a smile crossing her face. "And Harry is the only person who could touch you, without any complications. Wouldn't you like to see how far that would go?"

Rogue just shook her head; this had to be a joke. Kitty just smiled.
"Rogue, we're all friends here, aren't we?" Kitty asked, and an innocent expression flicked through the brunette's eyes.

"Yeah, we're friends," Rogue agreed, blinking her eyes. There was no doubt in her mind that they were friends.

"So, why don't we try something daring?" Kitty asked her, and Rogue leaned forward, completely curious about Kitty's proposition, even if it was morbidly so. "The two of us, we both like Harry, and I think it's safe to say that Harry likes both of us."

"What are you trying to say?" Rogue asked, before Harry could even say one word.

"Well, we could try some kind of arrangement," Kitty said to Rogue, and Rogue crossed her arms, thinking.

She really did ponder this matter, nice and long, carefully and hard. The fact of the matter was she was intrigued, but at the same time a bit suspicious. Harry reached forward, and grabbed Rogue's hand.

"Rogue, if you want to do this, it's fine, but just think about the possibilities it would offer," Harry told her, a smile crossing his face, and Harry was nearly up towards her.

'Oh my God, is he going to kiss me?' Rogue thought, but Harry stepped back at that moment.

Rogue took a step forward, froze a little bit. She took a deep breath, heart fluttering and eyes blinking.

"This is a big thing to get into, and what will people say?" Rogue asked.

Kitty was the one who chimed in with an absolutely logical statement. "When this entire mutant thing gets out, I don't think people are going to be too concerned about some guy being involved in a relationship with two girls or more."

"Or more?" Rogue asked, and she blinked.

"Hey, you never know," Kitty answered, shrugging her shoulders, and she stepped forward. Harry stood on the other side of Rogue.

"Yeah, the two of you, you're extremely pretty, and any guy would be lucky to have you," Harry replied.

Rogue just looked at her, and Harry placed a hand on her hair.

"Can….can I think about it a little bit?" Rogue asked, and Harry and Kitty nodded.

"Take all of the time you need, we'll be ready," Harry replied to her, and he pulled Rogue into a hug. Rogue stiffened, and felt Harry's body against hers.

This was more contact that she was used to having, and the girl's skin felt like it was burning for even more. Rogue turned around in a daze. She wanted to be sure this was something that she wanted because it was wanted, and not out of desperation. Harry turned to Kitty, and Kitty grabbed Harry by the jacket, before backing him off.

"She's about in, I think," Kitty replied, and Harry just blinked, looking at her. "You can't tell me that you never thought about this."
"I thought about it, but I never thought it would happen," Harry admitted, with a playful smile, and Kitty was steered onto his bed. The contraceptive charms were second nature, and Harry applied them immediately to Kitty.

Kitty felt the tell-tale sign of the shivers down her spine, and pulled Harry into her. Harry pinned her down on the bed, and kissed her. Kitty returned the kiss, working her tongue. Harry pulled her hair down, and Kitty ran her hands all over Harry's body. The two continued their kissing, before Kitty nudged Harry. Harry pulled himself up, looking at the brunette girl beneath him, and a smile spread across his face.

"So, do you know any binding spells?" Kitty asked, mischief dancing in her eyes. "You know spells that can be used to tie people up."

Harry immediately got Kitty's meaning. A shifty grin spread across his face, and he answered with, "A few"

Kitty immediately got excited, and Harry pushed her back on the bed. The brunette's legs wrapped around Harry, and Kitty stopped, unable to phase.

"It's a charm I found that stops your powers," Harry replied, and Kitty responded with a grin.

"Well, I guess I'm at your mercy," Kitty told him, and with those words, a grin spread over her face, and she was excited about what was going to happen.

Harry ran his fingers through her hair, and the fun was just going to begin.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Harry and Kitty wrapped their arms around each other. His hands felt underneath her clothes, and Harry stroked her exposed flesh on her back. Kitty swung over, straddling Harry's lap, and Harry cupped his hands around her cute rear. She sighed deeply, feeling the bliss, when Harry continued to kiss her.

Kitty grinded her crotch up and down against Harry's, and Harry tilted her back on the bed. Harry touched her body, and stroked her hair, before kissing her. Kitty sighed immediately, and Harry stroked her neck, pressing his lips to the side of it.

"Oh, Harry," Kitty breathed heavily, and she felt Harry's mouth working over her neck. He was sucking on it, and it felt so good. He had a magical mouth, for lack of a better term.

Harry pulled her up, and slowly pulled her shirt off of her body. He took a good look at her upper body, and continued to run his hands over her. Kitty pulled Harry's shirt over his head, and caused his hair to get messy. Kitty ran her hands over Harry's chest and abs, and appreciated the feel of the muscles underneath her hands. Harry appreciated the motions of Kitty, tracing around his abs, and chest.

Harry reached around and removed her bra. Kitty's breasts stood perky, and Harry pressed a mouth to her right tit. Harry sucked on it, and Kitty was pushed back onto the bed. She arched her hips up, and Harry pulled her skirt down. Harry kissed down her body, as Kitty rested on the bed, with a soaking pair of black panties.

Reaching over, Harry skimmed the edge of her panties, which were damp. A smile crossed his face as he looked at Kitty. "You're so wet."

"Yeah, you did that to me, with all of the teasing," Kitty retorted, and Kitty immediately spun
around.

Harry groaned, as Kitty squeezed his balls tightly in her small hand. She ran her hand up the shaft, and flicked her little tongue over the head.

"Feels good, suck my cock, Kitty," Harry ordered.

Kitty obliged him, and slowly shoved Harry's cock into her mouth. It felt good, it tasted good. Harry grabbed her hair, and pumped his cock into her little mouth. Kitty enveloped it tightly around her mouth, and Harry pushed into her. She hummed, and managed to experiment, using her tongue and mouth to stimulate Harry.

Harry thought that there was no better feeling. It felt great to have her suck his cock. Kitty played with his balls, causing pleasure to course through his body. Harry spotted Kitty stroking her pussy, and the cock was pulled out of Kitty's mouth.

Kitty was pushed down onto the bed. Harry used his thumb, and rubbed her clit in circular motions. Kitty moaned, and felt good.

"Like that, like me to keep doing that," Harry whispered, blowing on her pussy, which got Kitty excited, and he began to suck on her clit. Kitty nearly lost it, and she felt the juices roll down her thighs.

"Yeah, that feels so good," Kitty moaned, and Harry switched.

Harry tasted the sweet juices between her legs. His tongue licked her out, and Harry offered a few slight hints of a hiss. It was a hiss done every about thirty seconds, as he licked Kitty's pussy. Kitty bucked her hips up, offering Harry.

"Harry, use that Parseltongue on me, please," Kitty begged. She needed this, and wanted this.

Harry obliged her, and his tongue rattled on the inside of her pussy. Kitty's eyes glazed over, looking heavily lidded, and she began to breath heavily. Harry licked out her pussy, and Kitty grabbed Harry's hair, to encourage him to go down on her, deeper, and deeper.

Kitty's pussy convulsed around him, and her body deflated in pleasure. The next thing she knew, once she had come down from her orgasm, she was flipped over onto her front. Kitty's hands, and feet had been bound, and her rear and pussy had been presented to Harry. Harry hovered above her, placing his hands on her hips.

"You asked if I knew any binding charms," Harry retorted to her.

Kitty just looked over her shoulder at him, and Harry cupped her ass, and played with her pussy as well. She needed Harry's cock inside her badly.

"Stick it in me, please, I can't take it," Kitty replied. "Please don't make me beg for it."

Harry offered a smile to her. "You look so cute when you beg."

Kitty bit her lip in frustration, and gave a surprised yelp when Harry smacked her ass. He was getting daring, and Kitty loved it. Harry alternated between playing with her breasts, ass, and pussy, offering her pleasure, teasing her and riling it up. Kitty felt herself burn in desire.

"I'm going to fuck you from behind," Harry whispered in her ear.
Kitty felt herself clench, and Harry grabbed her hair. She closed her eye, and Harry stuck his cock inside her from behind. He slid into her pussy with practiced ease, and Kitty felt pleasure. Harry impaled himself in and out of her tight core, and hammered into her. He felt her pussy hug his cock, her walls squeezed him in a magnificent way.

"Such a tight pussy," Harry breathed.

"Tight for you," Kitty told him, and Harry pounded into her. "Yes, that's it Harry, fuck me hard."

"Oh, I'll fuck you hard alright," Harry said, and he sped up, banging into Kitty from behind.

Kitty clutched the bed sheets. Harry continued to go into her pussy from behind. Her eyes flickered shut, and she moaned. Harry made her feel so good, and his balls slapped against her thighs. The large cock inside her, almost splitting her in half, made her body feel absolute pleasure. Girls would line up, and pay admission if they knew what Harry had, and he would only be getting better.

Harry enjoyed having her wetness hug him, and he drove her to several mind blowing orgasms. His balls throbbed with the desire. He pushed into her.

"I'm going to fuck you so hard," Harry whispered to her.

"Keep doing it," Kitty managed.

Harry pounded into her from behind, and Harry just reached around, playing with her breasts, and rubbing his fingers across her nipples. They were really sensitive and responsive, and Harry felt more pleasure when he pounded into her.

The fucking continued throughout the hour, and Kitty tried to use her pussy muscles to squeeze him.

"Are you getting tired already?" Harry asked her.

"So, am not," Kitty managed, and Harry continued to speed up, pleasuring her pussy with his cock.

"You're going to have a big one, and then, I'm going to have the big one," Harry replied, and Kitty's breathing got more and more.

Kitty thought it felt so good, and soon Harry would cum in her. The fact that he was practically having his wicked way with her, as he pounded her pussy made her gush over and over again. Kitty thought of even more possibilities, perhaps involving straps and wall, but right now all she was really focused on is making Harry cum.

"Give me your seed Harry," Kitty encouraged, wiggling her ass a little bit. "I know you want to."

Harry did in fact unload his seed into Kitty. Several ropes of cum splattered into her, and Harry continued to pump into her from behind. Kitty could not believe Harry had so much cum in him, and for some realize, she always felt refreshed and stronger after it. Harry unloaded into her, making sure he was drained dry, and Kitty collapsed on the bed, absolutely content, about an hour after they started.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Kitty draped herself in Harry's arms after Harry had untied her, with the love making session having concluded. The two lovers looked into each other's eyes.

"I love you, so very much," Kitty murmured, snuggling her head into his shoulder.
Harry was taken off guard by these words, but those words flowed so naturally.

"I love you too," Harry replied, and he pulled Kitty into her, embracing her.

Kitty was visited by a naughty suggestion. "So, I wonder if the Danger Room has any uses other than training?"

Harry just blinked, and smiled at her. If that was the case, the real danger would be when Logan had found out what they were doing in there.

Then again, wasn't that part of the fun?
Chapter 14: Unstoppable.

Harry currently sat in the domain of the sorcerer supreme for one of his sessions with the powerful sorcerer. Strange was an able teacher, but the Sorcerer Supreme did put his pupil through the paces. A few months ago, Harry would have been annoyed by something like this, but a huge part of him understood what was at stake. The Sorcerer Supreme wanted to test Harry, like he had never been tested before, and put him through the paces.

The magic Harry learned had been advanced, and there were some spells that he struggled with, while others he had mastered, it was an intriguing imbalance that had confused him.

"I have observed a rather curious development with you, Harry," Strange remarked, when Harry had nearly staggered, and almost collapsed, but at the same time remained on his feet.

"What is this?" Harry asked, guarded and his eyes snapped up to face Strange. The Sorcerer Supreme did often offer some cryptic commentary, but that was just the station of an extremely powerful magic user.

Strange did not give Harry a long time to wait, and he continued to state the theories that he had been formulating during his latest meetings with Harry Potter.

"While I'd be loathed to call anything about the art of magic mundane, one could argue that the necessary mechanics of magic are just that. What I find rather peculiar is that you tend to find yourself struggling with the more mundane parts of magic. Yet, when faced with advanced magic, you excel far faster than anyone could hope for."

Given Harry's past, that was far from surprising. The fact of the matter was that he noticed this in the past. The Patronus Charm was one major thing, but the fact of the matter was that Harry just found himself bored with learning about the basics of magic. The basics seemed to be something that many needed to have pounded into the heads of Hogwarts students, and then by the time that they got to the actual interesting spell work, Harry found himself rather underwhelmed.

He just wanted to skip the pleasantries, and actually get to do magic, get to the interesting things.

"I've experienced something like this happening before," Harry replied, and Strange just pondered, looking at Harry, and motioned for him to continue. "During my third year in my previous school, I mastered a charm that takes adults much longer to master."

"Fascinating," Strange said, stroking his chin as he talked. "Gazing into your mental layout, there seems to be an anomaly within it."

Harry sat up straight, and was about to protest that Strange had been taking a peak into his mind, but the Sorcerer Supreme jumped straight in.

"I can assure you that I gazed no intimate memories, yet I have spotted several threads that would give cause for alarm and lead to some inconsistencies within them."

"What kind of inconsistencies?" Harry asked him, and he wondered if Strange had noticed the same thing he head.

"I believe we both know the answer to that one, young wizard," Stranger told Harry, and he held his
amulet, before peering directly into the eyes of Harry. "The fact is that there are certain memories that are foreign to your mind. And have you ever found yourself in possession of skills that you do not recall being taught?"

It slapped Harry suddenly, and his seamless ability for silent spell casting, and magic without use of a wand had become far more obvious. It came from those memories, and the flight came from it as well. He suspected there might be others.

Needless to say, this was not the first time Harry had exhibited abilities for something else, the Parseltongue ability being one of the first to pop up back years ago.

"There are certain memories," Harry admitted, choosing his words carefully. "Memories that I do not recall living."

"People often discuss the concept of past lives," Strange mused to Harry, and Harry just looked at Strange, a look at deep skepticism in his eyes. "I am uncertain whether or not this is what you may be experiencing, or if it might be something entirely different. We could delve into the realm of the unknown."

Harry did ponder on that fact a little bit more. He had a theory, but at the same time, thinking about something and discussing something was another matter entirely. His great fear was that these memories could be removed from his mind. Harry knew that whatever dark taint that had been in them had been gone, and his head had been clearer than it was. All of the drawbacks of what happened with Voldemort had disappeared, and Harry had gotten the full benefit of his knowledge.

Providing of course he could make any sense of it.

"Getting your mind in order will be important in tapping into the full benefits of your magical prowess," Strange added, and his gaze focused on Harry. He collected his own thoughts. "I would suggest practicing meditation techniques to help get your thoughts in order."

"In order to clear my mind, right?" Harry asked, and Strange offered Harry a curious expression. "A teacher of mind tried to teach me a magical ability to block intrusion. He told me to clear my mind, and then attacked it repeatedly, forcing his way into my thoughts."

Strange paused, and thought about what was said. It was a wonder that Harry's mind was not in further disarray than it was. He held himself back from criticizing the methods of this teacher. He had never met the man, and it was possible that this was the way that he learned the art. Even if it was dangerous to learn any kind of mind blocking art in such a heavy handed way, especially with a mind so young and potentially fragile due to the type of life he expected life to live.

"It is a matter of collecting your thoughts together," Strange replied to Harry. "It is much like organizing books on a shelf, and also placing false books, to misdirect any intrusion. The mind arts is not so much clearing your mind, but rather ensuring that it is in proper order. An untrained mind can be dangerous for a novice in the mind arts to work with, for they could trip themselves up. A master will be able to navigate around the obstacles."

"I see," Harry told him, slowly pondering on the matter.

"I would recommend allowing a telepath assist you, but this is merely a recommendation and not a requirement," Strange answered, and Harry looked at him, before nodding. "And now, it is time for one final session, before I allow you to go today."

Harry braced himself, ready to go. The truth was that this made him appreciate training with Logan
in the Danger Room. The rest of the team was on some kind of outdoor excursion at a camp, and was given the choice between that or hours of weekend Danger Room training. Talk about forcing the hand.

Harry found himself on the mind scape, and saw the conjured monsters coming at him. They were towering, and in many ways, representative of the demons in his mind. At least that's what Strange had told him, and Harry conjured magical weapons, to deflect them. The strength of the weapons reflected the strength of he was developing in his own mind.

When the strength of his mind increased, so did the strength of his spells. At least that's what Harry determined.

Charles Xavier took a deep breath, given that the Institute was mostly cleared out today, it would allow him to do some fine tuning with some of the finer systems in the mansion, like the security system, the Danger Room, and Cerebro.

"Kids are going to be gone the entire day can actually hear myself think," Logan remarked, propping his elbows up, and peering forward. There was silence, before it was broken "Guess we know that they'll brave anything, if it gets them a day off from training."

"To be fair, we have been working all of them rather hard," Xavier remarked, and he continued to make tweaks. "Thankfully, Cerebro is working at optimal performance, and the security systems and the Danger Room are also working as such."

"Yes, thankfully," Logan agreed, and suddenly he shifted with a start, when the alarm at the mansion had gone off. He popped his claws instinctively, and took a step forward. "And it looks like we're going to get a test run of it."

Xavier remained calm, and had punched up the security camera feeds. Outside the Mansion, he saw two figures approach, both of them with bad intentions. One of them was Mystique, but who she was leading right towards the Institute was troubling. She had with her, Cain Marko, better known as the unstoppable Juggernaut.

"I could have sworn you had him locked up," Logan remarked, and he popped his claws, ready for a fight.

"That assumption was mine as well, but it appears as if Mystique has paroled him rather early," Xavier remarked, and he activated the security system at the moment.

"Something tells me that it wasn't for good behavior," Logan stated, and he shifted himself. "And something tells me that security won't keep him out."

"No, it will merely slow him down, and hopefully impede his process, while you get ready," Xavier told Logan, and Logan stood, understanding immediately what he needed to do.

"On it, Chuck," Logan informed him, preparing himself for a fight, against this unstoppable force.

Outside the Mansion, Mystique led the Juggernaut towards the mansion. Cain Marko was the step brother of Charles Xavier, and had a great deal of resentment towards his brother due to his gifts. However, while Xavier's mind was strong, his body was weak. The Juggernaut was much stronger, and more durable that Xavier was. He was ready to settle the score, and nothing would stand in his way.

"Remember, you're here to help me steal Cerebro," Mystique informed the Juggernaut, eyes
narrowed and focused.

Juggernaut just cracked his knuckles, and stepped forward, walking slow and steady, grumbling at this broad who was ordering him around. "Yeah, sure, heard you the first ten times, lady."

Annoyance crossed the face of the Juggernaut beneath his helmet. For his freedom, he would play this woman's little game, at least for now. There will come a time where he would stop playing the game, and get ready to gain his revenge on his little brother. Xavier was the one that had trapped him in the cage.

"Hey, Charlie, can you come out and play?" the Juggernaut taunted, and he smashed his way through the gates. The laser defenses popped up, and had begun to shoot at the Juggernaut, but he just shrugged him off. "I've met grandmas that hit harder than that."

Juggernaut pushed forward, and Mystique watched the monster continue his trek further and further into the Institute. Magneto had put a lot of pressure on her for a success, and one of his goals was to take Cerebro, and use it as a means to find mutants. Mystique was under the impression that it needed a telepath to function, but she would allow the finer details of that particular scheme to her boss. Right now, she watched the Juggernaut dismantle the security systems, and rip open the iron doors, allowing himself entry.

Logan stepped forward, and he was ready to face the Juggernaut. His claws popped out, and he stood in a threatening pose.

"Let's dance, bub," Logan growled, and jumped forward for the fight.

"Out of my way, pip squeak," Juggernaut replied, right as he back handed Logan down to the ground. Logan rolled over, and never one to admit defeat, he popped back up, once again ready for a fight.

Juggernaut caught Logan in his grip, and slammed Logan against the wall. Logan struggled, swinging his arms and his legs in an attempt to push off. Logan was hurled across the room, and Mystique punctuated his pain by casually kicking him in the face, before turning to the Juggernaut.

"Leave him!" Mystique demanded, eyes flaring.

"In a minute," Juggernaut replied, lifting up Logan, and curb stomping him, before tossing him to the side like a chewing gum wrapper. Logan landed on the ground with a sickening thud.

The Juggernaut turned around, and slowly like a mighty glacier, eased forward. Mystique followed, and they were getting closer to their target, and closer to Xavier.

Logan grumbled, clutching his ribs and his head. A healing factor was something that had allowed him to sustain a lot of damage, but there was just one fundamental flaw with it. It certainly did not cancel out the pain he felt once he tried to struggle to his feet. Logan collapsed a couple of times, before he got to his feet.

Determination spread across his face, despite being beaten up, battered, and abused, and Logan got up, staggering, but determined.

"Hey, I don't recall saying we were finished," Logan taunted, and Juggernaut turned around, with Logan charging him.

The battle raged on between Logan and the Juggernaut. Juggernaut outmatched him, but Logan would not give up.
For the third time today, Kitty had slapped away a mosquito that had been annoying her. They were really annoying little insects. The mosquito buzzed away, and Toad had decided to take a bite out of it, much to the disgust of both the X-Men and the Brotherhood. He chowed down.

"Needs more salt," Toad offered, which got grimaces and groans from his teammates.

Today was a great deal to be outside all things considered, well if one did not take the insects into account, and it was hard not to take them into account. The X-Men had been offered this camping trip, with Kitty standing with Jean, Scott, Kurt, and Rogue, all of them regretting this outing, only slightly.

The alternate was Danger Zone training with Logan, and that was a way to absolutely ruin their Saturday. Then again, they had to deal with the Brotherhood being nearby for a long amount of time, and that made them really doubt.

"I so envy Harry right about now,' Kitty replied, shaking her head, and her shoulders slumped, taking a moment.

"No kidding," Kurt added, and he swapped a few insects away.

"It's not that bad," Jean offered them, but she got her share of cross looks. "Okay, maybe it is a little bad, but we've handled worse than the great outdoors."

"Don't remind me," Rogue managed at this moment, and she took a step forward, to see the Brotherhood. Scott stood next to them all, and looked at his team members.

"It builds character, and besides, would you want to be thrown into the deep end on a Saturday?" Scott asked, and the four X-Men standing beside them shook their heads.

"Yeah, Summers, you X-Men need to build character."

This was a statement of the newest member of the Brotherhood, and the apparent leader, Pietro Maximoff, or Quicksilver as he was called. As his name would have indicated, he ran around at super-fast speeds. His feet ran fast, nearly as his mouth did. The X-Men had barely known this member of the Brotherhood for too long, but one thing was certain, none of them really liked him all that much.

"Hey, do you notice one of them missing?" Toad piped up suddenly.

"Yeah, where's their little green eyed twerp?" Blob asked, and he stood, sinking into the ground when he stood.

Lance could not resist piping up, but the truth was he was disappointed that there was not a chance to outshine Potter. Potter had been cruising for one ever since he humiliated Lance all of those months ago. "Looks to me that Potter isn't man enough to brave the wilderness."

"Please, Harry's all man," Kitty chimed in, and Rogue just nodded in agreement.

That caused the Brotherhood to step back, and glare at them. The camp they were in was a survival course, and with every survival course, came a stereotypical hard as nails drill sergeant named Hawke.

"Alright ladies, listen up," Hawke barked, glaring at them, and the Brotherhood and the X-Men spun around. "You all seem to be all riled up over something, but let's see how well all of you survive out
there in Camp Ironback. This camp has sent the most hardened of men crying home for their Mamas."

The Brotherhood stepped back, but they refused to show any fear in the face of the X-Men, they would show up.

"Summers, you look like the leader type, you lead the charge with this group," Hawke ordered him.

This did not go down favorably with some people.

"Summers?" Pietro asked him in a scandalized voice, and the drill instructor turned towards him, eyes narrowed. Anyone else would have shown fear at this point, but Quicksilver was not anyone else. He was not going to show fear in the face of what he perceived to be his inferior.

"Do you think that you should be the leader, Maximoff?" Hawke asked him, a stern and fixed expression on his face.

"Yeah, I should be," Pietro said, looking rather smug, and he stepped to the right and the left, staring down each of the X-Men, Scott especially, without any fear.

"Yeah, you'd end up leading us off a cliff," Scott remarked, and Kurt just nodded.

"Looks like you've trained Wagner to be your little flunky," Pietro fired back.

"Enough, we'll separate the tough from the weak," Hawke growled, and he turned to them. "The two of you will lead teams through an obstacle course. Since you two groups seem to have been at each other's throats all day, we'll work it out the old fashioned way, to separate the winners from the losers. A good old fashioned game of survival of the fittest, between your two teams, and the first one to plant the flag at the top of the mountain is the winner."

"I'm game," Scott told them, and his teammates nodded.

"Enough, we'll wipe the floor with these geeks," Pietro fired back, and the two groups of mutants stared each other down. The glares were intense, and if looks could kill, they would all be dead.

"Save it for the obstacle course!" Hawke barked at them.

"Let's make this interesting," Jean remarked when Hawke was out of earshot. The Brotherhood stood up, the various members staring down the team. "How about we don't use any of our powers?"

"Are you sure about this, Jean?" Scott asked, having his reservations about this arrangement.

"What's the matter, Scottie, afraid we'd mop the floor with you?" Lance taunted them, and Scott turned, his glare simmering.

"Yeah, he's nothing, but a chump," Pietro replied, and he looked around at them. "We can beat you without our powers, and I bet you anything you couldn't beat us if we had one hand tied behind our back and the other hand helping."

"Wow, bold man," Todd chimed in.

"We're game if you are," Rogue said, stepping forward.

"Yeah, we're going to so mop the floor with you guys," Kitty added.

"Why don't you put your money where your mouth is?" Pietro asked. "First one to the top wins, try
and keep up?"

Scott stood there at a moment, and the Brotherhood went their separate ways.

"Again, I ask, are you sure about this?" Scott asked, turning to Jean, and his posture being less than certain.

"Scott, we have to be defined about more than our powers, you heard what the Professor keeps drilling into our head," Jean replied in a patient, but determined voice, seeing the steep mountain that they had to climb.

"You just know the Brotherhood is going to cheat," Kitty chimed in in a lowered voice. "So why don't we just have Kurt teleport up there…"

"Because that wouldn't make us any better than them," Scott replied grudgingly, at a look he got from Jean, and Jean nodded.

Kitty made a cracking motion with her hand, and Scott turned around, pretending he did not see this. She turned around and smiled.

"I believe we can get up there, if we follow this path," Jean remarked, studying the mountain. Being an athlete, she was used to physical activity that did not use her powers.

The X-Men began their trek up the mountain, doing it the old fashioned way.

On the other side, the Brotherhood struggled. Fred gave Todd a boost onto his shoulders, with Todd looking around from side to side. Fred's knees strained, and Pietro turned to Lance, who was watching.

"We're taking a short cut," Pietro told them, and the other Brotherhood members looked at him. "Hey, they said no powers, and we're sticking to that rule. However, they didn't say no shortcuts."

Pietro and Lance pulled off the wood over the tunnel, to allow them a path inside.

"Are you sure that's safe?" Todd asked, his eyes flickering around in a tentative manner, and his hands shaking a little bit.

"Yeah, it's perfectly safe," Pietro fired back, unable to believe that such a question was asked of him, and shaking his head. He took a step up, and saw a rickety staircase. "One at a time, up through here….I SAID ONE AT A TIME DUKES!"

Fred had collapsed the staircase, which had caused the rocks to shift in, and block both the way in and the way out. The four Brotherhood members choked on the dust.

"Alvers, can't you use your powers or something to get us out," Pietro grumbled, and Lance tried, but the rocks just crumbled either more.

"Not without killing us all," Lance told them all, and the Brotherhood were stuck, in a sick twist of karma.

"Ah man, the X-Men are going to beat us, and we could have beaten them too if we would have just played fair," Todd groaned, and he flicked his tongue out, to catch one of the insects.

"Would you stop doing that?" Pietro asked, his eyes flickering in annoyance, and Todd just responded with an apologetic shrug.
The Brotherhood tried to struggle out of the hole that they had put themselves into.

Logan continued to tear into the Juggernaut, not that it did much good. The unstoppable man was getting a bit sick of this runt's attempts to tear into him. Eventually, the Juggernaut pressed forward, and nailed Logan right in the face with a huge palm blow. Logan landed on the ground, but he grabbed the leg of the Juggernaut, scissoring it. The two continued to brawl near Cerebro, with Xavier in the background. Mystique watched, her expression of glee, shifting into one of absolute horror at the next action of the Juggernaut.

Juggernaut stepped on the Cerebro helmet, rendering it to broken and useless pieces.

"You fool!" Mystique howled, in complete rage. "You incompetent…"

Juggernaut smashed Mystique hard into the wall, and she fell with a resounding crack.

"I think you don't get it, lady," Juggernaut told her, taking a step forward, and looking down at her. "I ain't one of your Brotherhood brats that you can just boss around. I'm the Juggernaut, b…"

This powerful declaration from the Juggernaut was cut off when a spell had knocked him in the back. The intention was to stun the Juggernaut, but the spell did not quite work out that way. The Juggernaut turned around, and stared down the person who attacked him. There was one more door between him and his younger brother, and they would be having a little familiar reunion.

Harry stood there, and sent another spell, not knowing why the first one did not work. He sent an extremely powerful cutting curse, but Juggernaut stepped forward, and deflected it. The Juggernaut took a good long look at Harry, and began to look at him, taking his appearance in, and he began to laugh heartily. Another spell was sent off, this time a bone breaking curse, but that did not stop the Juggernaut.

"Man, I've taken shits that are bigger than you," The Juggernaut taunted.

"You really should get a doctor to look into that," Harry remarked in a cool voice, without missing a beat.

The Juggernaut rushed forward. Harry ducked his head, did a forward roll to evade the attack, spun around, shot up into the air like a cork, and fired off another spell from his perch point in the air. He was unsure why this magic was not working against the Juggernaut. It must have been something to do with the attire he was wearing. Harry tried a different tactic, and several cords shot from the air, circling around the Juggernaut. For a second, this held him, but only a second.

"You don't get it, Houdini, your little magic tricks can't stop me," Juggernaut growled, and he rushed Harry once again. Harry made a life dodging people that were much larger than him, and making sure that he did not take the hit.

A trip jinx worked on the Blob, and should have worked here. However, it did not, and the Juggernaut spun around, cracking his knuckles, a scowl crossing his menacing face.

"Not even a love tap, really, kid, are you even trying?" The Juggernaut taunted, waving him on, and egging him to try again. Which Harry did, to minimal effect, blasting and firing away at the Juggernaut, trying to pinpoint a weakness.

Mystique looked up, but Harry paid her no mind, given the fact that he had much bigger fish to fry. The Juggernaut's charge once again was for nothing, and Harry was at the height of desperation, firing spell after spell, but nothing seemed to even ding the Juggernaut. He sent several magically
conjured fireballs at him, but once again, the Juggernaut stood there, immobile and unstoppable.

"Thanks, been wanting to work on my suntan."

Harry was at the height of his desperation, and launched himself forward in flight. The Juggernaut grabbed at Harry, but Harry grabbed onto his helmet. In a fit of inspiration, Harry dug his fingers into the mask, and went straight for the eyes of the Juggernaut, digging into them with his fingernails.

That seemed to do some damage, and Harry went one step forward, and sent bolts of magic into the eyes, a conjunctivitis curse of sorts. The Juggernaut knocked Harry off, and he was vision impaired, but still unstoppable.

"Alright, first you annoyed me kid, but now you've just missed me off!" Juggernaut roared, and he tried to smash Harry, but the dark haired mage flew out of the way. The teenage wizard dodged several more attacks.

Harry resolved to use the Juggernaut's mindless charging against him, although it was hard to pick out a pattern. His powers did not work that well against someone who had no pattern, so naturally he would have to improvise.

'Harry, Ororo is picking up the rest of the X-Men, along with the Brotherhood, they should be arriving within the next twenty minutes,' Xavier projected to him mentally. 'I know it may be difficult, but see what you can do to delay him.'

'Delay, right, got it,' Harry thought back in a frantic manner, dodging and ducking the Juggernaut's attacks. 'Any ideas why magic doesn't seem to work much about this guy.'

'The easiest explanation may be the most logical,' Xavier responded, and Logan, never one to admit defeat, rejoined the fight, to assist Harry. The two fought side by side against the Juggernaut, with Harry trying to knock the Juggernaut off balance, and Logan going in for the more physical attacks. 'And that is that since his powers are derived partially from magic, magic will have a minimal amount of effect on him.'

'Makes sense, I suppose,' Harry thought back, and then he was visited by a sense of inspiration. 'Don't worry, I've got a plan, to delay him, twenty minutes did you say?'

'Yes,' Xavier confirmed. 'If you can get the helmet off of him, then I can mentally shut him down.'

'So the helmet protects him from telepathy?' Harry inquired.

'Yes,' Xavier confirmed.

'It would have been helpful if you would have told me about the helmet, oh about ten minutes ago,' Harry responded in agitation over the link.

Harry took a step back, and waved for the Juggernaut to go on. The Juggernaut had temporarily been tripped up, which allowed him to turn to Logan.

"Got a plan," Harry told him, and Logan turned to Harry, before nodding.

"Alright, any plan you've got, it's got to be better than us just standing around here," Logan offered, and once again, the Juggernaut knocked him back.

"You mean better than you being knocked around?" Harry asked, and Logan just glared at him, before offering a stoic nod.
Logan just waved Harry off, and Harry lured the Juggernaut towards the doors, and right through to the Danger Room. If he was right, he might be able to delay the Juggernaut, but at the same time, this plan hinged on the X-Men and to a lesser extent the Brotherhood getting there.

Mystique took a step forward, carefully lurking in the background. She would not be throwing herself in the line of fire, until she could pick her spots wisely. It was a survival instinct that had been beaten into her.

"We're almost to the top, and I told you we could do it without powers," Jean replied, triumph appearing in her eyes.

There was a thump from below, and the X-Men stood, stopped, and stared.

"Let me guess, those idiots tried to use their powers, and it ended up blowing up in their faces," Rogue remarked in a dry voice, adjusting her stance, and peering downward. There was a small crack where they could see the Brotherhood.

"Look!" Kitty exclaimed, pointing and seeing the hatch above.

"So, they just tried to take a shortcut," Kurt replied, and he stood above them. Scott moved over.

"Hey, let us out, Summers!" Pietro yelled, frantic.

A smirk crossed Scott's face, and he looked down at the Brotherhood, peering down at them, not wasting a chance to rub their own failure into their faces.

"Surely your stirring leadership can get you out of this mess, Maximoff," Scott retorted, looking down at them, enjoying the fact that the Brotherhood was helpless.

"Fine, you're better, happy!" Pietro yelled back up, and Scott just looked at them.

"Kitty, phase through, and shift the material away from the hatch, I'll blast open an entrance, Jean lift them out of there," Scott ordered, taking control of the situation.

Kitty did as she was told, and the X-Men stood back. Scott focused his visor, and blasted a hole in the top of the mountain. Jean had lifted the members of the Brotherhood out one by one, and they landed hard on their backsides when she had dropped them down.

"You could have had him teleport in, and get us out easier!" Todd yelled, pointing at Kurt.

"Sorry, must have slipped my mind," Scott answered dryly, but the X-Jet arrived, and Storm looked down. The telepathic message of Charles Xavier could be heard.

'**X-Men, Brotherhood, both of you need to band together to defeat a common foe.**'

"Why do we have to listen to that guy?" Lance asked, questioning it immediately.

"Because they have Mystique," Jean told them, and the Brotherhood exchanged looks at each other, before Lance spoke once again, his tone never changing at this new piece of information.

"Again, why do we have to listen to that guy?"

"C'mon," Pietro told them in an undertone, and the Brotherhood perked up immediately. "It will be a perfect chance to show them that the Brotherhood is better."
"Is everything a competition with you guys?" Kitty asked, and once she learned Harry was potentially in trouble, her determination became all that much more.

All of the mutants boarded, and were ready for a fight. They did not know what they had to deal with exactly, but the Professor was briefing them with it on the way.

The Juggernaut gave a pained grunt, and he smashed through the defenses of the Danger Room, and continued to stomp forward, having wrecked everything in his path.

"Got any more ideas," Logan muttered in an undertone to Harry.

"Can you cut the clasps with your claws?" Harry replied to Logan, and Logan paused, looking at them and studying them intently.

"Yeah, if you can get me up there," Logan replied, and Harry just nodded.

"Hang on," Harry replied, and the two of them dodged another charge from the Juggernaut once again.

A magically propelled fastball special had allowed Harry to fling Logan with a banishing charm of sorts into the Juggernaut. Logan was very close to cutting the clasps, but the Juggernaut knocked him off into the wall. The mutant slumped against the wall after cracking against it.

"What was that supposed to be?" Juggernaut asked.

"It's called a distraction, bub," Logan replied, eyes narrowing, and sure enough, the assembled X-Men and Brotherhood had arrived at that moment, staring down the Juggernaut.

"Showed up to the party, the more the merrier," The Juggernaut told them, and he turned to the X-Men and the Brotherhood. "I don't know who you think you are, but none of you can stop me."

"Let's see what happens with the unstoppable meets the immovable," Blob answered, and rushed forward. The Juggernaut just lumbered forward, and the Blob lumbered to the other direction, and the two forces clashed each other, neither offering any movement, until the Juggernaut managed to push Blob a few steps back. Fred Dukes staggered backwards.

"Remember, the helmet, that is protecting his mind, the most vulnerable part of him," Xavier projected to them.

Jean used the door the Juggernaut ripped off, and flung it at him. The Juggernaut blocked it, and began to throw things. She stopped it with her telekinesis, and avoided being smashed.

Kurt popped in mid-air, with Quicksilver rushing in in an attempt to keep the Juggernaut off balance. The Juggernaut tried to grab the teleporting mutant.

"Too slow, so close, oh that was a near miss."

"Stand still!" The Juggernaut growled, and Kurt had grabbed one of the clasps, before pulling it off.

The Juggernaut realized the danger he was in, and he began hurling things. Harry grabbed Rogue around the waist, pulling her out of the way. Kitty grabbed Harry, and the three of them went intangible, before popping through the floor out of harm's way.

"Pop me up right behind him," Harry whispered to Kitty, and Kitty nodded, with the Juggernaut swinging wildly at everyone. He nearly brought the room down on everyone.
Harry had gotten to the final clasp on his helmet, and between him, Kitty, and Rogue, they had pulled it off. The Juggernaut grabbed Harry in mid-air, and knocked both girls back down to the ground.

"What do you got to say to yourself?" the Juggernaut growled, preparing to shake Harry like a rag doll.

"Legilimens," Harry replied to him in a calm voice, and the Juggernaut's mind was assaulted by the crude, yet useful, attack.

The distraction with Harry trying to enter the Juggernaut's mind, albeit crudely, had allowed Xavier to pop in, and he shut down the Juggernaut. Harry dropped down, carefully on his feet, and Xavier and Mystique both stood in the doorway. It was Xavier who had spoken up first.

"The X-Men and the Brotherhood, working together," Xavier offered, turning towards Mystique.

Mystique just remained numb, and in shock, watching everything, before she offered her assessment.

"I see it, but I don't believe it," Mystique said, and she watched as her team brushed themselves off. All things considered, their team work was sloppy, and they would be getting put through the rigor for training every single moment of their free time once they had gotten back.

"Perhaps it is a sign of things to come," Xavier told Mystique, and Mystique just stood.

In many ways, she saw Xavier's bright eyed idealism to be nearly amusing, if it had not been so absurd. The shape shifting mutant proceeded to shake her head. She turned to her charges.

"Let's go!" Mystique barked, and Toad, Blob, Avalanche, and Quicksilver followed her out the door, without another word.

"I can't believe that we actually were on the same side," Rogue commented, shaking her head at the very thought.

"Hey, you know what they say, the enemy of my enemy, is my friend," Kurt said, and the entire team just stood by their sides.

"I did hope that Cain would learn to let his rage go, but it appears that his imprisonment had caused it to fester even more," Xavier said, in a voice filled with regrets. Between both his and Harry's assaults, Marko would be down for a very long count.

The assembled group just stood by, and tried to figure out what had happened, along with the lessons learned from today's adventures. It was a long day for them all.

"So Logan wants us in the Danger Room in ten minutes."

"Apparently, so," Kitty replied, holding hands with Harry, with the two walking down the hallway. "We should kind of give it a run through after what the Juggernaut did today."

"So, if I got it right, he wants us to throw all caution to the wind with our powers, no rules and no limitations, both him and the Professor said that," Harry replied, and a look of interest spread across his face, his mind dancing wildly with the possibilities at what he could do.

Rogue stepped out in the hallway, and looked at Harry at that moment. She shifted on her feet, and stared at him, before speaking. "Hi, Harry."
"Hey, Rogue," Harry told her, and Rogue grabbed his hands, and held onto them, tightly.

"We need to talk," Rogue said, and she looked at Kitty, before she amended. "All three of us."

Kitty and Harry responded with a nod, and Rogue stepped back, to allow the three of them to step into the room. Rogue stood, and looked both of them, before deciding to speak.

"Now, let me just ask a couple of questions about this," Rogue remarked, her eyes locked on both Harry and Kitty. "No one is pressuring anyone into anything?"

"No, no one is pressuring anyone," Harry replied, withdrawing his hands from Rogue's and putting one hand on her cheek, and one on her waist. Rogue once again shifted from the contact, although she was quite pleased with it. "But, you don't really need much pressure, do you, Rogue?"

Rogue stepped forward, and peered into his eyes. She cursed those eyes, they had to be the downfall of many women, but naturally Harry would have other attributed. Harry held her tightly against him, and Rogue just shook her head. She looked at Harry, with a look of pure need, but seemed reluctant to actually articulate what she had felt at the moment.

Harry reached forward, and suddenly, and surprisingly, Rogue had been pulled into a kiss. The girl was surprised, and the content had been intimate, with the two of them on each other's mouths. Harry pushed Rogue against the wall slightly, the small of her back hitting the cool surface. Instinctively, Rogue grinded on his crotch, and she reached around, intertwining her fingers through his hair.

Kitty watched the action, and could not believe that she was getting so turned on from her boyfriend kissing another woman. Yet, they were all friends, so the three of them seemed to be comfortable with this.

Rogue slumped against the wall, breathing heavily. She looked at Harry, and gave him a light squeeze.

"So, I suppose that we can't do anything quickly before we head off, can we?" Rogue asked in a husky voice.

"Trust me, with Harry, quick isn't an adjective I would use," Kitty replied, licking her lips at the thought, and now Rogue was worked up.

Both of the girls were worked up, along with Harry, but unfortunately, the Danger Room awaited, and Harry tried to get his thoughts back in order, before the three of them joined the rest of the team.

'Only in my life would this actually be considered somewhat normal,' Harry thought to himself, but he smiled, he was not complaining in the slightest. After being denied affection for most of his life, Harry felt that a lucky break was in order, and he could tell the girls appreciated the benefits as much he did.
Chapter 15: Downtime

The latest session in the Danger Room or rather the session where Logan had tried to make sure the room was still in one piece had concluded. As it turned out, the Juggernaut did not damage the Danger Room as much as he had previously thought. That was a good thing, and Logan watched the group approvingly as they ducked and dodged. Everything appeared to be in working order, and the six of them inside the Danger Room seemed to be able to handle what it threw at them.

"Follow my lead!" Scott yelled to them, and he turned around to face the danger ahead, motioning for the team.

Harry just deferred to Scott at this point, to allow him to let his leadership skills grow. Xavier did tend to pick him as the team leader for these sessions, even if there was much that Harry did not agree with. Kitty and Rogue however were a bit less docile to their leadership.

"You nearly lead us into that wall!" Rogue yelled immediately, and she clutched her fists to her side.

Scott took a deep breath, and tried to calm himself. In reality, leadership was not as seamless as everyone made it out to be, it had to do with trying to maneuver everyone around the room, to keep his focus on both what he was doing, or on what every single other person in the mission was doing. The problem was one moment of indecisive lead to the entire team missing.

"Just…try and improvise if you can," Jean chimed in at that point, and she had blocked the attack with a telekinetic shield.

"Jean, you might want to focus your shield a bit to the right, and Kitty you can slip around, and Rogue you follow, and Kurt you go to the left."

Scott looked at Harry, mouth a gap at that suggestion, but he had to admit that it was a good suggestion to make given the circumstances. Harry might have often talked about how he was not a team player, but at the same time, he paid attention to his surroundings, and managed to adapt to every situation. Harry used his powers to blast through the room and had caused everyone to stop, before they nodded.

'Who needs the Juggernaut,' Logan mused, when he continued to watch everything, eyes narrowed.

Harry lead the team through, and directed them. It was to the point where he did not say any words, for they were not needed. Rather he implemented little subtle cues that directed every single person around the Danger Room, and caused them to keep moving forward, not giving up for one instant.

The simulation was nearly complete, and Scott tried to regain some control of leadership.

"Right, we're right through to the final course, keep it up!" Scott yelled, shifting his expression, and wondering if he was right to make such a suggestion.

Harry, Kitty, and Rogue lead the way, followed by Kurt, and Jean tried to blast through.

Suddenly, Harry managed to direct them a bit differently, avoiding the lasers. Kitty phased through the ground, and disabled the grid.

The team had made it to the end of the training session, and all of them seemed to be a bit winded, or
at least most of them did anyway.

Harry staggered just a little bit, and turned to Logan. Logan just looked at Harry for a moment, before he offered his assessment.

"You were holding back just a little bit in there, weren't you?" Logan asked Harry, and Harry just responded with a nonchalant nod. Ororo and Professor Xavier watched in the background, with appraising glares and widened eyes.

"Yeah, maybe," Harry replied to Logan, but he just blinked.

Kitty leaned forward, and kissed Harry on the lips, nice and softly. Harry enjoyed the lingering kiss, before Kitty pulled away from him, smiling at him. "You were awesome in there, Harry."

"Yeah, you really were," Rogue answered, and she leaned forward at that moment, and kissed Harry on the lips. Harry returned the kiss, and that had caused more than a few raised eyebrows from the team members.

There was silence for a matter of moments, as everyone tried to figure out what happened.

Kurt was the one who was brave enough to bring up what had just happened.

"Um, can anyone just tell me what happened?" Kurt asked, looking rather confused. Last he checked, Harry was dating Kitty, and she kissed him, which was something that he was used to seeing. Then Rogue kissed Harry, and that was not a friendly peck on the lips, but rather a full blown kiss.

"Elementary, my dear Nightcrawler," Kitty replied, with a teasing grin on her face. "We're both dating Harry."

"At the same time?" Kurt asked, and his eyes widened at the thought.

"Yes, at the same time," Rogue confirmed for him, and the look on Kurt's face was priceless, that the girl could not resist cracking a smile.

Ororo just stood there, blinking for a moment. "Well, this is most unconventional."

"Quite," Xavier replied in a dry voice.

"Saw it coming a couple of weeks ago," Logan remarked, in a casual voice.

Logan knew that Harry would treat them both right, or they will be having words. Then again, perhaps he should be offering some words of wisdom to the young man. Given the fact that Logan had a few wild nights in his time with multiple women, where they often ended involving chains and whip cream.

But that was another story for another time.

Scott just looked at Harry, and saw his arms around both of the girls, who just seemed content and okay with this. He really did wonder about this sometimes. Perhaps it was some cultural thing back from where Harry was from.

Jean just watched Harry, and the interactions with the two girls. He seemed to care for both of them, and Jean was intrigued to see how this would play out, not to mention a bit curious about how it would work. She just hoped that it didn't affect the team dynamic too badly if things had gone south
Scott watched Jean watch Harry, and a couple of alarm bells went off his head. He was sure he was just being paranoid, but Harry did have a certain bad boy allure that could be potentially problematic. Harry did attract danger, and some women were attracted to that.

Or so he heard.

"So, you all did well today," Xavier summarized, and the group nodded. "Harry, I must commend you on your ability to improvise in there. Scott, you have some marked improvement as well, but you tend to freeze up when you are greeted with a problematic situation. Remember, improvisation is key."

Scott toed the line and nodded at the words of wisdom from Xavier.

Harry turned around with Rogue and Kitty on either side. The two girls understood the benefits of being in such a relationship with Harry, but also knew that they needed to learn how to take turns.

Rogue was itching to get a piece of Harry, but after the morning they had, it was best for them to get out for a little bit and stretch their legs.

Toad screamed when he was hurled across the room in a sparring room session. The Brotherhood Boarding House was a ram-shackle place in one of the worst parts of the city. The only room in the house that looked halfway decent was Mystique's, and even that was not by much. Other than that, the roof leaked, the floor creaked, there were infestations, and it was hard to get any kind of hot water at all.

Right now the Brotherhood were being trained by Mystique. Even though trained could be considered an extremely loose term for what was happening. Right now, the entire lot of them were being knocked around. Toad mostly, and he rolled over, and groaned.

"I don't know when I became the designated punching bag for this team," Toad groaned under his breath, and Blob staggered just a little bit, out of breath from the drills Mystique was making him do.

"She can't catch me," Quicksilver yelled triumphantly waving his arms around, but Mystique tripped him up, the moment he paused, and knocked him on the ground, before pinning his arm behind his back.

"The first lesson and the most important lesson you should learn is use your powers more and your mouth less, Pietro," Mystique replied, folding the speedster's arm behind his back, not breaking it, but at the same time, giving him a great deal of pain to remember this lesson by.

Quicksilver rolled over, and Avalanche just looked at Mystique, anger flooding his eyes. The woman must have gotten up on the wrong side of the bed, or they caught her at the bad time of the month, or something. The shape shifting mutant hammered Avalanche in the face with a vicious roundhouse kick. He flew across the room, and landed with a deafening thud. Rolling over, Avalanche nursed a split lip and a cracked head.

"I don't know what your problem is," Avalanche grumbled, as the floor rumbled from his frustration. "But why did I sign on..."

Mystique knocked him down again. She could not budge the Blob, so she had him do physical activity, and her eyes narrowed.
"You want to know what my problem is" Mystique asked them in her most deadly voice, eyes flashing with fury. Her face contorted slightly, making her look positively demonic. "The fact of the matter is your sloppy teamwork nearly got yourselves all killed. If mutants are to thrive, then you four need to shape up your act, and get motivated, or else."

"Yeah, or else what," Toad replied, sounding braver than he really was. The mutant swallowed a lump in his throat, and twitched just a tiny bit.

Mystique grabbed him around the head, and flung him to the ground. She jumped up, trying to punch him, but Toad rolled out the way. He hopped madly for the exit, but Mystique rolled in front of him, and blocked him.

"Again!" Mystique barked, no sympathy in her voice for the Brotherhood. "All of you, you made an utter disappointment out of yourself in front of Xavier and his students. I won't have the Brotherhood embarrass me like that again, especially in front of the X-Men."

Avalanche immediately jumped to the defensive. "Hey, I don't know where you get off telling us we did horrible out there, because the last time I checked, we held our own against the Juggernaut, and wasn't it you who busted him out in the first place?"

"Yeah, that's what the lady said, that's what I heard," Quicksilver remarked, but Mystique had rolled around, and flung them around a bit, with savage fury.

Mystique stood on the ground, and even the Blob collapsed. The entire Brotherhood was on the floor, breathing heavily at their training session, which honestly could have been classified as torture. She put her hands on her hips, and Mystique spun around to look at them. Her nostrils flared, when she looked down at the Brotherhood.

"Holding your own is not good enough when there is a war going on out there," Mystique told the entire Brotherhood, who had groaned and moaned on the floor, their injuries obvious. Her eyes flashed with malice. "It's my responsibility to make you shape up or ship out. Magneto wants you all ready for what's to come."

Toad, Blob, and Avalanche all grumbled at the thought of Magneto. They had never met this guy, and likely did not want to, for even Mystique was cowed a little by his larger than life presence.

Mystique turned around, absolutely frustrated how useless this entire lot was. Magneto had expected her to train this team into something decent, but they lacked discipline and motivation. No matter how many times the woman drilled it into their heads, with her fists, they refused to listen to her.

And now her role as principal of the school had been compromised, because there were a couple of government agents coming in to ask questions. She wondered who blew the whistle on her, even if she had her suspicions. Magneto was less than pleased, and had been on her like a nagging spouse. That caused Mystique to re-double her efforts with the Brotherhood, and in some ways take her frustration out on the troubled teens.

The result was on the floor, moaning and groaning, but Mystique thought she was going rather easy on them. A bit too easy, and a bit too soft, and she would have to step up the training to whip them all into some kind of fighting shape.

"Two minute break, and then we commence with our drills," Mystique barked like a drill instructor.

The Brotherhood wished they were back at that camp, with that drill instructor. At least he was bright and sunny compared to what Mystique was. The boys wondered if they had caught the
woman at the wrong time of the month.

The crisp Autumn breeze blew through the face and hair of Harry Potter, as he reflected on the day that was. He had a notebook in front of him. From this notebook, the dark haired wizard had hoped that he would be able to piece together his thoughts in a coherent manner, and get together his mind.

Kitty sat across from him on the grass underneath a tree, and Rogue sat on the other side of him on the grass. Both girls just enjoyed the beauty of being outside, after a long and hard Danger Room session.

Harry took a moment to reflect on many things, including his lesson with the Sorcerer Supreme, and realized how much magical knowledge he had already. There was a brief hint of where this came from, and something Dumbledore told him all those years ago had clicked in his head.

Voldemort had put a little bit of himself in Harry, unwittingly, that had explained the Parseltongue abilities. Harry had used that ability to great results, and he offered a shifty glance towards Kitty at this point. People thought the ability was evil, because it had only been used for evil by those who had lacked the imagination to see the good in it, and what it could really accomplish.

Or they were jealous of the oral skills of the people who mastered Parseltongue, that seemed likely feasible.

Imagination was the key to mastering powers that was observation number one that Harry had scribbled down in the notebook laying across his lap. Harry took a moment to close his eyes, and to get together his thoughts. Not so much clear his mind, but to collect his thoughts all together so he could shift through them.

He figured that if he could isolate his most familiar memories from his not so familiar memories, then he would be able to figure out what was his, and what was not his.

It was hard to do on his own, but Harry rather found a few isolated strands and found that when time went on, he would be able to pick together more. One particularly interesting memory was of a dark haired boy at an orphanage, watching as several of the children were adopted, yet he was passed over every time. Most children would consider this to be a sad experience, but the boy in the memories regarded this with disdain and said that these children obviously needed someone, to coddle and protect them, while he needed no one. He considered them weak, and worthy of his contempt.

That was just one memory that really hammered home who Tom Marvolo Riddle was. He had no empathy for his fellow humans, be they magical or mundane. Harry was reluctant to delve too deep into the memories right away, as he suspected that he had a bird’s eye view of every single death Voldemort caused by his own hand.

"Harry, are you alright?" Kitty asked, breaking the silence, a concerned expression swimming in her eyes. Harry had been oddly quiet, like he was in another dimension.

"Just getting my thoughts together, Doctor Strange told me that I should do it, it would help me focus more on my spell casting," Harry told the two girls, who nodded, and turned around, agreeing about it.

Harry just looked at both of them, and came to another observation. He found his mind more focused after sexual intercourse, oddly enough. That was one thing that Hogwarts glossed over a little bit. Then again, Harry wondered if that was something that was known among pureblood wizards and
witches, and everyone else was kept in the dark. Harry heard faint whispers about some rather seedy goings on in the Slytherin Common Room, and some pureblood wizards had multiple witches at times.

Of course, these were just rumors, and not something that Harry had experienced first-hand. He scribbled in another observation into the journal.

'Sex is essential for powerful wizards and witches to sustain their powers.'

Okay, Harry could have explained it a bit better, but that was his story. He crossed his arms, and looked at both girls. In one way, he matured a lot, for a year ago in his mind, he could barely handle one girl. Now that he had two, and his powers were growing.

"So, tonight's going to be the night, Harry," Rogue remarked, scooting towards him. "The first time between both of us right?"

"If you want it Rogue," Harry responded, taking a look at her, and putting an arm around her.

"Of course I want it, I'm half tempted to take you right here on the lawn," Rogue told him, and she looked at Harry.

"We better wait a little bit, my minds still a bit foggy due to all of the recalling that I've done," Harry replied to them, but he looked over the fence. "There's a little park just a ways away from here. Let's move away from the Mansion, and hang out there."

"I'd like that, Harry," Kitty replied, a smile crossing her face.

"I would too," Rogue answered, grabbing Harry's arm. Kitty copied Rogue's motion, grabbing his other arm.

"Then it's settled, it's a date," Harry responded to the pair of them, a grin crossing his face, and the three of them walked off towards the park.

The wind continued to blow outside. Logan sat outside, working on his bike. After a mishap, it had been banged up pretty bad. Scott, Jean, and Kurt were all inside, and Ororo sat above at a balcony, tending to the flowers. Xavier was busy following up leads on potential new recruits, and hoping to get to them before Mystique did.

None of this was any of Harry's concern. Right now he enjoyed being out there with his two girls, and just taking a moment to enjoy nature.

In the shadows, Clint Barton arrived, noticing them they had arrived. The SHIELD agent practiced the stealth that he had been trained with, and tailed the three lovers closely.

It did not go unnoticed by Barton that Harry seemed to be in a relationship with both girls, and they were okay with it.

A part of Barton really wanted to know his secret, but there was a job to do. He also did not want to stick around for here too long, because Logan was nearby and he would catch onto him before too long. The archer remembered Logan and his talents all too well from the few SHIELD missions that they had gone on together.

The weather continued to be nice and pleasant, perhaps a bit warmer than the autumn season would normally be. Not that Harry minded, and he doubted Kitty and Rogue did either. At the very least,
the nice weather allowed them to be outdoors, and not cooped up at the Institute at this moment. There was a moment, where Kitty and Rogue looked at each other, and knew that they needed to talk.

"We're going to have to come to some kind of arrangement you know," Kitty answered, a smile on her face, and Harry looked at both girls. "Fair is fair, and so we get our equal share of time with Harry."

"I get him all to myself tonight," Rogue protested, and she looked at Harry, leaning up against him.

"Yeah, that's fair, but after tonight, we're going to have to alternate between the two of us, and maybe others," Kitty answered, and Rogue just looked at her immediately, raising an eyebrow. "Given Harry's charm, don't you think there might not be other girls who would want him?"

"Yeah, but I'm not sure about letting just any girl into this relationship," Rogue replied, and Kitty just nodded.

"I agree," Harry replied, and he pulled both of them tight into it. "The entire relationship thing is still mostly new to me, but there are times where it can get out of control, and I don't want people who would rip each other's hair out because they don't know how to share."

Rogue and Kitty would have to agree. Kitty was intrigued about the possibilities if this new relationship, and Rogue was as well. She cherished the little touches Harry had given her at that point, and the fact was that after that kiss, she had thought about them in certain situations even more. She could hardly wait.

"You're thinking about sex right now, aren't you?" Kitty teased Rogue.

"Am not!" Rogue snapped, frustrated, and Harry just placed an arm tighter around her.

Harry just sat with both of his girlfriends in the park. Rogue rested her head on Harry's right shoulder, and Kitty laid her head on Harry's lap. The three of them were content, and Harry just looked up. Suddenly he waved a charm that would prevent anyone eavesdropping on the conversation. All they would hear were angry bees, and Harry suspected he knew that charm from a memory he got from someone, perhaps Voldemort.

"What is it now?" Rogue asked Harry suddenly.

Harry just tried to act natural, and stroked Kitty's hair, as her head rested on his lap.

"The janitor from our school, he's lurking around," Harry whispered to both of them.

"Well, he does have a life outside of school," Kitty suggested, rolling her eyes just a little bit, but Harry was visited by a strange thought.

"I don't think that janitor is really a janitor," Harry whispered to both of them.

The two of them perked up, and were suspicious at this, but Harry shook his head, telling them to act natural.

"I wonder who sent him after you," Rogue answered, taking a moment to look at him.

Harry on the other hand, was not about to let some janitor intimidate him, not at the slightest. He wondered who had sent him, and more importantly who was he working for. There was a moment where the dark haired wizard paused, and decided to slip a subtle monitoring charm on this so-called
It was so subtle that it would take an expert wizard who knew what they were looking for to pick it up. Whoever this person was, and more importantly whoever they were answering to, Harry would know more before too long. The tracking charm would lead him back to the archer.

Harry acted like nothing happened, and continued to sit outside in the park, with these two lovely young ladies, until the time came for them to return home for a nice dinner. He actually had been looking into more lucrative ventures for his money. There were several uncovered treasures that had been rumored to be lost at sea. The right spells could potentially uncover them, providing they existed of course.

Harry thought about this, and realized that to allow himself to be more self-sufficient, he was going to have to plunder some booty so to speak.

It was at this point that Rogue got up to stretch, and Harry looked at her. Speaking of some booty he would like to plunder, and there was a grin on Harry's face when he thought about that. The truth was he was having a few naughtier thoughts than he normally would have. This trip had opened up new doors in his mind.

Meanwhile Clint Barton decided to give this up as a failed mission, at least for today. There was nothing interesting that he could report back. Unless one would count that Harry Potter had somehow had two girls wrapped around his finger, but really that was not something that Fury would be interested in, all of the teenage dram and that, and all.

Barton shook his head, and he wondered where all of these bees were coming from. It was rather strange, because there did not seem to be a beehive anywhere around.

Then again, he had seen stranger things in his time, and Barton just took a deep breath, before stepping forward, and moving off. The three had been leaving anyway, and once they were inside the Institute, it was not going to be until Monday he saw them.

'Time to report back to Fury,' Barton thought, and he picked up the few notes he had been able to take, before he set off for the roach motel that Nick Fury had told him to meet him at.

No one would really expect a secret government agent to meet there.

Rogue sat at the edge of the bed in her and Kitty's room. The two of them had wanted some time alone, for some girl talk, and Harry obliged, saying that he would be back in ten minutes, after he made some more notes based off of what he got together in his mind. Both girls were a bit curious about what Harry was writing in that notebook, but were not about to pry.

"So, first time," Kitty told Rogue, and Rogue looked at Kitty at that moment. She tried not to show any first time anxiety.

"Does it hurt?" Rogue asked suddenly, and Kitty looked at her. "I heard it hurt the first time, but I never thought I'd actually experience it."

Kitty just smiled, and offered a girl a reassuring pat on her gloved hand. "It does sting a little bit, but Harry is good at making the pain go away. He used a charm on me, and it worked…well kind of like a charm."

Rogue just offered a little roll of her eyes at Kitty's little cheesy comment.
"That's good to know," Rogue replied, and she turned around, counting down the seconds mentally for Harry's return.

"If you aren't quite ready, Harry will understand," Kitty replied, trying to reassure Rogue.

Rogue sat up, she did not want Harry to think she was indecisive. Whilst she understood that Harry would not pressure her into anything, the fact was she wanted him, and was willing to go all of the way.

"No, I'm ready, I'm more than ready," Rogue answered, determined after she felt like she was going to be resigned to a life of celibacy because of her inability to touch anyone. That could drive anyone potentially insane, and Rogue was glad Harry was there.

Kitty hummed, and tapped her fingers on the side of the bed. She looked at Rogue at that moment, and nudged her briefly.

"So, um, do you want me to be there with you, or do you want to go through this on your own?" Kitty asked Rogue, and Rogue just looked at her friend. "It's up to you."

"I would prefer my first time with Harry to be one on one," Rogue replied, but she found that she would not mind if anyone had watched, if she had an audience. The truth was she just wanted the first time to be a special time between her and Harry.

"Fine, that's fine, I understand," Kitty replied, a sympathetic look in her eyes, and a soft knock on the door.

Harry entered at that moment. Kitty got to her feet, threw her arms around Harry's waist, and greeted him with a kiss to the lips.

"Knock her socks off, Harry," Kitty told him with a smile, and a playful nudge.

Harry just stepped forward. Rogue swallowed a lump in her throat, and Harry placed his hands on her legs, and looked in her eyes, before doing the contraceptive spell to make sure she was nice and ready.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Harry reached forward, and pulled Rogue into an embrace, smashing his lips against hers in a long kiss. Rogue returned the favor, sliding her tongue inside of Harry's mouth. The kiss made her want more, and Harry began feeling her up. Rogue felt a trembling feeling in her very being, as Harry squeezed and massaged her covered breasts, and then his hand snaked around, before reaching down the back of her pants, to cup her ass. Rogue moaned, and grinded against Harry, allowing herself to be lost to the pleasures of the kiss.

The dark haired wizard enjoyed the taste. His tongue scraped the inside of her mouth, and Rogue pressed against him. He could feel her decent sized breasts against his chest, and Harry felt her rear. It was so squeezable, and he pushed Rogue down on the bed. Harry teased her breasts a little more.

"How's that for a touch?" Harry asked, and Rogue looked up at him, before she reached forward, and gave his package a tight squeeze. "Oh, keep doing that, see how hard my dick is getting?"

"It's so big," Rogue whispered, feeling the bulge in Harry's pants, and Harry reached around, pulling Rogue's shirt off of her. She wore nothing, but a black bra from the waist open, showcasing her wonderful bust. It would be the envy of many girls her age, and Harry put a finger down in her cleavage, sending jolts of pleasure towards her. Rogue gasped, and stated one simple word. "More."
"More of what?" Harry asked, playing it innocent.

"More of that," Rogue begged, and Harry decided to work his way down her stomach muscles, tracing patterns around them. Rogue kept herself in good shape, and he slowly worked off her pants, to reveal her thong covered ass.

Harry flipped Rogue over, causing her to be surprised by the unexpected act. He took a good long gaze at her shapely rear, and drooled at the sight. He squeezed and molded it, and gave it a good slap. Rogue stopped at that moment, biting her lip in surprise, but she felt her pussy convulse at that movement.

The little moan of ecstasy did not go unnoticed by Harry. Harry placed his hands on her ass, nearly taunting her, and massaged it.

"Do you like that?" Harry asked Rogue.

"Please keep doing that," Rogue moaned, unable to believe that she was getting so wet.

Harry squeezed her ass, and rolled her over. With a quick movement, Harry unclipped the bra, allowing her firm and round breasts to burst free from their confinement.

"Your tits are so hot," Harry said, and he squeezed Rogue for emphasis.

Harry was still completely clothed, and getting this reaction out of Rogue. She must have had some pent-up sexual frustration within her, and Harry had released it all in a flood.

Harry reached down, tracing down from her breasts, to her stomach, and then between her legs. Rogue's moist and juicy pussy could be felt, and Harry skimmed her panties, before rubbing her slightly, and teasingly just a little bit. With a tug, Harry pulled her panties down over her legs, and saw her womanhood for the first time. It was damp, and Harry reached over, using his fingers to manipulate her folds, and also rub her clit.

Rogue's heart beat against her ribcage, and suddenly wondered what more Harry could do to torture her.

Harry flickered his tongue at her. "Do you want it, Rogue?"

Rogue had overheard Kitty talking about that thing Harry did with his tongue, and the way she talked about it, it caused Rogue to get excited. It had caused her to wake up in a cold sweat, along with other bodily fluids.

"Yes, stick it in me," Rogue begged, and Harry obliged her.

Harry placed his tongue into Rogue's juicy cunt. Her pussy was so wet, with desire for him, that it inspired Harry to work his tongue against her. His tongue scraped around the inside, lapping up her moisture, and he slowly offered subtle hisses. Rogue cupped her breasts, playing with them, when Harry had dove in to her pussy, eating her out, and randomly hissing within her.

"Oh god," Rogue managed, feeling her heart thump against her ribcage, and each passing moment, Harry dove into her.

The marathon Danger Room sessions became a boon to Rogue, because it were not those, she would not be able to survive the experience of Harry driving his tongue deep within her, and licking her out. Rogue gave sensual sounds, in the throes of passion.
Harry just grinned, looking up from her pussy briefly, before he dived down into it. If this is what his tongue caused, he would have her moaning and thrashing, when he had stuck his cock inside her.

Eventually, Harry's fun had ceased, and he gave Rogue's pussy a few more licks, and a few more hisses into it. The stimulation had caused Rogue to lose it. Thankfully, she did not black out, because she wanted more.

Rogue wanted more, and she would get more.

Immediately, when she had come down, Rogue bounced Harry, slamming him onto the bed, and slamming her tongue into him with a kiss. She grinded herself against him, gyrating and straddling him. Rogue could taste herself on Harry's lips, and she always wondered what she had tasted like. Now she knew.

Rogue had saw Harry was overdressed, so being the resource girl she was, Rogue quickly relieved Harry of his shirt. She took a moment to run her hands down his chest, and abs, stroking the underside of his stomach, and reaching down his pants.

Harry’s pants were then slid off, and forgotten. They flew, and landed on the floor. Rogue pulled off his boxers, and saw his cock, throb, and twitch before her. Rogue found herself looking at it, mesmerized, and she stared it.

A cough broken the silence, and Rogue snapped her eyes towards Harry. "Are you going to look at it, or are you going to do something about it?"

Rogue grabbed Harry's cock, and did not care if it hurt the first time. She needed that thing inside her right now, the sooner the better. With primal fury, Rogue pushed herself down onto Harry's cock.

The pain she felt had been beyond anything that she felt before, but Harry offered a charm to numb it, and she felt nothing, but pleasure. Harry's cock pushed into her tight canal.

"So tight," Harry commented, and continued to use his cock to stretch and push against her walls.

The exercises Rogue did every day made sure her pussy stayed tight, for the right guy, and her right guy was Harry. Harry's cock pushed into her again and again, going deeper with each spot. Rogue's pussy burned with the desire for him, and her eyes fluttered back. She bit on her fingers, and gave a long moan.

Harry explored the inside of this new pussy, and felt what Rogue liked. She liked it when he gave three slow strokes, followed by a long and hard one; this pattern seemed to give her the most response. Rogue was playing with her nipples, and Harry decided to help. Rogue gave a low moan, and bounced on Harry's cock.

"So wet, you like that, your nipples are so sensitive," Harry told her, as Rogue bounced up and down him on. "I'm barely touching them."

Harry cupped her breasts, and Rogue nearly lost sense of what she was doing. Harry reached around, and grabbed her hips, reminding her about what was coming. Harry's cock thrust up, and into her pussy. Rogue felt it hitting her, and she lost herself to the sensations.

"Fuck me harder," Harry encouraged Rogue, and Rogue sped up at that moment, riding Harry for everything he was worth.

Rogue's heart beat sped up, and she was feeling so good right now. Harry continued to play with her, and Rogue felt herself squeeze him, and wonder how long Harry could go. She needed his cum.
inside her. The southern belle felt that she would die without it.

"Damn it, fuck me, harder," Rogue moaned, and Harry speared up into her pussy, feeling it around it. "That's it, sugah, fuck this tight twat, you know you want it."

Harry obliged her, and continued to spear into her.

"So tight, squeeze me harder," Harry encouraged her, and Rogue matched him motion for motion.

Harry felt at home inside this pussy, both of these girls had wonderful pussies, so tight and so warm, around him. A part of him hoped that Xavier would find a few new female recruits, so he could show them the ropes. But that was for later. Right now, he pushed into the pussy that he had on top of him, riding him hard, and long.

Rogue felt her peak coming, and Harry pushed into her hard, and long. Given that this was her first time, Rogue felt like this was nothing better in the world, but there was no doubt room for improvement. She could feel Harry twitch and tighten.

"Ah, I think you're getting tired," Harry whispered to her, and squeezed her tits, along with her ass.

"Not getting tired," Rogue told him, but her eyes glazed over in heavily lidded pleasure. "Just cum for me."

Harry obliged Rogue, reaching the end of his tolerance, which had been getting slowly longer with each passing round of intercourse. His balls tightened, and the flood of semen had flooded into Rogue's pussy. Rogue screamed out loud, and nearly fell from the rush of Harry cumming inside her.

Harry caught her around the waist, and pulled her into a tender embrace, giving her a few light pecks on the mouth, and rolling her over on the bed.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

Rogue rested herself in Harry's tender embrace, coming down from the sex that she had. It was absolutely amazing, wonderful, mind-shattering, breath-taking, Rogue could come from the adjectives all day and all night long. Harry wrapped his arms around her, pulling her into a brace. The feeling of their skin touching each other was great, bare and naked. Rogue felt like she could fly if given the proper motivation.

Oddly enough, she was in a bit cheerier mood, and the aches and pains she suffered from today's adventure had mostly faded. Kitty seemed to be a lot better off then she could a lot of the time. She turned, so she could look into Harry's eyes.

"You're amazing," Rogue replied, and Harry pulled her in close. "I feel better, but at the same time, I lack the motivation to really move."

Harry just offered a smile, and pulled Rogue in closely towards him, and gave her a light kiss on the top of her head.

"Yeah, but this is Kitty's bed, so you might have to move," Harry replied.

Rogue just stopped, and looked at the mischievous expression on Harry's face. "You just fucked one girlfriend in another girlfriend's bed."

"Yeah, and you don't mind at all, do you?" Harry asked, without fear.
"No, it's actually kind of kinky," Rogue whispered to him, and she ran her fingers towards Harry's hair.

Kitty entered the room at this point, and saw the two of them.

"Damn it, I was a bit too late," Kitty replied, a grin spreading across the girl's face.

"Sorry, you missed your chance to be a voyeur," Rogue teased back, and Kitty just smiled.

"Well you're a bit more chipper than normal," Kitty replied, putting her hands on the bed. "And I noticed you two ended up in my bed."

"It was Harry's idea," Rogue said, pointing at the boyfriend in question.

"Oh, that's nice, throw me under the bus," Harry replied to Rogue, and Rogue just laughed. "Keep that off, and you might get cut off before you even begun."

"Actually, it wasn't completely Harry's fault," Rogue replied, but she knew Harry was just kidding. She hoped he was just kidding.

"No problem, but we're so returning the favor next time I get my time with Harry," Kitty answered, and she sat on the bed.

"Fair enough," Rogue answered. She shifted. "Sorry, I just don't want to move right now."

"That's fine, Harry will just have to act as a buffer zone between the two of us, won't he?" Kitty asked, and Harry just looked at them. "I'm sure he'll get over it."

"Oh no, sandwiched between two gorgeous young women, how will I survive?" Harry asked in mock sorrow.

Kitty just kissed Harry, and tasted Rogue on his lips. It was not a bad taste by any means.

The three had gotten into bed, with Harry in the middle. Harry wrapped his arms around Rogue, as she pressed against his front, and Kitty wrapped her arms around Harry, pressing against his back.

"You two might have to take care of any morning conditions," Harry teased them, and the two girls just laughed, before offering him kisses goodnight.

To Be Continued in "Family Ties."
Chapter 16: A Family Affair.

Nick Fury, the commander of SHIELD, stood in the roach motel where he had arranged the meeting with Clint Barton. The grizzled SHIELD commander puffed on a cigar, and stood rigid, whilst he tapped his foot on the floor, and was ready for anything. Rocking back and forth, Fury saw Barton walk up, and spoke without any preamble, eyes snapped towards the face of Barton whilst he spoke.

"Status report!" Fury barked towards his agent, his one eye boring into Barton's face like a drill, a sensation that the archer felt very often, given he had dealt with Fury for many years.

Clint Barton cleared his throat, and read the status report, or rather what passed as a status report. "So far, the only peculiar thing about Harry Potter is the fact that he has two girlfriends."

"Good for him," Fury replied in a gruff voice, but he waved it off, not really interested in the teenage drama that young mutants had enjoyed. "Is there any tangible information that you've uncovered Barton?"

"No, Commander Fury, and I have studied his movements day and night, trying to find any kind of pattern whatsoever," Barton replied, in a nearly apologetic voice, and Fury just responded with a stiff nod, before inviting Barton to continue. "The fact of the matter is that Potter does seem to be a normal teenager for the most part."

Fury slammed his hands down on the desk, turned, and looked his agent straight in the eye. "Except he's not, he has powers, and the way that he arrived here was not conventional. You did report that he has been taken lessons from the Sorcerer Supreme."

"Yes, I have, and I would have to conclude that he is a magic user of some sort," Barton replied, and Fury just turned to one of his top field agents, before nodding.

"An amazing leap of deduction, but one that is true. What about the other one that you've been tracking, Magneto's top lieutenant, what has she been up to?"

"Other than terrorizing students at Bayville High School, and recruiting those misfits to the Brotherhood, and subsequently terrorizing them, nothing that we should be too alarmed about, at least for the moment, or at least nothing we can't handle," Clint replied, realizing that this entire mission was going to be one for the record books of how little information he had uncovered, but he tried to save face with an explanation. "And it isn't for any lack of trying. Mystique leaves, returns to that boarding house, and then trains those students."

Fury just stepped forward, and stroked his chin in a thoughtful manner, placing a hand to his chin whilst he pondered. There was a moment before he spoke in his own way, his voice gruff, and where he carefully calculated each word he spoke.

"Magneto is gearing up for something big, SHIELD has spotted him at least three times in the past week," Fury replied, but frustration mounted on the face of the Director of SHIELD. The grizzled agent looked Clint in the eye, and spoke once again. "The problem is he has eluded capture every single time. And Xavier isn't willing to lift a finger against his old friend, yet he is training students at that school. Both of them are mobilizing for some kind of battle, the question is what kind of battle?"

Fury had pondered this question, but at that moment, there was a minor crash that caught the
attention of the eagle-eyed government agent. It was not an accidental crash either, but rather something to grab the attention of any SHIELD agents who had listened in the vicinity.

The two, Barton and Fury, spun around; their eyes peered forward, when fiery writing began to materialize before their very eyes. The two of them stopped, and stared at what was before them, or rather what was burning in the air.

You seem to want to talk to me so bad. Well it is a common courtesy to talk face to face instead of trying to spy on someone.

Fury motioned for the other agents who had been posing as hotel employees to move in, and they did. They were armed, and ready to fire at anyone who had made the slightest wrong movement.

Hello, Fury, you've been watching me ever since I had arrived here. And I must say, surely a super-secret government agent has better things to do with their time then spy on someone. Your flunky is not as good as he thinks he is, because I've already caught him several times. How I'm onto you…well wouldn't you like to know?

"Flunky!" Barton yelled in an incredulous tone, clutching his fists, but Fury placed his hand up to silence his subordinate and Barton slowly fell back into line, but his gaze remained irritated.

You want to meet me face to face, well Fury, here's your chance. You and me, one week from now, we have a little meeting. A little Q and A session, but I cannot guarantee that you will like the answers that I give you. Regardless, those answers will be given, when I arrive. Leave your friends out of it, and I'll leave mine out.

Fury was torn about what to do. On the one hand, he really wanted to know what this young man's game and origins was. And it was not like he could not get any more information later, for that was his game. On the other hand, Fury could not help, but think that this young man was trying to goad him into doing something that the SHIELD commander would end up living to regret.

Then again, Fury had one week to plan, and to plot. There were far worse outcomes to what Fury was up to. The SHIELD agent stepped forward, and offered a grizzled nod at what this young man was stating, but suspicion swam within his eyes.

"I accept, Mr. Potter, but I don't think that you'll be getting out of this building, without a few words," Fury replied, and his men and women were ready for anything.

Oh, but I already have. Keep one eye open Fury, if you can spare it.

Without another word, the writing disappeared, and Fury figured it was some kind of pre-recorded message done by magic. Fury did not pretend to even understand the base essentials of magic, but that much he could determine and knew that he should expect the unexpected.

All he knew was that Harry Potter had promised to be back here in one week for a meeting. Fury doubted that it was going to be the easiest thing in the world, and he expected the unexpected when dealing with this enigmatic young man.

If there was one thing that Nick Fury relished was a challenge, and he relished this meeting; he would get to the bottom of this entire situation. Cracking his knuckles, Fury prepared to give his men the orders. He debated the merits of watching Potter now, but given that Potter had some way to determine that one of his best agents had been watching him, the point was moot.

Fury had to plan, and had to plot, but there was one thing for sure, he would not rest until he knew
plenty more information before it was all said and done.

Everyone was sleeping peacefully in the mansion, at least until the moment where Rogue had woken up in a screaming fit. Rogue had been shaken awake, for she had a nightmare, and it was one that she did not remember all of the details of.

At first, Harry scrambled in, thinking that it was one of his memories that did it to Rogue, and concern ramped up at this moment, along with guilt, a lot of guilt.

Rogue shook her head, but there was a moment where she bit on her lip nervously, and thought about everything that had transpired in that vision, trying not to let herself get rattled.

"Are you sure it wasn't one of my memories?"

"No it was something else, I think something that I got from Kurt," Rogue replied, as everyone walked into the hallway, Jean, Scott, and Kurt had all joined Kitty, Harry, and Rogue, wondering what was occurring. Kurt's ears perked up suddenly, when Rogue mentioned his name, and his interest increased at these words.

"What, how would you have a memory about me?" Kurt asked in a confused tone of voice.

Rogue just offered a shrug; she really had no idea what had just happened, just that it did happen. The young woman shook off her head, and made her way towards the study, where Xavier was waiting.

"Professor, I had a nightmare, and I can't make any sense of it," Rogue answered, and she sat down, with Harry holding her hand. She appreciated the gesture, and it allowed Rogue to really just draw breath and get herself together, before continuing to speak to the Professor. "It wasn't a nightmare, as much of a memory…"

"At times, repressed memories can lead to a great nightmare," Xavier responded in a crisp voice, and he stroked his chin thoughtfully, taking a moment to reflect. "I can peer into your mind, and see what happened, with your permission."

Rogue just paused, and looked at Harry, offering him a questioning, and kind of tentative gaze. It was not just her memories or anyone else's memories that were in there, it was some of Harry's memories.

She had no idea what they were half the time. Rogue's mind was a muddied mess, but Harry just allowed Rogue a smile, a nod, and squeezed her hand, to allow her to continue. Rogue turned to the Professor, set her jaw, and offered a stiff nod.

"Have at it, Professor," Rogue encouraged him, taking a deep breath, and waiting for the Professor to enter her mind, feeling the gentle, and mostly subtle prod. If Rogue did not know Xavier was there, she would never have thought he was ever in her head, and reading her mind.

"Just relax Rogue, and allow the memory to flow to the front of your mind, it will allow me easier access."

It was at that moment where Xavier delved into Rogue's mind. There was a lab in the mountains, and a baby crying. A woman showed up in the doorway, yelling at what he was doing. The man stood, and the scene became rather garbled at that point. The woman was running off, with the baby in her arms, and the man stalking her, with the woman yelling that he won't get away with this.
Then at that point, the baby flew off of the side of the cliff. By a sheer miracle, they landed in the water. The baby went down river, and that's where the memory cut off.

Xavier pulled out of the memory, it was fuzzy and patchy, but he got the gist of it, and understood that there was a cause for concern.

"I believe it has to do with your mother, Kurt, and you," Xavier responded in a crisp voice, snapping his eyes towards one of his students, a serious expression on them when he looked at Kurt.

Kurt got all excited and folded his arms, before looking at the Professor. "My mother, my birth mother?"

Kurt had always wondered what happened to her, it was a wonder of all children who had been adopted, they always were curious. His adopted parents had been great, despite his less than conventional appearance, but the fact of the matter was that the fuzzy mutant wanted to know where he came from.

"Yes, that does seem to be the case," Xavier responded, in a serious voice.

"Really, she just threw you off like that?" Kitty asked, in a skeptical voice.

"She didn't throw me off, she tripped," Kurt replied, and looked at Kitty, trying to get her to understand everything. "Did you not hear what the Professor said?"

Kurt turned to the Professor at that moment, and collected his thoughts, before once again speaking, making an inquiry towards him.

"Do you think you could go deeper….see if the memory could be clearer, maybe?"

"No, we don't want to overwhelm Rogue's mind," Xavier responded, waving off Kurt's question. The fuzzy mutant's face fell, and he was genuinely disappointed at this brush-off form the Professor.

"Let us try and get some sleep, we have a few more hours before the morning."

Kurt wondered if he was going to be able to sleep, thanks to the excitement. Harry walked by him, and felt as if he had to add some insight, offering Kurt some genuine advice.

"Kurt, I know you're curious about your parents, but be careful about the Pandora's box you're opening," Harry replied, and he looked directly at Kurt at this moment, offering his team mate the benefit of his knowledge. "There are some things that we are not meant to really know about our birth parents."

Harry thought about the memories that he uncovered regarding Snape of James Potter and his bullying tendencies, during their time at Hogwarts. It really did sour his image on his father, even if Sirius assured him that James had changed. Sirius was another problem for Harry, as it was becoming very clear to Harry that Sirius might not have made it through the veil after all. He had used every scanning spell, but Harry had uncovered nothing.

"Wouldn't you want to know?" Kurt asked, the innocence in his voice still prominent.

"Curiosity is not a sin, but we shall be careful how often we exercise it," Harry said in an evasive voice, and he turned towards Kitty and Rogue, a smile spreading over his face.

"Rogue, are you going to be alright?" Kitty asked, looking at her, and Rogue paused for a moment.

"Yeah, I'm fine," Rogue replied, inclining her head slightly. Rogue took a moment to reflect, and
stood on the ground. Her heart beat across her chest, and Harry put an arm around her.

"As someone who said they were fine many times, and weren't, I know when someone isn't fine," Harry answered, and he pulled Rogue in. "I won't press you…"

"No, I did see a few flashes, a man in robes, sending green light at two people, and trying to send green light at a baby, and it backfired," Rogue answered, looking Harry in the eyes. "That was you."

Harry paused for the briefest moments, but he decided that there was no point in lying.

"Yes."

"Wait, your parents were murdered?" Kitty whispered in a horrified voice, and Harry nodded slowly, not really wanting to talk about it.

"It's not like it's something I talk about in casual conversation," Harry replied, and at that moment, both girls stood on either side of him.

"Yeah, I understand," Rogue replied, and she would not bring up the other memories she pieced together, including the one of a young boy in a cupboard, wondering if he would ever be loved, and the pain suffered when he was alone on Christmas morning.

Rogue did not want to dwell too much on these memories, for they made he depressed, and they likely would have had an effect on Harry as well.

Harry turned, and kissed both of his girls, before they went to bed. They would try to get back to sleep, at least what passed as sleep, with all that was on their mind.

Quicksilver sped up his movements, blowing past the gate of the Xavier Institute, and agitated flickered through his eyes, with the teeth of the speedy mutant gritted in pure distaste. He really felt demeaned that he would have to play super powered courier for Mystique, but the woman and the higher up had both convinced him to do so.

While Pietro was willing to defy Mystique, his father was another matter entirely. Pietro barely saw any of the old man, yet his larger than life personality still threatened him, and made him intimidated.

Not that he would ever admit it to the face of anyone, for the speedy mutant had a certain amount of pride, and a bit of an ego.

Pietro pinned the note to the door, knocked on the door, and zoomed off, before he was caught. Kitty opened the door, confused, and Harry followed. Jean and Scott were on the scene next, and Scott took the note off of the door, before taking a look at it.

"Kurt!" Scott called, and Kurt appeared almost instantly, teleporting next to Scott. His eyes flicked curiously to Scott, and the X-Men turned, handing the note to him. "It's for you."

"Me, who could it be from?" Kurt asked, and he tore open the note, to read it, and his hands trembled when the mutant did. Kurt read the note, and his expression became more and more intrigued when he got to it, and saw who it was from. "It's from my mother."

Everyone stared at each other, and that piece of news was slowly settling in with each, and every one of them.

"That's just too much of a coincidence," Jean remarked, after the silence had occurred for at least a
moment. "Why would your mother…"

"Does it really matter?" Kurt asked, trying to shake off their words. "It's my mother and…"

"It matters, Kurt, for the security cameras caught who sent the letter."

Xavier rolled up at that point, and he looked his young charge in the eye. Kurt shuffled around on his feet, a bit impatiently, as he waited for Xavier to speak. There was a moment of silence before the leader of the X-Men elected to speak, and let Kurt in on the news.

"The mutant who delivered it was the member of the Brotherhood known as Quicksilver," Xavier added, and Kurt just stopped, and stared at that moment.

"That does explain how he managed to get past the security so fast, without really tripping it," Harry chimed in, and there was just something about the entire set-up that seemed fishy. Perhaps Harry was being paranoid, but the words "constant vigilance" rang out in the back of his mind. "What did your mother say, Kurt?"

Kurt was prompt to answer. "She wants me…she wants me to meet her, in the junkyard, tomorrow after dark, you know the one that is downtime, by the docks."

"Yes, I do recall the one," Xavier admitted, but his tone was impassive and there was a bit of warning lingering in it.

Scott felt compelled to give his two cents at this point. "Kurt, you do realize that this could be a trap?"

Harry did not feel it prudent to speak up about that fact, for he thought that much was obvious. Kurt held the note in his hand, and shifted on his feet. His mouth opened and shut, with the fuzzy mutant trying to gain some level of coherence at this point.

"But still, if it's my mother…"

"Then we will do everything that we must to arrange this meeting goes on without you getting hurt," Xavier replied, a part of his psyche sympathizing with Kurt's need for closure.

Kurt just shuffled on his feet, and he had felt the need to enlighten Professor Xavier about a very key part of the letter, and he leaned forward to speak to him.

"The letter writer, they said to come alone, and bring no one, especially not my teammates."

It was at this point where Xavier had become very skeptical about the intentions of Mystique, not that the X-Men leader needed many reasons. There was a plot to lure Kurt, but if he did not allow Kurt to leave, there was always a chance that he would sneak off. If Xavier learned one thing about teenagers was they could obsess in their quest for information, and often did reckless things in that quest.

"Yes, Kurt, if you feel as it is necessary, then do depart at the intended time, but make sure to take your communicator, and summon for help if it is a trap," Xavier warned Kurt, and Kurt just stood, nodding his head up and down, resembling a wind up toy.

"Thank you Professor, and I will," Kurt answered at that point, before he counted down the moments to the meeting.

Kurt disappeared, holding the note. Scott just turned to Professor Xavier, and Xavier motioned for
him to come closer.

"Tail Kurt, and make sure he does not come to any harm, discreetly and from a distance," Xavier replied, in a low voice so no one could hear.

It was his fear that the Brotherhood would be involved, whether by Mystique's intentions or not, he had no idea. There was a chance that this was going to happen. Xavier knew that this could happen from the time where Kurt had signed up for the Institute.

Harry got the sense that Professor Xavier knew far more than he was letting on. He did give out some information to the students, but only when needed and Harry found himself a bit irritated by that trait. Keeping secrets was something that Harry was not too much of a fan of, especially if there were lives on the line. Harry would just have to wait and see what would transpire.

Xavier had pretty much expected that the Brotherhood would attack, that much Harry had gotten from his body language. And that meant he knew Kurt's mother was Mystique. Harry wondered if Kurt had made that connection. Somehow he doubted that, given the circumstances, and Kurt's joy.

Harry hated to be the one who had to burst Kurt's bubble.

"We should prepare for tomorrow night," Scott said, and Rogue popped in, a bit late, confused about what was happening.

"Why, what are we going to do tomorrow night?" Rogue asked, a look of confusion on her face.

Kitty was the one who could not resist chiming in. "The same thing we do every night, try and take over the world."

Some people laughed, even if Harry was clueless on the reference, but pretended to go along with it. Kitty began to fill Rogue in on what had gone down seriously.

"And Mystique might be Kurt's mother," Harry told Rogue, and suddenly Rogue stood up a bit more rigid, and her fists curled, as if she imagined them around Mystique's neck.

Rogue still seemed to have a bit of an ax to grind with Mystique, and Harry really hoped that she would not get distracted from the mission at hand because of that, because when things got personal, it was when they tended to go south.

Kurt dropped down to the ground, but now that he was here, the fuzzy mutant had no clue what to say, words had failed him. There was so many things that he could have said to the woman who had given birth to him, and the woman who had not seen since he was very young.

As he arrived at the junkyard, it hit him that this was not an ideal location for a happy and cheerful family reunion. There was a moment where he dropped down, and a robed figure walked out beside him.

"Are you…her?" Kurt asked, his voice shaking when he spoke, and he leaned forward so she could hear him. "Are you…are you…my mother?"

The woman nodded, and Kurt could see the figure step forward. She had blue skin, and red hair, and these were traits that Kurt recognized immediately.

"Wait, you're her," Kurt replied, jumping backwards nearly.

"Do not be alarmed, Kurt, I had my reasons for what happened," Mystique replied, and Kurt kept his
eyes on her. He would not take his eyes off of a potential opponent, even though that opponent could have been his mother. "You lived with a loving family, did you not?"

Kurt nodded, he would have to admit that this was true, and there were no complaints right there, with him staring forward until the woman spoke.

"Then there should have been no problem with what happened," Mystique replied in a crisp, and clear voice, and he stepped forward. Mother and son stepped towards each other.

"Is this just a family affair, or can anyone join the party?"

Quicksilver, Blob, Toad, and Avalanche popped up at this moment, and stared down Kurt, bad intentions in mind. Kurt slowly spun around, and clutched his fists. He had assumed that they were meeting alone, and decided to call Mystique out on this fact.

"You lied to me," Kurt replied, not in an angry voice, but a hurt voice, and Mystique turned away, spinning around. The Brotherhood would have paid for interfering on this situation, but Mystique figured out who put them up to this.

"Hey, no sweat, Wagner, the more the merrier," Quicksilver replied, and he rushed forward.

Quicksilver's feet suddenly were knocked out from underneath him at that point. The member of the Brotherhood fell down onto the ground, and rolled over. The speedster groaned, and the Brotherhood stepped up.

"Hey, six on four, that's not fair!" Toad groaned, and he pointed to Harry, jumping up and down, eyes bugging out frantically. "Especially with that guy, it's like it's twenty on four or something."

"We can handle them," Avalanche stated, and he was ready for revenge, and ready to rock. And so was the ground, with it rocking and rolling, ready to knock the X-Men off balance.

The ground stopped rocking, with Harry standing there. This time he was ready for his tricks, and the ground continued to rock at that moment. Avalanche was propelled backwards up into the air. The Blob stepped forward, and Rogue dodged Blob's slow charges, and Shadowcat dove into the ground, grabbing the ankles of the large mutant.

Blob staggered into the ground, sinking like he was in quick sand.

"Come back, and fight," Blob managed, but Cyclops used his visor to send an optic blast at Blob, once he pushed back up.

The Brotherhood's training seemed to not be that good. Toad turned around, and saw the X-Men surrounding him.

"Um, I come in peace," Toad replied, realizing that the other members of the Brotherhood had been taken out.

Toad had been knocked off to the side, smacked around like an afterthought. Mystique spun around, and took a step back, incensed.

"You ruined this, you ruined this all!" Mystique yelled, and she turned to Kurt, malice flooding her eyes. "You ruined your only chance to find out the truth by getting your friends involved."
Rogue opened her mouth, about to note the hypocrisy of what Mystique was talking about. However, there was a swirl of metal from the junkyard, and the sharp jagged edges threatened to pierce into all of them. It appeared that another figure had turned up, and that was Magneto, who had looked in the shadows. Mystique took that as her cue to leave, and she turned into a bird, before flying into the sky, becoming a face in the crowd.

Harry would have tracked her, but he was too busy repelling the debris with his spell work. The Brotherhood was on the ground, and Quicksilver was the first one to run off, as fast as his legs could go. Toad followed him next, with Avalanche taking a look, and trying to decide whether or not to take a shot at Harry whilst he was distracted.

"We better go, when the getting is good," Blob grunted towards him. As much as he would have liked to stay and smash the X-Men, even Fred knew an opportunity where he saw one.

Harry tried to push the limits of his magic, but there was so much metal in this junkyard that it was hard to push back, and gain control. The dark haired wizard had no choice, it would not be denied, and took a deep breath, summoning more power.

He summoned his power, and suddenly the metal all fell to the ground. The moment had been lost, and Magneto was gone, along with Mystique and the Brotherhood.

Kurt took a step forward, and took a deep breath, a conflict of emotions washing over the young mutant. He appreciated the X-Men backing him up, and he could almost tell that Mystique was a bit surprised to see the Brotherhood. There were so many conflicting emotions going through his mind, and it was hard to keep that in mind.

The team returned to the Xavier Institute at this point, and the entire group gathered around, to reflect on the events of the battle today. The fact of the matter was that Harry had taken charge, and knocked the Brotherhood around, turning every single attack against them. That fact was not lost on Scott, and he sat back, arms folded, and he sat back, with a sigh. Xavier wheeled forward, and Kurt just sat in the background, in the shadows.

"I wouldn't blame yourself for anything that happened, Kurt," Xavier told him, trying to convey his theory on what had occurred, at least from his observations. "Mystique likely engineered the attack, and a potential kidnapping."

"It was almost like she was surprised," Kurt offered, trying to hang onto that little fact, for it was the only thing that gave him hope.

Kurt folded his arms, and just nodded. Harry took a moment to walk forward towards Kurt, but Kurt just looked up at him, before sighing.

"Harry, you were right about everything," Kurt told him, and he sank back into the chair. "I can't believe that I was so..."

"No you wanted to know, and there were times where I wanted to know about things that happened in my past," Harry responded, but there were no words that he could say. Kurt took this in stride.

The fact Harry had gotten so close to getting his hands on Mystique, after her near escape last time frustrated him to no end whatsoever. He figured that given the choice between protecting the team, and going after the criminal, Harry knew what the answer was going to be every single time. He took a deep breath at this point, and turned to walk off, without another word.

Kitty and Rogue followed Harry down the hallway at that point. It was Kitty who at this point who
was going to be the one who spoke up. A smile crossed her face, and Kitty grabbed Harry.

"You, aren't too pleased because of how that mission went, are you?" Kitty asked.

Harry shook his head at that point. To be honest, he was a bit frustrated, but failure was part of the learning process. Kitty grabbed Harry and pulled him into the next room.

"Hey, wait up, some of us have to use doors," Rogue stated in an agitated voice, and Kitty laughed when the door was locked, preventing her from entering. "You're not going to leave me hanging, are you?"

Kitty stepped forward, and walked inside, at that moment, before taking pity on Rogue, and allowing her inside. Harry was on the bed, and the two girls were ready to cheer Harry up, after what happened today. The dark haired wizard understood what was about to happen, and it was only second nature that he had performed the contraceptive spells on both girls.

"So, I wonder who's going to get a piece first," Kitty answered, a smile crossing her face.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

The two girls played rock, paper scissors, and Rogue won. Kitty slid back, holding her hands back, and propped herself up on the bed, allowing Rogue to have her fun for once. The next time they should have a race through one of the training missions in the Danger Room, to see who would get Harry first, to make things more interesting.

"Ready," Harry whispered to Rogue, grabbing her tight towards him.

"Born ready for your cock," Rogue answered, her Southern accent making her voice that sexier, and Harry pulled Rogue into a long kiss. Rogue opened her mouth, allowing full access into her lips, and Harry groped her breasts, rubbing them through her shirt, feeling them in their full roundness, and molding them within his hands.

Rogue felt Harry play with her, but she wanted to give her boyfriend as much pleasure as he gave her. The mutant got down on her knees, and worked off Harry's pants, pulling them off. Rogue stroked him through his boxers, and felt his length harden just a little bit.

"So big, and so hard," Rogue remarked, eyes widened, and she pulled Harry's boxers off. She licked her lips at the thought of his large cock.

"Make it bigger," Harry responded to Rogue, challenging her with the expression in his eyes, and she reached for his length.

Harry leaned back, and Rogue stroked Harry's length. She gave him slow strokes, that allowed Harry to savor the moment, he swelled and twitched, growing with each passing moment in Rogue's hand. Rogue licked around Harry's cock, and then placed her mouth on his balls. She gave a slight suck, and gave him pleasure, before Rogue shoved the cock into her mouth.

Rogue felt Harry's length go down into her mouth. She was trying to get it deep down, knowing that Kitty had not managed to get the entire length into her mouth as yet. Harry's cock was delicious, and she could taste it all day.

"That's it baby…suck it, suck it hard," Harry whispered, and he grabbed Rogue's hair, stroking his fingers down the white stripe in the front, into her auburn locks, stroking her. "Such a great fucking mouth, love your lips on me."
Rogue continued to spear her throat onto Harry's length. She felt it hit the back of her throat, and Rogue managed to remember that she could breathe through her nose. Harry hammered into her throat, and Rogue used her mouth, tongue, and throat to stimulate Harry's member.

Harry waited for Rogue to continue to suck him off. "That's it, make me cum, going to shoot it down your throat."

Harry pushed it forward, and Rogue snaked her hand around Harry's balls, stroking, and fondling the balls. The dark haired wizard felt his balls tighten up, and he sprayed a thick stream of his cum down Rogue's throat.

All of the way, Kitty had her hand down her pants, and was slowly playing with herself, getting herself worked up. The brunette's fingers pumped in and out of her pussy, matching Rogue's bobbing on Harry's cock, and she groaned with disappointment when she stopped, being left hanging.

Rogue pushed off, licking her lips, and Harry squeezed her breasts, and pulled her shirt over her head, to find her fleshy, and pale globes. Harry dove into her breasts, and began to suck on them, blowing on them, and feasting on the buffet of flesh.

"That's it, sugah, suck on my tits," Rogue whined, pushing Harry's face into her tits. His mouth and tongue stimulated them, and Harry's hand made its way down her panties, diddling with her pussy for a bit, feeling the heat around her mound.

Harry pumped his fingers in and out of Rogue's wet cunt, trying to feel it around his fingers, and he felt her glorious tightness, pressing against his fingers. Rogue could get so wet as well, with Rogue pushing her hips up. Harry continued to push in and out of her, with Rogue whining when Harry also stimulated her clit. It was sensitive, and Rogue's moans led that through.

Rogue screamed out, racked with an orgasm, and she panted from Harry's efforts. Harry stripped off the rest of her clothes, and flipped Rogue over on the bed, and Harry moved down, with her legs spread from behind. The dark haired wizard teased her from behind, stroking.

"You're so wet," Harry whispered to Rogue. "Maybe I should plug that leak."

Rogue nodded, and Harry teased Rogue's opening with his member from behind her. The girl's body felt like it was on fire, and Harry pushed his cock into her tight opening. Rogue screamed, and Harry pumped into her, with slow and deliberate strokes at first.

"Harry, fuck me like you mean it!" Rogue begged, and Harry's strokes sped up, going in and out of her tight hole.

"You got it, I'm going to fuck you, and you're going to like it!" Harry yelled, and he continued slam into her, pushing into her.

Rogue's pussy hugged his prick, and Harry pushed himself up, before slamming his fleshy pole into her. He got himself off on her tight pussy, and his hands found her breasts, finding them to be sensitive and responsive to his contact. Harry slammed into her, pounding his thick meat into her tight hole.

"You want more?" Harry asked, his balls slapping against her thighs, and Rogue clutched the sheets.

"Yes!" Rogue begged, clutching the bed sheets tightly in her hands.

Kitty got herself off, pumping more furiously. Her eyes were heavily lidded. She nearly went
intangible and slid through the bed. Harry was balls deep into Rogue, and soon she would be fucked like that. Harry hammered into her, and Kitty tried to match his motions, but he felt herself being driven to glorious orgasm after glorious orgasm, she panted, and played with her nipples.

Rogue clutched the sheets, and whined, and moaned, feeling his expert work, his prick pushed deep into her. Harry was driving into her, and he was fucking her hard, harder than she could ever be imagined. Rogue felt the love, and the pleasure that Harry pounding into her offered. Her mind was foggy, and this was contact that was more intimate than ever before. Rogue had lost track of the time.

Harry felt his balls tighten, and continued. "So tight…fucking you…cumming!"

Rogue barely had a chance to scream out, as her latest orgasm racked through her body. The Southern Mutant fell down on the bed, and Harry unleashed a steady amount of cum deep into her waiting pussy. Rogue was filled to the brim with her lover's seed, and she collapsed, satisfied, at least for now.

"That was amazing," Rogue panted, eyes widened, and her body feeling warmth from her head, down to the tips of the toes.

"Damn right it was," Kitty answered, and without warning, the moment Harry pulled out, she tackled Harry's cock, putting it in her mouth, and slurping on it, using her talented mouth to bring Harry back to full mast.

"Feels good, get me back up," Harry responded, with Kitty's mouth working on him. "Such a good mouth, so warm, suck me, keep sucking me."

The sooner that she got Harry ready, the sooner that Kitty could have him stuff his cock right into her willing and waiting pussy. There was a feeling between her legs, and Kitty could hardly wait to have it inside her. She tingled with desire, and could hardly wait what was to come. She spent a few minutes slurping and tasting Harry's cock.

Then Kitty pushed herself back on the bed. Harry moaned at the loss, but Kitty had already pushed herself out. Her slender body, B-Cup breasts, flat stomach, and mouth-watering legs, along with her spread and wet pussy were out for him. Kitty motioned towards Harry with a perfect "come fuck me" look in her eyes.

Harry obliged Kitty, and shoved his length deep into her, slamming his cock into her tight body.

"How do you stay so tight?" Harry managed.

"Not sure, training, maybe," Kitty managed, as she laid back so Harry could slam his cock into her tight body. Harry's cock shoved into her, its full length pulsing in the inside. Kitty moved her hips up, matching his moments. It always gave her a workout, as Harry had so much stamina, and might not burn out.

Harry allowed himself to savor the moment. He had blown two loads with Rogue, but was not the least bit tired, or done. Rogue remained on the bed, watching, and playing with herself, just like Kitty had. Harry forced himself down into her.

"Who does your pussy belong to?" Harry asked to her, eyes narrowed once he looked at her.

"You Harry, all yours, keeping fucking me," Kitty moaned, and Harry speared into her, his flesh pull stretching her insides.

Kitty felt Harry know his way around her body, and he knew what she liked. Harry was careful to
strike every pleasure point, not too fast, and not too soon. She could be rendered into a pile of jelly by his actions, but Kitty Pryde would be the happiest pile of jelly ever.

"Never stop fucking me, keep going," Kitty whined, her pussy clenching.

"Don't worry, like this pussy, like both of your pussies," Harry answered.

Kitty was determined to make Harry like her pussy a little bit more, and she pushed back, before squeezing his cock, pushing her walls against him. Harry managed to push back into her, and the two of them continued the dance, both of their bodies drenched with sweat.

Rogue slammed her fingers into herself, eyes heavily lidded. Her heart thumped against her chest, and the Southern goth had never thought she'd be turned on by something like this. Then again, the passion Harry showed, it was hard not to get turned on.

"Keep fucking me," Kitty whispered, locking her legs around Harry's waist, and Harry pushed into her pussy.

"So tight, squeezing me, almost there," Harry whispered, and he sped up his thrusts, preparing for the coming releases.

Harry did not slow down, and Kitty's eyes fluttered shut just a little bit. Harry played with her nipples.

Harry came, Kitty came, and Rogue came by playing with herself. Kitty felt herself get splattered full of the thickest cum she ever thought she would know. It filled her up, and Harry had pumped into her, and she had pushed up into him, milking him until both had seen stars after coming down from their mutual orgasms.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

The three of them remained rather satisfied. There was really sometimes where one had gotten pleasure, and there was really nothing to say. The three members of the X-Men found that this was the best way to unwind after a long day of battles. Some people might disagree, but it allowed them to focus, and get a good night of sleep.

Harry remained with his arms around Kitty, with Rogue resting on his on other side. The three of them did not need to say much, or feel compelled to move. In case, they wanted to get a midnight snack, it would be best if they remained close by, just in case.

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Mystique folded her arms, returning to the Brotherhood Boarding house. That entire meeting could have gone rather better. The again, it had to be the X-Men who showed up. Xavier would have never allowed her to reconnect with her children. The Brotherhood showed up, and Mystique suspected that Quicksilver had put them up to it, and Magneto had put Quicksilver up to it.

She wanted to punch a wall, or at least take her aggressions out on something. Today did not go as planned, and very nearly she got caught. And the worst thing of all was the fact that she was in the debt of Magneto, and that stung the worst of all. That cut him immediately, and Mystique spun around, taking a deep breath, before putting her hands through her hair.

The tapping echoed from outside, and Magneto arrived at this moment. Mystique could barely look at Magneto, and there was a moment where the Master of Magnetism responded.
"The X-Men once again humiliated your team," Magneto remarked in a crisp voice, showing not one bit of empathy whatsoever to her plight.

Mystique clutched her fists, and glared forward, trying to keep her temper in check, despite the situation. When the Brotherhood failed at something, they somehow reverted back to being her team.

"It wasn't just the X-Men, it was one of them in particular," Mystique answered, his eye completely on Mystique, and there was a moment where the two mutants stared down at each other. "You do the know the one that we're talking about, don't you?"

"I do know," Magneto replied, not even giving her a moment to speak. "You will take a sabbatical from your role as the principal of Bayville High School, for in three weeks, my plan come to light, for mutant kind."

Mystique had known the plan, and there was no need to speak about it. Magneto had been preparing it, setting everything up, and smuggling the intended equipment past the Earth defenses. Even SHIELD had been tricked, and that was something that Magneto should have considered a feather in his cap.

Yet, the Master of Magnetism was not too pleased, for there were too many unintended variables that had been thrown into the plan that threatened to throw everything off kilter. One of them had been Harry Potter. Magneto still thought that there was a potential for the boy for his revolution, although that potential had not been realized. He seemed to be too fiercely independent for his own good.

That fact in itself was a double edged sword. One hand, Potter was not going to accept his word. On the other hand, Potter was not going to accept Xavier's blind and wide eyed idealism. It was something where Magneto was just going to wait, and see what happened, whilst he calculated the plan.

"The Brotherhood will need to step up their game if they hope to join this revolution, and you will as well," Magneto replied to Mystique, and Mystique leaned forward, gritting her teeth, and an incredulous expression flickering through her eyes.

"Of course I will join this revolution," Mystique answered, unable to believe that Magneto could state anything to the contrary.

Yet Magneto just leaned forward, and peered at Mystique from behind his helmet. The tension between the two mutants could be cut with a knife.

"The only thing that is for certain is nothing is for certain, do remember that, and don't grow complacent."

Mystique was left in the dust, and Magneto disappeared into the night, giving the shape-shifter much to think about.

To Be Continued in "Old Wounds Part One."
Chapter 17: Old Wounds Part One.

It was the morning at the Xavier Institute. Sunday morning, quiet, and peaceful all things considered, or at least what passed for quiet and peaceful. Kitty sat herself down at the table, to draft her latest e-mail to her parents, giving them all of the details of what has been going on at the Xavier Institute. Well most of the details, there were a few of the more private bits that Kitty had been leaving out, but she gave them the general overview of what was going on her life.

A loud scream had brought Kitty out of her concentration, and ruined her focus, causing the moment to be lost. Kurt had teleported out of nowhere. Scott and Jean had arrived at that moment, and Rogue was right behind them. The chaotic sounds of the morning echoed along with a combination of sounds. Kitty offered a bit of a grimace, perhaps this was not the best time to attempt to draft some kind of letter.

One could not blame the girl for trying, and, at that moment, Kitty tried to move her letter writing to a more private venue. The living room was fine, and Kitty had stopped at that moment, when Logan was watching something on the television. There was news of a wild animal going through. Kitty could tell that Logan was intent at what he was watching, and did not want to be disturbed.

"Are you troubled, Logan?"

The voice of Professor Xavier cut through the air, and Logan spun around, but he relaxed, completely on edge at that point.

"Yes, one could say I'm a bit troubled, Chuck, but do you blame me after what's happened?" Logan asked him, and Xavier shook his head, no one could not blame Logan for being the slightest bit frazzled, and he clutched his head, feeling the buzz throughout his mind. Logan growled at the sensation he had felt. "It's been happening for the past three days…now I've seen that place before."

"Could it be that your memories are coming back to focus?" Xavier asked, and Logan just responded with a grunt, noncommittal.

Kitty walked off, before this conversation could go any further. Harry stepped forward, and stood beside Kitty at that moment, startling her briefly, but the brunette mutant recovered quickly.

"Oh, hey Harry, sorry if I'm not in the mood to chat right now, but I've got a letter to type, to my parents, I'm so behind," Kitty answered, holding out the laptop she had for emphasis Harry nodded in understanding.

"It's quite alright, I'm actually sneaking off in the confusion to have a meeting with my stalker right now," Harry responded to Kitty, and Kitty just tensed up at that moment, before she grabbed Harry's hands, tightening her grip, and peering directly into his eyes.

"That's today?" Kitty asked, and Harry responded with a nod. "Well that's up to you, but just…just don't get in over your head."

Harry placed his hands on his hips, and a winning smile on his lips, a warm expression in his eyes once he looked at Kitty. "Come on now Kitty, when have I ever got in over my head?"

Kitty was not going to dignify that comment with an answer, but she got on her tip-toes, and gave Harry a kiss goodbye. She watched as Harry also exchanged a goodbye with Rogue, before he
slipped off to the mansion. He had learned a neat trick where he could blend into his surroundings, practically becoming invisible. Kitty had to admit, it was kind of useful for stealth, magic really was cool when one really thought about it.

At that moment, Kitty really did need a private place to think, and what better place to think would be out in the hanger, sitting in the back of the X-Jet. Nothing could have gone wrong right there, and Kitty quickened her steps, before reaching it.

Kitty pulled herself into the back of the hanger, and pulled out her laptop, before she began to fight. Kurt popped up beside her before she could really get going, and Kitty nearly elbowed him in the face.

"Sorry," Kitty replied, but her face crossed into a frown and her eyes looked at Kurt, taking a moment to regain her bearings before she spoke. "But you really shouldn't be teleporting behind people without warning them, because it so totally freaks them out."

Kurt nodded, but he had some news that he needed to tell the brunette mutant. "Logan is….well Logan wants you to know that we're skipping Danger Room practice."

"Logan never cancels a Danger Room training session," Kitty replied, absolutely flummoxed, and given how weird Logan had been acting this morning, Kitty wondered if something was up. The brunette mutant racked it over in her mind, over and over until she just shrugged her shoulders.

"I know weird, huh?" Kurt asked, and Kitty just offered a brief nod of her head.

"Yeah, weird," Kitty agreed, and she placed her hands on her chin, preparing to type, when suddenly, the X-Jet managed to take off, with both of them inside. It had gotten off the ground, before any of them could react.

Kitty thought that she could phase through, but found out that would be too risky, with the X-Jet off the ground. Kurt just looked through the window, and saw Logan flying.

"He's a madman," Kurt remarked underneath his breath.

Kitty rolled her eyes. "Yeah, got that the moment where he took off the ground, without buckling up, I mean healing factor or not, that's still kind of reckless."

Logan turned around, and saw the two teenagers sitting in the back. His eyes widened at that moment, and his teeth gritted, practically snarling at them.

"What are you doing here?" Logan snarled, but suddenly a ringing echoed through his ear. Logan locked the door, his feral instincts returning, but the mutant tried to suppress them, struggling and shutting his eyes, thinking that if he did not see anything, there would be no potential targets attacked.

"He's fighting something, something painful," Kitty replied, trying to look forward. "Maybe you can teleport us out of here…"

"Are you nuts, from this high up?" Kurt exclaimed, and he shuddered at the sound.

"Okay, okay, fine, my powers can't get us out of this mess, your powers can't, so…we're going to need some back up," Kitty remarked, finally catching her breath, and whipping out her communicator. It was all about keeping cool under pressure, and she tapped it, before activating it. "Um, Harry, hi, it's me, we have a problem, get here is soon as you can."
Kitty tried hard not to freak out, but Logan's breathing was not something that was normal. He continued to fly reckless, serving around in an erratic and random matter.

"The way he's flying, I hope we don't crash," Kurt replied, and Kitty sat rigid, hoping so as well, and hoped that Harry would answer soon, and soon enough she got her wish.

Nick Fury waited in the background of the meeting place, watched and tapped his foot in an impatient matter. The SHIELD director took a long drag from the cigarette that he was smoking. According to his watch, the mysterious Harry Potter had agreed to a meeting, and he was close to being late. Fury waited and watched, impatient, and he did not enjoy waiting for someone, but it turned out he did not have to wait for long.

"I'm here, right on time, just as promised."

Fury paused, and looked forward, before his hands clutched at that moment. The grizzled government agent took a step forward, and folded his arms, his voice gruff. "I'd feel a lot better if I could see you."

"And I'd feel a lot better if there weren't a half a dozen SHIELD agents waiting to nail me in the back of the head," Harry answered at that moment, and there was a long pause, before both had stared each other down. Technically Fury was staring in the general direction where Harry was, but the sentiment was in fact there, and Fury still tried to gain some semblance of control.

"Very well, just who are you and where did you come from?" Fury demanded, and he stepped forward. Fury was very much on edge, he did not like someone he could not see, because that just left the government agent opened for some kind of attack.

"As you well know, my name is Harry Potter, and I moved over from Britain, in case you couldn't tell from my charming accent," Harry replied, and Fury surveyed Harry at that moment.

"You came directly over from Britain?" Fury asked, not believing him for a second.

Harry just paused, before he answered in a slightly casual tone of voice. "It was a very long trip."

"I see, but how long is the question?" Fury asked, and there was a long moment where both paused. Neither had really given the other that much information. Both stared each other down, and they waited, watched, and just paused, Fury getting more annoyed by the lack of answers. "Well?"

"It's a deep subject," Harry answered, and Fury looked at Harry, like he grew two heads, or like he had finally gone insane. "Sorry, inside joke."

"Look kid, if I wanted some kind of comedy act, I'd hang around Spider-Man," Fury responded in a dry voice, and there was a moment where Harry just paused, and snickered. "One day, I could find you, and we could have serious problems."

Harry just shuffled on his feet, and just responded with a slight smile that crossed his face. Fury continued to stare intently towards the direct where he thought Harry was, and both of them had really nothing to say right now. It was an intense battle of wills, and while Harry was stubborn, so was Fury; something had to give, but the real question was what. The two had their eyes on each other, with Fury narrowing an eye on Harry and focusing on him.

"When you really think about this, I've done nothing more than come here, but the real question is, how?" Harry asked, and Fury just responded with a nod.
"That's the problem, no one pops up, not without a reason," Fury answered, and he stepped forward towards Harry. "So how did you do it?"

Harry responded with a smirk, even though Fury could not see it. It was the principal of the matter.

"Fury, I've given you some information, basic details, have fun trying to figure it out, the folder is right there on that box," Harry responded, and the box glowed to give Fury a sign, since Harry was not about to give up his exact location to Fury.

Fury took a step forward, and grabbed the folder, flipping over the information. A shadow of a smile crossed his face, and he flipped through the information, just vowing to study it at his next possible opportunity until he could verify the validity of it, which he had doubts on. Fury took a look at the boy's grades in school, and realized that he was not stupid, even if the grades of Harry Potter was not the most stellar in the world.

Harry Potter had promised to give Fury information, but never once promised accurate information would be given.

"So this is what you're going to give me?" Fury asked, taking a threatening step towards where he perceived the voice to be.

"Did you expect a full account of my life, and my goals?" Harry retorted, and once again his voice held a tiny hint of a taunt. "No trust me Fury, I'm not going to give you something like that, not that easy. It's something that you got to earn, and perhaps I may trust you with more information. Who knows, maybe we'll work together."

"Maybe," Fury answered, and he cracked his knuckles in a knowing manner. The truth was if he was skilled, and on the level, perhaps Fury might have a place for this young man in the future, or at the very least, he could work together. "We're just going to have to wait and see what happens."

"Yes, we shall," Harry answered, and there was a brief pop, where Fury understood that Potter had left.

Containing someone like Harry was going to be a headache. That was the fact of the matter, but Fury had to take this information. He would continue his watch of Harry, and hoped for another hint. Perhaps Fury needed to go for more unconventional methods, and it was at this point where he walked off.

Harry stepped out, hoping that would get Fury off of his back. He doubted it however, the man seemed determined, and rather tough to shake. His communicator went off, and Harry answered it at this moment.

"Yes, what is it?" Harry asked, to the person on the other side.

It was Kitty's voice that answered. "Um, Harry, hi, we might have a little problem."

"What kind of problem?" Harry asked, feeling a sense of impending doom.

There was a loud growl and Kurt's voice chimed in at that moment. "Um, yeah, it would be a problem like that Harry."

'Of course it was,' Harry thought to himself, and he shook his head, before taking charge of the situation.

"Just try and keep calm, and stick by, I'll track you, and get there as soon as I can," Harry answered,
and he tried to figure out how to track them through the communicator. Harry was still a bit rusty with the technology aspect, but he managed to find a way to track, and once he tracked, he could get there.

One of his girlfriends, and one of his teammates were in trouble, but there was something wrong with Logan, and Harry was determined to find out what, moving towards the location quick as his feet could carry him.

Trying to fly a plane, along with keeping one's head about themselves was extremely hard, but that's what Logan tried to do. Yet, he was losing himself and his mind to everything else, to the beast within side. Wolverine was a name that was very appropriate right now, and he tried to fight it, yet the beast within would not allow him to fight.

He struggled, the will power he suffered. Logan rubbed his temples, and immediately, the plane was going down. He felt compelled to land it. Why here, in the middle of nowhere, he had no clear idea? Logan landed the plan, and jumped out the windows. His head continued to ring, and his claws popped out, whilst he stalked into the woods, feral and mean.

Carefully, Kitty popped her head out of the plane, and landed on the ground. Kurt followed her with a pop, teleporting into the scene, and let out the breath he had been holding.

"I don't think that's normal, not even for Logan," Kurt remarked, eyes widened when he watched Logan stalk forward. Kitty just took a step forward, and knew that Harry would be here at any minute, now that they were stationary. All Kitty had to do was wait, and be patient. Something that was a virtue for her, but suddenly, her heart thumped across her ribcage.

Kitty stopped, and stared. She did not have the super heightened senses that Logan did, or the ability to sense trouble that Harry did, but one did not need to when the noises that were being made in the woods, were made. They were in the wilderness, and very prone to anything.

"What was that?" Kurt asked, taking a step back, and nearly jumping in a frightful manner. Kitty shook her head, and took a deep breath.

"I don't know, but something tells me that it isn't big foot," Kitty responded, and she looked forward.

There was no noise at the moment, but that did not relax Kitty at the slightest. In fact, if something was too quiet, that was just going to make her a bit more nervous. The brunette mutant took a few steps forward, and waited for the other shoe to drop. Harry should be turning up at any moment.

The problem was that the figure that swooped down next to them was not Harry at all. Then they heard the growls suddenly. Kurt just barely teleported out of the way, when Wolverine charged them, claws popped up. Kitty sunk down in the ground, and Logan stumbled around, shaking his head, growling, and slashing at the air out of his feral, most base instincts.

"Get out of here!" Logan demanded, trying to not hurt the children.

Harry flew through the air, and Logan dodged his attempt to attack. The dark haired wizard flew around, circling Logan, and the mutant tried to stab at him with the claws. Harry created a shield around him, Kitty and Kurt, managing to block Logan from gutting the entire lot of them.

"Logan, just snap out of it!" Harry yelled, trying to get through to him. "I don't want to hurt you but…if I have to, I will."

Harry flicked his hand, and Logan felt a ringing go through his ears, that was not like the other
ringing. He moved away, for his hearing was super sensitive, and he growled at that moment, before moving away, crashing into the woods.

"We got him off of our backs, now we need to figure out what went wrong with him," Harry replied, taking a deep breath, and Kitty sighed in relief.

"Logan's never acted like this before," Kitty responded, and Harry just gripped her hand.

"Yeah, but it's likely a side of him he would prefer that none of us sees at any given time," Harry responded, trying to figure out what he was going on against. "Was there anything that either of you saw that could have pointed towards why Logan was acting like this?"

"Unless you count the news broadcast Logan watched this morning, it kind of made him act weird," Kitty said, and Harry just understood everything right now. "Do you think…"

"I think someone might have lured Logan here, yes," Harry responded, and there was a moment where he paused, before peering out to the woods, and figuring out his next move.

Harry managed to slip a tracking spell on Logan, but his instincts kept him moving, never staying in the same place more than once. This fact made everything much more problematic, and Harry just mentally prepared himself for what had to be done. Slowly, he turned to Kitty and Kurt.

"You two got your communicators, still, right?" Harry asked them, and Kitty and Kurt responded with two brief nods. "Use the communicators if you see anything, and stay on the path. I'm going to see if I can figure out who is doing this to Logan."

Harry had left no room for argument, making sure his communicator was secure. There were any number of spells to subdue Logan, but it would not solve the problem of who was doing this to him. That was something that Harry would have to find, and he had a feeling if he would have seen some kind of settlement, he might be getting that much closer.

There was no time to delay, Harry had to focus on the task at hand, and looked over his shoulder, to make sure Kitty and Kurt were safe on the path. His first instinct was to get them back to the Institute, but it might have been useful to have a little bit of backup.

Harry sensed that there was something, or someone out there that should not be. The problem was finding out who, and now tracking down Logan. Who as Harry noticed, was very close to his current location.

The dark haired wizard had to keep moving, and so he did.

Doctor Abraham Cornelius watched as his property moved closer, just as he had been lured. The doctor was part of the Weapon X project years ago, that had created the weapon known as Wolverine. He had worked for a higher backer, someone who paid him big bucks to use these mutants as weapons. The project had been mostly shut down, but the backer had returned with more interest, and there was time for one more round with these mutants.

Cornelius tapped his fingers, and clicked his pen. The fact of the matter was that everything had gone smoothly, a bit too smoothly come to think about it. He had allowed the news report, hoping that would trigger Logan, and lure the Wolverine to him. Then once Logan was in range, he could activate the implant that was in his head. He marveled at the technology that had been created, and would be used to condition the weapon, the weapons, for their intended goal. They had deviated a bit, but now that Cornelius was back in business, he was ready.
"I trust you have reclaimed the asset," a voice stated from over the other end of the line, garbled and unable to make out.

"Yes, sir, both of them are en route here, Sabertooth has been dispatched into the woods as we speak," Cornelius replied, and the man on the other end of the line had remained silence, before he spoke.

"Just make sure both weapons are in one piece. Leshnerr and Xavier have not spotted the implants in the minds of either of their pets, which makes it all the better. All will bow before the supreme rulers of the world. Heil HYDRA."

"Yes, heil HYDRA," Cornelius replied in a swift voice, and the call was disconnected in a matter of moments. That allowed the scientist to continue to go forward, and continue to monitor his weapon. "Yes, Logan, you are quite a marvel. You make it worth every dime I have invested in you, and soon you will be right before my feet. Just think, the magnificent Wolverine right at my fingertips. You got away once my friend, but now I have you."

Cornelius spotted something peculiar at that moment, and his eyes snapped towards the view screen. He saw Wolverine, and he spotted Sabertooth, but there were three other guest, and they were not invited to this party. Two of the guests remained stationary on the path leading to the woods, so they were not an immediate threat, even though Cornelius could send Sabertooth and Wolverine to take them out immediately. The third guest was on the move and Cornelius had to admit his resourcefulness.

He very nearly eluded tracking, and kept a few steps ahead of everything. Whoever this young man was, he was smart enough to stay three or four steps ahead of any scientific equipment that could track him. Cornelius wondered how anyone could move so fast, but he would allow himself to get some more professional help.

Well professional might not have been the correct word to use to describe this particular individual, but qualified would be a better word. Never the less, he could get the job done, for the most part.

"I require your assistance," Cornelius said, and sure enough the assistance was granted when a figure approached in the shadows.

"You rang, Abe, my boy!"

"Yes, I did, there is someone in the woods who could pose a threat," Cornelius replied, use to the eccentric behavior of this particular individual by this point.

The individual in the shadows offered a gasp of mock surprise, shock, and awe. "You mean to tell me that there are some nefarious doings that are countering your nefarious doings. Well, isn't that a kick in the pants."

"I need you to find out who this threat is, and neutralize him immediately," Cornelius replied, not really missing a beat, but knowing that he had to deal with a potential wildcard. If his plans for Sabertooth and Wolverine, along with the plans of his employers, would go without a hitch, he would need to trusty this man.

"I'm on it, don't worry, Abe, we're going to have a lot of fun in the woods tonight."

"Just make sure you get the job done," Cornelius remarked, and the man just acted like he was outraged.

"I always get the job done, in a fashion. I mean, who do you think I am, some Johnny come lately,
fly by night act? Just put me in coach, and I'll take care of the boy who lived to have his name be hyphenated in no time flat."

"I'm trusting you on this, Wilson, don't disappoint me," Cornelius said, but the man had just disappeared, and the Project Weapon X doctor resumed his tracking of Wolverine and Sabertooth. The two other guests were near on the path, and he offered them a suitable reception.

"Of course, there's no need to fear, Deadpool is here!"

A malicious expression spread over his face at that moment, and Cornelius amped up the volume on the implants, to make sure his little pets obeyed their master's orders.

Harry remained in the woods, and if he was honest, there was only a slight bit of intimidation to him. Intimidation was something that should not be concerned with fear, for Harry had entered the Forbidden Forest in Hogwarts many times, and lived to tell the tale. However, there was just something about the unknown, and the uncertainty that made Harry stand up, and take notice, prepare himself for anything.

The words constant vigilance rang in his mind.

There was a slight thump, and Harry held his hand, scanning the woods for any signs of life.

So far, there was nothing, at least nothing of value.

Yet, Harry did not ease up on what he was looking for. There was many times where Harry wanted to be alert, and there were instances where he knew the dangers of letting one's guard down. Moody, the fake one at least, drilled that into their head, and while the man was an imposter, he spoke wisdom. Harry took a swift step forward, ready to engage anyone who had showed up.

Another thump, and Harry had sent a spell through the trees, but it had not connected with anything. Harry thought about calling out for Logan, but realized the sheer potential danger that invited. He wanted to retain somewhat of an element of surprise, even though it would be difficult to. The mutant slipped into the woods, and Harry had a feeling that he was just biding his time.

The time had been bided well, and Harry felt his heart thump against the side of his chest. Time ticked on once again, and a growl could be heard. It could have been a wild animal, or it could have been the person Harry was looking for.

He was not going to take any chances, and Harry looked forward, when he saw a figure move forward in the shadows. It was not Logan, which made Harry even more inclined to blast him. A jet of purple light was sent into the shadows, but the figure just dodged with skill, and determination. The movements of the figure were random and helter-skelter, and Harry noticed that he would have to focus extra hard to pick up a pattern.

"Be careful with that thing, you'll shoot your eye out kid!"

"Just who are you?" Harry asked, but he saw the figure step forward. He wore a full red and black bodysuit with a mask, and he had two guns on either holster, along with a pair of swords in his hands.

"Don't you read the Internet, kid?"

Harry wondered what this would have had to do with anything. He looked over his shoulder, and waited.
"Since you asked so nicely, I'm the Man with the Plan, whose name isn't Stan, Lee or otherwise. I am the one and only, Merc with the Mouth, the one, the only, Deadpool!"

Harry just stood in the shadows, and just looked at him, unimpressed, and shaking his head. It was at this point where Harry was trying to figure out whether this Deadpool was a threat, or a nuisance.

"Not even a comment, not even one, really?" Deadpool asked, and suddenly the Merc with the Mouth turned his head a half of an inch to the side. "Can you believe this kid? I really think that he's unbelievable."

Harry began to perform scanning spells, as it was obvious Deadpool was talking to someone. So he had hidden enemies somewhere, but the question was where? The Boy-Who-Lived tried every scanning spell that he had picked up, but there was nothing, other than a few squirrels.

"You know, we're just sitting here, shooting the breeze, but I think we're supposed to fight now," Deadpool remarked, and without warning, he shot Harry. Harry blocked the bullets with a spell and fired him back. Deadpool was struck hard, and he staggered. "Oh dear, woe is me, cut down in the prime of my life, oh the agony of it all, oh the pain, oh the suffering, oh and all of the fried chicken."

Deadpool shrugged it off, and leapt at Harry. Harry dodged Deadpool at that moment, and the two of them circled each other. Deadpool's sword was blown to bits.

"Hey, I went all the way to Japan, and had that custom made from a part of a soul of a long dead Samurai!" Deadpool shouted in an indignant voice, and Harry tried to blast him again. Deadpool stopped. "No, wait, I bought it off of EBay for thirty dollars, but the other story just sounds so much better."

Harry really had no idea who this guy was, and Deadpool teleported himself out of the way. Harry spun around and turned his daggers into harmless paper airplanes. The dark haired wizard stepped forward, and used every spell that he could think of, but Deadpool seemed to not be there.

He could not pick out a fighting pattern.

Did this guy even have any kind of defined fighting pattern?

"So, you're starting a harem, are you?" Deadpool asked casually, and he dodged an attack from Harry, who refused to answer. He just wanted this guy to shut up, and fast. "Hey, I sympathize with your ambition kid, I've had a few harems in my time too."

Deadpool ducked another attack, and pulled out another gun, trying to get Harry, but it blew up in his face, and knocked him back. With a swift motion, Deadpool sprang up to his feet.

"No, that's actually all of the dead nuns I keep in my basement, I tend to get the two mixed up."

"Do you ever shut up?" Harry asked, trying to use a silencing charm on Deadpool, just so he could focus on a way to kill him.

"No, don't sew my mouth shut, people hate that when I don't talk," Deadpool said in a mock dramatic voice. The Merc with the Mouth continued to dodge and duck. "Can't touch this!"

Harry conjured flaming spikes, but Deadpool screamed and dodged out of the way.

"Hey, careful with those things, you're going to kill someone with those things, likely me!" Deadpool shouted, shaking his fist at Harry, and waggling his finger at him like a stern parent.
"Why won't you go down?" Harry demanded, and Deadpool just raised his hands, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Hey, if I go down in one spell, it wouldn't be that entertaining, now would it?" Deadpool asked in a nonchalant voice, before he tried to attack Harry. Deadpool knocked Harry off to the side, and the Merc with the Mouth was blasted hard.

'Ah, he's pulling out the big guns,' Deadpool thought.

"Why are you attacking me anyway?" Harry said through gritted teeth, sending another spell, which Deadpool dodged.

The mercenary just rolled his eyes at Harry, and stated in a matter of fact voice. "Well, for the lolz mostly, and because I need to distract you so Sabertooth and Wolverine can run amuck and tear your little friends to ribbons."

Harry was not impressed with that, and he tried to go in.

"No, you can't stop now!" Deadpool yelled, and he sent flash powder at Harry. "You know, there are fifteen different ways to kill me, seven of them involving rabid rabies infested gophers, but that wouldn't be fun or dramatic, even if it would make a lot of sense."

Deadpool jumped forward, and threw himself at Harry. Harry momentarily was knocked to the side, where he hung onto the edge of the cliff, his legs kicking.

"Now, that's a good spot for a Cliffhanger!" Deadpool cheered as Harry hung from the cliff, just about to pull himself back up.
Chapter 18: Old Wounds Part Two.

For a normal person, hanging over the side of a cliff, about ready to plummet to their demise, it would be a bit of a problem, but Harry Potter was not most people, far from it. There was just one simple thing that made him able to get back up, and back into the battle rather quickly, as he gained flight velocity, and smacked Deadpool hard, knocking him backwards.

Harry was back firmly on his feet, and Deadpool staggered backwards, trying to regain his footing, with the Merc with the Mouth dodging another attack. The young mutant continued to move forward, attacking, and sending spell after spell towards him.

"Man, I liked you better when you were with the hot blonde alien chick," Deadpool remarked, and there was a moment where Harry did not say anything, by this point he had learned to block Deadpool's words, as inane as they were, out of his mind. He kept firing back, dodging and ducking, pivoting and spinning, and he rushed forward, with Harry not backing down not for an instant.

For if Harry backed down, Harry would suffer for this, and the dark haired wizard understood that much for sure. The dark haired wizard blasted him, but Deadpool spun around, before dropping to his knees, and raising his hands for the universal sign of begging off, when he screamed.

"What did you send at me?" Deadpool screamed, shooting the rodents that had been transfigured from the rocks.

"Rabid gophers," Harry responded in a dead pan voice, without missing a beat, and he moved in, before going after Deadpool, before pushing him back, but the Merc with the Mouth teleported out of the way, and landed behind Harry. The two circled each other, but there was a loud crash and a growl.

Sabertooth arrived from one side of the forest, crashing through the woods, and landed on the ground, cracking, a feral growl echoing from his lips. From the other side of the clearing, Wolverine sliced through the leaves, and turned towards them. Both of them stood on either side, stalking them, and snarling at them, their sense of smell heightened, with Deadpool slowly turning his attention towards Harry.

"So, Harry, I was thinking…"

"What were you thinking?" Harry asked, almost afraid of what Deadpool had on his mind, because in Harry's experience there was only one conclusion that could be made. This man was completely and utterly nutters beyond anything Harry had ever known."

"I was thinking we should work together against these guys," Deadpool started, and Wolverine dove at him, trying to claw his face out, but Deadpool blocked his claws with a sword, before pushing him back. "Back you swine, back I say!"

"Work together with you?" Harry asked, sounding out each word slowly, and not really believing what was said. "You must be kidding."

Deadpool winced, and was nearly sliced into ribbons, he had enough scars on his body without this lot adding to it. The Merc with the Mouth backed off, trying to take a deep breath, and bent his knees, before blinking his eyes. He had a resolved look underneath his mask, even though one could
not see him due to the mask.

"Come on, that's just how all of these things go between two super heroes, we meet, and fight each other for a while, and eventually we decide to work together. It is in the handbook, surely you've got your copy?"

Harry really wondered about this guy sometimes, but he had no time to think about Deadpool and his insanity, for here was Sabertooth. Sabertooth was blasted into the air, flying backwards, crashing through several branches, and landed hard to the ground. Harry stood on his feet, and Sabertooth was once again ready to fight, with Harry cursing the durability of both of these beasts, deciding to step up his attack.

"So, what do you say?" Deadpool asked to Harry, trying to gauge his reaction, and Harry just decided to work together with him, given that he seemed to know more about this. "Because, I think I'm being sold up the river by good ol' dishonest Abe in there."

"Who is Dishonest Abe?" Harry asked, and he tried to use a sonic spell to rattle Wolverine, and the mutant staggered around, before dropping to his knees. The clawed mutant gave a primal scream, but Harry reflected him back, turning around, slashing, and firing back at Wolverine with his magic.

"I'll throw down some needless exposition later, if we get out of this alive, just stick around," Deadpool answered at that moment, and there was a moment where Deadpool grabbed his guns, before he fired him. "Don't know why I'm doing this, maybe you can magically amplify my bullets to actually break through the healing factor. I know, nutty and off the wall but…." 

"It just might work," Harry snapped back, before waving his hand and Deadpools guns glow, before he fired, catching Sabertooth, staggering back, and running off. Wolverine moved off the other direction, and Harry's legs buckled, before he adjusted his stance.

"That was almost too easy," Deadpool remarked, and Harry's eyes snapped towards the face of Deadpool, trying to take a good and long look at him; just trying to figure out what his major malfunction was.

"Easy, really, I think you might need to revise your definition of easy."

"No, I mean those two are not going to go down without a fight," Deadpool said, and slapped his hand down on the side of his desk. There was a moment where the Merc from the Mouth stood by, and Harry grabbed the communication device, firing it up, and with another motion, put it up to his ear.

"Kitty, are you there?" Harry asked to her over the communication link, but there was a moment where he tapped on it. "Kitty, hello, give me a sign…"

There was a moment where Harry stood there, and took a deep breath, before closing his eyes, knowing that if Kitty was not answering, then something would have happened. Harry tried to focus on any sounds, isolating them, before he closed his eyes, and with another effort popped to the closest sound, leaving Deadpool standing there, whistling.

"I guess he doesn't need my help, oh well, that was fun," Deadpool replied, walking over, and reaching into a clearing of bushes, before pulling out explosive devices, and he began to whistle a merry tune, practically skipping as he did. "Time to let ol' Abe know the price of trying to double cross Deadpool."

Deadpool hummed the theme to the Golden Girls as he prepared to get himself some good old
fashioned revenge.

Kitty found that her communicator device was given off a lot of static when she was frantically trying to get it to work, slamming her hand on it, trying to get it to work. The brunette mutant found herself getting more and more hysterical by each passing moment, and she took a deep breath, trying to figure out where she would go from here. Kurt stood on the path, eyes widening at the sounds he heard, and he reached over, really tugging Kitty by the sleeve, causing her to spin around, eyes snapping open and wide at the moment.

"What, Kurt?" Kitty asked, snapping, but then she realized what happened, when she saw the two charging them in the clearing. It was Sabertooth and Wolverine, standing together, and rushing forward them. Kitty went through the ground, and Kurt teleported out of the way, avoiding the attacks of the two mutants. "Sabertooth, Wolverine, this isn't right, those two are mortal enemies."

"Yeah ours," Kurt gasped, trying to get out of the way, but Sabertooth rushed Kurt, trying to grab him, claws extended and teeth bared. Kurt teleported out of the way, dodged the attack with expert precision, and landed on the back of his head; with Sabertooth grabbing him, but Kurt avoided it.

The attack was avoided again and again, with Kurt trying to get Sabertooth into a compromising position where he could be easily defeated. Kitty was having her own problems, and Wolverine charged the brunette mutant, sadistic intentions in his eyes. Kitty took a deep breath, waiting for Wolverine to go after her, waiting for the attack, and she just barely became intangible at that moment.

"Logan, snap out of it!" Kitty yelled suddenly, and Logan just stopped at that moment, his eyes glossing over, before his teeth gritted, and he stepped back, staring at Kitty. "Whoever this is, it isn't you, just…"

"Get out, now before…argh!"

Logan was bombarded by unbearable pain in his cerebral cortex, with the mutant moving around, swinging his arms, and slashing his claws in mid-air. The mutant's eyes were glazed over, and Kitty took a step back, watching in horror as Logan's face contorted into an angry, nearly scary scowl. The best way to describe his face would be that of a slasher smile, and his claws being out indicated that was what he intended to do.

Kitty knew when it was time to duck, and like a corkscrew, Harry flew through the air, blasting Logan with another sonic vibration spell once again, rattling him, and it also appeared to cause havoc with whatever was controlling him.

"Kurt's fighting Sabertooth off in the woods, go help him," Kitty managed, and Harry nodded, hearing the sounds of Kurt teleporting out of the way.

Harry saw that Sabertooth was under some kind of control as well, although it was obviously less strong than Logan's, and the creature liked what he was being told to do, relishing at the chance to rip, tear, and shred anyone to pieces that got in his way. The dark haired wizard picked his spots wisely, staring in the woods, and then he understood what was going to do.

With a swift motion, Harry fired a spell that caused Sabertooth's vision to be rattled by sensations that caused him to nearly go blind. Sabertooth staggered around, clutched his eyes and staggered from side to side, smashing into the trees. Suddenly, he jumped into the air, and reported back to the lab.

"Are you alright?" Harry asked, Kurt, and Kurt nodded, trying to regain some degree of sense and
"Yeah, who doesn't enjoy getting killed several times a day," Kurt answered breathlessly, but he took it in stride, and several breaths later, the fuzzy mutant climbed himself up to a standing position; where Kurt had shaken the cobwebs loose.

It was a moment later that Kitty had rushed forward, frantically breathing, and shaking her head. Harry grabbed her around the waist, and held her steady, giving Kitty a chance to calm herself, before Kurt had chimed in with the question that was the most likely to be asked.

"So where is Logan?" Kurt asked, and Kitty's eyes snapped towards Kurt, her pupils wide, and she tried to regain her bearings. Harry pulled her in tightly, before Kitty got over her nerves, and began to speak.

"I don't really know," Kitty replied, waving her hands in an apologetic matter, and taking a moment to regain her bearings, even if this was a situation that was taxing her nerves today. Then again, she was in good company. "He managed to run away, and he went that way."

"Right, of course he went that way," Harry answered, taking a moment to try and pick out the tracking charm that he placed on Logan. "He's going right to the source, while he still has some kind of bearings to himself."

Kurt nodded his head, but Kitty chimed in with the obvious observation, her frown crossing over the face. "You know that there is some kind of implant in Logan's head, and it's making him act...well you know kind of off."

Harry and Kurt both nodded, this did not escape their notice, and Harry was making plans to try and deal with the implant, without cooking Logan's brains. The problem was that kind of technology was something that Harry was not comfortable with messing with; unless of course he was completely sure, and knew that such a thing could not be screwed up without any consequences.

The three mutants moved around, carefully sticking to the shadows as they tracked, and Harry activated the tracking spell. Despite the fact that tracking spells could be very imprecise, and have a slight margin for error depending on how fast the target was moving; but it was better than nothing, so the three mutants moved off.

Little did they know that Deadpool was also getting into position, and the Merc with the Mouth was going to make things rather interesting, not to mention explosive.

Cornelius tapped his fingers on the console, and a blip echoed on the screen, getting closer and closer, with the mad scientist knowing that one of his pets were coming. One of the properties had moved in closer to the lab, and Cornelius placed his hands down, with the door being cut up.

The morally depraved scientist spun around, coming face to face with Wolverine, with all of his fury, and all of his bloodlust. Cornelius tapped his fingers on the edge of the console, and Wolverine stepped forward, moving and making strides.

"You!" Wolverine growled, spit flying from his mouth, but the doctor was not afraid, he was in control, and he picked up a remote control device, before twisting a knob, moving the setting up from a five to a six.

"You're not in control, not this time Logan," Cornelius stated, a smug expression on his face, and he continued to torment Wolverine, just twisting, but he tried to reach forward, another twist of the knob. "Your little friends are outside, I want them dealt with. Do you hear me, you mongrel, I want
Wolverine snarled, before pushing his claws out, and tried to stab Cornelius, but the knob was twisted again, while Kitty poked her head through the door to check if the coast was clear. When the coast was clear, Kurt teleported in, and tried to make a mad snatch for the remote control that was controlling Wolverine.

An explosion rattled outside of the lab, and caused everyone to stagger, with Kitty and Harry popping in. Harry summoned the remote control away from Cornelius, and Wolverine staggered around, growling, and snarling, but suddenly another explosion rattled them.

"Who is doing this?" Kitty demanded, shaking her head, and trying to regain some semblance of herself, but the door cracked up, and Sabertooth flew in, being knocked down, with Deadpool entering at that moment. Harry braced himself for more trouble, but Deadpool reached over, and grabbed the form of Doctor Cornelius.

"Thought you could double cross me, didn't you?" Deadpool asked, and he shoved Cornelius into the wall. The doctor cracked against the wall, and Deadpool stood over him, walking each and every step of the way, a cracked grin appearing underneath his face. "Abe, I tell you, you're not going to double cross me right then…"

"I made you, Wilson, I made you!" Cornelius yelled.

"No, that was Mr. and Mrs. Deadpool, and a couple of bottles of Jack, behind a Porno theater, but that's beside the point," Deadpool answered, shaking his head, and Harry just waited, the remote control device in his hand, with Kurt reaching over, and tugging on his sleeve. Harry spun around, inclining his eyebrow at that moment, and then Kurt just cleared his throat a bit.

"So…um do you think we should get involved?"

It was Kitty who chimed in with an answer, rolling her eyes at this point, and seeing Wolverine slowly come too. "No, I want to see how this pans out, I don't know about you, Harry."

"Yeah, let's just wait and see," Harry agreed, standing with the remote control in one hand, and his hand on his hip, before watching the situation. Wolverine growled, and Harry managed to figure out the device, toning it down just enough not to overwhelm Wolverine.

Logan placed one hand to his forehead, snarling, and growling, but it was less pronounced, and less prominent. Harry took a tentative step forward, and decided to break the silence, with Logan just gritting his teeth at that moment. "So…we're back to normal."

"Yeah, if you want to call it that," Logan growled, and he staggered, a bit cross eyed, but he turned to them. "You kids better get out of here, it's going to get really messy, really quick."

"What, and miss the show?" Harry asked, but he noticed that Deadpool was still slapping Cornelius around, almost as if he was stalling for dramatic effect. Logan's eyes narrowed at this point, and Kurt, Kitty, and Harry took a few steps back, before Logan walked forward, grabbing the Merc with the Mouth around the wrist.

"One side, Wilson," Logan growled, and Wade Wilson stepped back, Deadpool's expression somehow becoming prominent underneath his mask, and he turned to Logan, just nodding, understanding that someone is going to get it. Logan then turned around to Cornelius, and backed him into the corner. "It's just you and me now…"

"I helped make you, I made you who you are today, I helped make you…"
Logan grabbed Cornelius around the wrist, when suddenly another explosion had rattled every single person inside the lab, and Cornelius just smiled, a sadistic expression curling around his lip. The mutant popped his claws, but stopped short of gutting him, morbid curiosity getting the better of him.

"What are you smiling about?" Logan demanded, and it was at this point where Cornelius responded in his own way, a grin cracking over his face.

"You're not going to get out of here, not that easily, not without this entire lab blowing up over your…"

Logan heard just about enough, and Cornelius gave a pained grunt, slumping to the ground, blood dripping from his stomach, pulling his blood stained claws about of his stomach. This was the same doctor who had turned him into a living weapon, so Logan found his sympathy in limited supply.

"Project Weapon X is terminated," Logan growled, allowing the doctor to slump to the ground, and the blood splattered on the floor.

With a pained grimace, Logan staggered, his eyes flickering in and out, before Harry used a spell to slow his descent, and then he turned around to the other two members of the X-Men, using a spell to slow the explosion, just long enough where they could teleport Logan out, and get their way to the X-Jet.

Whether Sabertooth actually managed to get out, or had perished in the explosion that was not something they would be concerned about right now. Logan eventually passed completely out on their way to the X-Jet, with his knees slumping to the ground. Lighting cracked through the sky, with raining dropping down from the sky, but they loaded Logan onto the jet. Harry sat himself down on the Jet.

"Can you fly it?" Kitty asked him, looking at him with impassive eyes, but Harry just shrugged in response.

"First time for everything, I guess," Harry answered, he had been trying to pick up some pointers.

As it turned out, he did more than okay. Deadpool just watched them leave, nodding, before walking into the shadows. He stopped, turned his head, and began to speak to no one in particular in his usual insane manner.

"You might have won this round, but I may or may not be returning, at some undetermined point in the future, I don't really know, it depends."

Deadpool disappeared into the night, as the team sprinted Logan all the way back to the Xavier Institute, and the Weapon X facility burned to the ground all around them.

With a pained growl, Logan sat up, and it took him over a few minutes to realize that he had been in a bed. The last thing he remembered, the entire Weapon X facility was blowing up around his ears, and he was there with Arcane, Nightcrawler, and Shadowcat, with no idea if they had gotten out alive.

Logan settled himself, and tried to calm himself down, just in time to see Professor Xavier wheeling into the room, with a relieved expression in his back.

"Good you have to back, Logan," Xavier responded, breaking the tension in the air, and he wheeled up to the bed.
"Wish it was good to be back, but it feels like the Juggernaut decided to use my head as a super ball," Logan grumbled, shaking his head, and he slumped back onto the pillows, barely able to move his head. "Did they get back alright?"

"Yes, fine, not even a scratch on any of them, but we were very fortunate not to lose you, thanks to that implant that had been put in your head," Xavier responded, and Logan's eyes snapped towards him, his expression demanding more information, and Xavier was prompt to give more information. "The implant has been removed, and we tried to trace the signal back, but with the facility blown up, it appears that we can't trace back much of anything. Although I feel that this Weapon X may not have been working alone."

"So you think there is some higher power?" Logan asked, and Xavier responded with a swift nod. The mutant just responded with a grumbling, "Great."

"It seems as if it was a mystery that will have to wait for another day, but I will inform the other students that you were out of the rooms," Xavier responded, and Logan's eyes spun around. "Harry has taken over your normal Danger Rooms sessions, and I must say, he has a certain knack for teaching. It is almost like he was done this before."

"Maybe he has," Logan said thoughtfully, and Xavier allowed Logan a moment to get piece. "Tell them all that I'll be back, and worse than ever in a couple of days. We're going to make up for lost time."

"I'm sure they'll be relieved to see that you are back on your feet, and ready to go, old friend," Xavier responded, and he turned around, wheeling out of the room. Just as Xavier left, it was Harry who walked in.

"So, I heard you picked up the slack," Logan remarked.

"I guess you're back to your old jovial self," Harry answered, and he turned to Logan, a bit of an expression on his face. "You know, as much as we bitch and whine about your training sessions, it wouldn't be the same without you."

"Glad to know I'm appreciated," Logan responded, and he put a hand to his temple, rubbing it. Harry opened his mouth, but Logan waved it off. "It's nothing, nothing at all, just a ringing in my ears, guess it's going to be hard to really get my head together after everything that's happened."

Harry nodded, really there was nothing much more to say, and Logan was not the conversational type, so Harry turned around, quickening his movements and leaving the vicinity of the hospital wing, taking a few steps at a time when he left, and Logan seemed to appreciate the solitude. The mutant rested on the bed, and just kicked back his feet.

He really wished that someone would bring him a beer, but that was just a minor quibble, and one that Logan would have to deal with. It was a slow recovery, but one that Logan would weather the storm of and come back, meaner and stronger than ever.

As for Harry, he had other things to do with his time, quickening his strides when he moved down the hall. Kitty was going to meet him at the Danger Room, and the two of them were going to train, and spar, brushing up on their physical fighting skills. Harry found that his powers could be a crutch if he relied too much on them, and whilst he did want to refine his magic, he wanted to refine his body as well.

Harry realized how many battles he could have won against the Death Eaters if he had simply kicked them in the face, and took their wand away. What were they going to do?
Live and learn, that's what Harry thought when he had moved closer, and closer. He thought about a spell that he was researching, if he had mastered it, it would allow Rogue to touch people other than him temporarily, for at least an hour. If he could find a more permanent version, then that would be good, but right now, baby steps were important.

Kitty and Harry faced each other in the Danger Room, which had been shut down, so it could serve as a normal sparring room. The two mutants stood across from each other, and peered into each other's eyes, before Kitty was the one that broke the silence.

"So what are the rules?"

"Normal sparring session, no powers, just hand to hand," Harry said, and Kitty nodded at that moment. "And the winner gets to do what they want to loser. But we warned, I play to win."

Kitty put her hands on her hips, and offered a smug expression, before she spoke. "Well, so do I, Mr. Potter."

"We'll see who is better, Ms. Pryde," Harry fired back, and the two of them surrounded each other. "So best of three?"

"Yeah, that'd be fine," Kitty replied, but she stopped when she realized something. "Hey, wait a minute, don't you have powers that can read body language? How is this a fair fight?"

Harry just smiled, this would be a test of Kitty's ability to improvise, and hopefully be creative, even though he spent more time studying her and Rogue than he did than anyone else at the Institute. The buzzer went off, and Kitty immediately tried for a quick kick, knowing that the only way she was going to have a fighting chance against Harry, was to strike hard and early.

The young mutant stepped to the side, and Kitty landed on the ground, before she tried again, but Harry pivoted and spun around, avoiding her attacks.

"So not fair," Kitty responded, but she was determined to at least put a good showing.

"Do you think our enemies are going to be fair?" Harry asked her, with a raised eyebrow.

Kitty gritted her teeth, she hated when Harry had to be right, which happened more often then she cared to admit. The brunette mutant struck hard, but Harry dodged the attack again, and Kitty felt herself get dizzied. At this rate, Harry was not going to have to lay one finger on her, and Kitty was just going to burn herself out at this rate.

Kitty tried for a different tactic, going low, and sliding through Harry's legs, but Harry grabbed her around the waist, brushing his hands on the underside of her breasts, and causing tingles to go down her spine.

"Hey, no fair, that's cheating," Kitty responded through the wave of pleasure that she felt.

"No powers, all is fair in love, and war," Harry answered to her, and pulled Kitty up, before flipping her back to the ground, and then straddling her, whilst pinning her to the ground. Kitty struggled, but she knew that she was licked. "And I believe that first fall goes to me."

"I still got two more," Kitty answered, shaking her head. "You know, it would be fairer if you would do this blindfolded."

"Again, would your enemies offer you the same courtesy if they had these powers?" Harry asked,
unable to figure out the exact point where he channeled the spirit of Mad-Eye Moody, but he was just going to go for it. "Again, ready when you are."

"I was born ready," Kitty said, trying to adopt a confident expression, despite the fact that Harry had flustered her. The brunette mutant rushed Harry, but Harry ducked, and Kitty rolled, trying to use some form of agility to bounce off of the walls of the Danger Room.

Harry caught her in his arms, and he flipped Kitty over onto her feet. Kitty tried to sweep the legs, taking out the wheels from underneath him, but Harry jumped into the air, did a cartwheel, and landed on his feet.

"Oh, now you're just showing off," Kitty responded, and Harry just offered a bow. Kitty tried to nail him why he was bowing, but Harry caught the foot, and flipped it over onto her feet.

Kitty was not down yet, and she managed to scissor the leg, before taking Harry down to the ground. The brunette mutant popped up, pumped her fist in a heroic pose, and offered a bright smile. "Yeah, I got one!"

Harry just smiled, really he was proud of his girlfriend for getting a shot in on him, and also took it as a chance to improve with his stance. Of course, Kitty had let up on him a little bit, just grandstanding, and Harry swept the legs out from underneath Kitty, before taking her down to the ground, and Harry pinned her shoulders down to the ground, straddling her once again.

"I had you though," Kitty responded, eyes widened in surprise, but Harry just grinned, offering a smile that caused Kitty to get weak in the knees.

"Yeah, you had me, but you didn't follow up on the advantage, it's easy enough to get caught up in the moment," Harry responded, reciting something that he told the members of the DA during one of the last meetings, and that was getting the advantage was the easy part, it was keeping the advantage. "And I believe that I've won."

Kitty's eyes snapped up, both of them focused directly on Harry's face, whilst he still had her pinned down, and Kitty's chest rose and fell as she exhaled. "I believe that you have won, but what are you going to do about it?"

Harry just grinned, bending down, and planting his lips upon hers, before he proceeded to kiss the breath out of Kitty, tilting her head up slightly so the two pairs of lips could meet in a fiery passion.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Harry wasted little time pulling Kitty's shirt over her head, and saw her breasts contained in a small black bra, but otherwise she was naked from the waist up. Harry's shirt was pulled off next, and he pulled Kitty into a tight embrace, kissing her, before Harry unclipped the bra, and it fell between them. Kitty's breasts smashed against Harry's chest, and Harry continued to kiss her, working her skirt off over her knees.

The skirt fell to the ground, and Kitty moaned, when she felt Harry tease her a little bit, running his fingers off of the edge of her stomach, feeling around her panties. His fingers touched everywhere, her face, her arms, her side, her stomach, her legs, but Harry seemed to be avoiding her legs and ass in an attempt to get her riled up.

Harry felt his hands over her beautiful body, and pushed her against the wall, before pressing his lips against Kitty's further, and Kitty rubbed against him, encouraging him to go faster. Harry reached over, and pealed her panties, revealing her pussy. Harry backed off, feeling the dampness that rising
"Wow, you're wet already," Harry remarked, rubbing his fingers around her, tracing against her lips, and Kitty was back against the wall. "Do you want something?"

"Your fingers, your tongue, your cock, just pick one, and put them in me," Kitty begged, and Harry's thumb stroked her clit until Kitty's eyes closed, and she was firmly pressed against the wall, offering a soft moan, when Harry pleasured her. Harry scooped up Kitty, and walked her over, placing her on the ground.

Kitty was laid on the ground, and suddenly, she found herself chained to the ground. She tried to shift out of the binds, straining, and trying to get out, but Kitty found that it was hard to get out, and she was at Harry's mercy, as he stood over her, slowly unbuckling his pants.

"Please Harry," Kitty begged him, feeling an unbearable heat coming between her legs, and Harry sat her up, so she was still chained, but in a sitting position.

"Suck my cock," Harry commanded, and Kitty did as she was told, licking around the head like a lollipop, before her wet tongue trailed around the base. Kitty tasted Harry's cock, feeling every throb, twitch, and every vein it had with her tongue, feeling the pinnacle of manhood, with Kitty leaning forward, and putting her mouth on Harry's cock, before giving him a long and deep suck. "You love sucking my cock, don't you?"

Kitty moaned in response, and bobbed her head up and down on Harry, taking as much into her mouth as she could. Half of the cock was in her mouth, and Harry grabbed her hair slightly, giving it a tug.

"Better get more of that in your mouth, or I'll pull harder," Harry ordered, and Kitty sped up her motions, getting off on Harry ordering her around, it just made her feel all different. It was not without benefits. "That's it, a good cocksucker, you suck a good cock, keep doing that, yeah, oh yeah."

Kitty bobbed up and down, to keep sucking on Harry, feeling him harden more and more in her mouth. She speared Harry's cock down her throat, trying to get more and more of the member down her throat, and she sped it. She loved sucking Harry's cock, and it would be done all day long.

The sensation of her hot mouth around his hard rod was bringing Harry and Harry closer, and closer to his completion.

"Going to blow, I want to see your load on your pretty face," Harry said, pulling out of Kitty's mouth, and releasing her hands, so Kitty could jerk him off. "That's it baby, jerk it, jerk it off."

"Cum Harry, shoot your load on my pretty face," Kitty encouraged him, giving several hard tugs, and immediately, Harry's balls tighten, and he shot a thick load into Kitty's face. His cum splattered against her face, and chest, sending several streams out, painting Kitty white. The brunette slid back, with cum dribbling down her face and chin. She caught it in her hand, and began to shovel it into her mouth, eating his cum.

"You dirty girl, you like eating my cum, don't you? Harry teased Kitty, and Kitty just smiled, the semen dribbling down her face.

With the contraceptive charm on, Harry grabbed Kitty by the hips, and pinned her to the ground, before penetrating her with his stiff member without warning.

"Oh, such a tight cunt, keep going, don't slow down," Harry breathed, and Kitty moved her hips up,
matching Harry's movements.

"Stretch me so much," Kitty breathed, Harry's cock slamming into her pussy, going in and out. "I love a big cock, keep fucking me, fuck me harder, oh the fact we're doing it in the Danger Room, that's so hot."

Harry would have to agree, and his cock kept slamming into Kitty, before roughly grabbing her hair, and then squeezing her breasts, feeling them. They were small, but they were sure sensitive, and Kitty moaned deeply, with Harry continuing to plow into her with each passing step, the moments ticking by.

The large cock penetrated her tight pussy, and Kitty's eyes flickered shut, feeling the thick girth of Harry penetrating her.

"Such a tight pussy," Harry groaned, with Kitty pushing her hips onto his fleshy pole while he continued to fight her, and Harry grabbed Kitty's rear end as it rose off the floor, stroking it, and fondling it. "Who does this pussy belong to?"

"You Harry, only you, oh fuck me baby," Kitty moaned, eyes flickering open and shut, heart beating steady, and the fact was this made her feel so good, the long and hard fucking Harry was giving her. His cock went further and further into her.

The two continued their sex session, better than any Danger Room Session, and Kitty moaned, breathing heavily, with Harry penetrating deep into her, his cock hitting every spot inside her, feeling her up with so much that she could hardly stand it.

"Cumming, so hard," Kitty breathed, feeling her pussy clench and convulse, and Harry just slowed down. "Don't you dare…"

"You want me to fuck you harder?" Harry asked, slowing down his strokes to torturous crawl, and eventually Harry sped back up when Kitty whined, grabbing the back of his head with her freed hands. "So close."

Kitty sped up her motions, raising her hips down, and letting them fall, until they met Harry's motions. The two of them continued to make love to each other on the floor, and eventually Harry's balls tightened. Kitty felt the end was coming, so she looked in Harry's eyes, talking in a husky voice.

"Cum for me, do it."

"Going to fill you up with so much cum," Harry managed, and sure enough, he unleashed his load into Kitty, who screamed out to the heavens, with the semen splattering the inside of her walls. Harry felt the sweet sensation of releasing his cum into another girl's pussy, feeling said pussy wrap around him, and tugging on him, with it flooding into her waiting womb.

Kitty collapsed, with a goofy grin on her face, about an hour later, she felt nice and fucked.

Smut/Lemon Ends.
Chapter 19: Demons in My Mind.

Harry entered his room, after a long day of school, and training, in a bit of a tired mood, yet he saw something that had gotten his attention, to bring the dark haired mutant out of his dull mood, and get his motor running just a little bit.

Kitty sat perched on the bed, her legs crossed, wearing a schoolgirl uniform. She had a short white top that reached down to her midriff area, a mini-skirt which wrapped around her hips, to showcase her rear end, and Harry caught sight of her lovely legs, which were covered in a pair of white stockings and dress shoes. To top off the entire picture, Kitty had her hair tied back in pigtails, and she was slowly and seductively sucking on a lollipop.

Her tongue swirled around the lollipop, with Kitty's eyes locked upon Harry's, and she offered a smile, crossing her legs over each other.

"Hi, Harry," Kitty remarked in a bright tone, licking her lips as she saw him, or rather how a certain part of him. "Do you see something that you see?"

Harry's eyes widened and a smile crossed his face, when he drank in the vision before him. "How about all of the above?"

"I can live with that…whoops," Kitty answered, as the lollipop slipped out of her hand, and landed on the floor. She gave a little shrug, and got down on her knees, a remorseful look spreading over her face. "I dropped my lollipop, I hate it when that happens. I guess I'm going to have to suck on something else."

Without warning, Kitty reached forward, and began to unbuckle the belt around Harry's pants, before pulling it down to his ankles, and then removing his boxer shorts.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Harry looked down, with Kitty locking onto his eyes, and the eye contact was made when she pulled his cock out, locking onto it with her hand, allowing her to pump on it up and down until she got it to full fast. The young wizard felt the desire with his girlfriend pumping on his cock, with her stroking it, and feeling it in her hand.

Then the brunette mutant switched tactics, swirling her tongue around the head of Harry's cock, moving up towards the base, and then circling Harry's entire length on all sides, before she went down between his legs, and licked and sucked on his balls. Harry grabbed her hair, and Kitty slowly edged Harry's cock into her mouth.

Kitty felt the pleasure and the taste, of Harry's thick tool in her mouth, and felt the reaction that she was giving him, it was great, and she proceeded to go down on Harry, stroking his base.

"That's it, suck my cock, suck it hard," Harry managed, grabbing her hair, and running his hands through her hair, where Kitty continued to bob up and down, up and down onto his thick tool. "Suck it hard, such a good mouth, make me blow!"

Not wanting to disappoint Harry, Kitty sped up her motions, and she could sense the taste of his seed coming. The entire thought of it made Kitty wet, and the moist heat rose between her legs, once she continued to go down on Harry, the back of his cock hitting his throat.
"So close, getting closer," Harry managed, and Kitty bobbed her head up and down, getting faster with each moment, stroking what she could not fit into her mouth with her hands, even if it was more so than normally, and rubbing his balls.

Harry began to work Kitty's shirt open, and play with her bra covered chest, but there was little time to go much further than that, for Harry's balls tightened and he felt that a release coming soon.

"Cumming right now," Harry warned her, and his balls tightened hard, before a huge load had shot down Kitty's throat, splattering several thick ropes of cum down her throat.

Kitty swallowed the tasty treat, making a smacking sound with her lips, and the lewd sound was doing wonders in getting Harry geared up for a second round, with the brunette schoolgirl circling, bending over to see her thong covered ass.

She gave a surprised, but pleased scream when Harry smacked her hard on the ass.

"Got to love a cute schoolgirl in a thong," Harry responded, and without warning, he reached underneath her skirt, before her panties vanished with a pop.

Kitty felt the breeze of cool air hit her nether regions, and she offered a smile. "Oh, naughty."

Harry used his thumb to rub her clit, and Kitty moaned, feeling the pleasure of Harry's sensations, her body feeling like it heated up, and it was one of the best feelings in the world as well. The moist juices rolled down her legs, and she felt wet, aching to feel his cock penetrate her in the worst way.

Immediately, Harry tossed Kitty down on the bed, flipped her skirt up, and plunged his cock right into her warm, moist, folds.

"Oh, Harry, yes," Kitty breathed, feeling the sensation of Harry fucking her, first slow and short, and then long and hard, with his balls slapping against her thighs when his fucking sped up.

"Like me fucking you on the bed like this?" Harry asked her, grabbing Kitty's hair, and slamming into her nice and hard.

"Yes, fuck me harder," Kitty begged him, not caring if she could not stand the next day, and her pussy clenched, when his fingers rubbed over her nipples, tracing circular motions around them.

"Who does this tight little body belong to?" Harry asked, whilst he continued to pump deep into her, penetrating her, and feeling her warm tightness wrap around him like a glove, screwing the life out of her.

Kitty was flat on the bed, and she panted only out two words. "Yours Harry, I'm yours, make me your bitch, fuck me hard!"

Harry did so, his cock continuing to feel the inside of this tight pussy, and the brunette girl was losing her mind to the sensations she felt, with Harry slamming his cock into her, sliding into her, and pushing back into her waiting pussy. It dripped her juices on the bed, and Harry slapped her ass, squeezing it.

The tightness of her ass was the indication of a girl who worked out nice and hard, and Harry continued to fuck her long and hard in her cunt, savoring the feeling.

"So good feeling inside you, it's a feeling that's better than life," Harry managed, fucking her tight.
"Going to come, baby."
"Do it, I need it!" Kitty yelled, biting down on her lip, and Harry's balls seized up, with Kitty expecting the flood that was about to come.

Sure enough, it did not disappoint, Harry's dick splattered the thick, creamy fluids into her willing pussy, Kitty clenched Harry, riding out his extremely powerful orgasm, and feeling herself become lighter than air, when Harry had drained himself into her tight cavern.

Kitty collapsed down on the bed, feeling content, when suddenly a husky voice with a Southern Accent could be heard.

"Is this a private party, or can anyone join?"

True to form, Rogue had popped up, and much to Harry's apparent and extremely visual pleasure, she was completely naked, showing her curvy, but pale, form to him.

Without warning, Harry grabbed Rogue, and pulled her onto the bed, before smashing his lips against hers with a kiss, a gesture which Rogue reciprocated happily. This allowed Kitty a moment to slide back, and take a deep breath after the hard fucking that Harry gave her, but she knew full well that Harry would have her back up.

Harry's skilled hands worked their magic on Rogue's breasts, and her moans got more prominent feeling Harry fondle them, squeeze her, give them pleasure, to her sensitive globes.

"You know how to treat a woman right, Harry," Rogue moaned, and she felt Harry rub his hands all over her, before she was pushed back onto the bed, and Harry lined up his cock with the crevice of her breasts.

"I'm going to fuck those juicy titties until you can't take it any more," Harry said, cupping her breasts for emphasis, and then rocking back, to rub his cock head over the standing nipples.

"Please, do it," Rogue begged, both sets of lips tingling with moisture.

And sure enough, Harry did it, sliding his cock deep into her cleavage, and pumped it in and out, working it through her massive round breasts, feeling it squeeze him hard. They felt so good wrapped around his cock, it was the most natural thing in the world, just pushing his cock in and out, in and out of these passive globes.

"Such nice fucking tits, yeah, going to fuck them hard," Harry said, plunging his cock hard between her breasts for emphasis, and Rogue moaned, eyes glazed back with the prominent pleasure, inhaling and exhaling from Harry's stimulation.

"Yes, fuck them, fuck them hard, shoot your spunk all over them," Rogue chanted, as Harry pushed his thick cock between the valley of her breasts.

"I'm going to cover you with so much of my seed," Harry told her through gritted teeth, and Rogue squeezed her breasts together, smashing his cock between them, but Harry pushed through and speared into her hard.

"Fuck them, fuck them, shoot your seed over me, I want it on my face," Rogue told him.

Harry gave several more long and hard strokes, going long and hard into them, and the massive tits squeezed hard. Rogue's hips lifted off of the bed, and she was playing with herself when Harry felt his cock worked over by her lovely fleshy globes.

A hard grunt, then Harry's tightened, a load of semen shooting out of it, and Rogue gave a
pleasurable scream, when a lot of it, splattered onto her face and tits, covering them with the white, thick cum that Harry enjoyed, flowing out long and hard.

Rogue slid back, and she grabbed Harry, flipping him onto the bed, sitting perched and ready to go. Harry reached over, gripping onto her hips, and pulled over the girl, setting her onto his hips, so she straddled him, and slowly scooped the cum off of her breasts.

With the cum splattered on her hands, Rogue began to slowly, and seductively lick her hands clean, watching Harry's motion, and feeling his cock grow underneath her heated mound.

"So hot, you eating my cum, I'm going to be inside you now," Harry said, and Rogue slipped onto him, moaning hotly once she felt Harry's length penetrate her, and rose up, before coming back down again, establishing a moment of riding Harry, clenching him hard with her pussy. Harry rose his hips up with each and every passing moment, quickening his motions, and Rogue's breasts bounced hard. "Ride me, while I squeeze your tits!"

Harry clutched her tits hard in his hand, and Rogue did not mind, the harder he squeezed, the better she felt, and the harder she rode him. The best part about this is Harry did not let her do all of the work, no he was thrusting up into her, and squeezing her, giving her the encouragement that she needed when she rode him.

Kitty watched on the other side of this bed, rubbing her clit furiously, and really hoped that Harry would figure out how to get that shield spell working, because this waiting her turn was kind of unbearable.

"Oh, oh, fuck me hard, lover, pound that twat," Rogue mewled, and Harry did as his girlfriend told him, thrusting up long and hard into her, feeling her cunt squeeze around him, feeling the pleasure and the pressure around him.

Rogue felt him stretch her, and it was such a wonderful feeling, this big thick tool going up into her, with the moments ticking away, and the pleasure she got, feeling herself be brought to the peak. Her juices lubricated the movement, and allowed Rogue to continue to slide on and off of Harry, bringing her tight cunt down onto him, squeezing him hard.

The little jolts of magic that Harry sent into her, was making squeeze, and clench him hard, whilst she rode him long and hard. The bed creaked, with the two lovers enjoying each other's motions.

Harry thought he was close.

"You're so tight, think I'm going to lose it," Harry voice, but he was not done yet, he wanted to drive Rogue to the brink, before the young woman begged for him to come.

"Cum for me Harry, please, shoot it inside me," Rogue managed, and the young woman squeezed him nice and hard. "Fucking cum for me."

Harry's balls tightened, and after a long hard session later, his cum splattered deep into Rogue, splattering her walls, and painting the inside of her with its full whiteness.

Harry was not done for the night, as Kitty went over to take her turn, and they switched off until all of them were spent, which was well past midnight.

_Smut/Lemon Concludes._
Harry breathed heavily, once he had made his way through the mountains that had been erected through the magical simulation, and saw the flaming beasts of fire peering down on him. They would be ready to pounce if he did not do anything against them. Normal spells would not work on these things, as Harry quickly found that point out the hard way. The dark haired wizard rushed forward, dodging the flaming axe that had been created, before he blocked it with a shield.

Harry closed his eyes tightly, and tried to master his surroundings to the point where he could deal with these monsters, with the ground shifting, and sure enough Harry managed to conjure heavy vines that cut through the fiery creatures, before their flames had been snuffed out by a conjured tidal wave. The young mage dropped to his knees, and waved his hand, blinking his eyes, and had a feeling that the worst was not to come.

Sure enough, a large creature, a giant who breathed fire stomped the ground, but Harry managed to do what anyone should do against any opponent much larger than them. The legs should be taken out on all costs, and that's what Harry did, blasting with a series of fiery spikes at the knees, trying to cut the legs out from underneath the creature. Harry took a moment, taking a deep breath, and Harry sprung up, flying high into the air, before sending a blinding blast into the giant's eyes.

Harry dropped down, dropping to both knees, and taking a deep breath, before the mist swirled around him, and Doctor Strange appeared before him, giving Harry an appraising look.

"You have performed in an adequate matter, but there are times where you put a bit too much power into your spells, when a simpler solution could be at hand," Strange remarked without taking much of a breath, and his eyes peered upon Harry. There was times where Strange and Harry stared at each other. "But regardless of that fact, you have shown marked improvement, and are getting better at manipulating your surroundings. The more creatures you fight, the harder it is, and then once there is a versatile enemy, you have to become more adaptable."

Harry just allowed that all to set in, he had come leaps and bounds since the moment he had left Hogwarts and his own dimension, with more than a couple of months having passed, but he'd be lying if he said he was completely satisfied. Feeling that there was more room for improvement, Harry resolved to push him harder, nearly to the point of absurdity, and the dark haired young man sat himself down on the ground.

"I feel as if my powers are growing every day," Harry said, before he spoke himself.

"Power is a strange concept, when one really considers it," Strange mused, taking a moment to reflect. "There is no true metric it could be measures. Even the most powerful of sorcerers have a day where they seem to be weak. There are many instances where I reflect upon past battles, and think of what I should have done differently."

Harry found himself doing that as well more often than not.

"But, it is much easier to look at these things in hindsight, as opposed to once you are in the moment. There are instances where the most logical step to win, is not the most logical step to win the battle once we are in the moment."

"I understand," Harry answered, with a slight nod of his head, offering a smile, and taking a long and deep breath, before fixing Strange. "There are activities that seem to boost…my powers, shall we say."

"Shall I assume that you are speaking about your romantic relationships," Strange replied in a delicate and professional manner.
"Yes, that's exactly what I'm talking about," Harry responded to that moment, and Strange seemed to be considering exactly how much he wanted to delve into that particular topic.

The truth be told, there were many interesting ideas of how sex and magic worked in term, and whilst Strange did not have ample opportunities to study the matter up close, and personal, or at least to the extent that he wanted to, it was a fascinating subject for study. He understood that Harry already had two young ladies, and would likely captivate many more, both the right kind and the wrong kind.

"Without understanding how magic works in your world, I can only offer a scant few theories," Strange replied, and then he added in an afterthought. "Not to mention whatever lineage that you might have throughout your bloodline."

Harry realized how little he knew about his bloodline from his old world, and there was the fact that he never would know. For all he knew, the Potters could have a rich and fascinating history.

"Intercourse has often been known to be an empowering activity in many circumstances," Strange explained, and Harry responded with a nod. "Magic born from such activities could be extremely powerful, and potentially dangerous."

'Never a good combination,' Harry thought to himself.

"I believe that you may have some kind of allure to you," Strange answered, and Harry looked at him with a quizzical look. "It will lower the inhibitions of girls who would otherwise be attracted to you, but may be hesitant to follow up on it for various reasons."

Harry wondered about that, but that would make sense. This might have been another mutant power, because if Harry had this power in this old world, he would not have had the poor luck that he had with girls. Still that was the past, and his luck was improving a lot with the girls.

"I can assure you that the allure will not force girls that would not be willing." Strange answered, and Harry just looked at him with a smile. "However, given someone of your power, and also the vibe of mystery that you give, you may find that there are many girls that are willing. I would highly suggest you choose wisely, for many of the girls who are willing, might not be someone who have your best interests in mind."

Harry thought that was a good suggestion, and one that he was keeping in mind.

"And my powers seem much stronger ever since, well I started having sex at least one time a day," Harry responded, and Strange just stroked his chin, nodding. This was one of the last conversations that he expected to have with an apprentice, but then again in his line of work, one would have to expect the unexpected.

Strange got to his feet at that moment, and turned around, he would have to consult more books, as many of the learned magical users of the world had many interesting ideas about how this sexual intercourse would work. The Sorcerer Supreme just adjusted his stance, and looked at Harry.

"We have been here for several hours, I believe it is time for you to return," Strange answered, and Harry nodded, thinking that he learned much today, with his head swimming with information, too much to really consider. "I bid you farewell, and hope your journey back is safe."

Harry nodded, before he walked off, another session having done, the hours just flew by.

Strange meanwhile was left to ponder about his apprentice, and wondered if this young man had any clue about the full scope of his power. There were many instances where Strange could tell that there
was a lot of untapped power that Harry might be restraining, but it was just as well. Very few could have handled that level of power this soon, and Strange knew if he had that level of power at Harry's age, he might have been sorely tempted to misuse it.

Harry could be extremely powerful, but Strange decided to keep these observations under his hat for the moment, not wanting Harry to rush his development. There have been many who were far older, although perhaps not that much wiser, who had allowed the power to get away from them. Strange was impressed by how quickly he had come, as not many could obtain this level of power before the age of thirty, or around that.

Yet, much like all users of magic, Harry had a lot to learn, and the Sorcerer Supreme also thought that he would have more lessons to learn himself due to this unique situation. Even Stephen Strange understood that each day that there was more and more lessons to learn, whilst moments in time passed.

Strange paused and sat rigid, sensing a presence of some sort that was near, but that was nothing new. There were many presences that were unsettling, and as the Sorcerer Supreme, there were many dangerous sources of power that he located. Yet, this presence was only around for a second, before it disappeared.

Harry had sensed the presence as well, and quickened his strides to the Xavier Institute, there was a sense that something was up, although Harry did not know what. Until Harry could figure out what was happening, he was going to remain worried, and most importantly, he would be on his guard.

Harry made his way back to the Xavier Institute, but stopped the moment he touched down outside of it. The dark haired wizard sensed a presence, and it was not the good type of presence either, rather the presence was quite evil, and extremely malevolent, and immediately, Harry took a step forward, his hand on the door knob.

There was no time to shift around, and figure out what plan he was going to make, for there was a loud scream that came inside the Mansion, before the scream was silenced. Said scream sounded like Kitty, and that caused Harry to break open the doors, not caring if he had bust it off the hinges, slide inside, and look around.

There was no one around, and the silence was in fact deafening. Harry could barely keep his head above the water, and there were times where he thought that someone tried to poke into his mind.

Immediately, Harry dropped to his knees, and he felt something slam up within his head, causing a ringing sensation that echoed for miles around. The dark haired wizard continued to take a deep breath, pausing at the slightest moments, and he entered the study, to see Kitty, Kurt, and Rogue sitting around, looking positively catatonic.

Their eyes were opened, but no one was in fact home, even when Harry snapped his fingers again and again. Harry tried to revive them with a few spells, but still nothing. He would like to have slipped inside their minds to try and see if he could bring them out of their state, but Harry was nowhere nearly as confident with his mind magic abilities. The slightest wrong nudge at the wrong part of the brain could turn one of them into a vegetable.

Harry was trying not to freak out, because bad things happened when he freaked out.

Harry stepped back, hearing a thump in the wall, and there was another thump in the wall, and once again, someone appeared to try to take hold of Harry, but once again, something forced them out, all at great pain to Harry.
"Your mind may be strong, but you cannot evade my power forever, young one.'

A deep and mysterious voice with no body seldom meant something good, and Harry quickened his steps, to see Scott downed in the hallway, his eyes closed, and his visor knocked off. Jean was on the ground a few feet away from him, and even Logan was down, even though his arms twitched every few minutes, and his claws popped out.

"If they perish in my domain, they will perish in the real world. Do you think that you can save them?'

The voice was taunting and tormenting, with Harry wondering where it had come from, and the dark haired wizard continuing his movements, further and further with each passing instance. There was some kind of problem that Harry needed to solve, and the dark haired wizard took the deepest breath and his eyes snapped to the windows which rattled.

This was done because Storm was yelling and thrashing in the next room, lighting was crackling outside, and a heavy wind kicked up.

"No, I will not allow you to take me again, I escaped you, I escaped you!" Storm yelled at the top of her lungs.

Whoever this person was, he knew Storm, or Storm knew him, and their past was not a good memory for Storm. Harry thought that his roll call was all on line except for one, and he noticed that the Professor was missing. Xavier was not present, but Harry made his way over to his office, which had been barricaded shut.

Barricaded shut to a normal person maybe, but not by magic, with Harry busting open the office door, and entering, hands glowing with the personification of power. There was a moment where he stood, to face Xavier.

Xavier like the others, had his eyes wide open, but there was no response, none at all. The leader of the X-Men's breath had become shallow, and Harry could tell that his face contorted in pain, with his mouth trying to articulate a word. Whoever had a grip on Xavier's mind, they had a tight one, but the headmaster was given quite the fight, despite someone outgunning him.

Harry summarized that Xavier could have only been taken by such a matter by surprise, but he noticed something else. There was a slip of paper on his desk, with a word hastily scrawled on it, which Harry deduced had happened when Xavier was possessed, and whoever this mysterious force was, he utilized Xavier's powers to ensnare the minds of the X-Men.

Snatching up the piece of paper in his hand, Harry read the sole word on it.

'Shadow King.'

Harry had no idea what it is, but he knew when he was outgunned, so he bolted from the office, when suddenly, the whirling winds and thunder kicked up.

"Do you really think that I'm going to allow you to leave since I cannot possess your mind. Now that you're here, you will not be leaving this place alive."

"You'd be surprised of how many people tell me that," Harry managed in a dry voice, and with the reflexes that were born in Quidditch and fine-tuned in the Danger Room, Harry managed to throw his way through the hallway, before deciding to throw himself through the nearest window.
A tornado kicked up outside, but all Harry had to do was fly behind the scope of this anti-teleportation shield that this man put around the Institute, before popping back away.

"What you do is futile, you cannot stop me."

Again, if Harry had a piece of gold for any time someone said something like that to him, he would be far richer then he would be right now, and he flew into the sky, high above the clouds, and made it past the wards, the tingling sensation stopped, and Harry popped off without another word.

He just was glad that he had just left Doctor Strange, and Strange would be unlikely to have disappeared after the events that occurred on this day. Hopefully Strange could help him get to the bottom of this, and could save his team, because Harry had a feeling that his time was running out.

"I'm sorry to come to you about this for help," Harry responded, but Strange's eyes just snapped forward, and he shook his head.

"No, Harry, you did the proper thing, it takes true strength of character to admit and know your limitations," Strange replied, and the Sorcerer Supreme just allowed the statement that Harry had given him to properly settle in. "So, you said the Shadow King was behind this?"

"Yes, that's what it seemed by what Professor Xavier wrote on his paper," Harry replied, and his green eyes were fixed upon the Sorcerer Supreme for the briefest of instances. "Do you know of him?"

"Yes," Strange answered without pause, or pre-amble, before taking a long breath. "He is a spirit that feeds off of the worst elements of humanity, mostly hatred, but he is not picky to what he is fueled by. He has existed since the dawn of man in many forms, and legend has it that he has influenced many of history's greatest monsters."

Harry allowed this to all sink in.

"The last time he was present upon this plane was ten years ago, where he possessed a man named Amahl Farouk, and led a group of street children in Cairo to commit crimes, stealing from them, and one of them was Ororo Munroe, or Storm as she was known," Strange explained briefly, as he consulted a book whilst he explained. "Ororo picked the pocket of Charles Xavier, who discovered that Farouk was a telepath. The two had a duel of the minds, and eventually, Charles managed to banish the vile spirit, sealing it away upon the Astral Plane, until the moment where he broke free apparently."

Harry wondered what he had to do, and opened his mouth.

"I believe I can assist you in recovering your team from his grip, but the Shadow King is a dangerous foe and one that should not be taken lightly at all," Strange told Harry in an admonishing tone, and Harry nodded in understanding, taking it all in, resigning himself to the next battle. "Shadow King might have been defeated by Xavier, but he took Xavier's legs from him before he was able to finish the job. And he intends to take much more this time."

Strange slammed the book shut.

"Now sit down, and focus your mind, open the door, and allow him to lead you in, I will be right behind you," Strange responded, and truthfully he would not be doing this if Harry was not prepared. "And remember to tread lightly, for if you die on the Astral Plane, then your heart will give out in the real world."
Harry nodded, sitting down, cross legged, and his mind was opened, before a strange sensation overflowed him.

The next thing Harry knew was that he appeared on the Astral Plane, and he tried to focus his mind, and sure enough it worked. A layer of armor wrapped around Harry, hopefully protecting him from the assault of the Shadow King, thick, but not too thick where it would be cumbersome for his movement. Harry stood, on the ground, which began to rumble underneath him.

The fiery demons appeared in the air, and Harry ducked his head, rolling, before he sent a series of flaming spikes out of his hand. They were hot, but his fire was hotter, and the demonic creatures screamed, their teeth bared at him. The young mutant wizard rushed forward, and threw himself behind a set of rocks, but suddenly the rocks had come to life, with a towering rock monster.

The rock monster tried to smash Harry with its fist, and swung around, but Harry used a vibration spell to break the creatures apart. The broken bits reformed into several rock monsters, but Harry had a good idea how to deal with this as well. With expert spell, and agility, Harry dodged around, and caused the rock monsters to crash into each other.

Harry focused his mind, and the debris vanished before they could be reformed, before he took a step forward. A muffled scream was heard, and Harry knew that he was close. The loud laughter of the Shadow King echoed, and Harry could sense that Doctor Strange was behind him, offering him subtle guidance.

"You are a fool to enter this domain."

"We'll see," Harry replied, and the pillars had come to life, twisting it hideous creatures, with many eyes, and many limbs. Once one had taken many trips into the Forbidden Forests, and fought creatures like Dementors, these creatures did not seem too bad. In fact, they seemed quite cuddly. Well, Hagrid would find them quite cuddly at any rate.

Granted that did not mean they were good, and Harry sped up his attacks, dodging them all, and once again, the blasting charms managed to work well, with Harry super charging his attacks whenever he could. Harry had an inkling that he was getting closer than the Shadow King wanted him to, and understood the reason why Strange had sent him on ahead.

Harry would be underestimated, and treated as a light threat, whilst the Sorcerer Supreme would be given the full intent and fury of the Shadow King and his powers.

Harry reached one of the mystical pods in the Astral Plane, and saw Jean inside in suspended animation, trying to fight. Her eyes were glowing yellow with power, and her body thrashed in the confinement. Harry thought it would make the most sense to free her first, and then Xavier, once he found him.

Harry grabbed Jean and tried to pull her away, but the red head was struggling with all of her might, eyes flickering in and out of focus all of the time.

"Jean listen to me, whatever is happening, it's in your mind, nothing is real, just it's a manifestation of the Astral Plane, and your mind is stronger than his, just fight him," Harry said without taking much of a breath.

Jean's eyes began to fade, and flicker out of touch, before she managed to comeback, dropping down, and collapsing into Harry's arms. Harry caught Jean, and she looked into his eyes, trying to shake everything off, to clear the cobwebs from her mind.
"Thanks," Jean murmured, trying to get rid of the splitting headache she felt, and she managed to detach herself from Harry.

"Don't mention it," Harry replied with a smile, and Jean looked at him with a quizzical expression on her face, which Harry took as a call for an explanation. "I'll give you the short version. There's an evil spirit who managed to catch the Professor off guard, and used his powers to trap all of you on the Astral Plane, and we do need to get everyone out, before he destroys us all."

Jean just nodded, taking those words in stride, and turning around, surprised to see how calm Harry seemed to be in this situation, but then again it really should not be a surprise any more. If he was freaking out on the inside, Harry neglected to show that fact, and the two of them moved forward at that thought.

The two of them did not encounter any resistance, and they found Scott, Kurt, Rogue, and Kitty all bound on the Astral Plane, and with Jean's help, Harry managed to free them from their confinement. Kitty and Rogue landed to the ground, and Harry went to check on them immediately.

"You two are alright, aren't you?" Harry asked Kitty and Rogue, and both girls nodded their heads with a smile.

"We are now," Kitty answered, and Harry led them over. Kurt shook his head, taking a deep breath.

"All we need to do is get Storm, Logan, and the Professor," Harry replied, before Scott could open his mouth. "Which that might constitute as a problem, with Storm and the Professor, it's personal for the Shadow King."

Harry led the team towards a large vortex of light, and there was a loud scream of anguish, with a flood of darkness that surrounded the entire lot of them.

"What is it?" Rogue asked, and Harry took a sigh.

"We're about to enter the mind of Professor Xavier, I think," Harry answered, and he saw a small speck of light. "The Shadow King is trying to rearrange it to suit his needs."

The team walked forward, and Logan was tied in vines on the ground, trying to cut himself through. Immediately, Scott lowered his visor, and a blast of light cut through the vines, allowing Logan to rip himself out. Two bright lights appeared from Harry's hands, and the vines had been blown up at that moment.

Logan staggered around, taking a deep breath, before he slumped to his knees. Shaking his head, the mutant's eyes snapped up to his teammates. "What took you so long?"

"Got lost along the way, I guess," Kitty answered with a shadow of a smile, and the X-Men looked, to see Storm down on the ground, trapped in a box, in an enclosed space.

Storm was freaking out because of this arrangement.

"Storm, it's all in your mind!" Jean yelled, trying to get through to her. "None of this is real, snap out of it, fight it!"

"It's mind over matter!" Rogue yelled, trying to get through.

"Oh, man, she's not hearing us," Kurt answered, and Harry took a step forward, but suddenly a ripple hit him.
Spinning around, Harry faced the rest of the team, and his expression never wavered from the stern look that flicked through his eyes.

"Jean, I'm going to need your help to get through here, if I can, we can break down this barrier," Harry answered.

'Doctor Strange, I hope you're with me,' Harry projected to himself throughout the astral plane.

"The door has been locked. Did you really think that you would be allowed to leave this place alive?"

"Oh, for crying out loud, get a new one, that one's getting old," Kitty answered, putting her hands on her hips, and rolling her eyes, offering a frown at that moment. The brunette mutant moved her arms up, and folded them.

"You are merely children, scared children."

"You couldn't beat the Professor head on, so you had to back jump him," Harry answered, not backing down.

"I find it amusing that you of all people are offering the bold statements that are you. For, if it was not for your arrival in this dimension, I would have remained dormant. You split the dimensional barriers when you went through, and released a source of supreme evil, that empowered me."

Harry stopped, but shook his head, there was a moment of indecision, and doubt. Could it have been possible?

"No, you're wrong, he's trying to play mind games," Kitty replied at that moment, and grabbing Harry’s hand, and Rogue grabbed his other hand. Kitty proceeded to direct the Shadow King directly. "It's mind over matter. Hope you don't mind, because to us, you don't matter."

Suddenly, Harry did what he needed to do, and he broke the Shadow King’s grip on Storm, just in the nick of time. The spell allowed him to break through, and he peered down, with Storm breathing heavily. Kurt and Kitty moved over, to help Ororo up to her feet, but the Shadow King appeared not to be concerned; in fact there was a moment where he just laughed.

"As long as I have the Professor…"

Jean tried to strike the Shadow King with a powerful psychic blast, and Harry had a point, on the Astral Plane, the things were only real in her own mind, and she assaulted the mind of her opponent. The Shadow King was unconcerned, despite the mild annoyance Jean's efforts had given him.

"You are merely like a fly on the windshield, little girl."

Jean tried block these taunts out of her mind, but she was losing rather badly, with the two forces pushing at each other, back and forth, back and forth, until Harry added his own input, than a wide blast of energy shot out, locking onto the Shadow King.

The Sorcerer Supreme was in the house, and the three powerful forces managed to loosen the grip that Shadow King had on Xavier, long enough for Xavier to take control of his own mind.

"I believe once again, you have lost."
"No, I can't lose, I am..."

What the Shadow King was had never been stated, because he had been blasted hard, and his grip shattered. The X-Men had woken back up in the real world, where their physical selves remained. They were sore, and beaten, but they would survive.

Xavier's head was ringing, but at least his mind was his own once more, completely and utterly intact.

'Thank you, Stephen.'

'No need to thank me, if it were not for Harry and Jean, I would not have been able to get as far into the Shadow King's realm as I did. They were the true heroes of today.'

Charles Xavier responded with a nod, that was extremely true, and something that he would keep in mind.

X-X-X

The X-Men had been beaten, battered, and amused from their little adventure on the Astral Plane, and even Logan was feeling the burn. Harry was the only one who seemed to be mostly one hundred percent, when he sank down next to Kitty and Rogue at that point, and both of them leaned against Harry.

"I tell you, I hope I never have to go through another day like that ever again," Kurt stated, and everyone nodded in agreement to that.

Ororo was the one who broke the silence, with a nod when she spoke. "I'll second that notion, one hundred percent."

Harry, Rogue, and Kitty all could tell that Ororo had fought one of her own personal boogeymen in the Shadow King.

"Yeah, well it's good to see that our minds were strong enough to take the beating," Logan grumbled, shaking his head.

"Yes, that kind of strength is important for the coming challenges ahead."

Professor Xavier was the one who spoke, and wheeled indoors to face the other members of the team, a smile crossing his face as he seemed to be back, and raring to go.

"It is good to see you back on your feet, Professor," Scott remarked, being the first to speak at that moment.

"Well so to speak," Professor Xavier said, indicating the wheelchair, and they were all happy to see him in mostly good spirits. "The Shadow King is a dangerous foe, so the fact that you all survived the battle today speaks well of your future prospects."

"Do you think we've seen the last of him, Professor?" Kitty asked at that moment.

Xavier responded at that moment, and shook his head. "Evil like that always has a way of finding its way back no matter what. But, the fact is that he can never win, no matter what, as long as we keep strong minds, and an able heart."

Those were words to live by, and team just allowed themselves some downtime, knowing that there
would be more challenges to come, all too soon.

Destiny was a word that was thrown around way too often, in an attempt to get people to justify their actions for some kind of greater good. Yet Magneto felt it was his destiny to lead the mutant race to the promise land, and to a brighter future. The Master of Magnetism stood, eyes glowing with power, while checking several things to make sure that they were in order.

There was a time where people would either have to hang together, or they would all hang separately, and that was a statement that was completely accurate for the future of the mutant race. The X-Men and the Brotherhood would learn some hard truths that he had a long time ago, once humans had learned of their existence in a wider degree, they would turn on people they once considered friends.

It did not matter who was in what group, all that mattered was that these people were different. Magneto had seen the atrocities up close during his childhood, watching in horror as his parents were led off never to be seen again, likely to the gas chambers, but he was kept, experimented on by that madman, to try and force his mutant powers up. Magneto managed to kill most of the scientists who had done so upon his escape, but not the one who had been behind it.

Magneto had no idea what happened of the scientist who had experimented upon him, the man’s name was Nathaniel Essex, and he was extremely tormented, those barely spoke of him in kind terms, with the word Sinister being the mildest of the insults that had been given to that sadistic menace.

One day, should he still be alive, Magneto would have to meet him again, and pay him back for the years of torment that he suffered. But, in many ways, Magneto felt he should be thanking that sinister scientist, for what does not kill a person, made them stronger, and Magneto felt his strength grow. The Master of Magnetism stood on the precipice of a revolution, and it was one that he would lead.

Mutants would assume their rightful place, but there would be some that would not pass the test into the new world order that Magneto had created. So be it, only those who were considered to be worthy, would be offered a place, while all of the others would be swept into the current that the change was given.

The winds of change had blown, and Magneto made sure that the shields around his new base of operations were in working order. From his vantage point, Earth looked but a mighty speck of dust. He had been planning this for weeks and weeks, and the plan that he plotted would be delivered in spades.

In fact, if Magneto should choose to do so, he could lock into the Earth satellites orbiting above the planet with his powers, and send them crashing down upon the head of all of the hapless humans, but that was not in the cards. Magneto had far loftier goals in mind then destruction, and given what he knew about humans, they would end up destroying themselves before too long.

All Magneto felt concerned with was the fact that his fellow mutants did not get swept into the undercurrent of that inferior race. His hands stood, and the shields were in place, when he stood on the structure that had been dubbed, Asteroid M. The technology aboard it was second to none, and he could hardly wait to utilize its full capabilities.

The world would change for the better, he would make sure about it, and no mutant would ever suffer like he did during his childhood.

Magneto could see the future, and it was one that would be bright for mutants, when they took their
proper place.

Humanity on the other hand, Magneto could see them get put in their place properly, and suffer the indignity of defeat, but to be honest, they had brought it upon themselves through their arrogant actions.

The future was now, and the future would be mutants first, with Magneto preparing his next stage, to test only those who would be worthy.

Only some would pass the trials that were ahead.
Chapter 20: Asteroid Part One.

The day was just getting started on the SHIELD helicarrier, but Nick Fury was already up and about, before the sun had barely risen above the horizon. The Director of SHIELD was never one to sit back, and wait for the day to start; rather it was Fury who started the day, each and every day. The SHIELD director did not even need a morning cup of coffee like many of his subordinates did, he was always on, and always, always watching.

Fury was the one that gave the rooster the kick up the ass as well to crow in the morning. That was how early he always got out of bed.

The equipment on the flying fortress above the city came to life, and everyone scrambled around the base, with Fury moving forward at a rate and speed that was surprising. Fury continued to move, before he barked to the nearest agent that he could find.

"I want to know what's going on, and I want to know it yesterday!"

Fury did not have to wait long for any answer to be given, even if said answers had been given in a baffled and unassuming manner, with the SHIELD agents struggling to really keep their heads above the situation, and taking several pained breaths, before one of them began to spoke, practically stammering to get his sentence out.

"S-sir, we might have a problem, there's some kind of magnetic disturbance, our satellites have picked them up and…no they got shut off line."

Fury cursed, whilst slamming his fists down upon the table, the fact of the matter was that those satellites were his means to monitor all air travel on the planet. Furthermore, they extended above the Earth's atmosphere, which mean someone shut them down for a reason, and that reason was that they did not want anyone to know what they were moving.

"Spread out!" Fury barked, causing his subordinates to startle, and they scrambled for back up. "I want those satellites back on line, yesterday, do you hear me?"

They all nodded, looking like overgrown bobble heads, and the scene on the SHIELD fortress was one of absolute chaos, coupled with a fair bit of anarchy, as no one seemed to have the foggiest notion of what was going on. All of them scrambled, and a few of them were in a bit of a panic, taking several deep breaths to calm themselves, but there was no calm allowed, none at all.

Fury paced up and down the SHIELD fortress in the sky, and the scanners picked up a faint trace, when suddenly, it all made sense to him. He should have figured it out for the start, over the past few months; Fury's attention had been directed to other matters. How he could have been so blind, that was the question, but one that Fury would resolve to answer at a later date. Right now, he stood, hands firmly on the ledge, and his eyes peering out of the windows, high into the sky.

"Magneto," Fury growled, spitting out the name with the distaste that he thought it deserved, knowing full well that the Master of Magnetism had escalated the battle to the next level.

Now Fury was a man who was going to take many things in stride during his time, for he had seen a lot in his day, but what was occurring at this moment took the cake, and then some. Fury slammed his hands down, and many things became clear to him, crystal in fact.
Magneto was recruiting members to his Brotherhood, and had stashed his key lieutenant in a very public position, to divert Fury's attention from matters that were higher up in the stratosphere, above the clouds, and into the stars. It became clear that Magneto had some kind of base of operations up in space, and now Fury felt himself sweating just a tiny bit.

Not many things could make Nick Fury sweat or to lose his composure at that point. Yet, there was something in the offing that had made him lose just a bit of his steely composure.

It was hard to tell what could have been up there, for all he knew; Magneto had some kind of insane weapon up there, to really hammer home the point that Fury was helpless. The SHIELD director gritted his teeth, and took a moment to settle himself. Panic would not help him now, far from it, so Fury focused, and turned to his men. His determination was swift, but something that had been bred from handling situations like this for years.

"Keep on it, we need to find Magneto, and figure out what he's up to," Fury managed, but he realized taking anything made of metal close to the Master of Magnetism was going to be a problem.

Fortunately, SHIELD had tracking drones that were made of plastic, because truly, plastics made it possible. Fury proceeded to have his men deploy them, hopefully they could get close enough, to figure out what Magneto's game was, and if necessary put a stop to him, once and for all. It was going to be gut check time, time to separate the men from the boys.

It was not going to be easy, but Nick Fury didn't do easy, the harder it got, the more thrilled he was. This was going to be hair raising.

A rare moment to enjoy the downtime, and take a deep breath was something that was appreciated by all, even if Harry had thought that it was the calm before some kind of storm. There was just something about the entire situation that seemed too calm. Perhaps Harry was being glorious pessimistic, but that was just how he was feeling.

Professor Xavier, Scott, and Logan were all off to follow up on a new energy signature that Cerebro picked up, Jean was on the grounds on the other end of the property, Storm was inside, Kurt was elsewhere, and Harry was on the ground with Rogue and Kitty, both girls leaned up against him, just enjoying the day. The three watched the clouds, and enjoyed the moments of time they spent together as music blared from a boom box that sat across from them.

"So, you think that this spell would make me able to touch people normally," Rogue said, looking a bit more hopeful than she would have liked to, not wanting to show the slightest bit of vulnerability.

"I think it can," Harry told her, trying to give his second girlfriend an encouraging smile, but he decided to add a warning. "The problem, as with many magical spells, is that there is a drawback. It will only work for a period of a few hours, before I have to reapply it. I'm trying to figure out how to work the charm into a bracelet, or something, where you can wear it, and it's sell applying. The problem is…"

"You're not nearly close to figuring it out as you would have liked," Kitty offered, and Harry decided to nod at that moment, but Kitty just smiled, leaning over, and offering Harry a light kiss on the lips. "Harry, don't work yourself too hard, these things take time. I'm sure Rogue will wait."

"Yeah, some things are worth the wait," Rogue answered, with a slight smile, and she leaned forward, to give Harry a light kiss on the lips. It was a measure of encouragement to make sure Harry did not work himself up under heavy amounts of stress.
Jean stood off to the side, towards the bushes, rubbing her temples to nurse the headache that she had acquired. The fact of the matter was that she really needed a bit more control of her abilities, for they were picking up some rather strong and perverted thoughts regarding Harry from Kitty and Rogue. This had made it rather hard to focus, given how vivid some of these thoughts were.

Harry at least had the decency, or perhaps the ability to shield his mind, which Jean was grateful for, but still it was causing her to become very much distracted.

Not to mention that she was in need of a cold shower sometimes because of some of the images that had been put in her head. Jean tried to not focus on how much that distracted her.

It was at that point, where there was a rustling in the bushes, and Toad hopped out which caused Jean to step back at that moment. She had moved as far from Harry, Kitty, Rogue, and really the Mansion in general as possible whilst still being on the property. The slimy mutant had randomly hopped out of the bushes, and looked ready to engage Jean into battle.

"Alright, it's open season on you X-Men, so give me your best shot," Toad replied, putting his hands up in a fighting stance, and Jean looked at Toad like he was completely, and utterly mental, for that's how he was acting. The slimy mutant took a step back, and waved his hands. "Come on, X-Girl, I can take your best shot, hit me with everything you got."

Jean would have been amused, but Toad pulled out a really big branch, and tried to waffle Jean with it. The key word was that he tried, for Jean had blocked it with her telekinetic abilities, and hoisted Toad up over the fence, before dropping him in the fresh mud outside of the gates.

How he got in here, Jean had no idea, but perhaps she would be having a word with the Professor about having tighter security. The Mansion could use a bit of an upgrade.

"Ah man, I just had a bath last month!" Toad groaned, when he was in the mud, utterly humiliated, and defeated as he thrashed around in the muck.

A smile crossed Jean's face, but that smile was wiped off of said face when a humming large metallic orb could be heard across the distance. The orb dropped down on the ground, and Jean could tell that it was a threat immediately. She focused her telekinetic abilities to try and stop the orb, but it repelled her attacks.

The attacks ricocheted back off of the orb towards her.

Without warning, several heavy cables shot from the orb, and wrapped around Jean. She grunted in surprise, the cables nearly crushing her from the impact. The red haired telepath tried to get out, so she did the next best thing, she offered a muffled cry for help.

"Someone…ah!"

Jean was going to rip apart whoever did this, with the orb containing her body, and going off into space.

Kitty, Rogue, and Harry appeared after they just barely heard Jean's screams for help; just a few seconds late, with them seeing the orb carry Jean off into the stratosphere. Kurt popped up behind them at that moment, after he had heard the screams for help as well.

"What was that?"

Harry was the one who chimed in with a response, and pointed up in the sky. "That was Jean, she got kidnapped in that thing."
Harry jumped high into the air, taking flight in an attempt to grab the orb, but some defenses were activated, creating a field that repelled back. The orb gained velocity, and it must have been powerful technology to be able to maintain its field in such a matter, or at least that's what Harry thought in his opinion.

An attack of magic barely caused the shield to bend, and Harry once again tried to move closer. If the orb was not moving so fast, Harry could have analyzed the shield, and broke through it, but now he had the problem of how to release Jean safely.

Harry tried to slap a tracking spell on it, so he could follow it later, but there was one problem. The tracking spell died once the orb got to a certain height, and Harry flew back down, to join Kurt, Kitty, and Rogue, who had run onto the pathway. The orb was merely nothing, but a silver dot high in the sky, going further and further until it reached its destination.

It was not over yet, and Harry, Rogue, Kitty, and Kurt scrambled, with Harry trying to see if he could lock onto the spell somehow. While the tracking spell was not active, magic left a trace that he could hopefully pick up on in due time.

Harry was about to go for help because this might be a situation where they would be one situation where they might be in way over their heads. It was at that moment where something happened that prevented Harry from going for an attack.

Suddenly, at that moment, tremors rocked the ground, and Harry flew up into the air over it.

"Avalanche," Kitty grumbled, and sure enough, the Brotherhood were in fact in the house. "Really, are you guys sick of getting your butts kicked by now?"

Harry gave Kitty a warning look not to get too cocky but she seemed to be more annoyed about their presence than anything. The Brotherhood just stood, they had no time for this, but the truth was that the X-Men had to make the time.

It seemed like the Brotherhood were itching for a fight, and judging by their attacks, were not going to go down easily this time. The X-Men moved in for what proved to be a more even battle than previously.

The day had started with a surprise, with the new version of Cerebro on line after it had been destroyed during the Juggernaut's attack in the Mansion, and it was new and improved as well. Immediately, it picked up the energy signature of a new mutant, and Scott peered out the window, the truth was that this one was someone who was near and dear to his heart. The Blackbird touched down, with Logan and Scott exiting it, and Xavier wheeling himself out as well.

The mutant's name was named Alex Masters, and he shot optic energy from his hands, much like Scott had done with his eyes. He was a surfer who lived in Hawaii, but Xavier had been able to dig even deeper into the fact of who he was.

When he was young, Scott was in a plane crash where his parents and younger brother, Alex, had apparently died. Scott was left in a catatonic state for months, with a head injury, that caused his powers to be the state they were in, only being able to be controlled by the visor that he wore over his eyes. Scott thought that he had come a long way, all things considered, but that was beside the point.

Once Xavier had done some digging, there was only one conclusion that could be drawn, and that was that Alex Masters and Alex Summers, his long lost brother, were one and the same. Scott looked
forward to reuniting, and he was also kind of nervous. His eyes snapped towards the Professor's face, and the three of them noticed a surfboard lying in the sand.

Scott frowned, taking a look at it, and he paused at that moment.

"Are you sure we're in the right place, Professor?" Scott asked at that moment, and Xavier took a moment to survey the situation, when a young man with blond hair rushed up to Scott, an excited expression on his face.

"Scott, I can't believe it, it's really you!" the young man said in a cheerful voice, and he moved forward to greet his older brother.

"Alex?" Scott asked, hard to believe it, but the truth was one could not deny the fact that Alex was standing before him, a bit of a grin on his face. "I remember the last time I saw you, you were this high."

Scott held his hand to indicate that point, and Alex just responded with a bit of a smirk, before looking at Scott.

"Hey, I might have been that high, but now I'm almost as tall as you," Alex answered, looking at Scott, and shaking his head.

"Yeah, well I can still take you," Scott answered, and Alex just shrugged his shoulders, a bit doubtful about that fact. Logan and Xavier hovered in the background, taking a moment to allow the two brothers to get this reunion underway. "So, how are you doing?"

"Man it's been wild, the last couple of days, my hands started hurting, and these energy blasts just came out of them, it was insane," Alex answered, without really missing a beat and Scott just nodded his head.

"I know, that's your mutant abilities coming to light, but you'll get used to them, after a while," Scott answered, and Alex just responded with a nod.

"I know, that's what he told me, and he offered to give me help, to help me evolve to my full abilities," Alex answered, and it was Xavier who popped up and chimed in at that moment.

"Who was the one who told you that you would evolve to your full abilities?"

"He called himself Magneto, I thought for a minute he was pulling my leg about this entire mutant thing, but his powers are the real deal," Alex answered, nodding his head.

"Careful kid, Magneto is nothing, but trouble," Logan warned him, knowing full well from many past experiences.

"It is charming you think so highly of me, Wolverine."

Sure enough, the group spun around, and speaking of the devil, the Master of Magnetism stood there in the flesh, his face covered in a helmet, and his cape billowing in the breeze. He stood on the island, tall and proud, facing the assembled group before him. Xavier did not waste any time, before addressing his once friend.

"What is your game this time, Erik?"

Magneto seemed to be calm and collected, the moment that he spoke. "There is no game at all Charles, but rather the future, and the necessary steps that I shall take to ensure that all live to see it."
"The future is still being written by the actions of the present," Xavier warned Magneto, but the Master of Magnetism just allowed himself a moment to lean back, and reflect about everything.

"Yes, and those actions that I choose to make will ensure the survival of the entire mutant race, for all of us will now continue to thrive, and survive. There is no question about it, my friend, either you are with the future, or you against it. Either you are part of the solution, or you are a huge part of the problem. That is my word on this entire situation."

"Yeah, I've got a word for you alright," Logan grumbled, taking a moment to step forward, but Magneto waved a hand and Logan was down on the ground, thrashing against the battle.

"You must learn to teach your pet some manners, Charles," Magneto remarked, clicking his tongue in mock remorse, before he turned towards Scott, Alex, and Xavier. "Do you wish to see the future? I can give you control over your abilities, both of you, without the pain."

Scott seemed a bit reluctant to go along with it, but Magneto was about to make his sale pitch.

"The world is a lot more wonderful place when one sees it in a multitude of colors. There is a lot more in the world of seeing it in a shade of red. And that is all you will see, as long as that visor is on your face. You can lead better, and be a better person. Just think about it, Mr. Summers, you can be part of the revolution, or you can be left behind. The choice is yours."

Scott felt seriously tempted by what he heard.

"Yes, Scott, remember the choice is yours, but there are other options," Xavier answered, trying to convey his misgivings to Scott, but Scott was rather reluctant to say much more than he did. "Consider the choice you make wisely, and remember no matter what, the consequences will be yours to bare."

Scott took a moment to incline his head in a thoughtful manner, but at the same time, there was no more choices to make, rather this was the one where he felt would serve him the best. His eyes turned to Magneto, and offered a crisp nod, with Alex agreeing with him. The pain in his hands was stabbing, and one that Alex preferred to live without.

Xavier feared that this might have happened; the temptation to offer the easy fix for powers, and knew that such a bargain did not come without a price.

"You naturally may come along Charles, to make sure that my intentions are, hospitable," Magneto responded, latching onto the wheel chair with his powers, and pulling it to the ship that he had stashed on the island.

Xavier decided to follow at that moment, allowing Magneto to lift his wheelchair into the ship, and Alex and Scott followed without another word, excited by the fact that there powers might have gotten control.

There was one thing about Magneto that no one could dispute, and that was that he talked a good game, and knew that such a bargain did not come without a price.

"You naturally may come along Charles, to make sure that my intentions are, hospitable," Magneto responded, latching onto the wheel chair with his powers, and pulling it to the ship that he had stashed on the island.

Xavier decided to follow at that moment, allowing Magneto to lift his wheelchair into the ship, and Alex and Scott followed without another word, excited by the fact that there powers might have gotten control.

There was one thing about Magneto that no one could dispute, and that was that he talked a good game, and one that he could back up more often than not.

Logan grumbled, pulling himself to his feet, and the ringing in his ears still was prominent, but he saw Magneto leave. He was not going to let him go away, at least not without a fight. Logan rushed Magneto on the ship, trying to jump up, and latch on.

Magneto, it seemed, had seen Logan coming, and focused the full extent of his abilities towards Logan, forcing him off of the ship. Logan tried to get back to a standing position, but this was a futile endeavor. The ship flew out of range, and Logan landed straight into the ocean with a splash, not
injured, unless one counted the fact his pride had been wounded.

It was now off to Asteroid M for the Master of Magnetism, and Xavier hoped to find out more once they had arrived there. Given what happened in the past, Xavier was less than trustful that his old friend's plans were benign.

The ground rocked because of the efforts of Avalanche, but Harry transfigured the ground below them slightly, causing the Brotherhood to get tripped up by Avalanche's own attacks. It was to the point where Quicksilver turned towards Avalanche, his eyes widened in an agitation manner, before he spoke.

"Quit doing that!" Quicksilver snapped, and the mutant took a deep breath, before Kitty dodged the incoming attacks of the Blob. With a bamf, Kurt appeared on the Blob's head, and the Blob tried to reach Kurt, but Kurt vanished, causing Blob to smack himself on the top of the head.

"So close, oh try again!" Kurt yelled as he teleported out of the way and once again Blob had smacked himself on the top of the head. He caught Kurt when he tried the attack for the fuzzy mutant had gone to the well one too many times.

Rogue tripped up the incoming Blob, and he landed right onto the road, with Avalanche rushing forward, for more. Toad tried to leap into the attack, but Rogue ducked, and offered him a back hand, before Harry knocked him back, causing him to land over the trucks. The spell only stung him, for the X-Men wanted to keep the Brotherhood awake to learn their plans.

"Remember, we're superior to these guys!" Avalanche grumbled, and the ground continued to rock, but the repelling field from Harry pushed back the assault.

"Really, try telling them that!" Toad exclaimed, once again knocked down, and into the waiting arms of Blob.

"I got ya, buddy," Blob managed, and suddenly, Kitty popped out of the ground that she phased through, grabbing onto Blob's ankles, and pulling him forward, so Harry could blast him hard with a banishing spell, before ropes tied around the Blob, momentarily holding him into place.

Quicksilver rushed forward at super speed, but the attack repelled him back and to the ground, causing him to stagger. Avalanche was knocked back down onto the ground as well, and the four X-Men stood, feeling like they got a mission well done.

"I wonder if these guys any practice attacking a moving target," Harry remarked casually, shaking his head, when suddenly four gigantic orbs appeared from the sky, and barreled down towards the three of them.

The X-Men were ready for the attacks, but the Brotherhood saw their opportunity, rushing the X-Men from behind, and there was a loud crash, when they had jumped the X-Men from behind. The two teams engaged each other in a short, titanic struggle.

Four of them had made a mad dash for the orbs, and four of them had been left behind. It was not until the dust settled until the four who had been left behind saw them all get left behind, and the orbs were long gone, on the way to their destination.

Ororo took a moment to walk around the grounds on the Mansion, things seemed a bit quiet, and in many ways extremely unsettling with the entire group having left the grounds. Still, in many ways, it was nice, allowing her some peace and quiet, and peace of mind. The weather witch paused, hearing
a sound that gave her a short start, but relaxed her stance when she saw a cat on the outside of the step.

"You know, you weren't the Kitty, that I was expecting," Ororo replied, and she bent down. "Must be a stray, let's see if you have a collar."

The cat offered an angry hiss when Storm had touched it, and this took the weather witch aback, when suddenly the cat shifted its form, turning into Mystique. Mystique kicked Storm in the face hard, sending her through the open door into the mansion, and tried to punctuate the attack by stomping her in the face with a high heel shoe. Storm blocked her ankle, holding it tightly, and twisted it, causing Mystique to tumble head over heels, and land on the ground.

Mystique landed on a table, causing it to crack into splintered wood, but she bounced back to her feet at that point. A very angry weather controlling mutant had bounded upon her.

"You dare enter our home, again!" Ororo bellowed, calling on the full fury of the wind, and Mystique took a step back, raising her hands in the air, before aiming another punch, but Storm dodged it at that moment.

Mystique was in a towering temper, finding it hard to believe that she was reduced to having fight for her spot in Magneto's world order. After all of the sacrifices she made for Magneto, this was something that was beneath her, and in fact, it demeaned the shape-shifting mutant to an insane degree.

This caused her normally top not fighting skills to falter, and for Mystique to not be as good against Storm as she would have liked. The weather witch took a moment to blow Mystique off guard, and Mystique crashed to the ground. She did a kip up to her feet, and turned into a bird, that tried to peck out Storm's eyes, but Storm blocked it, and hurled Mystique into the wall.

The full force of lighting was called upon and Mystique was startled by the lightning hitting the carpet, leaving a burn mark. This allowed Storm to swoop in, pivot on her foot, and knock Mystique down hard to the ground. Mystique tried to use a knife to stab Storm, however, Storm saw this coming, and blocked it.

The two women struggled over the knife, neither giving the other any quarter, and eventually Mystique slammed Storm into the wall, causing her back to hit. Storm kicked up a huge whirlwind, which knocked the shape shifting mutant back a bit, and caused her to drop to her knees, panting.

"No, I cannot lose, this is my right, my purpose, I won't allow you to beat me," Mystique ranted, and raved at this moment, trying to get a drop on Storm, but once again, Storm was a few steps ahead of her.

Storm knocked Mystique through the wall with an attack, and Mystique crumpled down to the ground, utterly defeated, and humiliated.

Ororo moved over, to bend down, and interrogate Mystique, trying to determine what her stake in this game was, but before any of that could happen, something crashed through the windows. This caused the dark skinned mutant to be thrown onto her guard, but the orb before her had shot cables out towards her.

Ororo tried to fight the cables off, but she had fought what amounted to a losing battle, with the cables wrapping tightly around her, forcing the woman to her knees. She tried to get out, by summoning the full force of the lightning, but it just barely dinged the side of the orb.
The orb had encased Storm in it, like it had several others. She had been proven to be worthy, more worthy than Mystique, and Mystique had been slumped on the ground, completely and utterly out of it.

Mystique's fingers twitched and the feeling came back into them, along with the anger in her being that she had been outgunned, and outmatched. Fury flashed in the eyes of the shapeshifter for the next couple of moments, and her breath became almost like a snarl, as she watched her chance for the future fly away.

This was not over, not by a long shot.

Logan was on the ground at this moment, rolling over, and grumbling after Magneto had thrown him into the ocean. The mutant made his way back into the shores, and thought that he had many better days. Before he could collect his thoughts, and old friend, or rather an old foe, dropped down, giving in a loud growl, and Logan came face to face, with Sabretooth.

He thought the air had gotten a bit fouler around here.

"I was hoping that you'd die in that explosion up in Canada," Logan growled, while he popped his claws, and faced his greatest enemy ready for battle.

"Ha, you can't get rid of me that easily, runt," Sabretooth growled, and with another swift motion, Sabretooth charged Logan. Logan blocked the attack, and both mutants took a moment to jockey for position, struggling to get the other to move, shifting back and forth.

Logan stabbed his claws towards Sabretooth, but Sabretooth blocked the hand, and knocked Logan down. He kicked his old enemy right in the ribs, staggering him down to the ground, before he grabbed him around the arm, and flipped Logan onto the ground.

Sabretooth was bending over Logan, his face snarling, and drool coming down from his mouth, splashing on Logan's face.

"You think you're hard, don't you?" Sabretooth growled at that moment, and Logan just grunted at that moment, before getting back to his feet, and slashing away at Sabretooth, not giving any quarter up. "Well, it's just like old times, I'm still whoopin' on you."

"We'll see about that, bub," Logan growled, and with feral fury, Logan rushed Sabretooth, with the two mutants pushing back and forth against each other.

Neither of them backed down, not in the slightest, and both remained on their feet, pushing back and forth.

Sabretooth sank his fist into Logan's ribs, smashing it several times, over and over, with loud cracks. The healing factor sure did not cancel out the pain, and Logan eventually went deep with the claws, trying to get Sabretooth off of him. The battle continued, and suddenly, Logan felt a weak telepathic echo in his head.

'Logan, can you hear me?' Xavier asked.

'Kind of busy, Chuck, what do you need, where are you?' Logan grumbled, and continued to battle.

'I need you to throw the fight to Sabretooth,' Xavier projected, as Logan pushed Sabretooth back at that moment, and his eyes bugled out at the thought.
'Are you nuts?' Logan asked as he wondered if the Professor had finally fried his brain.

'No, I can assure you that I am in sound mind,' Xavier replied back, and there was a pause, before Xavier responded back. 'Throw the fight, and get back to the Mansion, and follow the coordinates that I placed in your mind.'

Logan paused at that moment, allowing Xavier to do so, and took a deep breath at this point.

'Got it,' Logan growled, and Sabretooth knocked him down.

Logan had to make the throwing the fight thing rather convincing, or Sabretooth, even in his lack of intelligence, would not have been able to believe what was happening. He growled, and charged Sabretooth, going for him, but Sabretooth grabbed him high into the air, before slamming him down, and stomping the ever living snot out of Logan. Logan did a spasm underneath the attack.

"Looks like my ride is here," Sabretooth growled, and he looked at the orb which appeared. "Man, you really turned into a pussy. You're even less of a man than that waste of seed that I sadly call a son."

Sabretooth willingly entered the orb, and it flew off, with Logan watching him leave.

"All part of the plan, Creed," Logan remarked gruffly, before he set off to do as Xavier asked, hoping that this nutcase plan would work.

The four hovering orbs that contained the Brotherhood landed in a front corridor of a large fortress. Three of them cracked up, and Lance, Fred, and Todd all exited the first three orbs. The Brotherhood were rather proud of themselves for the fact that they had pulled the wool over the eyes of those X-Geeks, and snuck on, leaving them stranded on Earth with the rest of the humans.

"Hey, Pietro, we're here, you can come out of there now!" Todd yelled, and the orb burst open, causing the mutant to jump back, and give a surprised scream. "You!"

Pietro Maximoff had not been in the orb, like the Brotherhood had planned, but rather Harry Potter had, and the dark haired mutant wizard popped like toast out of a toaster, staring down the Brotherhood.

"You have two minutes to explain what's going on," Harry demanded to them, and there was time where the Brotherhood shook their heads, not wanting to cause much trouble, before backing off at that moment.

"Hey man, no…"

Lance was so sick and tired of Potter, just sick of looking at his face, and the ground beneath him began to rock and shift, with Lance trying to attack Harry, but a commanding voice yelled from the other side of the corridor.

"Stop!"

The three Brotherhood members fell into line, for he had shown up, that man being Magneto, and the Master of Magnetism had surveyed the latest four guests who were in attendance, and noted who was not in the house. "Very interesting, my son appears to have missed his chance to join the revolution, a pity, but not something that was completely unexpected. Still, I cannot help, but find myself to be a bit disappointed because of the outcome."
Magneto stepped forward, and Harry was one that wanted answers, and he was going to get them, one way or another. His expression remained resolved, and with another motion, he stared down Magneto, his gaze fixed upon him.

"Just what is going on here?"

The Master of Magnetism surveyed Harry with a calculating expression, not taking his eyes off of him, and opened his mouth, before speaking.

"This, young Harry, is the future. The future of the mutant kind, the future of the world, this is Asteroid M, and aboard it, is the means for all of mutant kind to achieve their full potential, when we evolve to the master race that we were meant to be."

Despite the situation, Harry felt himself rather intrigued, and had a feeling that Magneto would be enlightening him on what he meant by the future of this Asteroid M. All Harry had to do was be patient, and wait a moment before Magneto to speak, and sure enough the Master of Magnetism opened his mouth, to inform Harry about the role that this asteroid would be playing in the future.

And as such, Harry was trying to determine what plan he was going to use. He was taking a journey into the unknown.
Chapter Twenty One: Asteroid Part Two.

"I bring before you, the wave of the future," Magneto declared, and Harry shrugged his shoulders, automatically skeptical about everything that the Master of Magnetism had stated. On the other hand, Magneto had not attacked him yet, and had called off the Brotherhood dogs, so Harry was not clear about what he wanted to do.

It was that tense moment before battle where Harry stood there and just kept a close eye on Magneto, barely allowing himself any time to blink. One of the most important lessons to learn was to never take one's eye off of an enemy that was what Harry was going to take to heart, until the bitter end.

Harry decided to wait this one out to stall for time as long as he could until he had managed to figure out some kind of plan. He was skeptical about what Magneto was selling for a number of reasons far too numerous to state here.

"I was just about to explain to my young friends Scott and Alex about the procedure which would boost their mutant powers to their full potential, and eliminate all flaws with them," Magneto continued, his eyes surveyed upon Harry, and once again, the young wizard seemed to be extremely skeptical by what Magneto was selling. "Do not underestimate what I can do, or what I can offer those who are worthy, and among those who are worthy include you."

Scott walked over, with this young man, Alex, Harry presumed, and shook his head, hoping that Scott would not buy what Magneto was selling. Another giant orb popped up, and it opened up to reveal the nasty face of Sabretooth.

"Ah, so you have proven your superiority over Wolverine, well done," Magneto declared, and Sabretooth nodded with a toothy grin, cracking his knuckles whilst he did so. "As I was saying, this machine will restore your powers."

"And how prey tell are you going to do this?" Harry asked, his eyebrow raised slightly, and then Magneto true to form had proceeded to explain the procedure.

"With this," Magneto informed him, and with another motion, he held it up into the air, a glowing red gem that Harry recognized immediately from his studies with the Sorcerer Supreme.

"The Gem of Cyttorak," Harry told him, and Magneto responded with a nod. "They once were believed to have mystical properties that could unlock hidden gifts among people, and amplify their strength to a tenth degree."

"Yes, and one of them empowered our good friend, the Juggernaut," Magneto chimed in at that moment, holding the gem for all to see. "Whilst the gem is not as potent in mystical power as it once was, it still has some uses, and one of them is a huge amount of radiation that it emits that will unlock mutant gifts."

Harry was now extremely skeptical, and wondered if what Magneto perceived as radiation was really unstable magical energy that could blow them all to smithereens if it had been used the wrong way. The new kid, Alex, seemed to think among the same lines, or at least had seemed to be rather skeptical about how the lethal amounts of radiation could help them.

"I don't know about this man, radiation just seems to be a bit…you know," Alex replied, waving his
hands, and shook his head from side to side. "Unstable, and rather dangerous."

"I can assure you that I have fine-tuned the procedure to be perfectly safe," Magneto informed them, and Alex and Scott exchanged a skeptical raise of their eyebrow, before they nodded. "As a gesture of faith, I will allow one of my own to enter the machine first."

The Brotherhood seemed to be eager at this point for the power, but Magneto proceeded to turn his attention in another direction, far away from them.

"Sabretooth, head to the machine," Magneto told the dangerous mutant, and Sabretooth just gave him a toothy grin, walking over to the machine, as Magneto installed the crystal he had removed for demonstration purposes. Sabretooth stepped into the machine, ready to unlock his full potential. "Now, behold the future."

Harry stood before Magneto, and watched him pull the switch, trying to figure out what the process was to do this. He could see Sabretooth bombarded by high levels of energy that flowed throughout his being, and the mutant gave a pained grunt whilst being bombarded by the energy, with more and more enveloping him with each passing moment.

The light stopped after a couple of moments, and the machine opened to allow Sabretooth to stumble out, apparently empowered, but still mean and ugly as ever. He gave a mighty growl, and turned to the group that was watching.

"Oh, what a rush," Sabretooth said in a low growl, and he jumped forward, causing the members of the Brotherhood to stagger backwards in fear of this particular monster eating them.

"And now, who will volunteer next?" Magneto asked at that moment, looking to the group, and the Brotherhood seemed to be having second thoughts, but that was beside the point, with Scott and Alex stepping up at that point to raise their hands. "Ah yes, two brave souls who wish to do what they can to ensure their future evolution. Step into the machine boys, and face your destiny."

"I don't think this is a good idea," Harry answered suddenly, and Scott turned to him, a suspicious expression on his face.

"And why don't you think it's a good idea?" Scott asked, peering at him from beneath his ruby red visors.

Harry adjusted his stance, and looked Scott directly in the eye. "Magneto has dangled a carrot underneath your nose, and like a sap, you're taking it. There's a catch with everything, there always is."

"I want to be able to see in a color other than red," Scott replied, unable to see reason, and Harry just sighed, he was going to have to learn the hard way. The truth was that he did not understand why the machine was a bad idea, just that it was, and he was trying to divine more information with the scanning spells. "You might know a lot, but you don't know everything, and I'm sorry that all of us don't have the great natural leader instincts that you do. I can lead this team better without a handicap getting in my way."

Harry felt a supreme amount of agitation coming his way and he decided to hit Scott with a dose of reality.

"Your problem is not any handicap, the problem you have is your mind, and you're unable to really think outside the box, like a true leader should. And if you follow Magneto, then you surely aren't any leader of this team, or even fit to lead a group of girl scouts."
Scott paused at that moment, hearing Harry's statement, but at the same time, he blocked it out of his mind. Alex paused, and was having second thoughts, but the pain through his hands when he fired those blasts mandated that he would have to do something, and soon to alleviate the tension.

Without another word, Scott and Alex stepped into the machine, and Magneto, with a stoic expression, pulled the switch.

The energy bombarded them, but for some reason, it seemed different to Harry than the energy that Sabretooth had been bombarded with just a few minutes previously. Suddenly, it struck Harry of what Magneto was trying to do, a few moments too late, and all he could do now was fight them all.

He knew Xavier, Storm, and Jean were on this ship, but the question was where were they at? Harry did not have much time to ponder on that fact, when the doors of the machine opened, and Scott and Alex exited, looking like rejects from a biker gang, and Scott had his eyes opened wide.

"I can see," Scott answered at that moment, and Magneto had a look of triumph on his face, as Harry braced himself for a fight.

"So how about it Harry, do you see where the future lies?" Magneto asked at this moment.

Harry decided to keep Magneto talking for as long as he could before he tried to pinpoint a way to lower the defenses. There were many.

"You see, we are a superior race and you should step forward to join your brothers in arms," Magneto continued.

"You know, the last time someone had prattled on about a master race, that didn't really end so well for a lot of people," Harry responded as he looked Magneto dead in the eye. The Brotherhood had grew tense and about ready to attack. "Do you really want to be compared to that particular individual?"

Magneto's eye twitched before Harry had braced himself for a fight. No one fought, at least not for the moment, for another problem had presented itself, and the side of Asteroid M was being attacked by several ships in space. Magneto had the shields up, but the Master of Magnetism wondered how long they would hold against Fury's assault.

Harry used that distraction to make his plan to hopefully give the X-Men a way inside. He never thought he'd say this but God bless Nick Fury.

Kitty popped back up at the Mansion, followed by Rogue and Kurt, and she looked around, a frantic expression spreading through her eye. The young brunette mutant yelled at the top of her lungs.

"Ororo! Professor Xavier! Is anyone here?"

It turned out someone was here, and it was Mystique who was perched from the rafters, dropping down from the ground. Rogue caught her immediately, and spun around, trying to slam Mystique into the wall. Mystique turned the tables, and swept the leg underneath from Rogue, before slamming her down onto the ground.

"I did not come here to fight, but rather to give you information," Mystique answered, and Kurt just looked at her, raising a skeptical eyebrow, and Kitty scoffed immediately at this moment. Rogue on the other hand, one could say that she was mad, but she passed the point of mad a long time ago. She was beyond mad.
"Better here what she's going to say before we knock her down."

Logan popped up at that moment, but he also was holding Quicksilver by the shoulder, roughly shoving him into the mansion. The young mutant looked to be positively agitated with the situation that he was in, and a smile cropped up over Logan's face.

"Found him lurking outside the mansion, figured that I didn't want to let him get picked up with the rest of the trash."

Quicksilver dropped to the ground before Mystique, and a look of surprise appeared on the shapeshifter's face before she bent down to check on Quicksilver.

"It was Pietro who was left behind, strange I would have assumed Toad," Mystique answered, and Pietro crossed his arms with a scowl, thinking about how demeaning this was to be left behind, and Toad and Blob had managed to make the cut. "But never mind that, I know what Magneto is up to. He is using an ancient mystical gem to brainwash your leader into working for him, also amplifying his powers in the process."

"And you expect us to believe that," Rogue answered, and Mystique decided to twist the knife a bit further.

"And if young Mr. Potter is as brazen as I think he is, he would call Magneto out on that fact before too long, and then he would be locked away temporarily before Magneto elected to destroy Potter."

Rogue and Kitty exchanged a panicked expression, Harry could be in trouble, and whilst they both knew he could take care of himself, there were situations that he had gotten in way over his head. Mystique saw that her statement had gotten the desired response, shifted her stance to look at Wolverine, and pressed on with the information that she gave him.

"I can take you to Magneto's base, if you have a method of transport that does not have any metal."

It was at that point Wolverine just cracked a smile, given the number of times that they ran into Magneto, they made it a worthy investment to establish a modes of transport that did not have the item that Magneto attracted. Still, Wolverine's face twisted into a look of skepticism, he would not be able to trust Mystique as far as he could throw you.

"I don't trust you," Wolverine voiced in a short and concise way.

A calculating expression appeared on Mystique's face, wondering if Logan had understood the lesson that had be unwittingly learned before his memories had been removed all of those years ago. At one point, he did trust Mystique, and it had cost him dearly, but that was for Mystique to remember.

The shape shifting mutant had a little bit of pride on the line, and her expression shifted into a smirk, when she looked at Logan.

"You need me, for you couldn't bypass Magneto's security without me," Mystique answered, and Quicksilver nodded by Mystique's side.

"Guess, you do need us, what do you have to say about that, huh, huh, huh, huh?"

With each huh, Quicksilver had went behind a different member of the X-Men at super speed, until Mystique had offered him a nasty expression, and he fell back into line.

Logan on the other hand, waved his fellow teammates over, and Kitty, Kurt, and Rogue joined him,
with their senior team member just grunting an order to them.

"Look, I don't like it, you don't like it, but we're going to have to deal with it, because she does have a certain amount of inside information. We're going to have to work with Mystique."

Kitty and Kurt both nodded in a reluctant manner, and Rogue responded with a nod as well, not liking it, but having to go along with it for the good of saving Harry in case he got in over his head. She offered a distrustful glance to Mystique, and Logan turned around, talking to the shapeshifter.

Mystique cut him off before he could speak, a nasty expression flashing through her eyes. "I know you don't like me any more than I like you, but we have to work together. And believe me, when this is done, all bets between our teams are off."

"Lady, I wouldn't have it any other way," Logan responded, not taking his eyes off Mystique for one moment, knowing from experience that was a good way to get a knife planted in his back. Healing factor or not, that tended to be a bitch and a half.

"Keep hammering the shields with everything that you've got men, and put a dent in them at least, so we can slip through."

Nick Fury had ordered this declaration in a barking manner, causing his subordinates in SHIELD to falter just a little bit. There was a moment where all of them shuddered at the thought of how Fury was behaving at this moment, but they had to do as he said for the fate of the world depended on it.

The scorecard was something that caused Fury a great deal of frustration, and he ticked down all of the problems that this situation caused.

The first, and biggest problem was that Magneto was able to smuggle all of this equipment on the Asteroid under the nose of SHIELD. Despite the fact that Fury was hard-nosed, and detailed oriented, security was anything, but perfect. Magneto proved this fact when he got the equipment up there, and flaunted it as well. This mocked Fury and disgusted him.

The second problem was that Magneto could have easily had weapons up there, that he could fire upon every major city on Earth should have chosen to. The asteroid was not picked for the size, or even the view, Fury calculated that there was a strategic motive to Magneto's madness.

That meant that Magneto did have the potential to be a terrorist, and for that, Fury was going to shut him down with extreme prejudice. The Director of SHIELD gritted his teeth, and watched several of the highest weapons that they had firing into the side of the shield. Nothing seemed to work, and everything seemed to bounce off.

Commander Nick Fury would not be denied, and he chewed on the cigar he was smoking, before he offered a barking command. "Keep it up, don't let up, keep pounding them hard!"

Fury shook his head, things were just about to get worse and worse, before they got better, and Fury felt his ulcer getting an ulcer.

Suddenly, as if on cue, a booming declaration broke through the SHIELD frequencies, and Magneto's voice could be heard by all on the ship. Fury leaned in closer, to see what this powerful mutant had to say, but had a feeling that it would not be to his liking.

"Your attempts to break through my defenses are rather quaint, but I would suggest that they cease. You are just waiting valuable resources, and pretty soon those resources will include the humans on the ship if you push my patience. What makes you think that you could break through my defenses,
once you couldn't even detect me setting up this base until it was too late?"

Fury gritted his teeth, and clutched his fists, Magneto did opt to go straight for the heart, but he was not about to back down. He had stared some of the worst people one could imagine in the eye, and did not blink, for Nick Fury feared no man, and certainly he feared no mutant.

"Do you hear me, Magneto, we'll find a way to shut you down!"

Fury wondered if Magneto had even heard this declaration, but if he did, the mutant elected not to respond to it. Still Fury had said his piece, and just waited for the other shoe to drop, whatever that might have been. The SHIELD commander checked on the status of the shields around the base of that mutant's and could have cursed out loud.

The shields were not damaged, not even the slightest dent had been put into them, and Fury slammed his fists down on the metal part of the console, taking his frustrations out on it. The SHIELD commander turned, and took a moment to check himself, before continuing in a resolved, and calm manner, or at least what passed as calm.

"Increase your barrage, keep firing, do not let up for any reason whatsoever, and if weapons get fired, switch your attacks to them. Take them all out, and make sure Magneto does not take any innocent human lives with whatever his mad plan is!"

Fury fixed his eye on the scanner, when another presence had made themselves known, and the Director of SHIELD could hardly believe it, things were about to get interesting.

The X-Men had arrived in their little plane, and with that bit of information, Fury just stepped back to enjoy the show. Somehow, he doubted that they would be able to penetrate the defenses, which was surprising because his men had had little luck.

Somehow, by a miracle, their little plane had made its way through, and Fury threw his cigar down on the ground, before he stomped it out. He offered the only statement that made any lick of sense at the moment.

"Well, I'll be a son of a bitch."

That was a sentiment that was echoed by all, and Fury just decided to see how this little situation would play out at least for the moment.

"Sir, we're picking up trace amounts of radiation, and it's becoming rapidly unstable."

Fury could have sworn out loud for the entire world to hear at this little tidbit of news that he was given, and now the Commander of SHIELD dedicated himself to finding a way to mitigate the risks for this particular problem. One thing was for certain, this may have been a day that would be getting far worse before it got better, but that was just an average day on the beach for Nick Fury.

"I believe the humans now understand what is on the line, and now it comes your turn to make a choice, Harry Potter," Magneto told him, a sadistic grin spreading across his face. It was now time to see whether or not this boy had the ambition to take the next step forward. "Do you step into the machine, and join the future, or would you be crushed by it? There will be no more need for training, for you will have achieved your full potential."

Harry would be a liar if he would have said that he was not tempted, but there was too many variables, plus the slight hiss that he heard from the machine, and the rather blank cold stares that was coming from the eyes of Scott and Alex had made him a bit gun shy on such a thing. Among many
other reasons that Harry could list and there was a fact that certain people important to him would not be part of this new world that sealed the deal.

The two Summers brothers resembled catatonic zombies and that was far from a good thing in Harry's book. He supposed that sense was beyond them and now he had to quickly work on to reverse what was happening.

"Get bombarded with radiation that could bend my mind, and make me obedient to you?" Harry asked, and he took a step forward to face Magneto. "Sorry, but I'll pass."

Harry at that moment tried to fire off a spell, but Magneto summoned a huge sheet of metal to block it. The spell dented the metal, but Magneto sent several more at Harry. Harry was forced to transfigure the metal into plastic and blast away the pieces of metal, but Magneto had moved from the location, and turned to Scott and Alex.

"Cyclops, Havok, he intends to destroy the machine, and thus destroy the future, protect it with all your worth."

Harry turned to Scott and Alex who seemed to be beyond all reason, so he was not going to bother reasoning with them. Without any pause, Scott fired a beam of optic energy at him, but with expert precision and swift reflexes, Harry dodged the attack, and it ricocheted off of the wall. Alex did the same thing with his hands, but Harry dodged that attack again and again.

This was getting to get bothersome and Harry was reaching the end of his already thin patience, trying shake off what was happening. Their powers were enhanced beyond what he had been used to and Scott's powers unchained were not something that were pleasant.

"Snap out of it, or I'll snap you out of it!" Harry yelled, and he fired a high impact banishing spell to Alex, knocking him back. Scott fired back with the attack, and Harry dodged it, causing the doors to be blown open.

Harry peered over his shoulder, and saw Jean, Professor Xavier, and Storm caught up in stasis pods of some sort. He moved over to go and free them from the pods, although how he had no real idea.

"Oh no you don't!" Avalanche yelled at the top of his lungs, and he began to rock the ground underneath Harry, but Harry flew up over the ground, and thus above the pull of Avalanche's attacks.

Toad took a step back, hiding behind the Blob, but his eyes followed the progress of the young mutant in the air. The fact that Arcane could fly was both awesome, and kind of scary. The young mutant looked up, and the stasis pods bust open, before Jean, Ororo, and Charles had been released.

"Don't look now, but the odds just got a lot worse," Toad groaned, feeling like this was going to hurt, and sure enough, he jumped out of the way. He did not want to find out what happened when a toad got struck by lightning, but the slimy mutant had a feeling that he would not like the results.

"Thanks a lot Alvers, saved me from doing it myself," Harry responded, and Lance's eyes widened, before he realized what happened, and realized that his powers weren't as useful for engaging a Harry Potter that was airborne.

"Come back on the ground and fight like a man," Lance growled, the ground shaking and he put more power, but Harry's face just spread into a smug grin, as he peered down towards Lance.

"I prefer to stay up here, and fight like a winner," Harry retorted, and he had his hands out, before causing Avalanche's own attack to be repelled back towards him.
Lance learned from what happened last time, and forced more of his power against Harry's reversal. He was not about to be shown up, but Blob and Toad had been caught off guard. Jean held Blob in place, and Storm had caught Toad in a whirlwind, taking him down. Toad screamed when he was flung around from side to side. Blob on the other side tried to fray his arms and legs, and kept pushing out.

"You're...not stronger than me!" Lance grunted, trying to force more of his power into the attack, but Scott stepped aside, and shot a beam of optic energy at Harry.

Harry dodged it immediately, and it repelled against the ceiling, cracking it slightly. Another blast, but this time Harry flicked his wrist and repelled it back, stinging Scott's own eyes for a moment. That would allow him time to move and he dropped on the ground, where Avalanche tried to make his move. However, this was a feint by Harry, and Avalanche gritted his teeth at this point.

Magneto saw that the equipment was becoming unstable from the fighting, and Avalanche rattling the base. The Master of Magnetism saw his beautiful plan slip away, but he could still salvage it, he was not a quitter, he was a winner, and this future would be his. It was time for him to take control.

"Cease at this moment!" Magneto yelled at the top of his lungs, but the doors cracked open, and the rest of the X-Men had appeared, along with Mystique.

"And again I say, the odds got a lot worse," Toad grumbled, when he looked up to see the pair of X-Men.

Jean's eyes were focused on Scott, when she automatically gripped him around the head telekinetically, causing him to drop to his knees. Scott struggled as Jean tried to get through his thick skull to wake him up.

'Scott, listen to me, this isn't you, Magneto messed with your mind,' Jean thought.

'Jean's right,' Xavier managed at that point. 'Let go of the power upgrades, you and Alex both, and now...'

Scott screamed, he would not let go of the power, he needed this power, when suddenly, a large blast of blue light shot out of Harry's hands. The spell was to purge the body of negative energies, and Harry hoped that it would work on Scott. Scott suffered a lot of pain when he was blasted hard, but it was better to suffer a lot of pain than be someone's puppet. At least that's what Harry thought.

"Compliments of the Sorcerer Supreme," Harry answered, and Scott fell to the ground, his arms and legs twitching. No sooner did that happen, was when Kitty had hugged Harry from behind in a surprising fashion. Harry felt the warmth and welcomed embrace of his own of his girlfriend's and gave the oh so casual statement of, "Hi Kitty."

Harry relaxed in the arms of his brunette girlfriend, and Rogue stood next to them as well, when suddenly they spotted Mystique, who had knocked out Sabretooth on the ground with a well-placed kick, and dove at Magneto with a jagged piece of wood, murderous intentions dancing in her eyes.

"DIE!" Mystique practically snarled, trying to jab Magneto with the piece of wood, but the Master of Magnetism dodged the attack, pushing it back, and knocking Mystique backwards, but not before she managed to stab him once in the leg with the jagged piece of wood. The glancing blow was a moral victory before metal cables wrapped around Mystique's legs and snapped her back off of the podium.

Magneto gimped away from the battle, summoning all of the metal that he could, but blood had
poured down his leg. Mystique was devious enough to stab him with a piece of wood with no metal in it for him to magnetize.

Mystique smashed against the machine, and suddenly it activated, bombarding her with a heavy dose of radiation. She screamed out loud, feeling her body change and contort, and also sparks began to fly from the machine. Mystique lit up like a Christmas light, screaming bloody murder at the top of her lungs.

Quicksilver picked his moment to show up, seeing his fellow Brotherhood members laid out on the floor, and he looked down at them. The fastest mutant alive blinked several times before he addressed his associates in the Brotherhood in typical motor-mouth fashion talking a million miles a minute.

"What are you doing here, lollygagging or something, there's escape pods in the other room, this place is going to blow, knew you'd be in trouble without me, so come up, let's go, try and keep up, let's go, move it, hurry it up now!"

Pietro had said all of these words without taking a breath, or a break and Toad, Blob, and Avalanche did not need to be told twice, for they followed Pietro from the room, and there were several more sparks flying. The base was coming down, and everything that Magneto had built so carefully was crumbling to nothingness.

Scott got back up to his feet, as did Alex, both of them shook their heads, and immediately Xavier turned his attention to his team. He surveyed the situation and they could all agree that it was not good at all.

"The Brotherhood have decided to escape this place, and I would suggest that we do the same," Xavier declared in a firm voice, and the X-Men did not need to be told twice, all of them made their way to the transportation, which Logan had started up immediately, and the jet flew from the exploding base.

Mystique and Magneto still were trapped on the Asteroid as it exploded, but there was no time to save them. The jet passed the SHIELD vehicles that had been trying to break through the defenses, but once they saw the carnage, they did an about face, and there was a huge explosion that resounded on the asteroid.

"No one could have survived that!" Jean managed in a gasp, her eyes following the explosion and hearing everything rumble at that point, with debris flying into space.

Harry just rolled his eyes, and chuckled. He sat in the backseat with Kitty resting her head on his lap, and Rogue resting her head on his shoulder. Harry decided that it was his duty to enlighten Jean on a few truths. "The less of a chance someone has in surviving something, means the more of a chance that they actually have of surviving."

Jean blinked trying to wrap her head around the logic that Harry had just thrown down on her, but Logan had just nodded slowly as he continued to pilot the vehicle away from the wreckage and back to Earth.

"Kid's got a point," Logan offered, knowing all too well, and he knew that his old pal Sabretooth was very likely to have checked his own way out, as much as he would have liked that see that bastard perish.

But as always, one could not get everything in life, and that was true, even if someone was the best in the world at what they done.
Scott seemed to allow the awkward atmosphere to sink in and realized how wrong that he was. It seemed that no matter what, he could not make the right decision and he had made the wrong one. Harry warned him and if Scott did not listen to Harry, what made it was that Professor Xavier had warned him as well. That fact alone was an extremely bitter pill to swallow.

"Scott, all things considered it's good to have you back to your normal self," Harry remarked in a casual voice and Scott offered a stoic nod, hating when Harry took the high road. It just made Scott look so much worse.

"Yeah, and to think it was Harry who saved the day yet again," Kitty remarked in a pleased voice, and Scott just seemed to flush at that statement, but said nothing.

"He really did come through for us, didn't he, Scott?" Alex asked, and Scott turned, crossing his arms, but nodded, knowing full well that some knives cut deeper than others. He sighed, once again he had been outclassed in the leadership department.

And what was worse was that Jean did not seem to be meeting his eyes. What happened in there really made her disappointed in there and Scott felt the desire to punch something hard.

Something that Harry said really was getting to him, and that was the fact that he was not fit to be a leader. He had jumped to the chance to get his powers fixed, and the quick fix. His powers had now been back to normal, and that much gave him a little bit of heart ache for he was only going to see the world in red for the foreseeable future.

Scott mulled that over, as they returned to the Institute, and realized that it had been a long day for all of them.

Xavier had broken the silence when the team was back safely on the ground.

"Alex, if you would like to stay, there is a place for you at the school," Xavier told the young mutant. Alex offered a mild amount of interest at that point. "I believe we can work together in allowing your powers to become a bit more bearable."

"I…I need to think about it, Professor," Alex responded, and Xavier nodded, not wanting to pressure anyone into joining. They would need to join on their own accord and on their own time.

Xavier did fear that the news media would pick up what happened with the Asteroid above the Earth, and hoped that some kind of damage control could be carried out. The world was not ready to accept mutants, perhaps one day that might be, but that day was not coming. Xavier just feared the fallout from the time where they would find out.

Mystique was not having a good day at all, and most of it, scratch that all of it had to do with Magneto's grand plan. He should have offered her a spot as part of his new world on the onset, and not have made her pass some kind of trial. This caused her a great amount of rage and that rage was not lucky to get her killed. Mystique bitterness stewed for a few moments, after all she had done with Magneto, and this was how she repaid her. It just showed how much gratitude Magneto showed those who had put their best years of their life on the line for him.

Of course what happened with Magneto was something that barely scrapped the iceberg, and Mystique turned around, getting a close look at the predicament that she was currently in.

Right now, Mystique was in quite the pickle, given that she was currently in a dark lab, on a surgical table of some sort. That was never a good sign, given she had been strapped to a surgical table many times in her day, and very few of the times were happy, fun, and joyous memories, that much she
was certain of.

Mystique shook her head, waking back up, and she took a deep and prominent breath, trying to get back to life, and back to reality. A feeling of incoming dread filled the mutant shapeshifter and she wondered what was going to happen now. The heart thumped across her chest at that point.

"You have sustained quite the ordeal, have you not, Raven?"

Mystique's eyes blinked a few times, and she heard a deep voice in the background, and a pair of hands had unstrapped her from the surgical table. She was relieved and also rather suspicious by this kind gesture. She figured that there was some kind of motive, but the question was what. At this moment, the blue skinned mutant swung her legs to the side and pulled herself to a sitting position, clearing the mental fog from her head.

"You are in optimal health, but at the same time, in my debt. Magneto had taken the final escape pod, leaving you for dead, but thankfully I had intervened."

"I suppose you want me to get on my knees, and thank you for your kindness," Mystique answered in a sullen tone, but the mystery man in the shadows responded with a cold and high laugh. The laughter caused chills to go down Mystique's spine and that was quite a feat given all that she had seen. The woman's blood ran cold and a frigid sensation tingled through her body.

The décor in the lab did not help either; it appeared to be positively Victorian, coming out of some madman's torture chamber in the ninetieth century. The laughter ceased and Mystique listened for what else her captor had to say to her.

"Perhaps we can visit that particular option at another time, but as of now, we have a matter of business to discuss. Magneto's plan was sound, but at the same time did lack a certain amount of ambition. That is something that I will endeavor to correct when I unleash my plan."

Mystique's heart thumped against her chest, and she wondered what kind of madman's game she had been sucked into this time. Ever since her days as a member of Weapon X, Mystique had gotten herself into many tight fixes, and the arrangement she had with Magneto was just merely one of them. And she had a shrewd suspicion that this was another situation where she was in a tight fix.

The creepy man in the shadows had decided to dangle a rather enticing carrot in front of Mystique's nose.

"I can give you your daughter and your son back, save them from the influence of Xavier and Potter, just do all of what I say, and follow my plan to the tee. I intend to unleash something that will weed out the weak and only allow the strong to survive."

"And just who are you?" Mystique asked, squinting to see the dark features of this man in the shadows, and once again the man offered a thunderous round of laughter. Once again, it was not the kind of laughter that invited jolly fun, but rather the kind of laughter that made a person's skin crawl.

"I am called many things, but you may call me, Sinister."

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter "Aftermath."
Chapter 22: Aftermath.

The ordeal at Asteroid M would not be one where they would be forgetting for a long time, yet the Brotherhood returned to the boarding house, and had been there for a couple of weeks after that event. They had waited for the other shoe to drop, and Mystique to storm through the front door, mean as ever, and ready to resume her reign of terror against them.

However, there was a moment of clarity, and a moment where the four of them, Quicksilver, Toad, Blob, and Avalanche began to take a deep breath, and realized that Mystique was not going through those doors. Toad decided to voice his response to the situation, in the only way that he could.

"Free at last, free at last, we're free at last!"

Toad cheered at that moment, and sank down onto the mouth ridden sofa at the Brotherhood boarding house. Blob decided to celebrate this situation in the only way that he knew how, and that was to get a snack. The large mutant ambled off, walking each and every individual step of the way.

Avalanche's expression switched over to Quicksilver at that moment, who looked a bit weary, almost as if Mystique had been posing as one of the Brotherhood members.

"Hey, how about the big guy, you know Magneto?"

Quicksilver just scoffed at that, and shook his head. "Hey, don't worry about Magneto, he's the past, the Brotherhood are the future, just got to get our heads in the game, and we're going to be alright."

There was that moment where the Brotherhood seemed to have gotten a rather large monkey off of their backs. A monkey that threatened to crush them, but now they were going to accomplish something else, that being freedom.

Sure the X-Men knocked them around a fair few times, but what does not kill you, makes you stronger. Or just hurt in the morning long enough to make them wish that they were dead, whatever came first.

There was a moment where Lance reflected on the past battles, and realized that the Brotherhood was in fact the future, if he could lead them as such. So far, their luck against Potter had been scattered at best, and rather horrible at worse. He clutched his fist, thinking about that dark haired little egomaniac, so smug with all of his powers. One day Lance would personally make sure Potter would get his as the Brotherhood would have their day.

If given the chance, Lance was going take Potter and the rest of the X-Men out, but he did admit that as bad as Potter was, Summers was worse. Summers was the kind of guy who people would not even bully for his lunch money, because he was so pathetic, the real teacher's pet. The thought made him want to wretch and his stomach turned in disgust, just thinking about the glorified boy scout of the X-Men.

"Hey, we're out bread, we got to get some."

Blob had offered this rumbling declaration from the kitchen, and Quicksilver could have smacked themselves, there was one rather key problem that he overlooked with Mystique’s departure from the Mansion. The fastest mutant alive also prided himself on being a quick thinker, much quicker than this lot, he would have to say.
"You want the bread, do you Dukes?"

"Yeah, we can't make a sandwich without bread," Fred grumbled, and his stomach seemed to growl at that point. Pietro looked at Fred, shaking his head, and offering a pitiful sigh.

Pietro would have felt sorry for Dukes except that he didn't really feel sorry for him.

"Well, you know our boss, the lady we're cheering for the demise of, you know Mystique, remember her?"

Toad shook his head, taking a deep breath, and placed his head in his hands. "Hard to forget her, my bruises have bruises, and those bruises have more bruises, and there is just a whole lot of bruises on bruises. If you get what I'm saying."

The mutant offered an unfortunate grimace, and crossed his arms over his chest, remembering the training sessions. The training sessions would not be an accurate statement for what Mystique did to them, rather it would be legalized torture. Toad would be seeing those sessions in his nightmares, and he took a moment to draw breath. It was all over, there was no way in hell Mystique survived what happened to her on that asteroid.

"Well that woman that we're not going to forget for a long time, she did offer one important thing to this team," Quicksilver continued, his eyes locked onto all three of his teammates, and Lance got it as well, even though Toad and Blob were a bit slow on the uptake. The speedy mutant drew a deep breath, and turned to his fellow teammates articulating each word slowly. "The thing is, she kind of pulled a big part of this team, because she was the one who footed the food bill."

"And all of the other bills as well," Lance offered, and the Brotherhood just suddenly had their eyes widened.

It slowly hit them how they were screwed with or without Mystique, and the lot of them scrambled to make plans to figure out how to deal with this latest handicap. The four members of the Brotherhood allowed a few moments to scramble, before Lance decided to put a stop to it.

Lance closed his eyes tightly, and began to make the ground shake underneath them, causing the Brotherhood to scramble. It took a moment for the entire team to fall back into line and to calm down. Lance had to raise his voice a little bit in addition to making the ground tremble to slap them all back into line.

"Okay, guys calm down, this isn't the end of the world!"

Todd and Fred looked extremely skeptical, but Pietro just nodded, that was an accurate assessment, it was not going to be the end of the world. The two more competent members of the Brotherhood looked at the hired muscle, and whatever role Toad filled, before they took a deep breath.

"We're just going to figure out what we need to do, maybe Mystique will come back, and…"

"Ah, man, speak of her too often, and she'll appear and get us all for not finding her," Toad replied with a deep shudder and he folded his arms. The slimy mutant took a few minutes to really calm himself down, and his eyes snapped towards Lance, "So what do you think we should do, oh fearless leader."

Lance pondered this matter for a few seconds before it hit him hard and fast, then he turned slowly towards the Brotherhood members.

"I've got a plan," Lance offered, and the Brotherhood did not seem to understand whether they were
going to be scared, or excited about the prospect of Lance having a plan. All they had to do was focus on the situation. "Just stick together, and we'll get this one, trust me. The Brotherhood will get the respect we need."

The Brotherhood all nodded, as the entire group leaned in closely, hearing Lance's grand plan, but only the three of them could hear it. He spoke of the plan in a hushed tone and the Brotherhood just nodded, thinking that this plan might be insane. It might be insane enough to almost work.

It was time to separate the men from the boys, and the mutants from the pretenders, and the Brotherhood would get the respect they deserved. Just because they did not have a fancy school like the X-Men did not mean they didn't have power and influence.

Much like the Brotherhood did after the incident on Asteroid M, the X-Men all found their own ways to recover, and Harry noticed all of them in their own ways. Scott seemed rather withdrawn as of late, and Harry doubted that was a coincidence. His supreme leadership that Xavier had groomed him for had faltered at that moment and Harry decided to take pity on him, picking up the slack in the Danger Room training.

Harry found that this was just much easier than just looking at Scott who was slumped over and looked like someone had shot his favorite bunny rabbit in the face. As it turned out, the team was listening to Harry very well to begin with, so leading the team was the next logical state that was going to take.

The team took their training extremely seriously and spent a great amount of time in the Danger Room. This entire team dynamic was interesting and Harry found himself working a lot more fluid with a team. Which was why it should be interesting to see what would transpire when Xavier had managed to bring in a few more recruits. Still they spent a great amount of their time in the Danger Room.

Which the team was wrapping up another killer session, under the watchful eye of Logan, who was critiquing their every single move, and this allowed them to grow, and prosper, continue to get further and further away from the awkward days of old. Rather the entire team prepared to prosper.

"Kitty, duck and turn, Rogue spin and slide, Kurt teleport out there, Jean take out those barriers, Scott, help her, I'll take this barrier on the other side!"

Harry mentally chained together commands, and he felt that short and easy words were the ways to get his team to understand what they should accomplish, and Xavier watched closely. Since Harry had not been blessed for the natural ability to read minds, he had no idea what the leader of the X-Men was thinking at any given time. A little bit of mind magic with the sorcerer supreme was practiced, but Harry was pretty much a novice in the grand scheme of the universe.

Then again, the Sorcerer Supreme told Harry himself that he was always learning even with his lofty role, so Harry doubted that there would be an end to his knowledge. Which was really fine, because if one knew everything, then what was the point in living?

There were rumblings that several new students would be joining the Institute before too long, and Harry was hoping for some attractive young ladies, so he could help them fit in. Of course, it would only be if they were a good fit with Harry, Kitty, and Rogue, but that was another matter for another time. They would cross that bridge when they got to know the girls.
"We're almost to the end of the session, everyone keep it up, and remember the plan!"

The plan, that was something that Harry did in fact recall, the plan that he made when he got here to become independent. In the other world, Harry at least had a fortune to fall back on over the past number of years that might have lasted for at least a decade or two if Harry did not spend any outrageous amounts.

Of course, Harry always did intend to build upon that fortune, but if worst came to worse, at least he knew in that world he had a cushion to fall back on. That was why in this world, Harry was going to do the best he could to obtain money, as he blasted the barrier hard, breaking up these musings. He did not use his full magical powers, due to the fact that it would damage the Danger Room.

The session wrapped up, and Harry found the treasure hunting business to be a rather interesting one to say the very least. Some myths were true, and others were false, but the fact was that he was able to follow that up. Harry somehow doubted that he was the first one to have that idea, the entire notion just seemed rather absurd.

"Through the final corridor, let's go!"

Gwen had also given Harry some information on the mysterious stashes of notorious criminals that had never been found. Harry did not tell his friend exactly what he wanted with them, although Gwen seemed like she knew, and did coyly state that if Harry got caught with doing any wrongdoings, they had never met.

Harry did not plan to get caught, but the sentiment was appreciated as was the help.

That was beside the point, but it was another avenue that Harry was going to have to research, but there was no more time for thoughts as the Danger Room session wrapped up. The members of the X-Men slid to a stop, and Harry looked up at Logan. He had long since learned not to ask Logan how he did, because Logan would offer his most abrasive performance review possible if Harry or any of the others did.

"Not too shabby, but it still needs work, decent improvising in there," Logan grumbled, and he turned to Scott, his eyes on the supposed leader. "Summers, I know your head is still screwed up after what happened at Asteroid M, but you got to get your shit together, or this entire team will leave you behind."

Scott just looked at Logan with a set jaw, and nodded at that point, he had some kind of mental block. It was driving him nuts how Harry never seemed to have a case of the nerves at all, almost like his emotion could have been shut off at wills. He just went in and did everything, and he once again saw Rogue and Kitty stand next to Harry, linking arms with him, and the three of them walked off.

What they did in their spare time was their own business, although Scott did in fact wonder how Harry did it. That was another point for another time, and Kurt walked up next to Scott. Jean seemed to be giving him a wide path, or maybe he was avoiding her, it was hard to tell. Scott grimaced that Jean seemed to be spending a lot of her time with Duncan. At least that's what he assumed Jean was doing when she was not in the Mansion.

"Hey, Scott, you'll get it eventually," Kurt responded, and Scott just looked at Kurt at that moment, before putting him on a spot with a question.

"Do you think Harry's a better leader than me, Kurt?"
Kurt grimaced at that point, and really did not want to be put on the spot, racking his brain quickly to try find a way to answer this in a way that he could hopefully pacify the situation.

"Scott, you're doing fine, really you're doing fine, you're just having a bad day, a few bad days."

Scott's eyes snapped over towards Kurt, he did not answer the question at that point.

"That doesn't really tell me anything!"

"Hey, is that the mail?" Kurt asked in a bright voice, and Scott was about to inform Kurt that it was a Sunday, but Kurt teleported off at that moment, leaving Scott in a lurch. In that lurch, he passed Jean, neither of them really making eye contact with each other.

Scott walked off, and Xavier watched him leave at that point, with Storm and Wolverine standing by his side. Xavier turned to two of the senior members of the team.

"Scott's just going through a really bad time right now," Storm remarked, and Xavier offered a long and protracted sigh.

"Yes, that's the point, Scott really does have the weight of the world on his shoulders, and for him to be able to distribute that weight, he has to be able to do that evenly."

Xavier did feel that Harry did offer more leadership qualities than Scott, but he seemed to have certain extreme traits to him that made Xavier a bit gun shy of putting him in any form of leadership. Logan was the same way come to think about it, he was qualified to lead, but the extremes he took made Xavier also not want to put him in a leadership role. Qualified as he may be to lead the Danger Room sessions of course, but not so much to be in a leadership war.

Charles Xavier prepared to follow up the leads on the new mutant energy signatures that had been detected with Cerebro. It was time to introduce some fresh blood into the school, providing they would consent to join of course.

"You do tend to push yourself past boundaries that would be considered sane by most."

The Sorcerer Supreme had offered that particular pearl of wisdom on the next training session, and Harry would have to agree to say the very least. The dark haired young wizard just nodded, but he could not help and voice a question.

"So, do you think that limits are possible, or just something that we subconsciously put on ourselves?"

That statement was one that got Harry a curious stare, and the Sorcerer Supreme paused at that moment, regarding the young wizard. He recalled that he had many similar questions during his training, and his mentor had only given him vague answers. Those answers did not seem to be rather fulfilling at first, at least until years down the line, and it was only then where they had all made sense.

So Strange decided to answer this question in what he hoped to be the clearest and most obvious matter that he could manage, and addressed Harry in a slow, and deliberate voice.

"If you recall one of our previous discussions about power, and how it cannot really be truly measured, you might find the answer to that particular inquiry. We do all have limits, but the answer
is not to think too much about those limits. Every single user of any kind of power, rather it be
through magic, or otherwise, will be able to pass them."

Harry responded with a nod at that moment, and Strange was not done imparting the wisdom on
him.

"You remember a month ago where you were having difficult with that shield that blocked the
combustion spells."

"Yes, I recall that," Harry answered at that moment, and Strange regarded Harry with a pensive glare
at that moment. "But I got that, I really got that after dedication."

"It was because you found a way past those limits, and expanded upon that limit," Strange answered
Harry, offering a bit of a nod towards him.

Harry was inclined to agree with that point, and recalled his goals that he put down for himself a long
time ago. Those goals were match, and suppressed in many instances, with Harry getting a bit more
powerful at that time. He reminded himself that magical powers were not the be all and end all.

As Strange rightfully told him, there was always the potential for someone who was going to be
more powerful and stronger than him, more skilled. Skill and power often could be turned against an
enemy, especially they believed their hype.

At least that's what Harry and Strange had discussed.

"Limits that seem to be growing for each passing day," Harry answered, and he could not help
himself for offering one last statement. "I don't even know when I'm going to hit any wall."

Strange just pondered the situation, keeping a close eye on Harry, and a few moments appeared to
pass, even if the time was really only very much less than thirty seconds. The Sorcerer Supreme
continued to survey Harry, and opened his mouth to give him an assessment.

"Only you know about what you have the potential to do Harry, and only you understand your
limits."

Harry felt that was the answer that he was going to get, even though it was not the answer that he
really wanted at that point. Still his head had been inclined at that point, and a smile crossed his face.
It would be something that would strike him one day and hit him with a sudden level of realization.
Strange really did give him useful input, without really outright saying every single bit of
information. One had to really only read between the lines and that was what Harry learned how to
do.

This had been a break the two had from their training, but Strange had Harry get up to his feet, with
Harry not quite understanding what Strange had him doing. All Strange told him that this would test
his ability to cope with the unknown, something that was essential for any budding sorcerer.

Harry decided to agree at that point, and adjusted his stance, where Strange proceeded to fire a
barrage of spells towards the dark haired wizard. The spells were a wide variety, some rather
harmless, and some hurt a great deal, but none were lethal. This was an exercise of Harry's abilities
to gauge the real threats, and focus on them, while brushing off any of the minor attacks.

At least that was what Harry interpreted about this; a person's mileage was going to widely vary. The
dark haired wizard continued to repel each and every single attack his mentor threw at him, all of the
attacks were varied.
"Make sure to adjust your posture so you can duck easily if need be," Strange critiqued in a swift voice, and Harry nodded, understanding the reminder, creating a shield, but also was prepared to move.

It was easy to stand there in a stationary matter, and hide behind a shield that someone could blow a hole through if they were not careful.

Harry continued to fight the attacks, each and every assault pounding a hole through the shield, and the battle continue with Harry learning more about Strange's attacks. The Sorcerer Supreme did a good job of varying his attacks, and motions, including a lot of last second fake outs.

That being said, there were a lot of last second last second fake-outs. Harry picked up a subtle pattern, but there were enough attacks where there was in fact a fair fight.

Nick Fury gritted his teeth, peering out into the distance from the SHIELD hellicarrier, and was trying to deal with the fallout of the events on Asteroid M. There was a definite need to tighten the security SHIELD offered, given the fact that Magneto slipped through, and made a fool of him. If there was one thing Nick Fury detested looking like, that was a fool, but the Master of Magnetism made him look like one.

Time seemed to grind by to an absolute halt, and Fury debated what he was going to do next, only getting a scant few reports. Those reports indicated what occurred between the X-Men and the Brotherhood, there was no need to go over them again. The Brotherhood was back, the X-Men were back, and Mystique and Magneto were missing, that's all Fury needed to know.

That was something that caused Fury a great deal of frustration, not knowing what he had to go up against. Mystique had slipped through the cracks more than a few times before, that much was certain before looking through the woman's history. That woman could be anywhere, anyplace, anytime, and could even be on the SHIELD hellicarrier right now.

It was at that point with that thought where Fury peered a bit over his shoulder, a nervous glance being given. All of the SHIELD officials were walking on egg shells after the fiasco that just occurred and Fury was like a hot volcano about ready to explode. It was time for them to all tread lightly.

Indeed, it was time for Fury to tighten the security, and hopefully make sure no one compromised anything. That was the problem with being a super-secret spy organization, there was always room for improvement, and always new ways to get compromised. Fury prided himself with being on the cusp of all security as he was always one step ahead of the enemies that threatened the security of the world.

There was just one problem, and that was that as much as he was on the cusp of security, the other side was getting smarter and smarter with each passing day. The Director of SHIELD reflected on a couple of potential security scares that happened over the past several years, both of them predated him, but still they were mistakes to learn from.

Learning from the mistakes of others was also extremely essential and that's what Fury understood perfectly. The security guards circled around on the mobile vessel, and the commander of SHIELD took many steps forward. Through one beady eye, he gave them a look that indicated that he wanted results right away.
"Status report!" Fury barked, his eyes focused on the SHIELD agents at hand, and all of them stumbled around, trying to be the one who would be reporting to him.

One of the SHIELD agents tripped over himself, and began to respond. "We're studying those crystal fragments that we recovered from the Asteroid debris. They're emitting high levels of radiation, sir."

Fury nodded, that was about right, Magneto was messing with something that was extremely dangerous. The agent waved over a scientist, who would be able to explain more information to Fury.

"We believe that these crystals would be able to unlock latent mutant gifts, and enhance present mutant gifts, if they were refined with the right substance. Magneto did not refine them properly."

Fury only offered the slightest bit of interest to this point, raising an eyebrow, and keeping his one eye on the scientist who was studying the fragments of the crystal. This gem was something that was rather potent, and rather dangerous. SHIELD would need to keep a close eye on this situation as with everything the gems would potentially contain.

It would be down to SHIELD to uncover the secrets behind these items, and put a stop to them.

Commander Fury knew what was at stake, and prepared to issue the orders, along with assembling a task force to scramble up more of these gems, providing they existed of course. Magneto may have rounded up the remaining ones in the scheme, but there should have been more in the space debris after the explosion of Asteroid M.

"Harry, I'd be happy if this works, really I would be," Rogue remarked, when Harry had informed her of the charm that he had found. She wanted to live a normal life without fear of putting someone in a coma, and a smile crossed her face when she thought about what that could offer. "Even if it is only temporary."

Temporary was far better than she would have thought of previously, in fact that was the best Rogue could really hope for. Harry had told her about the charm, and Rogue was beginning to get her hopes up more and more of something happening.

Kitty sat on the side of the bed next to Rogue, and continued to offer a smile to her, before peering directly into her eyes.

"And to make sure it works, I'll be here, and be your test dummy," Kitty answered, a bright smile appearing on the brunette mutant's face. "That's all you need, one touch of my hand without the glove."

"And how long will this charm work?" Rogue asked, trying not to sound all that eager at this point, even if the eagerness crept through in her voice, and Harry leaned forward, placing his hand on hers.

"Up to an hour, so we got to be mindful of the time," Harry answered Rogue at that point. "Mutant powers and magic tend to be a rather intriguing mix to say the very least, and one that I don't know how they're going to react to each other."

Rogue just offered a brisk nod; she understood everything that Harry was telling her. The young mutant was going to offer herself up for Harry to put that particular spell on her, and she closed her eyes to do so. Harry locked eyes with Kitty, who prepared herself to watch, and Harry unleashed the
power.

It was at that action where Rogue felt a slight tingling going through her spine, and she felt flushed at that point. The mutant shook off the attack, and suddenly she felt the same, but also different. It was a weird combination of everything, and Kitty leaned forward, touching Rogue's ungloved hand.

There was a long pause, where Harry and Kitty waited to see if the charm was going to work, and Kitty kept her hand on Rogue's, long and lingering. Rogue was relieved at that point when something did not go wrong, and a grin crossed over her face. Kitty's face contorted in a grin likewise, and she spun around to face Harry.

"Well Harry, you did it," Kitty cheered him, and Harry just offered them a brief smile, of course he did it.

Now it was time for the real fun to be delivered, and Kitty pulled Rogue into a brief embrace at that moment, a mischievous grin, while she stroked Rogue's cheek. After all, they had to test to see if the charm really worked, and Kitty knew that there was one way to do that.

With a swift moment, Kitty leaned forward, and Rogue was caught with a kiss on the lips. Rogue was caught off guard by this, but certainly did not fight it. The lip on lip contact with a fellow female was something that was interesting, it was different, and Harry was certainly watching, captivated at what was happening.

"I think it works," Kitty replied with a grin after she had dislodged herself from Rogue's lips, and she saw the tent that was appearing in Harry's boxers. "And that's not all that worked."

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

With a smile crossing her face, Kitty yanked down the pair of boxers that Harry was wearing, to expose his throbbing manhood.

"Kitty, suck my dick, Rogue lick my balls," Harry said to the two girls, and the girls obeyed, deciding that this was a fair enough deal. Harry gripped onto the bed sheets and Kitty slammed her mouth down on Harry's cock, bobbing up and down on it, but pausing in between sucks to give a nice lick. Rogue on the other hand, went between Harry's legs and slowly trailed her tongue down across his nutsac, licking hid and tasting him in her mouth.

Harry saw these two mutant beauties link his cock and balls, and he reached down underneath Rogue's shirt, fondling the mutant girl's breasts. The girl's eyes glazed back, moaning in pleasure, and Kitty bobbed up and down Harry's length, trying to take as much into her throat as possible. Rogue decided to increase the pleasure by licking every bit of Harry that was not entering Kitty's mouth.

A grunt escaped Harry's mouth, and he felt the two beauties continue to work him over with their mouths.

"So hot," Harry breathed, and Kitty reached down her pants, playing with herself, being spurred on by Harry's motions. "Going to cum."

Kitty pulled off and gripped Harry's cock, stroking up and down the base, sticking out her tongue. Rogue went on her knees right by Kitty, and the two girls looked up at Harry. They had wanton looks in their eyes, with Kitty stroking on Harry's cock and Rogue fondling his balls, and after some teasing, the pressure in Harry's loins burst.

The two girls felt pleasure as their faces had been splattered by the thick seed of the wizard above
them. Several white hot blasts of cum struck them in the face, hitting their lips, nose, and mouth, with
the girls whining at the fact that it was over.

"Clean each other up," Harry encouraged them, and Kitty was extremely eager to do so, pulling
Rogue into a deep kiss, tasting the cum on their tongues. It was not so much that they were attracted
to the same sex, but rather through their desire to give their same boyfriend a show. Or maybe they
were, it was hard to tell.

The two girls licked the cum off of their lips and tongues, and face, with the two of them stripping
each other from their clothes. Harry watched, feeling himself grow at each and every moment these
two girls played with each other and there was a moment where Harry thought that they had
forgotten he existed.

Harry decided to correct that notion, grabbing Rogue around the waist, and placing her down on the
bed, her ass sticking up in the air. With a huge slap, Harry marked the luscious rump of the mutant
and she felt herself clench at these actions. Harry raised his hand and spanked her hard once again.

"Oh yes, spank me again, Harry," Rogue groaned, and Harry grabbed Rogue, before whispering in
her ear.

"I'm going to fuck you in the cunt from behind, and then I'm going to stick my cock on your ass and
fuck it until you can't sit down," Harry ordered her, and Rogue felt herself thinking that this was a
good idea, to be pleasured in such a way. "And I'm going to reinforce the charm so we don't lose
track of time. I want you to eat Kitty's pussy while I do that, and don't slow down, not even what, is
that understood?"

"Yes," Rogue answered and Kitty sprawled herself on the bed and spread her legs prompting Rogue
to place her face deep into Kitty's sopping cunt. Rogue began to lick around on the inside of
the brunette girl's cunt and Harry offered a smile.

"Almost as good as your cock," Kitty breathed, feeling Rogue's tongue work around the inside of
her cunt.

Harry smiled and worked on Rogue's cunt lips, stroking her, and teasing her, spurring her to faster
motions. He saw one girlfriend go down on the other as Rogue seemed to relish the opportunity to
touch. Especially if it was such an intimate touch and Harry rubbed the head of his cock against her
hot entrance, teasing Rogue, tormenting her, and then he stuck his cock deep into her cunt.

Rogue gave a muffled groan as Harry plunged into her and the mutant licked Kitty's cunt faster. The
two sensations had caused her mind to overwhelm, with Harry pounding into her slowly from behind
and then he switched to hard and past. His balls slapped hard against her thighs while Rogue felt the
feeling of the hard cock buried deep into her deeply from behind.

Kitty's eyes glazed over in pure pleasure, and felt the desire of Rogue's tongue licking inside of her
cunt. Her breathing became heavier and heavier, and she rubbed her nipples, playing with them. She
saw that Harry watched her with a hungry look in his eyes.

"So tight, so tight," Harry groaned, pounding deeply into Rogue. "Eat her so hard that she'll pass
out."

Rogue went down on Kitty with absolute passion licking and nibbling on her cunt. Kitty reached
over grabbing Rogue's hair and pushing her deep into her soaking snatch, breathing in and out, eyes
glazed over. She made sure to keep her eyes on Harry plowing Rogue from behind and his cock
went deeper into her tight snatch.
"Fuck, yeah, that's it!" Kitty screamed, thrusting her hips up to meet Rogue's face encouraging her to lick more out.

"Keep licking that cunt," Harry encouraged Rogue and Rogue did so, with Harry's thrust continuing to go hard into her and also Harry grabbed her breasts. He squeezed them tightly banging into Rogue with each every single motion. "Going to cum in you."

"Going to cum too, and I think she is too," Kitty panted heavily, and the three of them tried to cum together.

Some time had passed with Harry wondering if he was going to have to reapply the charms, but for now his balls tightened hard. He shot his load into Rogue with rapid fire intensity and drained every single bit of his seed that he had in his balls deep into the mutant's center. Rogue's pussy clenched with multiple orgasms before Harry was finished.

Kitty nearly fell backwards, soaking Rogue's face, and Rogue continued to lick her fellow girlfriend's cunt.

Harry watched Rogue eat Kitty's sopping wet peach for a couple moments and his cock was hard again.

"What an ass!" Harry exclaimed, smacking Rogue hard. "And it's mine, I'm going to fuck you so hard."

Rogue's cheeks were spread apart as Harry took aim and slammed his hard rod up Rogue's ass. She screamed a bit, but Kitty shoved Rogue down onto her pussy to muffle the screams, making sure Rogue kept to the plan.

"Take your cock like a woman and keep eating me," Kitty ordered her and Harry slammed into Rogue hard, jamming his cock up in her ass long and hard.

"So tight, can't wait to blow your ass up with my cum," Harry whispered, grabbing Rogue's hair for leverage and continued to slam into her ass.

Rogue was in heaven and his balls slapped against her. The mutant wanted more, more, more of his cock up her ass, but she could not voice this desire because her mouth was currently kind of busy pleasing Kitty. Kitty's little moans encouraged Rogue to go on, and the dick up her ass was going to drive her to even more pleasure.

Time ticked up as Harry felt the tightness of a really hot ass around him, it was like a furnace, and Harry kept pleasuring this tight hole at that point, sliding his throbbing prick out of her. His balls tightened more and more, slapping Rogue's ass and feeling the pleasure coming from Kitty and Rogue.

"Going to fill your ass up with cum," Harry grunted and with a few more quick thrusts, his balls clenched together. The young wizard got a few more quick thrusts out of it, feeling more and more pressure being built on his balls before they burst and splattered a heavy stream of cum up Rogue's ass.

Harry thrust again, draining himself into her ass, and slowly pulled out, cum dripping from his slit from the effort.

Without another word, Kitty pushed Rogue off of her cunt. Rogue grunted at the loss as Kitty dove from behind and began to feast upon the cum that was on Rogue's asschecks. Rogue's eyes glazed over as she began to pant heavily.
"Oh, Kitty, so wrong," Rogue said in a thick voice, but Kitty just grinned, seeing Harry grow harder at her efforts.

"Harry seems to enjoy it," Kitty answered defensively, finishing feasting off Harry's cum and put it on her finger, licking it, and sucking on it hard.

Harry could not hold himself out any longer. With a swift motion he dove at Kitty with the brunette giving a squeal when Harry slammed her onto the bed and Harry lined up his cock towards her hole, slamming himself into her with another motion.

"How do you like that, you dirty girl?" Harry grunted, fucking Kitty's tight body long and fast.

"Like it, punish me, punish this dirty cum loving slut!" Kitty yelled, raising her hips to meet Harry's motions and the cock slamming hard into her nice and long.

Rogue allowed her ass, mouth, and cunt a rest, watching Harry plunge his dick deep into Kitty's sopping folds. She had to admit, the fact that Harry was fucking Kitty to such an extent was really turning her on and Rogue found her hand going between her legs, as she diddled herself.

"Fuck, Harry, yeah!" Kitty groaned, wrapping her legs around Harry's body, and pushing herself up to meet his incoming thrusts hard. The brunette felt Harry's cock punish her crevice long and hard, really thrusting deep into her with each movement.

Harry felt the warmth of her twat envelope him, there was no better feeling then feeling his cock encased in a hot and warm cunt. Kitty reached her arms around him and grabbed him around the neck, pushing his cock inside her. Her eyes glazed over and there was a labored moan as Harry's thrusts got deeper and harder as time rolled on.

Twenty minutes, thirty minutes, an hour, Kitty hardly could figure out how much time had passed, all she cared about was Harry's large cock buried into her folds. The massive member filled her up and punished her long and hard. The brunette pushed her hips up and met each and every movement Harry had to offer.

"Going to ride you, raise your hips up, beg for my cum," Harry grunted hard, and Kitty wrapped her arms around Harry tightly, her legs tightened.

"I need you in me, cumming in my tight pussy, painting my walls white!" Kitty panted as she felt Harry's rod slam deep into her body again and again.

"You really want all my thick seed?" Harry asked, and he continued to thrust into Kitty hard, before he slowed down his motions. This inspired Kitty to give a loud whine as she was being brought down to Earth when Harry had slowed down his thrusts.

"Harry!" Kitty screamed and Harry sped up once again, getting deeper and deeper with each passing thrusts.

The end was coming so Harry sped up the process going deeper and deeper into his girlfriend's tight cunt before his seed emptied into her body, his balls drained completely. The two saw an explosive ending, with Harry's cock filling her up to the brim.

Smut/Lemon Ends.
For all of the faults of the present, there was no fault that could be compared to what could potentially transpire down the line in the future. In the future, mutants were exposed, and hunted down, enslaved at best, and slaughtered at worst. Not to mention the fact that humans were just as bad off, if not worse. The conclusion that mutants evolved from humans was made in the future, and so for the mutant problem to be eradicated, all humans should perish.

That was the harsh truth that was present in the future, and it was not a bright one, people looked to everything with fear, dismay. There was no such thing as home security, for each and every person in the future lived in fear. Humans, mutants, and everyone else that lived, even a few aliens hidden on the planet, all of them were subjected to the same scrutiny, and the same harsh reality.

A blinding flash erupted in the alleyway, and thankfully no one was there to see her when she arrived. Otherwise that would have been a problem. Of course, getting chased by the authorities of her time was something that was hell, so being attacked by anyone from this time would seem like paradise. At least that's what this young lady hoped, when she had arrived.

The young girl had shoulder length red hair that flowed in the breeze, and she checked the date, it was March of 2001. That meant that she had traveled twenty years into the past from her future, and the red haired girl took a deep breath.

Green eyes peered into the distance, and a couple of subtle scars were on her face, but not to detract from her beauty. She had been the last hope, part of a resistance who had been sent back into the past to stop the really bad future from happening.

The only downside to it was when she went into the past, there was no way to go back, none at all. Of course, given the fact that there was not much of a past to go back to, the young girl thought that this trip was actually a blessing in disguise. Once she regained her bearings, there was something that she had to do.

She had to get in touch with the X-Men, all of them, and hopefully find a way to prevent this bad future from happening.

Time travel was a rather particular thing, and there were one of three things that could have happened, as Forge had told her before she was sent back.

The first probable outcome was that no matter what she did, the future always had a way of resetting itself to the point of where it was. One could not undo what had already been done, and that was the most depressing thing to think about, so the young girl tried not to think too much about it.

That was considered to be the absolutely worst case scenario of the three things, and the young redhead reflected deeply. It did hurt to get here, and the pain would have been amplified upon her ten fold.

The second potential outcome was that she did change the past, and succeeded, but to the point where she no longer existed. If that was the case, then so be it. That was a worthy sacrifice for her to make, to wipe herself out, and to create a new timeline where humans and mutants alike were not enslaved. There was such a thing as justifiable sacrifices, and if this young mutant girl had to make one, then so be it.

This did seem to be the most likely out of the three, but there was a third possibility that Forge had told her, one that was a complete and utter wildcard. She reflected back upon it, and took a deep breath.

One could not completely travel back in time, but rather she was sent to a timeline that was not quite
set in stone. Her actions could lead to a better, or an even worse fate. A separate version of her may or may not exist in due time, and the two of them would merge together at that point. The redhead girl took a deep breath, and tried to figure out what would be the most preferred outcome.

To her, the third option would be the best, with the second being the most likely, and the first being the absolute worst of them all. The first would mean that the noble efforts of everyone who bought her time to escape that monster in the future who had taken over would be all for nothing. Bastion had been quite the dangerous foe, and had been the ultimate killing machine, having a hand in killing both Charles Xavier and Magneto.

After that, the future of mutants were destroyed, without strong leadership, and the young girl looked at the data she managed to collect.

Jean Grey and Scott Summers, those were two people she knew rather well. So there was no need to go over them really that much.

Kitty Pryde, yeah they met a few times.

Kurt Wagner, heard of him, maybe met him once, he made a brave sacrifice.

Rogue, another one that she had only met once, and the young girl looked forlorn thinking about how messily she was murdered.

Logan, or Wolverine, yes someone who had fought to the bitter end, although there was a chance that he was still out there the moment she left the bad future. If nothing else, Logan was a survivor.

Ororo Munroe, Storm, yes that was another one that was among one of the legends in the X-Men, and another one who had died in the future that she came from.

The final member of this present team was Harry Potter, and the archives had no records on him whatsoever, which made the girl rather curious.

Rachel Grey was in the past, and determined to make a better future.

The time had come for a change, and Rachel was not going to let that future happen, not if she could help it anyway.
"Aren't you excited?"

It was Kurt who said this statement at seven o'clock in the morning, before Harry was functionally ready to be excited. The two of them walked down to breakfast with Kitty and Rogue following both of them. Both girls looked highly amused by this back and forth exchange between the two X-Men.

"Yes, Kurt, thrilled," Harry answered when his eyes narrowed towards the fuzzy mutant but despite that fact a small flicker of a smile crossed his face.

"Come on, it's a trip to the beach, a nice outing, what's more exciting than that?" Kurt asked when he waved his arms around and his eyes focused on Harry's face. "Look at you, you could use some sun and some fresh air."

"Kurt's got a point, Harry," Rogue chimed in and Harry gave her a look of mock agitation, like he felt she betrayed him. Rogue patted Harry on the arm in a consoling manner.

"Yeah, it's not going to be that bad, besides Storm is chaperoning, so it could be fun, at least she can keep any bad weather at bay," Kitty answered with a bright smile as she grabbed an arm around Harry's arm as the couple sat themselves down at the table.

"Nice to see you see me as useful, Kitty."

Ororo showed up out of the blue and Kitty opened her mouth, on the edge of an apology, but the weather witch had just brushed it off with a smile. She had walked out to join the team at the table with good grace.

Scott elected not to go to the beach, rather just staying home to help the Professor and Logan track down the new mutant energy signatures that they had found some time ago, to offer them a place to the school. Logan was not much of a beach goer, so he was most certainly out, and Jean was off on an outing of her own with friends.

Jean did invite Scott, but he had decided to stay behind, thinking that Jean had done so out of pity. Even if that was furthest from the truth that was beside the point, that was what Scott believed. After what happened on Asteroid M, Scott was still going through a crisis of confidence and it was that point where Kurt sat down at the table to help himself to the maple syrup.

"Scott, you know you're welcomed to come with us," Kurt commented in a bright voice and Scott appreciated Kurt's optimistic attitude even though Scott himself did not have that much optimism to offer at this point. Kurt continued his sale's pitch. "It's going to be a real fun time."

Scott felt sorely tempted but he shook off the temptation.

"I just think I should show some leadership qualities and stay behind, but thanks for the offer," Scott replied in a swift voice, not even bothering to look at the other members of the X-Men. He thought that after the recent fiasco, he could regain some of his confidence as long as Harry was out of the picture.

Ororo had picked up the newspaper and began to read it, a smile crossing her face when she saw the weather forecast.
"Well it seems as if someone has smiled upon you, today is going to be a picture perfect day without a cloud in the sky. So it does seem like you might not need my help after all, Kitty."

Kitty had the decency to look a bit embarrassed, but she recovered quickly with a smile on her face before she looked at Ororo with an apologetic expression dancing in her eyes. Ororo found amusement in Kitty's attempt to apologize to her.

"You know we always enjoy your company, no matter what," Kitty replied at that moment and Harry shifted in his chair. "So do you got this little trip cleared with the Sorcerer Supreme?"

"He's got pressing matters to attend to in another dimension, helping out a friend of his, Clea, I think her name is," Harry responded to his girlfriend when he recalled what Strange said.

"Are you sure she's just a friend?" Kurt asked raising his eyebrows when he looked at Harry, but Harry just took a moment to look at his teammate. "Or could this dimensional problem be just an excuse for something else."

Harry had a shrewd idea what Kurt was thinking about but he just responded with a shrug.

"Maybe, maybe not, but that's none of my business if it is," Harry answered in a swift voice which caused Kurt to shrug and Rogue and Kitty to look rather amused, thinking that there might be something to Kurt's claims. "Besides, he said that we're ahead of schedule with my progress, so a week off won't kill us. And it's not as if I'm not practicing independently."

That point was true; Harry had been practicing his spells on an independent level, growing stronger and stronger. Strange offered him suggestions on how to improve, channeling the least amount of magic for the most amount of impact. Those were lessons that served him rather nicely and he hoped to improve upon them as he got more experienced. Perhaps even adapting magic in ways that even Strange could have predicted.

Training in the Danger Room was going really well, especially with Harry focusing a great deal on physical training as well. This was also encouraged by the Sorcerer Supreme who stated that if Harry ever encountered a magical being with more power than himself, than it would be useful to know how to defend himself in the physical manner.

There were many magical beings that Strange fought in the past that were strong from a magical perspective but weak as an insect from a physical perspective. Providing one could be inventive enough to get around the actual shielding spells that these enemies were likely to have and break through. There were many magical beings that were in fact crafty enough and did engage in using an underused organ known as the brain many times over.

Still Harry shook himself out of those thoughts and to be honest, he was kind of excited to be able to get out and about, and head off to a trip. The drive would be a bit long down to Florida, but it would be a great time to really get out and do something.

The fact that Harry read some rumors that there was a treasure buried near the beach they were going to had nothing to do with his excitement. No absolutely nothing at all, nothing whatsoever, not even a bit, not at all, no sir, okay maybe a little bit.

Of course that was far from the only reason that Harry wanted to get out and he conceded that Kurt had a point that he could use a time off. He had been training pretty much every single day since he had arrived here and on the days that he had not been training, Harry had been fighting for his life against some enemy.
Regardless, Harry resolved to enjoy a nice day in the sun with friends and hopefully without any problems. There would be plenty when they got back, but surely the crime rate was not as high in Florida as it was in New York? Although it struck Harry as odd that there were a lot of super heroes in this city, but at the same time there was a lot of crime. Harry wondered if the heroes came first or was it the villains?

That was a chicken or the egg argument for another time, but right now it was time to finish breakfast and then head on off for a day of fun and excitement.

The Daily Bugle was one of the top newspaper companies in New York and one that seemed to thrive despite the Internet really catching on big over the past couple of years. Despite that fact, print media would not die as one particular individual would see that it would not become a dinosaur to his dying breath.

"Parker, in my office, pronto!"

The booming voice of the publisher of the Daily Bugle J. Jonah Jameson echoed for everyone in the entire building to hear and most of the city block. The interesting fact was that while many would tell Jameson to use his indoor voice, this voice was in fact his indoor voice. He could get much louder and much more boisterous especially if he was in the mood to do so. That was just the way that Jameson rolled as he conducted his day to day operations in his business.

A young man entered the office, that young man was Peter Parker. Peter knew by now that when Jameson said to jump, it was likely going to be some big news that might have affected his other persona. The other persona that Peter remembered was someone that Jameson had bashed constantly in the paper. There were many claims that Spider-Man was either a threat, a menace, or both, depending on what side of the bed that Jameson got out of on any given day.

"You wanted to see me, sir?" Peter inquired at that point, looking at Jameson in all of his glory, a brown suit with a flat top haircut and a mustache that Hitler would envy.

"Yes, Parker, why did you think I called for you?" Jameson boomed in a loud voice as he stared down Peter, before he continued. "Word's coming in that there are beach goers all across Florida who have been terrorized by some monster on the beach."

Peter's eyes perked up at that point, there were beach goers that were terrorized, sure that could potentially be a problem, but he failed to see what that had to do with anything going on in New York City. Jameson was only all too happy to enlighten Peter on the situation and he did so at that very moment in his usual booming voice.

"Sources are saying that a hand came up from the sand and pulled some hapless beachgoer deep underground. He was found a short time later, barely breathing, and his watch had been missing, along with a wad of cash that he had on him."

Peter's eyes grew wide at that moment, he recognized the pattern, it seemed like his old sparring partner, Flint Marko, also known as the Sandman, was at it again. Sandman gave Peter a few fits in the past, but as far as Peter knew, the Sandman had been put into police custody as of their battle a few months ago.

'And remember, if it wasn't for Spider-Man, Marko would be just some petty thief knocking off drug stores still,' Peter thought to himself, feeling a twinge of guilt at the role that he had in the creation of the Sandman, but he brushed his thoughts of guilt out of his mind. 'Never mind that Parker, focus.'
'This seems like the very sort of thing that wall crawling reprobate Spider-Man would be in the middle of,' Jameson continued with his usual demeanor when he stared at Peter through beady little eyes.

"Do you think Sandman and Spider-Man are working together?" Peter asked at that point and Jameson's eyes snapped towards Peter as they narrowed in suspicion. There was a long awkward pause before the editor of the Daily Bugle had responded to Peter's sudden inquiry.

"Sandman and Spider-Man, that's a dastardly duo if I ever heard one," Jameson remarked as he looked directly at Peter, mulling over something in his mind. "So I've decided that you are going to head off to Florida and get some pictures what's happening at the beach, and fly coach Parker, that's about as good as you're getting. I want pictures, pictures of Spider-Man!"

Peter nodded; he supposed that he could not get Jameson to unclench his fists enough to get any kind of good treatment. These photos were helping Aunt May out, even if he had to endure the constant bashing of his web slinging alter ego from Jameson to the point where it was almost cartoonish. Peter decided that was his cue to leave, if Jameson wanted pictures, then he'll get pictures, plenty of pictures.

Peter decided that it would be a long trip to Florida and information would need to be something that he would need to make it a successful one. He knew one person who might be able to dig it up for him at the speed of light. She would be able to help him, she had done so before.

After Peter had walked down the stairs, he moved into an alley off to the side, between the Daily Bugle and the apartment complex next to it. He felt sorry for any people who lived there who had to endure Jameson's constant shouting and wondered if there were any noise nuisance reports that were directed at that blowhard. That would not surprise Peter at the slightest, but right now he dialed the number on his cell phone.

Peter waited for the phone to be picked up before Gwen had answered it on the other end. "Hello," Gwen responded on the other end of the phone and Peter was prompt to answer. "Hey, Gwen, can you run a check for the beaches that had been hit in Florida recently?" Peter asked and if Gwen thought this question the least bit weird, she did not say anything. There was a moment where Peter waited.

"Swing by my house, and I'll get you a print off of all of the beaches that he hit, maybe there's a pattern," Gwen answered after a long moment's pause. "Is there any particular reason why you want this list?"

"Jameson's sending me off to Florida to get photos, and he thinks that Spider-Man might be down there as well," Peter responded swiftly to Gwen before he paused and a smile crossed over his face. "Well, I wouldn't want to disappoint him."

Gwen just snickered in this point and Peter left the alleyway talking to her.

"I'll be over there in a little bit, thanks Gwen, you're the best," Peter responded over the phone.

"Glad to be appreciated," Gwen answered as the sounds of paper being printed could be heard in the background with Peter moving off to leave, hoping that this information would allow him to get to the bottom of the Sandman case and predict his next move.

And after that it was off to Florida in coach, compliments of one J. Jonah Jameson and his generous spirit.
The sun was shining in the sky and the beach goers were rabid as the members of the X-Men arrived at the beach. Harry stepped onto the sand, amused by the craziness going on around him. Although to be fair, it was Spring Break, which apparently was a huge thing in America or so he heard. He really could not say any more than he heard and Kurt followed him at that moment, with Rogue and Kitty moving closely behind. Ororo brought up the rear and smiled as she looked into the sky.

There was not a cloud in the sky and a hitch in the arrangements today, so she did not have to cause a bit of interference to make sure everything panned out perfectly. That much was certain for the weather witch at this point as she looked into the sky and saw the fluffy white clouds. The warm breeze and the smell of the sea area just added to the actual picture perfect atmosphere.

All and all, it was a perfect day.

"I'm going to go see if I can catch some waves," Kurt commented in an excited voice making sure his image inducer was secured.

"The Professor made that thing water proof, right?" Kitty asked him with a raised eyebrow, but Harry just tapped his finger to it.

"If it wasn't water proof, now it is," Harry answered with a smile and Kurt nodded graciously before he scrambled off to try and his hand at surfing.

Rogue's face contorted with a bit of amusement at Kurt's actions, as she watched Kurt leave. She turned to Harry and Kitty, before she offered a remark. "You know, he's just a bit eager, isn't he?"

"Just a little bit, totally," Kitty answered as she walked over towards the beach and stood beside Harry before the pair of them had sat down on a towel that Harry had magically conjured on the beach, with a boom box beside them and a packed lunch. Rogue joined them and Kitty had handed Harry the sun screen lotion. "You know what to do, Harry."

Harry knew what to do indeed as he saw Kitty in a blue bikini and Rogue was wearing a black one as the two of them laid down on each other side by side on their stomachs, before Harry squirted suntan lotion on the smalls of their backs and began to rub it in.

"Oh, that's it, Harry," Rogue moaned as Harry rubbed the suntan lotion into the shoulders and back for her.

"Yeah, do us, and then we'll do you," Kitty managed at that point, before she paused and she smirked in amusement. "You know, that sounded a lot more PG in my head."

Harry just responded with a smile as he continued to work the suntan lotion into their backs and legs, feeling the nice and soft flesh. He hiked up their bikini bottoms a little bit to rub the lotion deep on their cheeks and the two girls moaned when Harry brushed up close to a sensitive area, teasing them, but not taking the plunge.

"Hey guys, look at this!" Kurt yelled as he was going to try his hand at surfing, the key word being try, but that was something that was done a bit more in theory and not so much in practice.

Kitty, Rogue, and Harry paused their activities for a brief moment to watch Kurt take to the waves and for a second it appeared that he was doing a good job, or rather an adequate enough job where he did not embarrass himself too much. At least that was to the point where he was able to remain upright for more than a few moments.

Then a current hit hard and Kurt lost his balance, before he fell down on the surfboard and got
washed out to the beach. He took it in stride, bouncing back in good graces.

What they did not take in stride was the fact that the beach shook underneath them. The first shake was minor but the second shake was major, which rocked more than the X-Men. Kitty, Harry, and Rogue got back to their feet and now Kurt was joining them, struggling to get a standing position. He nearly tripped and fell on his face, but had somehow managed to recover.

Another smash from beneath the sand had echoed and it was Ororo who had noticed at that point that something was going rather wrong. What was going wrong they could not say, but the beachgoers had been spooked to the point where they were in fact backing off in a bit of abject terror. They drew in a long breath at that point as Harry in particular tried to find the source of the disturbance.

"Look!" Kitty yelled pointing to a ripple in the sand and two beach patrons jumped back from this action, when a hand was emerging from the sand.

"What's happening?" Kurt asked and Harry immediately performed a scanning spell, trying to figure out what could be causing this.

"I think…I think the beach is alive," Harry answered, frowning when he tried to interpret the results of the scanning spell. That could not be right at the slightest.

Kurt, Kitty, and Rogue all looked numb in shock, before Kurt exclaimed in a rather panicked voice. "The beach is alive? What do you mean the beach is alive?"

"I mean it's sentient," Harry answered at that point without skipping a beat and Kurt took a step back, his face contorting into a grimace when a pair of hands erupted out of the beach near him.

He disappeared into a teleportation cloud of dust and dropped down, but it turned out that there were many other hands appearing at other locations of the beach, trying to attack them. One of the beachgoers was about to be pulled straight underneath the sand.

Thinking quickly, Harry rushed in and sent a slicing charm towards the hands. The sand hands had been cut off at the wrists, but they slowly and surely began to reform at this point, before they actually shifted into multiple hands.

Ororo motioned for them to step back and tried to temper the Earthquakes with her powers, but a huge wall of sand rose up on the ground and knocked her for a loop. She tried to fight back once again, but once again the sand storm had been kicked up again and again. The sand walls closed around her and Ororo lost her nerve, she did not like enclosed spaces at all.

She dropped to her knees in a panic when Rogue and Kitty moved over to check to see if she was alright.

Harry once again tried to blast whatever this thing was with a wind storm spell, but it was far from solid. In fact, there seemed to be a bit of the consciousness spread between whatever this thing was. He might have to transfigure this thing, but he had never transfigured anything that was this big.

There was a first time for everything, and Harry hoped that he could do it right, but as of this very moment, he was a bit outgunned. It was time for some creative maneuvering.

Flint Marko used to be a two-bit thug who knocked off grocery stores and gas stations, but now he
was a pure and dangerous force of nature. He was going to crush anyone who had got in his way and too many people had gotten in his way throughout his time as Sandman. He felt anger towards everyone in the world, who thought that they were safe to go out on the beach.

As it turned out, Marko did not commit these crimes for his health at first, no far from it. The sandy criminal started his criminal career when his daughter had been struck by a terminal illness that only gave her a few years to live. He was laid off his job as a construction worker and a string of bad luck prevented him from getting a job. So, he had to use other means to supplement his income.

Those means were knocking off a few places, a gas station here, a grocery store there, even a rare bowling alley. At first Marko seemed to be a bit reluctant to indulge in such wanton criminal activities, but damn if they got easier and easier as time passed. The criminal career was going great.

Until Spider-Man stuck his nose where it did not belong and stopped his criminal activities when he moved up to do a bank job. Marko was incensed that the web slinger butted his nose in where it did not belong, but he was out gunned in battle.

Cutting his losses, Marko fled the scene of the crime, but he had run into a lab where they were conducting an experiment. One thing lead to another and Marko was bombarded with silicon particles that sliced his skin, to turn him into the Sandman that he was today.

What was worse as after he recovered from his ordeal, he got the news that his daughter had tragically passed on. That news angered him and if Spider-Man had just stood back, minded his own business, and allowed him to complete these jobs, she might have gotten the treatments to be live to see her fifth birthday. The first people Sandman killed were the doctors who refused to treat her because he didn't have enough money.

Doctors were nothing but parasites, they did not help people, they only lined their own pockets out of the greed and the desire to make money. Sandman was not a killer per say but he took great pleasure in murdering those greedy quacks. It was only fair after what those doctors had taken from him.

Right now, Sandman was about to line his pockets to get that one big score even though it would not fill the void from when he lost his daughter. He heard a rumor that there was a treasure off of the coast and he wanted to cash in big time on it. Sandman was going to cash in on this treasure; no one was going to stop him from doing that.

Sandman heard the sounds of Spider-Man swinging towards him and felt the grimace of someone trying to stop him. That kid with the dark hair who was throwing those weird energy bolts from his hands started to give on his nerves. Sandman imagined smashing that brat into dust particles, yeah that would feel good.

Spider-Man dropped down as he turned around to search for the Sandman, a frown appearing on his face. The beach had suddenly gotten quiet.

"Marko?" Spider-Man called out into the beach, greatly unnerved by the calmness. "Marko?"

"Polo!" Sandman growled as a large fist rose out from the beach, that barely triggered Spider-Man's spider sense before he had been smashed down to the ground from the impact of the fist connecting into his face.

'Oh come on, how am I supposed to be up an entire beach?' Spider-Man thought at this moment, when suddenly several figures rose from the sand and advanced on him.
Kurt, Rogue, Kitty, and Harry all spotted Spider-Man lying in the sand as Ororo tried to keep the sand storm at bay that had terrorized the civilians. The cat might be out of the bag regarding their powers, but they had no choice. This was going to take some explaining to do, but they would worry about that after the bad guy was defeated.

"Hey man, are you okay?" Kurt asked as he helped Spider-Man up to his feet but the web slinger had to shake his head from side to side.

"Yeah, just fine, just dandy," Spider-Man answered at that point as several men made of sand dressed in green sweaters and black pants rose from the sand with murderous intentions in their eyes.

"We will crush you Spider-Man," the Sandmen chanted as they marched. "And we'll get your little friends too!"

"Not if you can't catch us first!" Kurt yelled before he teleported out of the way and caused two of the Sandman dupes to smash each other. Harry scattered the sand with a well placed whirlwind spell.

Spider-Man made specialized webbing to contain Sandman but the problem was to hit the right one, for if he grabbed the dupes, then what was the point?

"You can't win, I own this beach and I own you!" Sandman growled in a triumph voice as a wave of sand cascaded down and nearly buried Kitty. She pulled herself out as Harry pulled her to her feet.

"Alright, there?" Harry asked before he smashed several of the sand dupes and ripped them apart. "I'm close to pinpointing the real Sandman….he's that hot dog vendor over there."

The group blinked in surprise before they nodded at that point.

"That's actually kind of smart, posing as a hot dog vendor," Rogue answered as she rushed over and tried to drain Sandman of his powers, but Sandman shifted into sand particles and Rogue smashed against the vendor stand hard.

"I've got it!" Harry yelled as he conjured some water to saturate Sandman.

"So, you turned Sandman into mud man, that's just great," Kurt answered as the villain in question had begun to throw glops of mud at the team.

"Wait for it Kurt, wait for it," Harry answered as he flicked his wrist.

A freezing wind had struck Sandman with the moisture saturated in his body and froze it. Spider-Man's eyes widened as Sandman shattered into thousands of pieces, all shattered into ice. Harry now waved his hand to vanish the ice before Sandman could reform himself.

"Again, really?" Spider-Man asked at this point but Kurt just shook his head at Spider-Man. He was not too fond about what happened either, not a big fan of killing people, but on the other hand, Sandman could have killed a lot of people by burying them in the sand.

It was a dirty job and a part of Kurt thought that while Harry could take things too far sometimes, one could hardly fault him too much.

Harry just turned to Spider-Man at this moment and merely raised an eyebrow towards him.

"So, if you keep killing off my rogue's gallery, then I'll be up for early retirement, then," Spider-Man answered, trying to lighten the mood, and Harry offered him a smile in return.
"If it makes you feel better, there will always be bad guys for you to smack down. That's just the way things are, evil never truly dies, and it just takes a vacation."

Spider-Man thought about that and slowly nodded his head, but the fact was that he saw Sandman broken to pieces.

"Still, with him if a miniscule trace of him exists anywhere, he might still be alive," Spider-Man informed the group and they all straightened up before they knew what they had to do.

They spread out to make sure that all of the pieces were present and accounted for.

A few moments later after Spider-Man and Arcane searched the beach; they found that there was no trace whatsoever of Sandman that was left over. The two heroes found relief at this as Arcane rejoined his fellow X-Men. The web slinger looked at them with an apologetic expression on his face, even if they could not technically see it under his mask.

"So, it is nice meeting you guys…well the one's that I haven't met before, but it was still nice to meet you and we should really get together and do this again sometime and stuff."

The web slinger took a moment to adjust himself and Ororo had walked up to the entire group before she spoke.

"Well, I doubt that this was the day at the beach that we were hoping for, but it was a useful training exercise never the less, and even on vacation, you kept mostly to form," Ororo commented lightly when she looked at the other team members. "Logan would approve."

"Man, even on vacation, we can't get away from trouble," Kurt replied as he felt there was a dark cloud on his sunny day that really put a damper on his normally fun loving personality.

"Welcome to my life, hope you survive the experience," Harry answered before he walked over and saw a chest halfway out from the beach, not quite submerged in the sand, but close. "I think we found what Sandman was after."

"And what I'm after too," Harry thought to himself.

"Ah man, this was so cool, he was after some kind of buried treasure," Kurt answered at this point as he tried to open it up, but found himself unable to do the deed.

"Allow me," Harry answered at this point as Kurt stepped to the side. Kitty, Rogue, and even Spider-Man looked curious at this point. He waved his hand and the trunk sprang open.

"No way, those can't be real," Rogue answered when she looked at the cargo inside.

As it turned out, the booty in the chest was an accurate term for the team had stumbled upon some pirate's collection of adult magazines. Harry, Kitty, Kurt, and Rogue exchanged a look as Kitty moved over closely to inspect the cargo a bit more closely.

"How does someone bend that way?" Kitty asked in a skeptical voice before she added as an afterthought. "Harry, we're going to have to try that one."

"Yes, and put yourself in traction along the way," Rogue remarked with a smirk and Kitty just shrugged before she offered a bit of a smile.
"You can't deny it would be worth it."

"Okay, that's more than I needed to hear or think about," Spider-Man thought to himself before something struck him. 'Hey wait, he has...two girls? Two of them? Really? I barely have any luck with one, but he has two. It must be that bad boy thing, chicks did that. I so need a different costume, maybe that will help me. Maybe something in black, yeah that's it. And Gwen talks to him a lot."

Peter had no idea why his expression darkened at that moment, but he certainly knew that it did. He shook his head at that point to try and regain some semblance of his sanity before Storm turned to him with a smile crossing her face.

"Spider-Man, you seem to be one who gets into trouble quite often," Storm offered when her gaze fell on the web slinger.

"Yeah a few times," Spider-Man answered where Rogue, Kurt, Harry, and Kitty all snorted at that point, that was a gross understatement. "Okay, that's a bit of a stretch, it's more than a few than a few times, but you can't really blame me, it's just that these people keep trying to kill me."

Harry looked at Spider-Man before he leaned forward to discuss a few matters with him. The young man just peered at the web slinger before he handed him a communication device.

"If you need any help, do feel free to call the X-Men," Arcane responded and Spider-Man seemed surprised, but Kitty just looked at Harry.

"Are you sure you can just give him a communicator device?" Kitty asked slowly widening her eyes, not that she didn't think that was a good idea.

"I'm a senior member of the team, shouldn't I have that right?" Harry responded and Kitty could hardly fault that logic, but once again it was Ororo who had spoken up.

"I believe that Harry is quite wise to give Spider-Man a communication device, given that he could prove to be a valuable ally. The link does work both ways."

"Yeah, you got a point, after the two times we bailed him out, he could return the favor every now and again," Kitty answered before she shifted on her feet with a smile. "He so totally owes us for everything."

The group all nodded as they tried to return to their leisurely activities on the beach, but for some reason it was hard to get back to the fun and games after what happened. Yet, they really had to try to get back to normal, the day was not over yet. They had no idea where Spider-Man had gone off to or how he got to Florida.

Harry in particular found himself disappointed by the contents of the ultimate stash. What kind of pirate steals porno? That was something that vexed Harry and he took another look at the chest before he saw an inscription on it.

**Property of Long John Deadpool.**

Something about that bit of news made a lot of sense suddenly.

Doctor Otto Octavius watched the scant few images that he received from the beach in Florida and a frown spread over his face when he saw the battle with the Sandman. He was curious about Spider-
Man and these X-Men that he found out that they called themselves. It took a great deal of digging to locate that particular gem, but Otto was a brilliant man and he knew how to find out these things, where many would give up prior to the clutch.

Right now he had the miniscule particular of sand that one of his drones had managed to obtain before the rest disappeared from the efforts of that Arcane. A smile crossed his face when he studied the sand particle incased in the ice cube.

'I can rebuild him, stronger than ever,' Otto thought to himself when he had studied the particle of sand.

Sandman would be the third member of the group that he was forming when Marko was resurrected thanks to the power of science. Electro and Rhino had already enjoyed to join up, with Otto promising them their revenge against Spider-Man should they had agreed to join up with him.

Osborn was on his back about his lack of progress in determining what made Spider-Man's DNA work but hopefully that would be pacified once Otto had gotten his hands on the web head. The foolish child foiled a number of plans, even if he had done so to the point where he was ignorant that he meddled in Otto's affairs.

If anyone had excelled in ignorance that would be Spider-Man, he ran on pure luck and was a foolish child given powers.

Otto also kept an eye on these X-Men; they were a threat especially the one called Arcane. Given his stubbornness Otto had not quite given up the ghost on his attempt to determine what exactly this Arcane was even if he went through thousands of dollars of damaged equipment trying to analyze the hair sample.

Osborn demeaned him but soon Osborn would be the one who would be begging for mercy from him and Otto would have none.

The fool had even called him the name Doctor Octopus, as if that was not a title that he had not heard before. He had been made fun of by his fellow classmates because of his last name, his love for science, and had been bullied by them, being mockingly called "Doctor Octopus."

Come to think about it that name had a nice ring.

Otto remembered all of those who mocked him and Spider-Man had reminded him of all of those bullies who belittled him, brain dead jocks and meatheads the lot of them. If he had to make a hypothesis, Spider-Man was some jock who did not have an ounce of brains at all and thought that his wit was actually comical. Those with a few brain cells had laughed at him and not with him.

Still Otto would have his day and all who mocked him would perish, and it would start with Spider-Man and Osborn. Doctor Octopus would have his day as the world trembled before his might. Otto would gain his revenge on the entire world.

To Be Continued In New Arrivals and Old Problems.
Chapter Twenty Four: New Arrivals and Old Problems.

"The new group will be arriving today," Kitty commented to Harry as she peered outside whilst she stood by Harry, Rogue, and Kurt. Jean, Scott, Ororo, and Logan helped the Professor settle the new kids in and make them feel ready for their arrival to the Mansion.

Harry nodded as he knew Xavier was busy over the past couple of weeks trying to get the groundswell of new mutants sold on the Institute. The young wizard mutant hybrid saw the files on these new mutants and the group intrigued him, some more so than others. They may certainly bring some unique abilities to light but it did remain to be seen whether or not they would fit in with the rest of the team.

"And that's not the only new arrival today, there's going to be a new Principal at the school when we get back," Kurt remarked at that moment and Harry just shook his head at that moment. "Come on, it's got to be better than the one we had."

Rogue, Kitty, and Harry exchanged skeptical looks but they did in fact share Kurt's hope that things would be better. Then again, it was hard to see this new principal being any worse than the one they had.

"Yeah, it's got to be, providing that Mystique didn't sneak back in the back door," Rogue replied at this moment before she peered forward into the distance. The sounds of several car doors could be heard and the young X-Men took it as their cue to head outside.

Harry thought that his training had gone to the point where he could be considered a senior member of the team, well the same could be said for Kitty, Rogue, and Kurt as well. They had come a long way all things considered given their initial shaky beginnings. It had been seven or eight months since most of them had joined the team and they all thought that they had gone all of the way together, making many great strides.

"Ah yes, you're here, excellent," Xavier responded when he saw Kitty, Kurt, Rogue, and Harry exit the Xavier Institute at that moment. "We're just about to bring in the new arrivals right now."

Harry looked over to the newest arrivals to take a good and long look at them before he offered a bit of a snicker and responded in a deadpan tone of voice.

"They're just a bit spirited, don't you think?"

"Yeah, just a little bit," Jean responded in a voice that contained a great deal of mirth when she watched the antics of the new recruits.

"Don't worry, I'll hose them down if they get out of control," Logan remarked in a gruff voice as the group walked forward towards the Mansion.

Xavier was at the front of the group in his wheelchair as he put a hand up to get their attention. The headmaster of the Xavier Institute was the type of person who would have all eyes upon him at all times.

"I believe that introductions are in order," Professor Xavier responded to the new members of the group at that point as they all nodded. Xavier waited for that particular motion, along with the noise, to die down before he shook his head. "Senior team members why don't you start. State your name
and your powers for the rest of the group."

The senior members did just that as they all spoke rather calmly.

"My name is Jean Grey, I'm one of the senior members of this team," Jean answered in a bright voice with a smile as she looked at the newer mutants. They all nodded before she had spoken some more. "My powers are telepathy and telekinesis."

"Scott Summers, Cyclops, another senior member of the team," Scott answered before he tapped on his visor for emphasis "I shoot optic blasts from my eyes."

Scott turned around at that moment and aimed his eyes to a set of rocks to demonstrate at that moment to a series of ahs and oohs from the new class.

"Harry Potter, Arcane, and I can do all sorts of things, like clean up the messes that Scott makes," Harry answered as he waved his hand and the rocks Scott destroyed magically reconstructed themselves. Scott just looked at him but said nothing. The applause for Harry's demonstration was loud and took several moments before it died down. "I can perform magic but my mutant ability is that I can read the body language of people and their intentions."

There were some gasps at how cool this was from various members of the team.

"Logan, Wolverine, I heal, have super senses, and I'm the best in the world at what I do, and what I do isn't very nice," Logan answered in a gruff voice when eyes focused on the team.

The New Mutants all looked at Logan, even they could tell right off the bat that Logan was the type of person that you wanted on your side and not as your enemy.

"Ororo Munroe, Storm, one of your teachers, and I can control the elements," Ororo answered at that point before she waved her hand and storm clouds appeared along with a thunderclap. Then the storm had subsided at another moment.

"Kurt Wagner, Nightcrawler, and I can do this," Kurt answered when he addressed the new recruits before he vanished in a pop before he reappeared in the middle of the ground. "Ta-da!"

Kurt reappeared with the rest of the group before Rogue had picked up where they had left off at that point.

"My name is Rogue, I can absorb memories and abilities through skin to skin contact. I'm still working on my control a little bit, so try not and bump into me."

Harry noted that he was coming closer to getting the charms self-sustaining on the bracelet, he needed to have a bit more time to really get that particular part done. He would have been done in about a week or so but Rogue had told him that she would be patient enough to wait. Kitty was the final one who had commented as she took a deep breath and smiled.

"My name is Kitty Pryde, Shadowcat, and I can walk through walls and doors," Kitty answered as she went intangible to demonstrate that she could walk through the doors of the mansion before she popped her head back out with a smile.

Now it was time for the new mutants to state their names and powers, even if some of them had not quite come up with codenames yet, but they thought quickly not to be shown up by the others. A beauty with dark skin and dark hair had decided to be the first one to speak up.

"My name is Amara Aquilla, I'm the Princess of Nova-Roma, and I can manipulate the magma
beneath the Earth so I guess that makes me Magma."

"Makes perfect sense to me," Harry responded giving her a smile which Amara returned at that point trying to keep her cool which was hard given her powers.

"My name's Tabitha Smith," a punk looking blonde stated at that point as she took a long look at the entire team. "Guess you're going to call me Boom-Boom."

A dark haired young boy was the person who took the bait. "Why would you be called Boom-Boom?"

Tabby just gave a wicked grin before she had unleashed a cherry bomb before it had exploded to give the young man a bit of a scare causing him to stagger backwards. He managed to recover and shook his head.

"Um, yeah, Bobby Drake, and I can turn my body into ice and control it, so call me Iceman," Bobby said at this point before he blew his fingers off to send mist in the air. "Now that's cool."

Bobby had gotten his fair share of groans and 'c'mon now' at the pun before a young man with spiky orange hair had commented it.

"Ray Crisp and I give off an electrical discharge, and I'll go by the name of Bezerker," the next mutant had said to give a short demonstration of his powers to the approving nods.

A young Chinese girl dressed in bright colors at that point had spoken in a cheerful voice. "I'm Jubilation Lee, but you can call me Jubilee, and I shoot off fireworks with my hands, see!"

Jubilee had given them a bit of a show at this point but it seemed to not be as refined. She offered an apologetic smile and she shrugged at this point.

"Sorry about that, I can normally control that a little bit better, okay maybe not the first time, I kind of blew up the VCR and then the stereo and then half of my room but I've got them under control for the most part."

There were a few laughs from the rest of the group.

"Sam Guthrie," a blonde young man stated at this point as he closed his eyes before he shot into the air like a cork and landed on the ground. He dropped down to the ground and gave a shrug. "You can call me Cannonball."

The youngest of the New Mutants was the one the next one who had spoken, at about twelve or thirteen years old with dark hair. "I'm Jamie Madrox call me Multiple because I can do this."

Sure enough he split himself into multiple copies and Harry could see how something like that could be useful for multitasking. There were spells that could be used to replicate that ability he was certain but he was just getting up to the level where he could head out and do such a thing. Then again one could say the same thing about many of the mutant powers even though it was extremely advanced charm work.

"Roberto da Costa, I turn the sun into my strength, call me Sunspot," a Brazilian young man stated at that point.

The final member of the New Mutants spoke up at this point, she was a shy Scottish girl with red hair in pigtails. "Rahne Sinclair, I can turn into a wolf, call me Wolfsbane."
She demonstrated her ability at that point with the entire group nodding. Xavier turned to his fellow X-Men as he proceeded to go to the next step of the introduction.

"Now that the entire team knows each other, I believe it is prudent to show you to your rooms," Xavier answered before he wheeled forward with the senior members of the X-Men team going and the New Mutants as they were following them, awe struck at the sights around them.

There were many questions about what was going to happen as the team would take a chance to scope out the new recruits when they had their first Danger Room session this weekend. Right now it was time for them to settle in and get to know each other, along with the rest of the team, along with getting settled into school for their first week.

It was going to be an interesting time, they all knew that much but how interesting it was, they only could begin to guess.

"I don't even know why we bother to go to school, we're just going to get ridiculed."

Those were the words that came out of the mouth of Toad on Monday morning the day that they were due back to school after the holidays. It was a statement that was justified and Blob nodded his head in response. These two particular members of the Brotherhood felt now was the time to know when to go and when to fold.

Lance shook his head as he looked at Fred and Todd, they always slacked off at the worst possible times. It was an aspect of the pair of them that frustrated him to a supreme degree. He tried his hardest to keep the Brotherhood running all ship-shape and make sure they did not fall into any kind of rut. The problem as he saw it was when his only competent subordinate was Pietro who had his own ego problems which turned out to be huge problems to keep this team running.

Still Lance refused to give up because up to this point he had worked too hard. It was time for him to get some revenge on the X-Men, or in particular of one of their members. And the revenge would be held on camera at that point because the final months of the school year at Bayville High School was about to start with a new principal as the school would be rebuilt.

It would be a new age for many reasons and one of them was going to be where they would finally get the respect that the Brotherhood felt they deserved. It was time for redemption and Lance was determined to keep the team focused. His eyes snapped towards Todd and Fred before he spoke.

"Guys, you better focus," Lance answered when he talked to the team members. "If you want to get some respect around here we got to go out there and seize the day."

"Respect, jeez man you sound like that Dangerfield guy," Todd remarked when he rolled his eyes but Lance had just brushed that off.

"After what happened on Asteroid M, the X-Men got the better of us and we ran. Every time we've fought the X-Men one thing has happened."

Todd chimed in with what he thought was the best answer. "We get our butts kicked?"

Lance pretended that he did not hear Toad before he pressed on. "They are always prepared for us, but this time we're going to be prepared for them. We're not going to let them push us around anymore. We're going to head into that pep rally and strike hard and the X-Men are going to be the ones that's going to be eating dirt."

Todd and Fred both nodded in response to this bold declaration but they were not completely
convinced by this speech that Lance gave them. The fact of the matter was that with Mystique leading them the X-Men really did knock them around most of the time and without Mystique to give them that focus they were just a group of guys rooming together. They spent more time trying to get together enough scratch to keep the lights on and food in the fridge then anything.

Keeping food in the fridge was going to be an uphill battle with Blob in the house but that was beside the point. Lance drew him a deep breath and turned to his fellow brothers in arms in the Brotherhood.

"I've explained the plan to you," Lance continued when he tried to get these two motivate. "The X-Men pride themselves on being anonymous, let's see what we do when we expose what they really are to the entire world. Then we'll embarrass them for the whole world to see."

Todd and Fred gave a half-hearted cheer as Pietro zipped in after Lance's speech wrapped up as he looked around.

"I didn't miss anything important, did I?" Pietro asked before Lance gave him an extremely agitated expression where if looks could kill, Pietro would be dead. Pietro did seem to be late to the party more times than he cared to remember. Which was really strange, given that Pietro was the fastest mutant alive.

Lance's eyes just looked at his team at this point and annoyance filled them. "Just stick with the plan and we'll be fine."

"Right stick with the plan, got it, got it, it's good," Pietro answered in his usual hyperactive manner.

The Brotherhood were united, perhaps not cohesively, but it was time to right the wrongs of the past, step in, and dominate each and every battle from this point forward. Pietro, Lance, Todd, and Fred all prepared for what would happen on the next day. The Brotherhood were all ready to go and ready to rock.

All of the students of Bayville High School gathered around for an outside assembly at that point and they all cheered nice and loudly as the new principal stepped around with the assembled faculty who walked around a bit before sitting down. After some of the weird rumors that the faculty heard about things that happened around this school, they were all on pins and needles as they waited for some kind of bomb to drop.

Harry, Kurt, Rogue, and Kitty sat in the stands. Kitty and Rogue were on either side of Harry while Kurt was in the row behind them with several other students surrounding them. Jean and Scott were off elsewhere on the bleachers, although sitting far away from each other. While they put on a cordial relationship for the new recruits, things were still frosty between them personally.

"So there's the new guy," Kurt whispered when he had looked up to take a look at them.

"Yeah, that's the new guy," Harry confirmed at that moment as he spotted several other members of the New Mutants, most of them freshmen, with a couple of exceptions. "He doesn't seem overly malicious."

"I don't think he's Mystique," Kitty piped in as Rogue rolled her eyes and spoke in a calm voice.

"Mystique is a shape-shifter she could be any of us."

Kurt suddenly sat up straight and his eyes shifted suspiciously but Harry shook his head at Kurt which got him to sit back down.
"Unless Mystique has found a way to drastically change her body language, it's not her," Harry responded as he peered out into the distance whilst he threw an arm over both of his girlfriends. "Never seen that guy before, which might not be a bad thing, but we'll see what he has to say."

The man was a typical run of the mill middle aged man with dark hair, a blue suit, and thick glasses. He tapped on the microphone and looked up at them. He resembled a politician more than an educator but Harry supposed that was just as well because there were a great deal of politics involving high school.

"Greetings, I'm Edward Kelly, and I'm the new Principal of Bayville High School," Kelly responded at that point. "After Principal Darkholme's unexpected sabbatical, the school board has looked long and hard for a replacement and I must say that I'm proud to be the one who they have chosen to step into the lofty position."

There was the standard round of applause that had come with this opening statement that someone would normally have given during one of these speeches. Harry rocked back on the chair and remained on his guard, so far so good. Nothing out of the ordinary happened and he preferred that it stayed that way.

"The theme of the rest of the year is change, change will be brought with only the help of each and every one of you."

"Hey, Principal K, you want change, well we're bringing the change right here, kicking it, Brotherhood style!"

Several eyes snapped over and Harry winced at that point before Kitty shook her head long enough to give an exasperated sigh at that point.

"Do these guys ever take the hint?"

Harry held up a hand for a moment to see what this was all about but he had the feeling that it was not going to be good. It seemed like Harry was going to be proven right as he heard the half hearted protests of Principal Kelly but he got shoved off to the side like he was nothing. Lance took center stage at this point as he looked at everyone.

"Bayville, you've been lied to, deceived to by a group that is trying to hide who they are!" Lance yelled at the top of his lungs. "You see, we're not like you, and thank God for that. But you know what we are…"

"We're far better than ever are, we're the superior evolution of you geeks," Pietro answered as he cut in. "Why don't you tell him, Lance?"

Lance was going to tell him but he found his microphone short out in his hand as did the loud speakers.

'Potter,' Lance thought in frustration as he caused the ground to rumble beneath him as his teeth gritted. 'He always ruins everything.'

Sure enough Harry ruined everything when he had killed the loud speakers but there were other things at this point that could leave evidence. A few people had out their cell phones and Harry had to create a huge electro-magnetic field to shut them all down. Lance stood on the ground and looked up before he yelled at the top of his lungs.

"The time has come to tell you what we are. We're mutants, the Brotherhood, but there are other people who are mutants and they are…"
Lance found himself struck unfortunately silent at that point with Harry having gotten him with a silencing charm. He knew they knew what he did but no one else would find out. A silencing charm was passive magic instead of active magic without the tell-tale flash of magic as opposed to a stunning spell or a banishing spell that could have been used.

"Hey, it's Potter, he's a witch, burn him!" Todd yelled feeling braver then he ever was before and suddenly Lance decided to rock the ground beneath them to try and cause some havoc to salvage the fact that he had been silenced.

Harry cursed his luck but he managed to use a charm to slow down most of the falling debris that had been created by the tremor.

'Jean, I hope you can wipe their minds, or the Professor hears what happens, because if I memory modify them, their brains are going to be Swiss cheese,' Harry thought frantically as Kitty, Rogue, and Kurt all scrambled in to try and help mitigate the damage.

Sure enough there were cameras on as the ground shifted in front of them when suddenly a pulse that did not belong to Harry shorted them out at that time. Harry managed to repair the debris with Principal Kelly looking at him strangle but suddenly Kelly dropped to his knees, as did several other people.

Sure enough there was some force wiping their memories but Harry could not see who it is. Jean seemed utterly baffled as well as they could not see who the telepath was in question. However, with a quick peak into their minds, Harry could sense that no one remembered anything from when the Brotherhood showed up to cause havoc until now.

He could have sworn he saw someone in the light, but they disappeared. As did the Brotherhood who had thought that they had proved their point. Little did they know that the point was soon lost.

Whoever it was, Harry was thankful for them because he had a guardian angel on his side today. Mutants could have gotten exposed big time today. And who knew how much people could have overreacted.

There was a chance that they dodged a bullet, a really prominent bullet.

The Brotherhood arrived back to the Boarding House as they thought that they had been ones to pull something over the X-Men. However, that was furthest from the truth, the Brotherhood had not struck at all. In fact, their little plan had failed and it became clear in a matter of moments when there was no news about their little stunt.

"I thought that would be top billing, top billing, who cares about some celebrity getting a divorce after being married for three days?" Todd raged in a disgusted voice as Lance just fumed silently as he put his jeep into park.

"So much for our plan to get us some respect," Pietro remarked in a caustic voice as Lance just grumbled when he gritted his teeth. "Hey, there's no need for that, did you get your voice back yet?"

Lance shook his head furiously as he climbed out of the jeep as he thought about everything that had happened. To be honest this was a day that could have gone much better but it had just went down the crapper. He gritted his teeth at this point as he continued to walk towards the driveway.

"No need to give us the silent treatment man, just tell us what's really on your mind," Todd responded with a bit of grin but the ground began to shake beneath them. The slimy mutant staggered long enough to recover before he shook his head. "Hey, given the intensity of the shakes I
"Either that, or Fred's stomach's on the war path again," Pietro answered before the mutant in question just nodded at that point. Come to think about it, he was a bit hungry.

There was no question about it the Brotherhood had seen better days that much was for sure. The entire group made their way inside and pulled the door open. They half expected some bill collectors to show up or something because Mystique had left and no one had paid a dime towards anything in their house.

Yet there was someone who was sitting in their house which caused the entire Brotherhood to stop and stare. This was a guest that showed up to greet them and they had most certainly not invited anyone. Todd, Lance, Fred, and Pietro exchanged apprehensive expressions as they saw their newest arrival inside the boarding house.

"Brotherhood, I was wondering when you returned back," the guest answered he was dressed in a white cloak with a black skull like mask as he stared down at them. His eyes radiated malevolence from beneath his mask.

"Just who are you?" Todd asked being the only one who was going to be able to speak up and ask the question.

"You may call me...the Taskmaster," the man answered in a brisk voice. "And I have observed you Brotherhood boys for a long time from afar, you're sloppy, unrefined, but I will not deny that you have potential."

Pietro just raised an eyebrow when he saw this man enter his house and begin to talk trash to him. He was not going to take that kind of trash talk lying down before he tried to bum rush this Taskmaster guy at super speed. A funny thing happened when the fastest mutant alive tried this attack.

Taskmaster read his attacks coming even if they had come at super speed before he twisted Pietro's arm behind his back and twisted him down to the ground. The silver haired mutant winced at this point when his arm was wrenched behind his back before he was shoved down to the ground with excessive force.

"Too slow," Taskmaster responded as he stepped back at that point to appreciate the irony of his statement. "You children are weak, soft, and lack discipline. Mystique used you as punch bags but I can refine you in a well-trained force of young mutant soldiers."

The Brotherhood realized that had just been owned by some guy who didn't appear to have mutant powers. The Taskmaster stepped back as he looked at the Brotherhood boys before he responded with another swift string of words.

"Unless you don't think you're hard enough."

"Just give me another shot and I'll take that guy out," Pietro answered at that moment but Taskmaster looked him long in the eye long and cold.

The Taskmaster prided himself as being one of the top fighters in the world where he had photographic memory that was second to none. He also could read his enemy's body language to pinpoint their attacks with the precision and take them down just like that. The fighter looked at the Brotherhood and he motioned for Pietro to try and attack him again.

Once again Pietro tried to attack and once more the Taskmaster knocked him down to the ground
before he twisted his arm behind his back. Taskmaster popped back up at this point to stare him
directly in the eye as he pinned his enemy down.

"I do believe that I have proven my point," Taskmaster responded with his voice remaining calm and
crisp. "My first piece of advice is to engage your brain at twice the speed of your mouth and
actions."

Pietro offered a brisk nod of his head as he thought that he would get them next time but right now
he was on the ground to wince in pain. The young mutant had never been so humiliated in his life.
He rolled over to take a moment to recall what had just went on, he had a feeling that some kind of
learning experience had been gifted upon him at that moment.

The Brotherhood could not really say no to a guy like this but they did wonder what the catch was.
There was no way a skilled guy like this showed up and offered them training, not without a catch.

The Taskmaster folded his hands over his chest, they could be molded into fighters. It was time for
him to settle an old score with an old enemy named Nick Fury. A reckoning between those two had
been a long coming.

"And you need superior leadership, in addition to your training, but I've got just the person in mind,"
Taskmaster answered when he stepped back and revealed a young woman with quite the presence
enter the room.

This dismissal of his leadership pained Lance, even though he could not do anything but shake the
ground in discontent. The other Brotherhood members found their attention diverted to the woman
who entered the room dressed in red leather with her red hair framing her face and she had a belt
buckle with a skull on it. Her eyes looked at the team before she turned with a smile to address the
Brotherhood.

"My name is Sinthea Shmidt, your new leader, and superior, but you can call me, Sin," the young
woman said in a brisk and seductive voice, with the hints of a German accent.

"Babe, I'll call you anything you want," Pietro responded when he was in dream land when he
looked at this vision of womanhood but she turned around.

"Clean up this place, it's a pig sty, do you really have any pride in yourself?" Sin asked when she
looked at the other members of the Brotherhood. "No one you cannot defeat those X-Men, the
quality of this hovel represents the quality of your mind."

Sin turned around, HYDRA briefed her on the X-Men, but the one she was most interested in was
the one she assumed was their leader. The one with the codename of Arcane, she saw photos of him
and she was intrigued.

The Taskmaster plotted his revenge on Fury, while he and Sin whipped the Brotherhood into shape.

Harry watched the Danger Room Session that had started up, the first one with the New Mutants as
he sat beside Professor Xavier. When Xavier offered him the chance to help observe and critique the
training sessions for the beginner class Harry jumped on it as an exercise for his abilities. After all, it
would be an interesting exercise in his own abilities to keep an eye on the progress and efforts of
others.

Even if said progress and efforts were not really up to snuff at this point but Harry recalled some of
the earlier Danger Room training sessions that he had with Kurt, Kitty, and Rogue. It was just
something where he shuddered to think about them but it was all part of the learning experience.
"So it wasn't you who had managed to wipe everyone's memories, Professor?" Harry asked to confirm something that him and Xavier had been discussing previously before the Danger Room Session had started.

Xavier had confirmed his statement with a shake of his head as the Danger Room session had officially begun. "No, it was not I but we do have a telepath on the loose so that is something that we must watch closely. Also there's the fact that there is magnetic interference in the air beyond your magical interference."

Jean and Scott popped up at this point of the conversation as they watched Harry having his eyes glued to the Danger Room session.

"Magneto lives then," Jean concluded as she addressed Xavier, with Kitty, Rogue, Kurt, Logan, and Ororo all filing in at that moment.

"Yes, we should have figured that without an identifiable body there was a good chance," Xavier agreed as he turned to do his own observation as Harry did.

"So how's the fresh meat doing?" Logan asked to change the subjects, before Xavier had given him a slightly reproachful look before he commented.

"The new students are doing quite nicely in their latest Danger Room training session. No worse than any other group."

"That'd be kind of hard," Kitty answered at that point as she shuddered.

Given the benefit of hindsight, some of those early Danger Room sessions that the four of them had when they had joined the team were kind of abysmal. Of course whether or not it was abysmal with Harry leading them or not, that was something that Kitty could not say.

"Hey, we weren't that bad, we didn't die in there," Kurt stated as he tried to put a bright spin on things.

"Without the lethal protocols shut up, it is kind of impossible to die in there," Harry responded before his eyes had remained on the Danger Room training session.

That was a statement that was agreed to by all as the New Mutants had been thrown into the deep end without a wading pool at that point. He could see them make the rookie mistakes of checking to see the reactions of their supervisors when they should be focusing on what was going on around them in the Danger Room.

The key was to block out all of the distractions, the world did not exist beyond those Danger Room walls when they were training. It was easy to get tripped up by the fact that people were watching you in the Danger Room training session as it lead to a lack of focus. That would be one of the lessons that Harry hoped to impart upon them.

Harry winced as one of the flame throwers had nearly gotten Iceman, that one looked like it hurt. Boom Boom could have used some work on her aim, okay her aim was fine. It just needed to be directed more towards the targets in the Danger Room than taking out her teammates.

Cannonball propelled himself into the air before he tried to smash himself into the laser blasts from high above. Multiple tried to split himself into several dupes but the key word was try at this point. His dupes began to trip over themselves as he did not really have the control just yet.

Harry could see Magma looking for him for his response or maybe for other reasons for as far as
Harry knew. There was a moment to determine that later for Harry had to watch every single member of the Danger Room training sessions. There was a time where the team did seem to work a bit better with each other even though they still tripped over each other.

"They aren't too bad, per say," Rogue answered as she looked at Kitty and Harry who had watched closely. The pair of them responded with two identical nods.

"Yeah, but they aren't too good to say the very least," Kitty responded at that point before Harry just put up a hand.

Scott could tell that the team had licked of discipline as he watched them all at that point. He thought that they needed to step up their efforts just a little bit. He could see Jean wince and Logan just snorted. It was obvious that these new kids were a work in progress.

Harry continued to watch as the entire hour training session occurred with the group who tried to keep their heads above the water. They flew into the battle harder and harder as the clock continued to tick down just a little bit at a time.

The Danger Room Session ticked by with Harry making notes on each individual team member. He thought that it would be best if he had given them a status report about things they did well and things they could improve on. Actually, Harry thought about this when he was doing the DA, but never got around to doing it before the club had gotten found out when that sneak had betrayed them.

Harry watched the Danger Room session wrap to a close as the various members of the New Mutants staggered out of it. They looked near on the verge of collapse which caused a shadow of a smile to cross over Harry's face. He had most certainly been down that road before.

None of them seemed to want to say anything for fear that if they opened their mouths that they would throw up.

"There's room for improvement," Harry offered them before anyone else could say anything. "I've taken some notes and tomorrow I'll give you a list of things that you can improve on."

The New Mutants nodded as they had feared the worst.

"I'm sure Logan will have some suggestions as well," Harry added at that point before Logan had offered a brisk nod, he might have a few suggestions for this entire lot.

Right now Harry thought that they entire group should be pleased that they had survived their first session in the Danger Room where there was many more to come.

And it would only get tougher of them from here.

To Be Continued in "The Girl from the Edge of Tomorrow."
Chapter 25: Girl From the Edge of Tomorrow Part One.

Rogue was not the type of girl to get giddy about jewelry but she was going to have to make an exception for today. For right now Harry sat across from her with Kitty and handed Rogue the bracelet before the Goth girl had put on her wrist with a smile. This was one piece of jewelry that she could get behind and really appreciate.

"The charms should hold, the slider can allow you to switch the field on and off at will," Harry informed her as Rogue nodded before Harry continued. "You can also set a passcode if you want to, but it's really down to what you think is easier between that and the slider."

Rogue would have to keep that in mind before she had switched the slider on before she pulled off her gloves. With another motion she put her hands on Kitty's bare face at that point. Kitty smiled at that point before she turned to Harry.

"It works," Kitty answered with a bit of a smile as she looked at Harry but she then hastily amended. "Like it wouldn't work."

Rogue nodded she was completely confident that something like that would work at all times but Harry had pulled her into an embrace. The three of them had a busy day and it was time for all of them to unwind.

Harry cupped Rogue's face before he pulled her into a kiss which Rogue returned at that moment. He kissed Rogue for about twenty seconds before he switched over to Kitty and gave her a long kiss as well. At that moment, Harry switched back and forth to kiss both of the girls before the real fun began.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Harry cupped Rogue's breasts through her shirt and kissed her as Kitty got down onto her knees and began to yank Harry's pants down. That was not what Harry focused on at the moment as he focused on Rogue's breasts to feel them, touch them, and squeeze them. After a moment of fondling and Rogue's moans, Harry pulled the shirt off to reveal her nice pair of tits.

"Such great tits," Harry told her as he buried his face in between her cleavage and began sucking on it.

Harry's pants were off as Kitty was down between his legs. She watched Harry suck Rogue's tits as Kitty grabbed onto his balls before she fondled them a little bit. Slowly but surely Kitty licked her tongue up and down the length of Harry's cock before she switched tactics to tease the head. All of it felt good to her at this point.

Harry removed his head from Rogue's breasts before he reached over and stripped Kitty's clothes off before he ran his hands all over her tight body. Kitty moaned in pleasure as Harry played with her at this point.

"Yeah Harry, that's it," Kitty breathed before Harry placed her down on the bed before he aimed his cock towards her slit.

He teased the entrance with his head as Rogue stripped off her pants and also pulled down her panties. Rogue sat back and allowed Harry to push his fingers into her cunt. The girl's eyes glazed
back in pleasure as Harry pumped his fingers in and out of her willing cunt.

"Oh yes Harry, oh yes," Rogue breathed but she watched as Harry continued to tease Kitty but then he backed off at this point with a mischievous expression in his eyes.

Several ropes wrapped around Kitty and Rogue at this point. The two young mutants were tied up, unable to move, and they were at Harry's mercy. A grin spread across his face as he leaned down to grab both of their wet pussies.

"Harry, this is torture," Kitty begged when Harry cupped her with his hand tightly.

"Yeah, it's called teasing," Harry retorted with a grin as he fingered and played with the two of them while he made sure his cock stayed in both of their lines of sight at all times.

Kitty and Rogue panted and begged for Harry to stick his cock into one of them but after the necessary charms were performed Harry closed his eyes and randomly picked one of the girls who would get his cock buried in her.

Rogue felt a rush of pleasure as Harry pushed into her twat and began to pump in and out of her with expert precision. She managed to raise her hips up as far as she could to meet Harry's incoming strokes. Harry pushed in and out of her as he sawed away at her pussy with his cock, an action that caused Rogue great pleasure.

Kitty had nothing to really complain about for Harry aimed his fingers before he jammed them into her pussy and pumped it inside at the same speed as he had fucked Rogue with his cock. Both of the girls moaned loudly and encouraged Harry.

"Keep doing that."

"Yeah, fuck me, fuck me hard!"

"Oh, that's just the beginning," Harry grunted as he waited for the magical timer to go off before he pulled out of Rogue, his cock leaving her snug pussy.

With another motion Harry switched over and pushed himself into Kitty's cunt to feel her tightness wrap around him. The pleasure of her pussy wrapped around his throbbing prick was not missed when he pushed hard and fast into her tight pussy.

"So tight," Harry grunted before he began to push in and out of Kitty long and fast. He alternated between two long strokes and a rapid fire succession of five short and fast ones. Harry could tell the desire that Kitty felt as he put one set of fingers in her mouth so she could taste her own juices and kept another set in Rogue's cunt.

"Mmm," Kitty groaned as she slurped her own juices off of Harry's fingers as the two of them tried to struggle in their ropes but they could not get out.

Harry after a time had switched when Rogue had been brought to an orgasm and once again had switched off. This time he had his cock inside Rogue's tight pussy as he thrust in and out of her. He rode her with all it was worth as he finger fucked Kitty on the other end. Rogue got a taste of her own pussy juices.

"You two like eating your juices, don't you?" Harry asked them.

"Yeah, we're dirty little girls, we need to be punished," Kitty breathed as she mentally counted down to when her turn was. For right now she would enjoy Harry's able fingers working her over to send
little jolts of magic deep into her to cause her body to fill with warmth.

Harry responded for a second when he ceased all actions and then spanked their tight asses. This had got the desired reaction as he alternated between Kitty's ass and Rogue's ass at that point. He then switched at that point before his cock went into Kitty and his fingers had gone into Rogue's pussy.

As it turned out the more powerful that Harry got, the longer he could keep up this dance, not that his lovers minded being driven to several orgasms per love making session. The fact that he could switch on and off increased the pleasure and gave the pleasure.

"So tight, one of you is going to make me cum, but which one?" Harry asked at that point as he continued to hammer into Rogue who tried to summon all of her energy to her pussy for Harry.

"Cum for me, I need it, shoot that spunk in my twat, sugah," Rogue breathed at this point but her time was up before she could make Harry cum.

Harry switched off before he aimed his cock at Kitty and pushed deep inside her. It was another moment before he sped up and knew his release was about to come.

"Fucking tight, yeah, going to cum, so going to cum," Harry groaned as he speared into Kitty and Kitty did all she could to squeeze him.

"Cum for me, shoot me with your spunk, paint my walls white!" Kitty yelled through the hazed lust that she felt when Harry's cock continued to pummel her tight pussy harder and harder.

These words combined with the collective moans by both of the girls had caused Harry's balls to tighten up a great deal. He knew the end was here as he also made Rogue reach her peak. All three of them were going to cum together as he moved faster and faster.

Three simultaneously orgasms were most certainly a spectacular sight and Harry managed it as his loins blew his love juice deep into Kitty's inner chambers as Rogue came all over his fingers. The three of them collapsed after they came down, all satisfied for this night.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Harry sat himself down at a perch point outside of the Danger Room as he watched the latest Danger Room session with the newest mutants. He continued to observe them over the past few weeks. The new mutants did seem to have some raw potential that much Harry was able to find out. The interesting thing was whether or not they would fit into the team dynamic with the senior team members as they got used to working with each other. That was something to consider in the future.

That was a fact that Xavier seemed to not overlook at that point. The Headmaster of the Xavier Institute turned towards Harry at that point before he addressed Harry. "In a few sessions we should attempt to integrate them with the rest of the team training sessions. Some of them might fit in better than others."

Harry went over this theory in his head at this point, he knew that there might be a time where these New Mutants had worked their way to the main team. Kitty, Rogue, and Kurt showed up behind Harry's back with Harry only paying half attention to any of them. The fact of the matter was that their Danger Room training session was about ready to start after the New Mutant training session was over.
"So, do you think that any of them will have the potential to graduate up to the main team?" Kitty asked to Harry which broke him out of his thoughts.

"That's really not my place to say," Harry said at that moment.

"But saying that it was, would you recommend any of them to get the move up?" Rogue asked as she gave Harry a brief smile as a nod before she looked at Harry. "Well?"

Harry had to answer the question in the most honest manner that he could.

"Some of them are progressing better than others but others are struggling a bit with their focus. They know who they are, don't worry. All of them have tried to take my suggestions in mind, but I notice that there are some things that they are doing wrong. And there are some things that we should work on."

Harry turned to his team members as Kurt peered at Harry at this point at time before he shook his head. "You have a better eye for detail than Logan."

"I don't know about that one," Harry responded with a shrug at that point as there was something in the Danger Room when two of the New Mutants had tripped over each other, that being Boom Boom and Iceman. "Yeah, they could work a bit more on their focus, and a bit less on any kind of showing off."

"To be young again," Kitty offered with a whistful sigh.

"Yeah, you at the old age of fifteen, almost sixteen," Harry remarked to her in a teasing voice and Kitty shrugged at this particular statement, shaking her head and taking a long breath before she responded to Harry.

"Okay, I guess I walked right into that one," Kitty answered with a shrug before Harry just smiled back at her with Kitty and Kurt looking amuse.

Logan showed up as he looked at Harry before he offered a rather prominent nod. He knew that he would not be leaving this responsibility in Harry's hands unless he trusted Harry to keep an honest perspective. And Harry was extremely honest, to the point where he was brutally honest to an insane degree. Logan would not go as to say that Harry was harsh. He had said more critical things to the students after all so it would be hard to criticize too much.

Jean popped in out of nowhere right now but she had a bit of a frantic expression on her face. Harry did not pick this up. Scott had followed Jean in and the dark haired young mutant had a feeling that he was about to find out what they seemed so frantic about.

Another figure joined them at this point who had showed himself into the mansion, a man with dark hair with streaks of grey in his head. Kitty, Rogue, Kurt, and Harry all looked curious with the training session in the Danger Room becoming second to the arrival of Reed Richards who had turned to Xavier.

"Doctor Richards, what do I owe the pleasure?" Xavier asked at this point.

"There has been a tear in the time-space continuum, the second in many months," Reed stated without preamble.

Harry stood up to take notice at this little statement from Richards and his mind swarmed with some possibilities. Could it at all be possible that someone else had found a way through? While it did seem to be impossible given what he learned from the Sorcerer Supreme, Harry knew better than else
that the improbable can become very probable.

Regardless, his interest was piqued and curiosity bubbled within his mind.

"Did you determine out what had arrived?" Xavier asked as he tried to determine this.

"We believe the tear occurred approximately a month ago but the energy pulse had not been registered to this point," Reed answered as one could almost get a sense that he was making calculations in his head. "It has yet to be determined whether or not that person is friend or foe, or even a person."

Now that was a statement that interested them at this point, Harry more so, but Kurt, Kitty, Rogue, Jean, Scott, and even Logan looked up at that moment. Jean saw Reed and Xavier go off before she turned to Harry.

"So what do you think, Harry?" Jean asked curious about Harry's input which Scott noticed.

"I don't know, whoever came through could be dangerous," Scott responded as he seemed rather tense.

"Or it could be someone who might need our help," Kurt chimed in at this point.

Harry would have to consider all sides of the argument nice and hard, there was a chance that this person did in fact need their help. In fact, Harry shook his head and tried to figure out who had come through. There were countless possibilities, many of them Harry could not even begin to consider, with many, many angles.

Could it be...no Harry wasn't going to even get his hopes up for that one. Although why he would arrive later than Harry, he had no clue.

"I don't really know," Harry said at this point as without more information it was really hard to tell.

"I'm sure we're get sucked into it eventually, whatever it is," Rogue offered with a smile crossing her face as the Danger Room had stopped.

'X-Men, report to me, the training session for today has been delayed, we have a situation that needs prompt attention,' Xavier projected to them mentally as the team had moved over to join them.

Harry, Jean, Scott, Kurt, Kitty, and Rogue walked out with Logan shooing the new mutants out of the Danger Room.

"We believe our mysterious visitor and the telepath that meddled in the Brotherhood's friends might be one and the same," Xavier responded as he looked at the X-Men at this point as he turned to Reed who offered them a polite nod. "Doctor Richards has data that we want to take a look at, and we need to find this visitor before anyone else does."

'That much is for sure,' Harry thought who remembered the attention that he had received when he had popped out of where he was to here. He did not relish having anyone going through that ever again.

Mystique drummed her fingers on the chair that she sat on deep within the lab as she wondered what she had done to get sucked into this particular situation. The shape shifter mutant took a long and
deep breath before she leaned forward at this point. The door of the lab opened before Mister Sinister entered the lab with a malicious expression flickering through his eyes. The eyes of Sinister were crazed before they snapped towards Mystique.

There was so much one could figure out from the eyes of Sinister and none of those things were that good. Mystique shuddered at that point when the woman thought about this man and what he was capable of at this point. The woman shook her head with a long sigh before putting her hands on the table and she snapped her eyes towards the face of Sinister.

"What do you want?" Mystique asked at that point as she knew fully well that Sinister was about to enlighten her and sure enough his mouth opened to inform her what he did want.

"The time for my plan grows near but a potential problem manifested herself in the world," Sinister responded at that point. "One of my agents has detected a mutant of great power who turned out. It was almost as if she appeared out of nowhere."

Mystique's face contorted into a fury as the last mutant that had shown up out of nowhere led to a bit of a problem for her and had foiled so many plans. She personally blamed him for what happened on that Asteroid and this latest situation that she was put on at this point. Magneto was still out there, she knew it but Sinister had a grander plan that she could barely fathom.

All Sinister would tell her that he was in contact with some believers for a cause that was far deeper than anything Magneto could ever dream upon. A force who hoped to bring Earth to it's greatest prominence.

"She's an asset," Sinister answered at that moment as he peered out the lab window with a sadistic glint in his eyes. "She's going to be an issue for certain but only if the X-Men reach her."

Sinister stepped around as he had checked out the printouts that he had. Mystique noticed that he had the DNA of several powerful mutants on file both those who lived and many who had passed on. It seemed as if many of them had died at the hands of Sinister himself when he had gotten his hands on them and experimented on them.

"I believe it is time to allow Charles to know that this game has much higher stakes than a ceasefire with Magneto," Sinister responded as his eyes flickered off to the side.

He had been biding his time for years and year, ever since the end of the second world war when his experiments had ended. There was no need to be as active. The growing prominence of mutants had presented himself the right opportunity to step forward and take advantage of them. Not to mention the fact that Xavier gathered students for his school which piqued Sinister's interest and allowed him to consider the potential consequences.

Of course there was another thing Sinister was intrigued by that he would help release when the time was right. This individual would ensure that survival of the fittest remained to be something that was the ultimate truth in this world. The demented Darwinist allowed himself a moment to consider all of the possibilities of what was on the line before he turned forward.

"I believe it's time to send an army to intercept the X-Men before they find our runaway telepath," Sinister added with malicious intentions in his voice but Mystique just seemed eager for a chance at redemption.

"Just say the word and I will take down the X-Men."

Sinister shook his head from side to side before he clasped his hands together in malicious fury.
"No, while your lust to prove yourself is commendable, I require you to remain here and not allow Xavier to know of our alliance until the time is right. Until it is much too late for him to do anything."

A malicious grin spread over the face of Sinister before he exited the lab to leave Mystique in his wake. He moved through the corridors and down a set of stairs before he arrived at the bottom of them.

A group of sadistic mutants waited for Sinister, a group that was after Sinister's own heart and the demented Darwinist took a moment to survey the team that he had put together. It was time for them to step out and intercept the X-Men before they could find the telepath. She was too much of an asset for someone like Xavier to squander.

"Marauders, you have your orders."

The group of sadistic mutants nodded at this point, they were quite the nasty crew.

The first mutant was a dark haired mutant named Arclight who had a sadistic ability. With a wave of her hands she was able to create seismic waves that could utterly demolish everyone and everything in her path.

The second mutant stood large, bald, and ugly as he cracked his knuckles. This mutant had strength that could stand toe to toe with even the Incredible Hulk. His name was Blockbuster, who was ready to do some damage for his master, Mister Sinister.

The next mutant was a young man with purple hair who carried a spear in his hand. This young mutant was named Harpoon as he could charge that weapon and any other with an energy that could destroy anything that it touched.

The fourth mutant was a young man who could spin himself at super speeds and fling metal objects at his enemies. The mutant went under the moniker of Riptide and he could destroy anyone who stood in his way.

The fifth mutant was a woman who had long green hair and was dressed in a green bodysuit. Her name was Vertigo and she could induce dizziness with her powers.

"Yes, we have our orders," Vertigo responded as her eyes snapped towards her master like the obedient dog that she was. "And should the X-Men get in our way, there is not a single one of them that can stop us."

Blockbuster grunted in response as Arclight, Harpoon, and Riptide all nodded side by side. The five Marauders might have been outnumbered by the X-Men in quantity but Sinister was confident that his Marauders were in better stock than the X-Men. Soon the strong would survive and those who would not be worth would be perish at that point.

"So it begins, the end," Sinister responded as he waved his Marauders off to track down this young telepath and intercept the X-Men.

Nick Fury studied one of the pieces of the gem that he obtained at that moment but if there were any more, Shield had not found them as of yet. Something like this, Fury need not leave any stone unturned when he continued his search for the mystic gems. It was important for them to locate it before any unsavory forces could track it down. The Commander of SHIELD spun around to read the energy readings that had popped up a couple of weeks ago.
Two of his field agents showed up to walk up towards the commander with an apologetic look on both of their faces. Fury knew the looks that were on those faces immediately, he sensed that there might have been a problem.

"You lost her, didn't you?" Fury asked without preamble and they nodded in an apologetic manner. "She has to be found."

Fury did not really have to tell his agents how important it was to find this particular individual, because they could already tell by his tone. There were many unsavory forces out there that were getting closer to snatching her up as well. The SHIELD commander looked out into the horizon and he could realize that there was some kind of storm brewing although what it was he did not know.

All Fury could tell was things had gotten far more complicated than just a couple of crackpots with a lofty goal of world domination. That was something that Fury could handle but for some reason the entire apple cart had been upset to a degree that Fury had not really seen in an extremely long time. He tapped his fingers on the side of the window.

"We're picking up another reading," one of his men had stated at this point before Fury's one eye was on the entire team. "Whoever she is, she's making her way towards that school of Xavier's."

"She's been lurking around for months, and now she just decides to pop up there, I don't understand it at all," Fury responded in a gruff tone of voice before he shook his head. It was best not to really worry about that as of now. The SHIELD commander took a moment to allow himself to return to a situation where he would be able to control what was transpiring once again. He knew what he had to do now. "Keep monitoring her, do not let her out of her sight and send for the Widow."

Fury had said all these orders without even taking the slightest breath before the SHIELD agents ran off to do what he said. He continued to make his rounds around the floors with his hands behind his back. One eye was on everything but given that was all Fury could spare that was just as well. The SHIELD director crossed his arms before his face twisted into a grimace. The incident at Asteroid M just scraped the surface of what was possible to say the very least. Fury tapped his foot on the floor and looked over his shoulder.

"You wanted to see me, Commander Fury."

Fury spun around to see a tall women with long red hair who there in a skin tight black cat suit. Fury's eyes took a moment to look at her. She was one of the top spies in SHIELD, her name was Natasha Romanov but she was best known under her codename, the Black Widow. Fury nodded in response as he looked over her.

To be honest, Fury preferred to put her on the Potter case a number of months ago given her ability to obtain information even when the subject was difficult. However, she was currently on another mission that Fury could not pull her off of so he had to settle with Barton. Fury scrambled for every single bit of information, every morsel that he could gobble up and the Commander of SHIELD took a moment to cross his arms.

"Yes, Widow, I did," Fury responded when his arms had been crossed before he pointed to a map where a blip had blinked. Black Widow's eyes turned to the map while she knew that Fury was about to explain everything to her. "Three weeks ago, a second tear opened as another force had dropped down. This was much like the Harry Potter case but so far we have not been able to track her down."

Black Widow took a moment to allow these words to sink in before she faced Fury.
"She could be more able to hide herself than the other one was," Black Widow responded in a crisp voice.

"Yes, she is likely more able which is not something that should give SHIELD any room to breathe," Fury responded before the director proceeded to pace back and forth as he drew a bit of a breath within himself and shook his head. "The fact of the matter is that she's on her way to see the X-Men and if you monitor them, you'll find out what her stake in this entire mess is."

Widow nodded, she had enjoyed a challenge, that was one of the reasons that she sighed on for SHIELD and her eyes focused on Fury's one eye, not taking her eyes off of him for an instance, not blinking either.

"I trust you understand what is at stake with all of us," Fury continued as his eye was on the Black Widow. It was all seeing, all knowing, and the Black Widow felt as if she was always under evaluation when Fury looked at her. "SHIELD has much on the line in this situation and if we are caught in this mission, then everything will be jeopardized."

The Black Widow carefully looked over the print out of the recent missions that the X-Men seemed to be entangled in along with, and she offered her honest observation towards Fury.

"It appears that Mr. Potter has some kind of sixth sense that allows him to determine deception," Black Widow commented lightly as she paused and chose her next words carefully. "Naturally this makes it all that more difficult and increases the need for stealth."

"I have the utmost confidence that you will exhibit stealth, Widow," Fury answered briskly before the Black Widow spun around as she had walked off and quickened her movements to the nearest exit.

All Fury could do at this present time was wait and see how this situation would go. The Black Widow would gain the necessary information to report back to him but at the same time Fury would keep a delicate distance and continue to find out what the best course of action was.

"She seems to be moving rather fast, almost in an erratic manner."

These were the words that Charles Xavier stated in conclusion to his musings when the entire team of X-Men had crowded around. The New Mutants were not involved due to being merely students and not full term X-Men.

Going through everything in his mind Harry detected that this person, whoever she was, was trying to get their attention. Exactly what her reasoning was, Harry could not really say what her game was. However, there was just something that had stood out to him like a sore thumb as Xavier printed out a line up at this point. The team moved over to take a very close look at everything.

"There doesn't seem to be any sort of pattern," Kitty responded in confusion but Harry just shook his head. "Really, because if there is a pattern, I don't see it."

Harry decided to enlighten his girlfriend on the matter along with the rest of the team before he took a deep breath. The dark haired wizard magically copied the print out at this point and he had looked at him. The dots showed where the energy spikes had been found as Harry's curiosity peaked and heightened. With a quick movement, Harry traced over the dots one at a time.

It was a few movements later before Harry had managed to connect the dots in more ways than one.
Rogue and Kitty had noticed what Harry was doing first. It seemed like his ability to find patterns that no one else could did not extend to just physical fighting, it extended to other matters as well.

"So, you're saying that arrow is pointing to where she'll turn up?" Kurt asked at that point.

"I don't know, it seems almost too easy," Scott responded as he spoke up for the first time.

"That's exactly why I'd agree with Harry, there's a pattern that she's trying to point us in the right direction of," Jean commented at that point before Kurt was the next one to pipe up.

"And maybe a trap?"

The X-Men all stiffened at the thought of this new person having shown up potentially leading them into a trap. Xavier took a moment to ponder the situation when he looked at his students before he shook his head.

"It could very well be a trap, but is it a trap that's intended for us?" Xavier mused to them before the entire team looked at him.

"What do you mean, Professor?" Kurt asked at this point.

Before Harry could answer, Scott was the one that chimed in. "She's trying to get someone else's attention but exactly who, that's the problem."

Harry was willing to concede that point to Scott that could potentially be the case. While they could find the pattern that this young girl had put in, actually trying to piece together her intentions was another matter entirely as they only had the data that Reed Richards had given to them to point them in the right direction.

Now that they had been pointed in the right direction the team found themselves ready and able to go. The X-Men prepared to go off before Harry had stopped and voiced something that had been on his mind.

"We're not going to be the only one's that are going to pick out this pattern," Harry remarked for a moment and the X-Men all nodded when they realized where Harry was coming from.

"Do you really think that the Brotherhood could have figured out something like this?" Jean asked at that point.

"Could be something to watch for," Scott answered as Jean had given him a stiff and diplomatic nod. "We need to work together in case someone tries to attack us before we reach her."

Something in the back of Harry’s mind wondered if there was someone who was far more dangerous than the Brotherhood that they had to worry about. The Brotherhood had given them a few anxious moments but there were other people out there that were far more dangerous than they could ever hope to be. The young man wondered if they were about to run into another problem. Something that was sinister could be in fact be in the air and it was far more dangerous than anything that they had ever battled against previously.

Then there was the fact that Nick Fury and the rest of SHIELD were out there. If Harry knew Fury, he had his eye on the situation likely long before anyone had found out about this. That was just what the Director of SHIELD was like, he was able to obtain information that other people had tried to keep hiding. Fury was annoyingly resourceful.

That fact both annoyed Harry and caused him admiration as the team had boarded with
determination on their faces. They had weathered many battles before but this one just seemed to be
different somewhere. For some reason, there seemed to be even more on the line then there was
before.

As it turned out, Harry was not the only one who had felt that there was something sinister in the air.
Jean had felt a feeling of dread and felt compelled to tell her teammates. Those thoughts had gone
through her head as the red head telepath had leaned forward and voice them to her entire team.

"We should be careful, there is something out there, and I don't like it. Call it a mad hunch."

"No not bad, there's likely something dangerous out there," Harry answered at that moment before
Kurt had to voice the question that had entered many of their minds.

"But is it the person we're going for or is it something else?"

"We'll worry about that when we get there," Scott answered at that point as the team looked from
him before they looked at Harry.

Harry remained silent for a little bit but he did not say much of anything. His mind was a different
matter as it worked rather carefully as it reached a certain conclusion. They were going to find out
what was going on one way or another before too long. Something told him that they might not like
the answers when they happened.

Rachel Grey waited in an abandoned grocery store in Bayville that was set for demolition years ago.
She knew that her antics would have gotten the wrong kind of attention but she had to get the
attention of the X-Men. It was important that they talked to her. In hindsight, she supposed that she
should have tried to head to the Mansion that way but what was done was done. In the future that
she came from, trust was not something that happened.

Especially given that there may or may not be a traitor in the midst of the X-Men that could have
betrayed the entire team to lead to the domino effect that formed the future. Rachel thought about that
long and hard, while she would like to believe that all members of the team were trustworthy there
was a huge part of her that offered some doubt. It was more of a wait and see situation to be honest.

She heard the sound of the jet that stopped outside but would it be the jet for the X-Men or would it
be a jet for someone else. Rachel would wait to see as she hid behind a shelf and just prepared
herself for the very worst. The young mutant girl's heart thumped against her chest as she heard a
creaking sound and voices.

The doors blasted open and Rachel peered through the shelve space to see the X-Men arrive sure
enough. That was a good sign that someone else had not found her first. The entire trip to the past
had rattled her mind and it was really something to see a world where she did not have to run from
everything.

Rachel peaked out at that moment.

"I think I heard someone."

Rachel cursed at that point, she was being careful but she supposed that she should have been a lot
more careful. Nineteen, going on twenty years old, and she should have learned to be a bit more
careful. Yet there were sometimes where she was annoyingly careless to the point where she just
wanted to hit herself.
"We come in peace," Harry said as he took the opening to talk to the person.  

There was a moment's of pause where everyone was silent.

"Unless you want to attack us, then you're really kind of taking your chances," Kitty added at this point as she got her share of strange looks from her teammates. "Well they kind of are taking their chances just being here with all of the attention they're attracting and stuff."

Kitty took a moment to take a deep breath as she saw the red haired girl walk out. She was taken aback when she saw how much she resembled Jean, sure her hair was shorter and she had a few small scars on her face, but it was nothing that detracted from her looks too much. The other team members had hitched in a deep breath before she looked at them.

Harry was the one who had broken the silence. "Who are you?"

The red hair girl looked at them with an apprehensive look in her eyes, with Harry able to tell one thing. She was someone who had come from a tough background and life. "My name is Rachel. There's no need for you to tell me who you guys are. You're the X-Men, Cyclops, Phoenix, Nightcrawler, Shadowcat, Rogue, and…um Arcane."

"Phoenix?" Jean asked in a surprised voice, confused at what this girl told her.

Rachel suddenly had her eyes widened. "Oh, that didn't happen yet, did it?"

"What didn't happen yet?" Jean asked as she wondered if something bad had happened by the way this girl was now not quite meeting her eyes. She had serious questions about this girl's sanity as well because quite frankly she had no idea what she was blathering on about.

Harry decided to take control of the situation by he took a step forward and looked at the young girl. Rachel took a step back at that moment but she relaxed when she saw that they were not going to jump the gun and attack her.

"Look, Rachel, where did you come from?" Harry asked as he looked at the redhead girl who offered a sigh at this moment.

Rachel took a moment to look at Harry and the rest of the team as she looked like a deer in the headlights before she shook her head. The girl recovered rather quickly before she decided to keep all emotion out of her eyes when all of these people were seen alive. Then she spoke in a calm voice.

"Trust me, you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

Rachel got her share of strange looks at this point but Kitty just gave her a reassuring smile before she spoke. "Trust me, after all of the things we saw, there isn't much that surprises me."

"You can say that again," Kurt commented as he remembered everything that he had encountered in his short time as one of the X-Men.

Rachel calmed herself down and offered a bit of a smile but she was really reluctant. It was once again hard to look these people in the eyes given what she experienced. She recovered rather quickly before she opened her mouth to speak.

Suddenly the windows of the store blew open with a huge explosion that send glass flying in every single direction. Harry raised his hand to block the glass from cutting into them before he transfigured the glass into feathers and caused it to harmlessly drop to the ground in one fluid motion.
Now the X-Men were on their toes, and Rachel was included in this. Her worst fear had come true, she was about ready to try and help them fight off this threat, whatever they were.

Suddenly an energy wave had struck the entire team before they could make any move and dropped them to the ground. The entire group had felt rather dizzy, their equilibrium having been thrown completely off.

"I think I'm going to hurl," Kitty managed as her hands twitched and she tried to get back to her feet but she collapsed. Her knees wobbled a little bit.

Harry tried to find a way to block these attacks as he struggled to aim right but he was visited by a bout of double and triple vision. The young man tried to pull himself up and down as his legs twitched a little bit more. He discovered one important thing at this point; magic was rather hard to do when visited by a random bout of vertigo.

The wave seemed to effect the inner ear and cause illness as the X-Men were on the ground.

The doors burst opened and five figures entered the store to look down at the X-Men.

The group was ripe for the pickings as the Marauders moved in to finish them off. They would bring their corpses back to Sinister to harvest their DNA. The sadistic army of mutants walked over to rip them apart to destroy these X-Men and they were going to take their sweet time to enjoy doing it.

There was one thing for certain, they were not the Brotherhood, this was something new and something dangerous. And something that intended to kill them.

**To Be Continued in "Girl from the Edge of Tomorrow Part Two."**
Chapter 26: Girl from the Edge of Tomorrow Part Two.

If Harry could have only lifted his arm, they would have had a chance to reverse the Vertigo effect and send it back at them. There was a moment where the entire team was down on the ground sick to their stomach, as these Marauders stood around and laughed with gleeful joy at the damage that they had caused. They had a type of sadistic fury that had been unmatched by anyone that they had ever seen.

The Marauders staggered by some force that surprised and caught Harry off guard, but he was not going to be one that looked a gift horse in the mouth. Especially since that force allowed Harry to gain control of his wits and lead the team.

"NOW!" Harry yelled when he reversed the attacks which came back at the Marauders who staggered. A second attempt of the vertigo effect did not work on Harry, now that his magic analyzed the powers. He shielded the rest of his team from the effects the best he could, before he turned around. "Cyclops, blast that beam."

Scott felt very annoyed at being ordered but then he realized that was a good idea. With a well placed optic blast, he cracked the beam and caused it to topple on top of Blockbuster who was staggered.

Harpoon sent a super charged spear at Kitty but true to former she went intangible and the spear went through her before it blew up the wall on the other side. This distraction allowed Kurt to go behind Harpoon, grab his stash, and teleport his entire arsenal away from him. Harpoon was taken down by a telekinetic blast from Jean.

"Don't stop, keep it up!" Harry yelled as Arclight shook the ground, which Harry noticed she had a far greater grip on her powers than Avalanche did. It was obvious that she had a few more years to fine tune them, that much was for sure, and the ground rattled and the windows busted.

'Jean, mental attack,' Harry projected to his teammate.

"Right," Jean managed as she nailed Arclight with a psychic blast but suddenly she was taken down by Vertigo once again.

Rogue adjusted the slider on her wristband and grabbed Vertigo around the head, before she removed a glove and placed a hand on the side of her face. Vertigo dropped to her knees as Rogue felt an overwhelming dizziness to her. The ringing in her ears was intense so much so that it made Rogue feel sick to her stomach.

"Ah, I think the little vampire bit off a bit too much, Riptide taunted as Rogue screamed out loud when her head felt like it was splitting in two. Harry tried to aim a blasting spell at Riptide but he spun out of the way.

Super speed and now he flung several pieces of razor sharp metal, which was not a good combination. With several quick wrist flicks, Harry had transfigured the metal into harmless feathers before Rachel rolled in and psychically curb stomped Riptide to take him out of the action.

Rogue's eyes glazed over in the back of her head and Blockbuster used this as an advantage to knock her down to the side. A thunderous punch connected to her but that was the last punch he delivered.
when Blockbuster had been lifted up into the ground with a banishing spell and flew through a glass display. Several thousand pieces of broken glass cut and sliced through him.

The X-Men had took a moment to recover from this battle, as they felt nauseous from the vertigo at this moment. Harry rubbed the side of his temples and took a deep breath when he turned to the other members of the X-Men team. They felt the ravages of what was an intense battle.

"We got them," Harry told them before he helped Rogue up who shook her head. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, those powers were a bit more than I could handle," Rogue answered as she wondered why she had bitten off a bit more than she could chew. "Bracelet worked like a charm, no pun intended."

"Now what do we do with this trash?" Kitty asked when she looked down at the downed Marauders who had been taken out.

"We finish them off so then can never hurt anyone again," Rachel responded after a brief pause and this got her the evil eye from one Scott Summers. "These are monsters who would kill people without blinking, there's only one way to take care of them for good."

The future had hardened Rachel, it was either kill or be killed in that time. Rachel had known which one she preferred but there was a pause when Scott shook his head. Little did he know that he was looking in the face of his daughter, but she would not be enlightening him or Jean on that fact any time soon.

"We don't do that, that's not the way things should be done," Scott replied when Rachel just wanted to face palm.

"Wow, a dick and a pussy, how did you manage that one?" Rachael asked but Jean just stepped in between the two of them. Rachel mused that this was not the first time something like this happened, but again she would not be informing them of that.

Rachel had to keep her secrets after all.

"Enough, it's not like they're going...we can't just let them go and if we turn them into the government, they'll escape," Jean responded as she tried to wrap her head around everything, when she realized that there were no real answers.

Harry was the one who had come up with a solution when he saw Harpoon was the only one who was still breathing. It was an oversight that Harry was glad he made, because they needed information. Harry turned his head when he looked at Jean.

"Scan him," Harry said to Jean who nodded when she tried to dig into the mind of the downed enemy but frowned. This frown did not go unnoticed by Harry who turned to face Jean before he spoke in a calm voice."Is there a problem?"

"Sorry, I can't seem to get in his mind," Jean responded but it was Rachel who took a step up and faced Harpoon.

With a vicious shove, she entered Harpoon's mind. The way she entered his mind might be considered borderline unethical but at this point all rules were out of the window. Rachel pulled out and nearly staggered from the effort. Harry sped in and caught her. Oddly enough, she found some degree of comfort in his arms.

Rachel took a moment to collect her thoughts and focused her mind.
"What did you find out?" Jean asked Rachel but Rachel took a moment to recover.

"Harpoon and the rest of them are working for a scientist name Mister Sinister," Rachel responded when she looked at them. This name seemed to be new to the X-Men, so Rachel decided to give them more information. "You better asked Xavier what the name Nathaniel Essex means to him and why he's a menace."

"How do you know these things?" Scott asked when his eyes snapped towards her.

Rachel sighed deeply, he was always demanding of certain things about her, even when she was grown up.

"I have my ways," Rachel responded and this question caused Scott to open his mouth but Jean side stepped him.

"We better talk to the Professor about this Essex guy at any rate," Jean responded as she tried to pacify the situation before things got ugly.

For some reason, she figured Rachel had an ax to grind with Scott, although she had no idea why.

"Who is Nathaniel Essex?"

Professor Xavier had been asked that question but it was not one that he was prepared to really answer. At least it was not one that he was prepared to answer this soon in the game yet he felt this day was coming. After the report his X-Men had given him, it was a question that he needed to answer to enlighten his students, given that they ran into Essex's minions.

"Essex is a scientist who has been around for longer than even I have been alive," Xavier explained to the team who had their full eyes on them. "The most reliable accounts was that he was alive since the days of Victorian England and perhaps before them. His scheme at first was to pick up prostitutes off of the side of road to experiment on them. They were found dead days later, with weird deformities."

Harry was afraid that it would be something utterly messed up along these lines when he took a moment to step back and recoup from everything.

"So he was like some Jack the Ripper type or something?" Kitty asked the obvious question. Xavier seemed to eye Kitty for a brief moment before he had spoken his piece.

"He was Jack the Ripper."

That was a statement that had turned a few heads but Harry picked up the fact that Xavier seemed rather worried about what Sinister could mean. Magneto was one game, but Sinister was an entirely other game entirely. This Sinister seemed to be far more dangerous than anything Harry had ever faced, except for maybe Voldemort at his worst, but Harry wondered if he had even truly fought Voldemort at his worst.

The fact of the matter was that Harry braced himself for the worst, even though he had the confidence in himself and in his team that they would seize the day. He exchanged a tense expression with Kitty, Rogue, and to a lesser extent Kurt, but all of them were mulling over the possibilities of what this Minister Sister could bring.
"So, do we have any kind of plan?" Kurt asked when he broke the silence.

It was Harry who had chimed in response for Scott could even collect his thoughts. "We need to find out much more about Sinister, as I'm certain that even he is only a legend and an enigma to the Professor as well."

"You would assume correctly," Xavier agreed as he knew that there was so much about Sinister that he did not know. "I fear that you're going to see a battle that is far worse than any of you have ever imagined. Today, you were fortunate that the Marauders did not destroy you."

Harry had to agree even if the other members of the X-Men did not seem to be rather skeptical. All it took was one slip of themselves, just one time where they had not been able to fight at their full abilities, and it was all over. Harry even wondered if there was some divine intervention that allowed the X-Men to turn the tides.

"We beat them, though," Kurt answered as he tried to put a cheerful spin on this which Harry had shut down right away.

"Did we Kurt, did we?"

That was a question that none of them were going to answer, because it might turn out that none of them would like the answer to that. The fact of the matter was that they had gotten extremely fortunate with today's battle. Had things panned out just a bit differently, well they would not be able to have this conversation presently? The X-Men took a moment in solace to think how things could have gone rather poorly had they been a bit less on the ball.

"Today was a bad hand, but we came through in the end," Scott answered as he looked at Harry. There was a tense moment before Harry responded with a slight sigh.

"Came through, but we came this close to suffering a humiliating defeat," Harry replied back at him, as he tried to think things through. "These aren't children who are cobbled together in some kind of ragtag army, these are hardened men and women who would have killed us had they not underestimated us."

"The Marauders are gone, we might have been a bit rough of them," Jean added at this point but it was Xavier who just remained thoughtful for several seconds.

The fact of the matter was that Xavier avoided dealing a fatal blow to an enemy when he could have helped it as it was something that had gone against his moral fiber. His mission had been one of peace but there were doubts and some darkness that clouded his mind. Even Charles Xavier had his moments where he knew that with his powers, he could force peace between humans and mutants.

Yet it was the ethical implications of the matter that had prevented him from pulling the trigger, they would earn that trust. The day rapidly approached where mutants would have to step back into the light and face the world at large. Once that day came, Xavier hoped for an everlasting peace.

"I do hope that there was no other way," Xavier remarked in a crisp voice.

The members of the X-Men all looked at each other tensely, with all of them having their own individual interpretations about whether or not that there was no other way. It was Harry who had spoken up right now.

"No, there's no other way, but I do wonder if this is going to be the end," Harry said but it was Rachel who had spoken up.
"It won't be, not until Sinister is in the ground himself, and even then, it might only be beginning."

Some members of the X-Men looked rather suspicious at her cryptic words, and Harry had pieced together that Rachel was most certainly not from around here. There were certain subtle clues that he picked up in her body language, clues that most would miss if it had not been for Harry's powers.

Yet, it would be her story to tell when she felt the need to tell it so Harry would keep his mouth shut. No doubt that when the time came, Rachel would inform them but he was not one to judge. There were certain things that Harry had still kept from mostly everyone, as people had a right to their secrets and privacy.

That was Harry's story and he was sticking to it.

Mystique folded her hands over the table when she peered out into the lab to wait for Sinister to return. So far, she had thought that for such a great master manipulator, he had turned into an abject disappointment. As of yet, she had been unimpressed with his results as it seemed evident by now that the broken bodies of the X-Men were not to be brought back, or her two children were not going to return to her right yet.

"A failure?" Mystique asked when she saw Sinister enter the lab and walk over towards her. The demented Darwinist stopped and paused before he looked hard at Mystique, his eyes burned into her. "For someone who has failed, you seem to be rather calm and collected by this situation."

"Patience, my dear Raven, I have not failed yet, even if I have not succeeded," Sinister said when he looked at Mystique. There was a long moment where Sinister appeared to calculate something in his head. These long, awkward silences bothered Mystique to a huge degree and annoyance crossed her face.

Then there was more science as Sinister walked over towards a set of computers. With another movement, Sinister tapped into the system and appeared to check something. What he was checking, Mystique had no clear idea about, this was not part of the plan. Rather she tapped her fingers and drummed them off of the table as she grew more and more annoyed. Information was something that she needed and patience was something that was a virtue that Mystique did not master.

"The Marauders have been destroyed," Sinister stated in the most calm voice possible, if he was discussing the weather.

Mystique's eyes widened for a brief second as a frown curled over her face and she turned to Sinister.

"And how is that not considered a failure?" Mystique asked, to be honest, that baffled her and the expression that was on her face just showed how baffled she was. Sinister's expression never wavered from the malicious grin that he had and Mystique shivered for a long time before he responded.

"It is elementary, they were weak, defective, therefore they were destroyed," Sinister said as if he was guiding a Kindergartener through the element of one plus one equals two. "I have their DNA, I can learn from the mistakes and rebuild them, replicate them, make them stronger. Those five might be gone but there will be many more."

Sinister could clone the Marauders an infinite number of times, and in fact he had in the past when he needed to. There was no such thing as death as it regarded his experiments; in fact it was merely a
speed bump as opposed to a barrier. It would fine tune the process and each time he would get stronger minions.

"I have acquired a visual scan of everything that my Marauders have seen when they fought the X-Men, a detailed scan of their powers, their strengths, and their weaknesses, a genetic map to their DNA," Sinister said when he turned to Mystique who nodded. "With that, I can devise a way to defeat them."

Sinister turned around without another word to leave Mystique alone and walked over to receive the transmission.

"And what if one of the X-Men find the chip and use it to track you back here?"

"Not a problem," Sinister responded as he turned around to briefly look at Mystique. "The chip will not register an outgoing signal, it will short circuit if anyone tries to tamper with it. I have planned for these things, give me a minimal amount of credit."

Mystique had no idea whether or not she would give Sinister any credit at all, but she had to trust him if she wanted to achieve her goals. So far, Sinister was all talk and Mystique had seen very few results. What was he waiting for, that was what Mystique wanted to know? It was much like Magneto all over again, except that Sinister was far more sadistic that the Master of Magnetism was.

Sinister's eyes remained on the scans of each and every individual member of the X-Men, when he had new genetic scans, he felt like a kid on Christmas morning. It was potential new DNA that he could play around with, mold, and study, to see what made it tick. Perhaps if the subjects were powerful enough, he could capture them and do some experimentation on them for the instance.

He noticed that his Marauders were in the custody of SHIELD at this moment, likely they were the ones who had picked up the bodies. Fury and his lackeys could study it until the cows came home, there was no way they could figure out what inherent secrets that DNA had contained.

Then Sinister noticed another intriguing quality about the DNA that belonged to the mutant designated Arcane. A detail that made him wonder if this Arcane was really a mutant or something else entirely. Something else that was far beyond the comprehension of Sinister or anyone else but never the less, Sinister remained transfixed with his eyes glued on the computer screen.

The DNA analysis was incomplete, with over three fourths of it reading as inconclusive. No genetic mapping could read this DNA and Sinister had learned more about genetics than any other human on Earth.

He was not human, he was not mutant, Sinister did wonder what he was, there was nothing close to it. Sinister felt his curiosity heightened as he knew that he would have to get closer and closer to determine what made this Arcane tick. For the first time in years, Sinister's scientific curiosity bubbled and grew. He was giddy as a schoolgirl.

Sinister would have to play this casually, as he made a plan, this was not over, as the X-Men likely discovered. No this was far from over; in fact it just had begun.

He continued to move around the area of his lab, with several other experiments that were outgoing. One of pods contained a small purple dragon that Sinister acquired, he felt the need to study its genetic makeup for where it was nothing like he ever saw on Earth.

The second pod contained a man held in stasis with dark hair. This man fell out of the sky, barely breathing, and seemed to have come from nowhere. Sinister found out that this man had a DNA
sequence that was quite similar to the subject known as Arcane, although there were other differences.

Sinister thought that this was a serious project that he needed to undertake to further understand what was on the line.

"This situation is far worse than we thought."

Black Widow finished giving her report to Nick Fury who looked rather grim when she had finished speaking. There were any number of worse case scenarios that went through the mind of the SHIELD commander before he had sent out his agent for the mission. Be that as it may, this scenario was far worse case than he had ever imagined as he shook his head to clear the cobwebs. Things were about to get rather tense.

Fury turned around to peer out into the city below when he remembered the battles that he had weathered over the years, storms that many people would shield themselves away from. Yet, Fury was someone who did not back down easily, he was hardened beyond everything that he had ever battled. It was getting near the time where he was going to have to step things up, the world was getting to be a more dangerous place.

"Essex," Black Widow chimed in as she spoke to Fury, her eyes on him as she understood that her boss was a bit agitated with everything that was going on. "How much of a problem are we going to have to deal with?"

Fury contemplated the problem from every single angle and there were many angles that he could comprehend it from. He took a moment to consider everything before his one eye snapped to the face of Black Widow. She felt like Fury was staring into her very soul and most would be uneasy with the look that was in Fury's eye. However, Widow had been more to use with receiving that particular look.

"As of right now, continue to keep an eye on the situation and hope that Essex crawls out of his hole. We have his men in security, what's left of them anyway, and we can study from them, learn from them all. Rest assure, SHIELD will get to the bottom of this. And you are certain that you were not seen?"

Black Widow was prompt to respond in a crisp and confident voice. "No, Commander Fury, I was not seen, even if I gave them a subtle hand. None of them noticed it but the widow sting broke up Vertigo's control. This allowed Arcane to jump in and take further control. None of them were the wiser."

Fury was confident of the Widow's abilities but he needed to make sure.

'As long as you were not seen," Fury answered when he looked at the Black Widow. One agent had already been caught by this Arcane and had forced them to step back in the situation. Black Widow just nodded more crisply than ever before. "Today, we've taken a step forward, but there are many steps we're going to take."

Black Widow nodded when she looked towards Fury and turned her back on him without another word. She had an observation to continue as she left Fury alone. She was intrigued with her observation of the X-Men but the group of them were rather amateurish. Widow noted a misprint in the official SHIELD records as well.
Her observation indicated that Arcane seemed to be the leader of the X-Men, as opposed to this Cyclops. Perhaps the Black Widow did not see everything properly, but Natasha prided herself on her observational skills, for they were the make of a good spy, at least that's what her training panned out.

Widow walked off to continue the observation of the X-Men but Fury warned her about Arcane and his ability to sense deception. A discreet distance would be required but she was not going to even allow herself to be seen by Mr. Potter. Perhaps it would be Natasha who would be doing the seeing and she planned to make many notes when she carefully observed Harry Potter's every waking moment.

Fury contemplated the pickle that he was in when Essex had returned and knew that if anyone would be interested in the gems, it would be this particular man. The grizzled government agent read the files on Essex that had been collected but doubted very much that they scratched the surface. The few hints indicated that the man was twisted, sadistic, and obsessed. That was a combination that rarely bared anything but problems.

Speaking of problems, the X-Men presented another problem as Fury knew that the mysterious traveler had found her way under the care of the X-Men. Much like Harry Potter all of those very months about, Xavier seemed to be inclined to give people the benefit of the doubt. Fury disagreed with this philosophy, having been burned up the ass more than one time in the past.

The X-Men could wait, Essex was a huge problem, and also the increased HYDRA activity presented more problems from Fury than there were solutions. Fury shook his head when he tapped into the system files to see if he can get any more details about Sinister. Not to mention if he would be able to locate a detail or two about the gems which had eluded him so far.

His mind traveled to an old friend of his from the days of the war, who currently lied in stasis when the formula that made him the super soldier he was damaged his body. There was one added element that was needed to stabilize the formula in him and he might be able to wake up Captain America. The gems could be that element.

Fury thought time ran short though, for there were people who demanded the plug be pulled on Captain America for eating tax payer's money. People these days didn't appreciate heroes like they had in the past.

Leading the charge was the current Secretary of Defense, Dell Rusk, who said that Captain America's time was at an end and they should look forward to the future, and not the past.

Fury worked tirelessly to try and find a cure, with some help from Tony Stark and his resources. Stark and Fury butted heads over the years but they could work together for a common cause. Stark constantly pointed out that he only did this for Captain America, who was an old friend of Howard Stark, Tony's father.

Rachel sat in the study of the Xavier Institute with her hands folded across her lap with a tense expression on her face. Charles Xavier offered her a spot to stay and while she did not know the man due to him dying before her time, she did hear stories about him. He was a man who strongly believed in a dream, a dream that he eventually died for at the hands of Bastion. The mutant race had splintered after that night, and then the humans had taken steps to control the mutant population.

Then there was a moment where those machines turned on humans due to the fact that they
perceived that mutants had evolved from humans. Therefore, humans must be destroyed to prevent the mutant academic to spread, that was a logic that was twisted, but in many ways unfortunately accurate. Living in a bad future with there was no tomorrow allowed Rachel to develop a nice and cynical attitude.

She barely saw Jean show up at that moment. This was the woman who was her mother, at least who could be her mother, but there were just so many things that could change due to her presence in the past. Rachel had escaped the future but what she would build here would remain to be seen in the next few days.

"Hey, Rachel," Jean said as Rachel's eyes snapped towards her mother's face, she was so young, innocent, before everything that happened. Jean was a reflection of a happier time and Rachel nearly was brought to tears when she thought about some of the things that happened to her. "I understand it might be tough for you here, but just get the Institute a chance."

'Tougher for me than you can ever imagine,' Rachel thought, she must have been mental to go back in time, mental but now the genie was out of the bottle and there was no going back, not at all.

Jean offered a smile that Rachel could not help but trust, but if she could not trust her mother, than who could she trust? Of course, this Jean was not technically her mother yet, but that was beside the point. This entire time travel thing had made Rachel's head spin a fair bit and she had to hold back her depression when she saw people that were dead in her timeline.

A timeline where she would refuse to allow happen, even if it erased her from future. One life to save the millions and millions around the world, that was more than a fair trade if she said so.

"I'll try," Rachel responded as her eyes met Jean's, but she sensed a few thoughts coming off of them. Jean was still not refined with her telepathy right now, something that worried Rachel a little bit as there were dark doors in her mind that should never be opened. The Phoenix Force within could be twisted if Jean did not learn how to embrace it properly, but Xavier had taken steps to suppress it. "If there's something that you want to say Jean, say it, please."

Jean decided to throw all caution to the wind and say something before she lost her nerve.

"What's your problem with Scott?"

"Nothing's a problem, I don't know where you get that," Rachel said in an evasive voice.

If Jean found anything dubious about that, she did not say anything, but the truth was that Rachel had a whole lot against Scott Summers. She supposed that Scott's attitude in the future was a consequence to being groomed to be the golden boy and being treated like the sun shined out of his ass by Xavier.

There was the entire situation with Emma Frost where she convinced Scott that she changed and had seduced him away from Jean. She also seduced the secrets of the X-Men to the Hellfire Club and allowed them to deal a crushing blow. Emma did have some decency in her to stop Shaw from killing the X-Men but the fact was that Rachel never looked at Scott in the same light again when she found out this happened.

There were many other incidents like that, and Rachel was not going to even get into the entire Madelyn Pryor mess. That brought her back to Sinister and how he had manipulated the situation to create his ultimate mutant weapon, her half-brother, for lack of a better term. Rachel knew that he had went even further in the future, although she shuddered to think what the world was about.
Rachel was fully aware that Jean was staring at her for a long time. Jean realized that Rachel realized that she was staring before she hastily cleared her throat.

"We do look alike you know," Jean said in what she hoped was a nonchalant voice. "Are we related?"

"Well if you go back far enough, everyone in the world is related," Rachel said when she looked at Jean.

"Not everyone," Jean replied when she looked at Rachel. "Harry isn't, he's from...an alternate timeline."

That did explain why Rachel had not heard of Harry Potter or Arcane, at least in part. Perhaps he had found a way home, had been forced back home by forces from his own dimension against his will, or he had been erased from history between now and her future. There was any number of possibilities that Rachel considered. Or perhaps the fact that she went back caused a tear in space-time for Arcane to arrive here.

She supposed the best thing was to just take the plunge and talk to Harry, to figure out where his head was. The fact the archives lacked any information regarding him made him all that more of an intriguing study.

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Kitty, Rogue, and Harry lounged in a living room after the events of today and they took a moment to mull over everything that happened in their mind. Kitty decided to sum up everything with a few words.

"What a day."

That was something that all three of them could agree about as Rogue's face contorted into a smile when she rested her head against Harry's shoulder.

"It wasn't that bad for you, I felt like my eardrums were going to burst when I got that woman's powers," Rogue replied with a sigh as she looked at Kitty.

"Yeah, true, but I nearly got a super charged harpoon through into my gut," Kitty answered with a sigh.

"You can go intangible though," Rogue argued with a smile directed towards Kitty but Kitty just shook her head.

"Yeah, that's really great, unless they get you from behind before I can see them and go intangible," Kitty commented in a light voice as she shook her head and ran her hands through her hair. She felt Harry's arm tighten around her. "Intangibility does not mean that I have eyes in the back of your head."

"You did great," Harry responded when he cupped Kitty's face in his hands before he leaned forward and gave her a slight kiss. Kitty returned the kiss with the two of them getting into it. Harry paused and grabbed Rogue before he did the same to her. Rogue melted into Harry's arms from the kiss. "Love you both."

The two girls smiled as Harry sat there but Rachel stood in the doorway with a curious expression on her face, she had seen that show. She just shook her head with a shadow of smile, but there was a
curious thought that had gone through her head. There was a moment where all parties looked at each other before it was Harry who had spoken up.

"What can I do for you Rachel?" Harry asked her and Rachel took a moment to look at Kitty and Rogue. Harry got the implied meaning of the expression in her eyes, so he turned to Kitty and Rogue. "I think she wants to talk to me alone, so do you two ladies mind…"

"Not at all," Kitty said but Rogue was a bit suspicious at Rachel with her eyes on her.

"We'll be outside this door if you need anything," Rogue offered when the pair of them had left.

This left Rachel and Harry alone to stare at each other. The two of them shared a moment where the silence was awkward, both interested in finding out more about the other, but neither wanting to say the first word. Harry knew that things could get really awkward, really quick so he was able to break the silence.

"Rachel, how good is your telepathy?" Harry asked suddenly out of the blue and Rachel just looked at him, rather confused. "I mean, how long have you been doing it?"

Rachel responded with a curious raised eyebrow. "Six years, seven years since I came into my mutant powers."

"So you’ve known that you were a mutant and practiced your telepathy longer than Jean has," Harry offered which Rachel confirmed with a nod. "There was something in my mind, I'm sorting a lot of it out, but there are parts of it that I can't figure out."

This little statement confused Rachel so she leaned forward to face Harry and hoped that she would get some clarification. Harry sensed the confusion and decided to elaborate further on the problem that he had been having.

"There might be foreign memories in my mind, in fact there are, based on something that happened when I was a child."

"You mean, you're experiencing some kind of past life?" Rachel asked in clarification.

"Something along those lines, yes," Harry offered with a shrug and smile.

Rachel and Harry stared at each over for a moment before the dark haired wizard mutant hybrid cut in with a request. He decided to spit this one out, feeling that someone who could help him, that he might be able to trust to be discreet given that she needed him to be discreet about what he figured out, had fallen into his lab.

"So how about it, could you help me sort out those memories?"

"You don't want Xavier to know about them, do you?" Rachel asked Harry and Harry responded with a nod. She peered into his mind, he seemed to have some form of telepathy, although it was far different than anything she had ever experienced. Another telepath forcefully rammed into it and caused damage to his natural defenses with a psychic equivalent of a heavy battering ram.

Perhaps she could help Harry achieve his full potential and gain a valuable ally, someone that she could trust. Providing Harry would believe her, but by helping him with this, Rachel would cement how trustworthy she is.

"Alright, I'll help you," Rachel responded with a nod.
"Let's start tomorrow," Harry answered with Rachel giving a nod and a smile.

"It's a date," Rachel fired back before she realized what she was said but kept her face neutral to hide any other hints to what she was thinking.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter "Phoenix Burning."
Phoenix Burning

Reason that this one is coming out a bit early today is that there's a chapter of the Ascension coming out later today and if I put that one out first after reading it over, I know I won't get this one out on time. So I did this one first. :)

Chapter Twenty Seven: "Phoenix Burning."

Rachel started her first day at Bayville High School after the papers were in order. How Xavier worked his magic, she didn't know and to be honest, Rachel was not going to ask too many questions about the situation. The red haired girl mused high school was a new experience for her, given that she spent most of her time previously running for her life. She home schooled herself, but that was the extent of her education.

The red haired girl walked beside Harry to the first period class they were going to. She got to know Harry a bit over the past week or so, and to be honest, she found Harry to be an enigma. Not that was a bad thing mind you, but it was an element that Rachel found herself curiously endeared with. The red head telepath started to help Harry piece together his fragmented psyche, which she found curious. He had the memories of someone from the other world, although who that person was, Rachel had no idea.

She was sure Harry would open more to her when time progressed. Still there was few things that were more intimate than allowing someone to delve into your mind and fix your memories. Rachel tried to keep a low profile, another thing that she was new to. The world she came for had a "shoot first and ask questions to the dead corpse" policy. This particular policy caused some level of confusion and frustration for her but that was how the world was.

The name "Rachel Nathan" was the alias she went for, using the name Nathan as an homage to her younger half brother, who was somehow still older than her. The entire Summers family tree gave her a headache sometimes but that was the set of cards life dealt Rachel. She knew that Rachel Grey rang too many alarm bells from the wrong sort of people.

"Don't worry about classes, they're not too bad," Harry whispered to Rachel in an undertone but Rachel just looked back at him with a smirk developing over her features.

"So says the person who's fought trolls, dragons, soul sucking monsters, and whatever else that's been thrown his way."
Harry gave a sheepish smile, she saw those memories but it had to be done. Rachel promised Harry that she would not tell a soul anything she saw. There were damaged barriers in Harry's mind that Rachel tried her hardest to repair. The red haired mutant saw some people with minds in disarray, and whilst Harry's was not that bad, Harry's mind sure was different.

"What's this about fighting dragons?" Amara asked when she joined Harry and Rachel outside of class, lingering as high school students were to do, to test the tardy bell to its fullest extent.

"Never mind, Amara, just a dream that I had one time," Harry answered with a smile that Amara returned. "Are you settling in alright?"

"I thought the cultural differences would be a shock, but I'm adjusting alright," Amara answered in an honest voice, a part of her pleased that Harry took such an interest in her well being. Well he took interest in the well being of all the new recruits, but Amara liked to think that he took a special interest in her. At least that's what she liked to hang onto as she found herself lost in his dazzling green eyes and messy black hair. She shook her head remembering that as royalty she should conduct herself with a bit more dignity. "Dealing with royalty has prepared me for anything."

Harry was glad that she settled in nicely to her new life at Bayville High School, it was a shock enough to find out that you had mutant gifts or any kind of gifts for that matter. The even bigger shock came when a person entered an entirely new civilization that was far different from their home. Harry had no idea of the inner workings of Nova-Roma, but from what Amara told him, it sounded quite interesting.

Amara pondered the enigma that was Harry Potter. He had two girlfriends without any problems and she observed he was a strong leader that inspired respect rather than commanding it. Those two traits stood out to her. The two girlfriends thing was not a problem to someone who came from a culture where royals had multiple spouses and Amara suspected that Harry came from a far different culture than was considered to be standard in the Western World.

"Hi, Harry," a dark haired girl with a dark complexion said when she walked out to greet him outside of class.

"Hey, Amanda, how are you doing today?" Harry asked to one of his classmates.

"Fine," Amanda replied with a smile towards Harry before she took a moment to look at him before she spit out the question she had. "So, I was wondering, you go to that private school where Kurt
"Wagner does, right?"

"Yeah," Harry answered as he considered the other girl carefully, with Rachel having a knowing look in her eyes that she tried to hide.

"So...does he ever mention me?" Amanda asked to Harry, a question that took Harry completely off guard. "Not that I'm really interested or anything...but you know we only share one period together, but..."

"Amanda, if you want to see if Kurt's interested, just talk to him, alright," Harry replied to her before the situation can get awkward. "He's a rather approachable guy and he won't make fun of you if you stumble over his words."

"Right, you'd know him, the real him, I mean you live with him," Amanda responded before she looked back at Harry. "Um, thanks, I guess."

"No problem," Harry answered before he turned to Amara and Rachel who both looked at him curiously. "I think that we should get to class."

"Of course, Professor," Amara answered to Harry with a smile before she turned around.

Harry was going to strangle Bobby Drake for getting that Professor thing started, but that was beside the point. It was time for them to focus and head on into class. They entered the classroom where they saw their science teacher. A kindly, but burly, man named Henry McCoy, who was soft spoken, yet athletic at the same time. He sat down and took roll to make sure everyone is present and accounted for.

"Perfect attendance with no tardys, well done," McCoy said when he looked at the class who nodded. "Today is going to be a special day, as I'm going to teach you the one lesson that I'm sure many of you will retain. Although, I do hope that none of you use this information to cause havoc in my classroom."

McCoy stopped for a moment to build up dramatic tension before he spoke softly but at the same time he captivated the attention of his students.

"I'm going to teach you the scientific process of how to make a stink bomb."
"I'm telling you right now, there's no way they could pin this back to me. I've had an alibi and everything. And you got to admit, the look on that guy's face was priceless."

Tabby laughed when she retold the story of her morning misadventure when sat sat at the table with lunch with Kitty, Rogue, Amara, Bobby, Kurt, Rachel, and Harry. She just told a story about how she managed to sneak one of her explosive cherry bombs underneath the seat of one Duncan Matthews.

"Be careful, using your powers in such a matter could get you caught," Harry answered when his eyes gazed off to the side, almost as if he was afraid that someone would pop up. Tabby turned to Harry with a smile.

"Oh lighten up, I wasn't going to get caught," Tabby responded when she looked at Harry with a smile.

"Stealth is everything," Harry commented lightly. "It's..."

"The difference between living and dying, and getting a drop on a deadly enemy," Bobby interrupted when he recited what Harry told him in the Danger Room training sessions, along with the rest of the New Mutants.

Harry grinned, he was glad that his words sunk in with the new recruits, but then again, he would hope that they would. Otherwise, he would be wasting his breath if he spoke them all. The young wizard mutant leaned back in the chair to eat the sandwich he prepared. After the horror stories he heard about school lunches, he always prepared his own lunch. Plus, Harry got to the point where he did not trust anyone to prepare his own food but him.

Moody would approve.

"At least you're making an impression on them," Kitty answered with a smile when she leaned forward to grab Harry's hand underneath the table. Rogue did likewise and Rachel peered at them
from the other side of the table, glad she was able to shut down the incoming thought process. Otherwise, their thoughts might give her a headache with all of the incoming emotions.

"I'm glad to make the good kind of impression, the best kind of impression," Harry answered with a smile crossing over his face, which Rogue and Kitty returned.

"Oh, I believe that you're really able to make the best kind of impression, Harry," Rogue remarked to him with a knowing smile and wink.

Amara had to agree when Bobby and Kurt exchanged an apprehensive expression at the antics of Harry. She noted that Harry got his share of strange looks given his relationship with both of his girlfriends. That fact was curiosity in some aspects, jealously in the most cases, but when three people or more had a consenting relationship, there should be no need to complain about it.

People should take that as a chance to step up their game, instead of worrying about what Harry did.

"Big assembly today," Kurt piped in to change the subject abruptly and the X-Men team members nodded towards him. "Jean's getting her big award."

"I think she mentioned it once or twice," Rogue remarked before she added as an afterthought. "Once or twice a day maybe."

"Hey, Jean's proud of that and she has a right to be, she's had a good season," Kitty offered with a smile over her face.

Rachel enjoyed the opportunity to see her mother when she was younger, in a more innocent time, but the red haired girl wondered how long that would last. Tragedy followed the life of Jean Grey, almost to the where it was a sadistic curse. Not to mention Scott did not help matters. Rachel felt relief that Scott did not seem to be all that bad when he was a teenager, at least when compared to what he was as an adult.

She knew the strain that happened between Harry and Scott, about the leadership, and how Harry defaulted to being a leader without really going out of his way to take up the mantle. A Scott Summers who made a series of bad decisions based on people being afraid to speak up against him because Xavier groomed him flickered through Rachel's mind's eye.
A true leader needed to understand that there were times where they were going to be wrong, but over the next twenty years something happened to Scott. Perhaps it was the fact that he went uncontested by most of the X-Men, with a couple of exceptions, but regardless Scott twisted a little bit into the type of leader that thought they should have authority.

The bell rang to warn them that lunch would be over in five minutes and the group walked off, the assembly would be after lunch in the gym. Harry walked across first with the rest of the group tailing behind him, when a girl dressed in a black shirt and ripped jeans showed up to face him.

"Excuse me, but could you help me?" the red haired girl asked in a broken English with a slight German accent on her words.

"Yes, what do you need?" Harry asked when he looked at the girl, when the curtain of red hair swung down her face.

"My name is Sinthea Shimdt, and I'm a new student here, and I've found my first few classes to be difficult to get to," the girl stated in broken English when she looked at Harry firmly. "I was wondering if you could show me the way to, how do you say, your gymnasium, where they are having an assembly?"

"It's right down that corridor, to the right, here let me show you," Harry answered, his helpful nature getting the better of him.

Plus Harry also found himself a bit suspect at this young woman and her intentions, it just seemed rather odd to him that some random woman asked him for help. Something about that made Harry go on high alert.

"I thought Harry was going to wait for us," Kurt answered when Rogue stared forward with her eyes widened.

"Apparently, he's helping the new girl," Rogue responded when she looked the retreating form of her with a frown. "Her name's Shimdt, I had her second period, she's a bit stuck up if you asked me."

"Not a bad number, I'd definitely hit it," Bobby remarked when he looked at her.

"Forget it, she's the type that's bad news, trust me I've seen them," Tabby chimed in when she
watched her.

"Bad news is putting it mildly," Rachel muttered to herself, she heard the name Shmidt before, but she couldn't place it. All she knew was it was something bad.

Kitty agreed that there was bad news when she could have sworn she saw the members of the Brotherhood approach Sinthea Shmidt, but she gave them a glare before they fell back in line.

"I think she's with the Brotherhood," Kitty remarked, having picked a few observation skills with Harry, even if she did not have Harry's abilities to read body language.

"That's bad news," Kurt chimed in when he took a moment but the group got lost in the crowd that all filed to the gym.

"The whole lot of you are imbeciles," Sinthea hissed to the Brotherhood when she glared at them behind the bleachers of the gym. "This is why you haven't defeated the X-Men, because you wouldn't known subtle if it slapped you in the face. And don't even get me started on how sloppy your last pitiful attempt was."

"What were you doing with Potter?" Lance asked with his eyes narrowed in suspicion.

"I'm trying to gain the confidence of their leader so I can gain information, something that you wouldn't know about," Sinthea responded when she glared at the Brotherhood, but to Lance's credit he stood his ground, even if the other three members of the Brotherhood trembled.

Pietro found his voice soon enough to stare back at the young German girl, shaking his head before he cleared his thoughts.

"Um, hate to break this to you, babe, but Old Boy Scout Summers is the X-Geek's leader."
Sinthea ignored Pietro calling her by that term but a smile crossed over her face. She resembled at cat who had cornered her prey. The Brotherhood trembled in apprehension of what she could do to them and given the brutal beatings she gave them in training, she could do a lot. It made them almost long for the comfort and joy that Mystique offered them.

"I know who a leader is and I know who a stooge is," Sinthea replied to them after a long pause when she glared at the Brotherhood through a pair of narrowed eyes and she flipped her red hair away from her face. "Potter is their leader and if I am to gain his confidence, I can't have you lot bumbling around."

"Um, hate to say this, but Potter's got some body reading thing that allows him to kick our butts every time," Todd remarked when his eyes shifted but Sinthea threw her hands into the air without another word. "Was it something I said?"

"Maybe it's your breath?" Fred asked with a chuckle as Sinthea walked away cursing in German underneath her breath.

"I don't know what she said, but I'm sure it was hot," Pietro responded when she watched the German girl leave.

"Dude, I'm pretty sure that she said that you were a tool, or that she needed a tool, or maybe she wanted to fix you like the dog you are," Todd stated, these words caused the Brotherhood to look at him strangely. "What, I take German as my foreign language elective...I'm getting a D...hey that's passing."

"Of course, good for you," Lance responded when he mockingly patted Todd on the head.

Jean walked up to the podium in the gym, to ignore the headache that she had all day long. Her temples throbbed but she shook it off. It was nothing, likely just nerves of giving such a big speech among a group of people. That was perfectly natural, at least that's what Jean thought when she cleared her throat and turned to face the assembled student council.

She heard their thoughts, hundreds of them, thoughts that beat into her head like a sadistic drum. Jean tried to shake off the thoughts but there were many of them, they rattled the inside of her head, beating down upon it like a drum. There was a tap, tap, tap, that drummed over Jean's head but once again the red head shrugged it off, rubbing her temples and sighing. She adopted a happy and cheerful smile before Jean Grey proceeded to give her speech.
"Thank you all for this support, but I couldn't do anything that I did alone," Jean said in a boisterous tone of voice, to block out the thumping and all of the thoughts. On top of the ringing in her ears, Jean saw half of the student body picture her naked when she was on the stage and it was not just the males either. "I needed...my team...well they helped me a lot."

This statement had a double meaning, as Jean referred to her team on the soccer field and also her team in the X-Men, even if that was a mystery. The X-Men in question clapped the loudest at all and they all cheered.

'Maybe if we clap long, they'll delay final period and we'll go home early.'

'Man she's hot, I'd like to go up there and bend her over.'

'I wonder if this dress makes my butt look big.'

'Did I leave the iron on?'

Jean drew breath as she focused all of her control to her thoughts and the thoughts she heard echoed lightly, lighter yet.

"You cannot hope to contain me for much longer, Jean Grey."

Jean nearly smashed knee first into the podium but there was silence, dead silence after that unexpected statement in her head.

"Thank you, really thank you, your support means everything to me, and it just goes to show you that if you work hard, your dreams will come true," Jean answered before she stepped off the podium.

With that motion, Jean nearly lost her balance and fell on the gym floor, dizziness overwhelming her. The faculty members, including Mr. McCoy, stepped in but Jean just waved it off. Suddenly the thoughts of everyone in the school bombarded Jean and made her dizzy. This was worse than when that Vertigo woman bombarded her with those powers.
"Um, thanks, I need the restroom," Jean answered when she rushed off, feeling ill.

"You cannot deny what is in your head, Jean Grey!"

'Just who are you?' Jean thought to herself.

"I am you, what you choose not to be!' the voice that sounded much like Jean echoed in the back of her head. Jean rushed forward into the restroom and splashed cold water onto her face.

"I didn't expect you to remember me, you pretended that I wasn't there, but you tend to forget those closest to you. I protected you when you were seven and Xavier found about us, and he sealed me away. But now you cannot deny the truth!"

Jean remembered the Shadow King and feared that this was another episode like that. She needed to get the Xavier Institute before this force took over her body.

"You cannot deny what is in your heart, Jean, you cannot deny me!" the force bellowed out loud. "You cannot deny the Phoenix!"

Harry and Rachel were the first ones out of the assembly ahead of the rest of the team, with Kitty, Kurt, and Rogue behind, and Scott bringing up the rear.

"What happened there?" Scott asked them but it was Rachel who responded.

"She's losing control of it," Rachel stated when she bit her lip in a fretful manner.

"What is it?" Kitty asked who sensed the look of dismay in Rachel's eyes and a flash of something.

"The Phoenix," Rachel managed, she never expected everything to unravel this soon. "We got to hurry, Xavier won't be able to help her, it wants to destroy him and everyone else. Only Harry and I will be able to save her now."
"I can help," Scott said trying to step up.

"The Phoenix won't recognize you as anything but a threat," Rachel told Scott, her voice softening towards him for the first time. "You're Xavier's chosen leader and thus the Phoenix will destroy you first, if you get in its way."

"What is the Phoenix?" Rogue wondered piping up for the first time as she clutched her hands.

"A force as old as the universe itself, and Jean is the latest person to be gifted from its powers," Rachel explained when she kept calm. Jean already blew past them and she did not realize the danger that she put Xavier in by going back to the Mansion. "It has great cosmic power, it's a force of nature, and most who have been gifted with it have died."

"And this thing is in Jean!" Scott exclaimed when he stepped up.

"No, that thing is Jean, fueled with her repressed emotions and without inhibitions," Rachel said when she breathed heavily, sweat came down her face, she did not expect her cover blown in such a way this soon into her trip.

Perhaps she could wipe their minds when this is over but that was not something she wanted to get into the habit of doing.

Jean screamed out loud in pain when she blew into the Xavier Institute where Xavier, Ororo, and Logan greeted her. The red haired woman tugged at her hair in frantic fury when she staggered forward and the walls and windows rattled.

"Jean, calm yourself child, we cannot help you if you let this get away with you," Ororo offered in a pacifying voice but Jean's eyes turned, fixed on Xavier's burning with fury.

'Jean, you need to concentrate, defeat this force within you,' Xavier thought to Jean but he felt a burning heat rise up from Jean's mind.
"You're the force that needs to be destroyed Xavier!" the Phoenix bellowed with a force that sent Xavier and his wheelchair flying back. Jean backed off, apologetic expression on her face but the Phoenix was firmly in control. "You fear me, for I am something that you cannot control, so you put blocks on her mind, well these blocks whittled away over time and I broke out when the time was right. You try and temper a goddess and dumb her down for a mortal mutant girl."

Jean rushed into her bedroom and bolted the door shut behind her. The Phoenix kicked up a storm and she flung herself on the bed.

'Leave me alone, make it stop, please for the love of God, make it stop,' Jean thought in a panic, freaking out when she hyperventilated and caused cars to levitate above the ground, with every single window in the neighborhood shattering.

The Phoenix kicked up a physic storm around Jean's room, flinging furniture like a tornado and creating a cyclone around her. Jean buried her face in a pillow and hoped that this would be some bad dream that she would be about to wake up from. She grabbed two hands full of her hair.

"What I don't not get the most is why you hold a torch for that thing that is beneath you,' the Phoenix commented over the link to her.

'What thing?' Jean thought practically whimpering in her mind.

"Scott Summers,' Phoenix thought back to Jean.

'Scott and I are just friends, nothing more, but I'm not sure about that, he's barely talked to me after the incident with the Asteroid,' Jean fired back to Phoenix when her eyes screwed shut.

"We know Duncan is a mere diversion but let's face it, Scott isn't much better,' the Phoenix fired back at Jean. "He's merely a little man, Xavier's puppet dangling on the strings. I would think that a Honor Student, someone who is bright and strong, would have more ambition than to go for the follower, the lacker."

Jean placed her hands on her temple and gave an anguished scream but Phoenix was not done lecturing her.
"He is far better for you, he is a far more worthy mate, he has power," Phoenix responded in Jean's head as it continued to thump in her.

'Who are you talking about?' Jean managed through the hazed fog that was her mental arena.

"You know who I'm talking about, and do not deny that you haven't thought about it either," the Phoenix thought back to Jean. "Scott is an extension of Xavier's will, while he is his own leader, and has been touched by the Phoenix in his own way much like you."

Jean looked like she was having a seizure as she tried to mentally argue that Scott had his own ambitions and wondered why the Phoenix had such thoughts on Professor Xavier. She seemed bitter that Xavier locked her away, but surely Xavier had his reasons.

"Xavier had his reason, but everyone does before they commit acts of violence against someone," Phoenix thought back to Jean savagely. "But you're diverting from the subject, the most powerful woman should be on the arm of the most powerful man, not some stooge. It is the law of universal nature."

Jean trembled but she wondered about what the Phoenix was saying. Before she could think too much about this, a distraction manifested itself.

The doors broke open when Rachel, Harry, and Scott entered the room, Harry blocking the broken pieces of wood and other debris that spun around the room with a well placed shield charm. Jean recognized Scott and that moment of recognition allowed Rachel and Harry to slip past her defenses.

Jean shook her head when she stood on the Astral Plan, face to face with a second red haired girl that was identical to her. Her hair whipped back in flame, she looked much older, and a flare of power swam in her eyes that Jean felt humbled by.

"I'm surprised you're able to look me in the eye, Jean," Phoenix responded to Jean but Jean's eyes blinked.

"You are me," Jean breathed when she stared back at the Phoenix, feeling a tightening in her stomach region.
"Yes, I am the manifestation of all of your hidden thoughts, desires, all of them forbidden, all of the things you wish to do but are too soft to pull the trigger on," Phoenix responded when Rachel and Harry stood before them. The Phoenix's eyes stared upon him.

"Jean's...she's not ready for this, it's tearing her apart," Rachel pleaded to the Phoenix when she looked back from Jean to the Phoenix and back to Harry.

"I could never hurt her," Phoenix remarked in a crisp voice but Harry stood forward. The Phoenix gazed in Harry's eyes when he stared back at her and the two of them exchanged a long, hard expression.

"You are hurting her, you need to let her go, let her return," Harry said to the Phoenix before he added. "When Jean is ready to embrace this side of her, when the time is right, she will...but now's not the time."

The Phoenix closed her eyes before a flash of fire appeared in the Astral Plane.

"Very well," Phoenix stated before she paused. "But there will come a day where I must take control, regardless of whether or not Jean Grey wants or desires."

A flash of fire continued to circle around them before Rachel and Harry blinked, they returned back to the room where they stood in and Jean collapsed on the bed, breathing heavily, sweat rolling down her face. She saw that this was not some kind of weird dream, her room was trashed.

For some reason, Jean felt she had better control over her powers and Scott moved over to greet her, but Jean slid away from him, turning her back on him.

"I need a moment alone," Jean remarked when she looked up at Scott. "I've got some things that I need to think about."

Scott grimaced but he understood and he also wondered what happened in Jean's mind when Rachel and Harry went slack. A barrier popped up to block Scott's progress to helping Jean but she looked okay. At least she looked okay from the physical sense, mentally and emotionally was another kettle of fish entirely.
Jean sat on the bed, she could feel the Phoenix within her, and feel the power that it offered. It relinquished full control of her body back to Jean for now, but what if it came back? That was a question Jean mulled over in her mind and the answers did not please her at all.

"So, I need to get away to clear my head for a little bit, after what happened."

"Jean, there's no need to..."

"Yes, there is a need, Scott!" Jean snapped before she looked away and hid the expression of despair in her eyes. "I could have hurt any one of you with my powers after what happened today, and do you think that I want to live with that?"

"This isn't about what happened on Asteroid M, is it?" Scott asked, when he decided to bring up that elephant in the room that dogged them for the last month or so.

This was the absolute wrong thing to say to Jean for when no sooner did those words leave Scott's mouth Jean rounded upon him, her eyes flaring in fury. The temperamental redhead teenager could not believe that Scott could make this about his shortcomings. She closed her eyes, mentally counting to thirty, before she peered at Scott.

"No Scott, contrary to popular belief, everything that happens on this team doesn't revolve around you," Jean answered before Scott could really say anything more. She stepped when she held an overnight bag in her hand. "Get your act together, and I'll get mine together."

"Something happened with you and Harry in your mind," Scott responded but then he stopped when he realized how accusatory that seemed, especially with the way he framed that. "I mean...I didn't mean to imply..."

Jean's green eyes snapped on Scott's face when she tried to figure out how to best answer that question in a manner that did not make her seem like a raving lunatic. The red haired young woman pressed her fingers to the side of her temple long and hard, her gaze focused on Scott. Scott stood to face Jean before she answered his inquiry.
"Harry...well Harry convinced the Phoenix to let go of me, for it was hurting me. That's not what she wanted."

Jean decided that it would be best not to tell Scott what the Phoenix wanted or rather who she wanted. Until the moment Jean could sort out her own mind and thoughts, it was best if she stayed away from the X-Men. It would just lead to fewer broken hearts and damaged spirits, plus it would mess up the entire team dynamic. Jean did not want to be responsible for that.

Although in the back of her mind, she feared some kind of break within the team, with Scott and Harry eventually. Jean was bright, she saw Harry doing what he could to amass money and resources even if he did hide it from Xavier and Scott to the best of his knowlege. The time would come when Harry decided that the Institute taught him all he needed to know and he would elect to leave. Jean saw it coming and wondered how many people would follow Scott, especially given Harry seemed to be forging connections through the new recruits when she taught them.

Then a nagging voice in Jean's head made her wonder who she would follow. Jean could not answer that question one way or another without any kind of clear conviction.

"I'm leaving Scott, I'll be in touch, and ...it's not forever," Jean answered before she spun around and walked from the Mansion.

The moment she left, she saw Harry and Rachel standing outside to face her.

"You don't have to do this," Rachel offered when she looked at Jean. The two exchanged an intense expression. "I can help you, control the Phoenix, it doesn't have to overwhelm you."

"How do you know so much about everything, anyway?" Jean asked when her eyes narrowed suspiciously.

Rachel offered a wry smile before her gaze matched Jean's. "You wouldn't believe me even if I told you."

The truth was that because of how damaged Jean's psyche was, the truth would be the last thing that she needed to hear at this point.
"Jean, are you sure that you want to do this?" Harry asked and in response when she looked back at Harry.

"I don't know, but I don't have much of a choice," Jean responded when she mulled over every single angle of this problem in her mind. She offered Harry a tense smile. "I could come back tomorrow and realize that it's a big mistake to leave."

Harry nodded but knew that this was Jean's choice to make and Jean's alone. Jean stood in the breeze outside as the sun went down. Her hair framed her face and she looked at Harry for a brief moment, almost like she considered something. They were practically face to face at this moment in time. Whether it was to say something or do something, Harry never knew, for Jean disappeared in a flash of fire.

"She'll be back," Rachel responded to Harry when she gripped his arm to gain his attention.

Jean Grey was the heart and the soul of the X-Men and with her gone, there was no telling what would happen next. Rachel braced herself when she realized that her future knowledge might not do her any good as this was not recorded in the archives. Everything changed and Rachel braced herself for the moment where she could disappear into nothingness.

**To Be Continued in "The Malice of Doc Ock Part One."**
Chapter Twenty Eight: The Malice of Doc Ock Part One.

"Gentlemen, today is the day, this is what I've all called you here for."

A group of men gathered around each other with smiles on their face, all of them with sadistic and often times murderous intentions in their minds. The fact of the matter was that these six men were among the worst in the world at what they did and what they did was not very nice. Five of them were hardened criminals, who had gone around the block a few times with a certain wall crawling menace, but another had been a relative newcomer, ready to gain his revenge against the entire world for what they did to him.

The first of the group of men was a man dressed in a black bodysuit with goggles, his ears completely burned off, but he could still hear thanks to the energy people generated. He was an ordinary electrician named Maxwell Dillon, someone who was belittled and knocked around, but he shifted into something more sadistic, he turned into Electro. Electro went up against Spider-Man a few times, and had failed. Now he took the offer to join up with this Sinister Six to take down the web slinger.

The second in the group was a large man in a rhino costume. He had originally been a petty thug named Alex O'Hirn but an experiment turned him into much more. He was turned into the rampaging, the sadistic Rhino, who rolled over everything that was in his path. The real question regarding him was exactly how did he go to the bathroom in that costume? That was a mystery to be solved for another time.

The third in the group was the Sandman, reconstructed and ready to settle a score with not only Spider-Man but that brat with the zappy hands that tried to kill him. Flint Marko sought revenge against a world that hated and feared him, and did not care about taking it over. He did have in the back of his mind about that one final big score.

The fourth individual was dressed in a loud costume of green with a purple cape, with a fishbowl over his head. This man's name was Quintin Beck, but he was better known as the magnificent, the masterful, Mysterio! To him, crime was a high art and Spider-Man's demise would be one worthy of cinematic brilliance. He would personally direct the web slinger's demise eventually. Beck held a grudge towards Spider-Man, for epitomizing the utter filth that were super heroes. To Beck, super heroes were the lowest of the low and their movies were pure filth.

The fifth member of the Sinister Six was a former private investigator by the name of Mac Gargon. J. Jonah Jameson and a scientist by the name of Farley Stillwell arranged for him to be turned into the Scorpion to take down Spider-Man once and for all. Naturally, when the heat got too hot, they tried to shove him under the bus. The Scorpion was put in prison to cool his heels, until the moment where Doctor Octopus broke him out.

And that brought us to the sixth and final member of the Sinister Six, Doctor Octopus, a man who stood before them with sadistic intentions in his eyes. Ock planned this gambit for several weeks and knew that Spider-Man would not survive the experience. Sadistic fury danced in the eyes of Doctor Octopus and the rest of the Sinister Six were equally ready to destroy their greatest enemy.

"And today is the day where you all will get your just desserts, get what is owed to you, when you take Spider-Man down," Doctor Octopus continued his speech when he looked at them all. His eyes glinted with sadism and he continued to speak a bit more, addressing the team with primal fury.
"Each of you have lost in individual battles, however all of us, as opposed to one on one, will be able to defeat the web slinger."

"That bug's going down," Scorpion growled, his tail going behind him and his yellow eyes glowing with menace and malice.

"Yes, there's no way the web slinger will be able to defeat us," Mysterio stated in a pompous and overblown tone of voice. "The final curtain will drop down upon him."

"Yeah, I'd be happier when the web head is under my foot," Rhino said when he stepped on a spider that crawled across the ground for emphasis.

"Strength comes in numbers, but Spider-Man is a solo act, a fact that we can exploit," Doctor Octopus said when he looked at them. "All of you have your unique abilities and skills and pooled together, it will be the web slinger's final battle."

"The web head won't know what hit him," Electro answered when he rubbed his hands together, generating sparks as he did so.

"Quite right," Octopus agreed when his eyes shifted towards the other members of the Sinister Six, long and hard towards them. "Spider-Man will not be able to sense what is coming, but we need to work together. I cannot state that fact often enough."

The members of the group nodded in agreement, they were tired of getting their asses handed to them by some obnoxious little jerk in a costume. Octopus turned when he raised his arms in the air and activated a projector screen, the members of the Sinister Six leaned in at this movement to gain a closer look.

"Now listen carefully," Octopus explained to the other five members who sat on pins and needles waiting for the scientist to explain. He shifted to look at them. "Spider-Man is drawn to heroics, he cares about the rabble down there, even if many of them think of him as a threat or a menace. We can exploit that to its fullest degree and move him in for a kill."

The Sinister Six listened when Doctor Octopus went over the plan, said plan was crazy enough to almost work, but they resolved to keep their minds open and just wait and see. If this plan was to go as promised, they would have to stand together. That could be one of the hardest things in the world for criminals for they had a huge ego problem and that lead to messes that needed to be cleaned up.

Yet the plan Doctor Octopus calculated was so sound and so swift, that they could not help but trust what was going to come. All of them wanted the web head's head, it didn't really matter right now who drew first blood or even final blood. As long as Spider-Man was out of the picture, that was all that mattered, that was the only thing that mattered. The Sinister Six were united under one cause for that reason.

Harry smiled when another session in the Danger Room was done, to be honest those were getting better and better. Well at least there were fewer injuries and the new recruits lasted a lot longer before blacking out. That was something that Harry gauged as progress. Harry and Logan alternated between sessions with them, because they felt they had a balanced perspective. Oddly enough, despite the fact that Harry did work them just as hard as Logan, or even harder, his session seemed to be a lot better received.

It had been two weeks since Jean left to clear her head and Harry found himself a bit worried, with
Scott sharing that worry. Scott acted cool and cordial to Harry, but there were instances where it just seemed like they realized the same thing. A very key part in the team dynamic was missing.

"So, do you think any of them might be ready to move up?" Kitty asked Harry when she walked next to Harry from the Danger Room training session.

This was a point Harry thought about long and hard, whether or not any of the new recruits deserved a closer look at to get called up. He thought about it longer than anyone else would have. The problem was that while many of them made strides, it could be that if he gave them the nudge too soon, they could lose some key development. Plus, their training barely started, so it was too soon to tell.

Although Rachel seemed to be the furthest along, although Harry knew from the few flickers he got from her mind that she worked at this game much longer. Bobby and Amara seemed to be the most competent out of the knew recruits, providing Bobby actually kept his focus and did not show off. The New Mutants all showed potential but they were a machine that was a work in progress.

"A work in progress, Kitty, a work in progress," Harry commented to his girlfriend before the two of them walked off into the other direction.

"Speaking of works in progress, how are your lessons with the Sorcerer Supreme?" Kitty asked to Harry and Harry smiled.

"My powers are getting stronger," Harry answered to her and she raised an eyebrow, inviting him to go on further. "My powers...are based in constant sex it seems, the more often I have it, the stronger I get."

"And you're able to give women unmistakable pleasure," Kitty offered and Harry nodded to concede this point to her, before Kitty placed her hands on him. "Are you sure you're not part incubus or something?"

To be honest, Harry could not tell, the Potter family tree was a mystery to him. He supposed that there could be any number of magical creatures stretching back in every single direction.

At these thoughts, Harry entered his room with Kitty following him. Harry sat himself down on the bed and Kitty immediately straddled his lap, looking in his eyes with a smile. She wore a white tank top, black pants, and black boots and a sexy little smile before she leaned forward and certain intentions danced in her eyes.

"Time to boost your powers then," Kitty purred in his ear and Harry to the message once more.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Kitty straddled him before she kissed him long and deep with Harry returning the favor, running his heads over her slender body. He reached around to pull her shirt over her head. Kitty broke apart enough for Harry to pull the shirt over her head, to reveal her bra clad chest, encased in just a blue bra.

"So hot," Harry breathed when he kissed the side of Kitty's neck over and over again to continue the kisses. The kisses got more and more wanton, of need and Kitty ran her fingers through Harry's hair, stroking his dark locks.

She pulled his shirt over his head before she threw it off to the side, it was not needed, and teased Harry's chest, before she massaged it and skimmed her fingers down the waistband of his pants. Harry's eyes glazed over when Kitty slowly shifted her hand down his pants before she clutched her
fist around Harry's crotch.

"Feels good, doesn't it?" Kitty asked with a smile before the brunette mutant pumped up and down on his penis, gaining moment. She felt it grow in her hands but Harry's little man needed room to breath. So she grabbed onto his pants and with a shift pulled him up out of them.

Harry shifted out of his pants and then his boxers, he was completely naked and Kitty dove onto his cock, spearing it down her throat. Her nose rubbed against his pubes when she went down on him, giving him a magnificent blowjob.

"That's it, that's it, suck me, such a good mouth," Harry panted when he felt his heart beat against his chest long and hard and Kitty continued to suck him off, her warm mouth wrapped tightly around his member.

Kitty bobbed her head up and down on Harry's phallus, feeling it grow inside her mouth, before she felt it grow larger and larger. It felt good to have such a piece of meat in her mouth, when she blew him nice and long, her mouth working him. She had better control and Harry grabbed the back of her head, pushing her down onto him.

"I want to be in you now," Harry told her and Kitty gave him a few more sucks before she pulled herself off.

Kitty stripped her pants off before she fingered the blue pair of panties she hand, rubbing it to show Harry the damp spot that appeared on them. Slowly, Kitty peeled the panties off to reveal her swollen lips for him and rubbed them before she spread her legs.

"Come and get it," Kitty invited him when she crooked a finger.

Harry pinned Kitty down on the bed and she smiled, happy to see him take the dominating stance against her. His cock brushed against her entrance nice and long, teasing her swollen lips before Harry took the plunge into her. The charms were on so there was no need to worry.

"So wet," Harry breathed when he slammed into Kitty, his cock spearing in and out of her nice and hard, her walls hugging against his member.

Kitty breathed heavily when Harry pushed into her tight pussy, contorting it, stretching it out, she just loved how her boyfriend manipulated her cunt with his cock. She raised her hips to meet Harry's incoming motions as his cock slammed deeper and deeper into her.

Harry felt her squeeze him, the encouragement between the pair of them continued, and Harry placed his hands on her hips to gain a great deal of momentum, before he sawed into her. His thrusting continued to go deeper and deeper into her, pushing his cock into her warm folds when she squeezed him hard.

"Keep fucking me, please keep fucking me," Kitty moaned when Harry thrust himself deep into her and continued his momentum to go further and further into her.

Harry thrust deep into her, harder into her, further into her, and stretched her cunt out with each passing thrust inside her. The two of them continued their motions with the pair of them increasing the passionate dance.

"You're so wet, I love it, love how wet you can get," Harry whispered to her when he pulled Kitty's bra off and attacked her breasts. He cupped them in his hands, they were so squeezable and so sensitive.
Kitty whined when Harry's motions sped up and she placed her hands over his back, more, more, longer, fucking her nice and long and hard. The brunette felt her pussy being contorted and stretched at every given angle, the cock in it hammering her further and further.

"Yes, please, more, never stop fucking me," Kitty breathed when she held Harry's bicep in encouragement.

Harry sped up his motions and drove her further to the brink of passion, his cock really gave her pussy a work out when he drilled deeper and deeper into her tight pussy. The brunette mutant grabbed onto him tightly, her legs locked when he pounded his cock into her, nice and long, his balls slapped against her thighs tightly.

"So close," Harry grunted after a time when they continued to fuck and Kitty felt herself empowered just a little bit more, it seemed like the dance they shared increased their own energies, at least for a short time.

"I need your cum, please give it to me," Kitty begged him when she placed her hands around Harry.

Harry wanted to oblige Kitty, after a fashion when he slammed his cock deep into her more and more, over and over again, the fucking continued. Kitty wrapped her arms around Harry, begging and chanting for his cum.

After a few more pumps, Harry thrust deep and his loins exploded to sent the stream of cum deep into her pussy when she clenched him and milked Harry's cum from his balls for all he was worth. Harry exploded deep inside her splattering his cum into her.

The two rested for a moment before the dance of passion continued.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Black Widow watched the scene from her perch point from a tree house across the mansion and could hardly believe that anyone could have sex for this long, for so often. Granted, the Black Widow enjoyed a good romp in the bedroom as much as the next person but this Harry Potter was a machine. He seemed to be built for giving women pleasure and she watched, so far his partners were teenage girls, which didn't really give her sufficient data to see how well he could pleasure a woman.

It was hard to gather such information from mere observation but the Black Widow did her best to watch intently, each and every moment. Perhaps it had been too long since she had some direct action herself but she strongly considered going in for some more in depth research.

Only when the time was right, she reminded herself. Skills of seduction were one of the prime tools in her toolbox her spy and Natasha Romanov prided herself well on those seductive skills. Said skills milked the information out of many crucial informants and if they were stubborn Natasha milked a few other things from them as well.

Sometimes, they were putty in her hands after a little shot, show a man a little leg or a flash of a breast, rub him against him and get him hot and bothered, and he would ready to spill his inner most secrets. Natasha drugged these people and got on with her life.

Other times, she had to be more creative with her missions but that creativity allowed her to go in deep. It was why Nick Fury trusted her as one of his top spies. She could get the information that most could not and many men wilted like a flower to spill their secrets.

Right now, Natasha tugged the collar of her cat suit when she continued to watch and felt a heat rising between her legs, when she summarized that when the subject was active, he gave off a strong
allure that drove women wild. Especially so the more that she watched, or at least that's she summarized. Without a closer inspection, the Black Widow only could go off of guess work. She subconsciously played with the zipper of her suit and continued to watch closely.

The only thing of note other than Mr. Potter's prolific bedroom life was Jean Grey had not returned from her sabbatical but another team of agents sighted Jean, moving from motel room to motel room, not really speaking to anyone. When the time was right, she would return but SHIELD knew that if someone captured Jean Grey, there would be trouble. So they make sure no one got close enough to try.

Black Widow continued to monitor the situation at hand, carefully watching it unfold.

"I do thank you for accompanying me on this trip, especially when it is on such short notice all things considered. I do hope that you will elect a better reaction from her, as she has attacked all who have tried to reason and reconcile with her."

This particular statement was one that intrigued Harry Potter although to be honest his intrigue began when Xavier asked him to come with him on a mission to visit a young girl who had been locked away in a mental institute. That raised many questions in the mind of Harry Potter, some that he could not begin to consider. Harry wondered why but Xavier told him that this young girl had powers that was not too similar to his own. Magic warped reality in any number of ways but this girl had the potential to take the warping of reality to entirely different levels so Harry found himself intrigued.

He wanted to know even more.

The orderlies nodded at Xavier; after all they knew him all too well from previous visits but they cast a reluctant eye towards Harry. Harry was a new person who showed up, a bit of a wild card so to speak, so they had no idea what to expect from him. For a brief second, Harry wondered if they were going to turn him away, perhaps for his own protection.

Xavier, true to form, was prompt and quick to speak up, his eyes focused on the orderlies before they nodded.

"Young Harry is here to in the hope that she'll react better to a member of her peer group," Xavier answered while Harry followed Xavier in, the wheelchair leading the way.

Behind a glass wall sat a young girl around Harry's age, maybe a year or so younger, but rather close to it. The girl had dark hair and was dressed in ragged clothes, with a collar around her neck and bracelets on her hands. Still, Harry wondered if these trinkets kept her in place very well, especially if someone like that put her mind to escaping. Harry sensed she had power, the type of power that was scary, uncontrollable. In fact, Harry knew all too well what could happen when someone's magic blew up and became unrefined.

"Wanda, hello, I'm sorry it took so long before I returned," Xavier answered in his usual cordial and diplomatic tone of voice but Harry privately wondered if Wanda believed he had good intentions or not. "I've brought a friend for you to meet. Wanda, this is Harry Potter, Harry, this is Wanda Maximoff."

"How are you doing?" Harry asked when his eyes gazed upon Wanda's but her black orbs said nothing.
Wanda considered this young man before her, he seemed nice, but after all that happened to her, she was automatically suspicious of everyone. Her own father locked inside this mental institution because she could not be controlled, while her brother watched him, not able to speak one word to her defense. In her minds eye, she saw the needle and her begging for them to come back, that she would be good, but then there was nothing but darkness.

As for Xavier, Wanda mistrusted him because for seven years he visited her and claimed that he would do what he could to make her stay more comfortable. That did not turn out so well. The staff at this place seemed apathetic at best to her, unable to care about her plight. Her powers fluctuated more often than note whilst Wanda attempted to reign them in but without the control, anyone in her way would get hurt.

People branded her as a monster, but she was a scared fifteen year old girl who wanted some sense of sanity and security in her world. A world that crumbled underneath her feet more and more with each passing moment.

Harry peered back at her with his green eyes but Wanda still regarded everyone outside the glass as suspicious, the orderlies, the doctors, the security, Xavier, everyone was a reminder that they could be out there. They could leave any time they wanted and she was stuck in here.

"I know you're trying to be polite, I know he put you up to it," Wanda commented to finally break the silence when her eyes met Harry. She did not even look at Xavier when she talked about him, focusing her gaze firmly upon Harry.

"You've...been in here for a very long time, haven't you?" Harry asked Wanda and Wanda paused to consider the question. "You don't have to answer it..."

"Seven long years, and nothing's changed," Wanda answered when Harry finally looked at her. A bit of a pained smile crossed Wanda's face when she still tried to shut out the pain of what was happening. "Except for the dosage of drugs they put in me."

Harry made a mental note to have a word with Xavier about this to see if he could convince the orderlies not to do anything more regarding injecting things into Wanda. He was pretty sure that drugging some young mutant who had magical abilities like she had a mental illness was not helping with the stability of her powers. Harry tried to swing the conversation away from these potentially dangerous waters towards a more calm way, so Wanda did not get upset.

"It doesn't get any easier," Harry said to her in a patient voice but Wanda's eyes snapped at his face, annoyance flickered through them when she stared down Harry.

"Don't pretend you know where I'm coming from, you wouldn't know what it's like to be judged insane by your powers," Wanda told her, she got a bit testy but she was not attacking him yet. Both Xavier and Harry saw that was a good sign.

Harry leaned forward towards the cell before he looked Wanda dead on in the eye with calm intentions before he spoke.

"Yes, I know all about it, a few of my classmates said that I was evil because I talked to snakes."

"Really and did you tell them to kill or hurt people?" Wanda asked, curiosity getting the better of her. She somehow thought Harry was telling the truth although she had no idea why she felt she could trust Harry in telling the truth.

"No, I didn't," Harry responded to her and Wanda responded with a sigh, she figured people would
be this stupid about powers. People tended to fear what they could not understand. "I know you're upset about what happened...but your anger causes your powers to go all out of whack."

Wanda knew that Harry knew what he was talking about but it was hard to keep a distinct hold of her anger after everything was happening. Especially when she knew that her father was out there, she heard a few words about the incident at Asteroid M and it was not that hard to put two and two together.

"If I come back and help you figure out a way to control your powers, will you cooperate?" Harry asked Wanda and she stared at him, wondering about how much she could trust in him.

Wanda paused when she considered Harry's proposal, she had a feeling that she should hear him out about this. She simply had one pressing question that she posed to Harry, eyes firmly locked onto his before she spoke.

"Will I get out of here if my powers gain control?"

Harry shook his head when he looked at Wanda before he offered an honest explanation. "I can't really decide that but perhaps if you have less episodes with what's happening, then they'll be more inclined to give you freedom."

Wanda appreciated his optimism even if she did not share it but she placed her hands on the other side of the wall, leaning back nice and hard. The young magical mutant looked back at the other young magical mutant, their eyes locked onto each other.

"At least you're honest," Wanda mumbled when she brushed her hands through her hair and sighed.

The two made light conversation for a while until the session was up and Harry paused before he gave Wanda a smile.

"I'll be back next time, I promise."

Wanda tried not to look too hopeful because that was something that would make a fool out of her. Still, that was something that she hung her hopes on and hoped that Harry returned the next time Xavier showed up. At least she had something to look forward to other than Xavier's shallow reassurances about how he would work to get out of here. After seven years, she heard enough about that song and dance not to believe it.

The latest patrol of Spider-Man had a few petty robberies that he broke up but there was nothing that the web slinger had not fought before. The web head paused ready to head on home for dinner and he would get in early tonight. That was something that was surprising for most nights Spider-Man found himself out there rather late and got the third degree from Aunt May.

It was a wonder that Aunt May did not figure out anything about his other life although if she had, Spider-Man had no idea. Given his guilt about what happened to Uncle Ben, Spider-Man could not help but feel bad about Aunt May if she found out. Would she even speak to him if she knew the role that he played by letting that guy get away?

A cry for help cut this thought process out and the web slinger turned his head around before he spun around to get closer and closer. The web slinger moved through the opening window when he moved closer, to see a young girl who grimaced and whined. She seemed hurt although how Spider-Man did not know. Rather he swung forward to conduct his hero duty.
"Hang on," Spider-Man told the girl in a reassuring voice when he dropped down to consider her. Before he could help her, his spider sense went wild and a blaring echoed through the back of his head.

The web slinger saw a pendulum swing towards him and the girl disappeared, before a familiar laugh echoed through his ears, taunting him, and tormenting him all of the way. The web slinger ducked and rolled out of the way before the one thought entered his mind.

'Great, I've been bamboozled with another Mysterio trick.'

The web slinger bounced back up to see the whirling blades and the flame throwers appear, most of them were optical illusions but every now and again there was a real weapon. Spider-Man focused long enough to trust his spider sense, that would be his guide, his best friend in the coming battle. The web head ducked and rolled before he saw the man in question.

"Alright, Beck, show's over!" Spider-Man yelled when he moved over towards Mysterio to engage the master of illusion in combat. "I don't know if the air underneath that fishbowl of yours is getting thin but..."

Spider-Man could not even finish that thought for a charging figure rushed him and knocked the web slinger to the side with a thunderous fury. The web slinger crashed down on the ground and the monstrous Rhino turned around to face him. The web head dodged another attack when Rhino moved at him and Rhino crashed against a stack of cracks.

"Where did you come from?" Spider-Man asked when he felt the stabbing pain in his side from when Rhino hit him.

"Jersey," Rhino grunted before he rushed Spider-Man once again but the web slinger shot straight lines of webbing from his web shooters and wrapped around Rhino before he blinded him.

Rhino swung around before Spider-Man smashed him into a wall to knock him down but a jolt of electricity caused him to jump across the ground.

'Electro too, what is it, is there some kind of super villain convention in town?' Spider-Man thought when Electro fired lighting bolt after lighting bolt at the web slinger who dodged the attacks with expert precision. The web slinger rolled out of the way.

"Shocked to see me, Spider-Man," Electro taunted him when he rubbed his fingers together to send a jolt of electricity towards him. The web head dodged every single attack before the web slinger ran up the walls and dropped down to the ground. "I'm sure you're amped up to see me but that's not going to stop me from showing watts watt."

"Oh for the love of...no...just no with the puns," Spider-Man answered when he dodged the attack and rolled around to avoid each blast of electricity.

Spider-Man swung and and knocked Electro back into the wall to cause him to crash down hard to the ground. The web slinger tried to move around but the pile of dirt came to life before two large sand hammers shot out of the ground. The hammers connected with the side of Spider-Man's head to send him flying backwards. The web slinger crashed down against the wall.

Sandman fully formed to face Spider-Man and he swung his hammers but the web head ducked, caught completely off guard by Sandman's return.

"What's the matter, webs, you look like you've seen a ghost?" Sandman taunted when he rose up and
grabbed Spider-Man around his fist. The web slinger struggled when Sandman tightened his grip around him.

'Great, I feel like an extra in a King Kong movie,' Spider-Man thought when the giant Sandman lifted him up in his fist and held up the web head towards his mouth. 'Oh this is going to be so wrong, on so many levels.'

Sandman popped the web slinger in his mouth and shoved him down his throat. The web slinger was trapped inside the form of Sandman where he suffocated. Fortunately, the web slinger punched out of him before he webbed onto a metal hook and pulled it forward. The hook ripped through Sandman and send the sand flying back every which direction.

The web head dropped down to the ground when he began to hack up sand over and over again.

'Now I know what cats feel like when they have hair balls,' Spider-Man thought to himself when he shook his head and knew that it was going to be a bitch to get all of the sand out of his costume.

Spider-Man turned around but once again his spider sense went wild just in time to see a large green tail swing out from nowhere. The web head had the presence of mind to duck before he scaled the wall to see the Scorpion stand there. The Scorpion aimed his tail before he shot an acidic substance from it. The wall crawler avoided the attack.

'Scorpion, Sandman, Electro, Rhino, and Mysterio,' Spider-Man thought when he shook his head. 'Where do these guys meet, some kind of online dating service or something?'

"Going to die now, web slinger,' Scorpion grunted when he aimed the tail but the web slinger shot a line of webbing and blocked it.

"No, not today, my life insurance premium hasn't kicked in yet," Spider-Man responded before he slid underneath the attack of Scorpion.

Scorpion smashed his way towards Spider-Man but the web slinger avoided the attack. Electro moved back and Spider-Man had to attack him.

Mysterio waved his cape and several robotic bats shot out to go after the web slinger, cheering wildly.

'It's official, I hate bats,' Spider-Man thought before he swung around and maneuvered Electro's attacks so they blew them up.

Spider-Man dropped down and faced his five enemies when suddenly something new attacked him. A metal arm shot out from the side and nearly nipped him in the backside but the web slinger dodged the attack, ducking and rolling before he ran up the wall and dropped down to fight his new enemy.

The man was dressed in a black trenchcoat with a grey undershirt and black pants with four metal limbs going from either side. His hair was short, black, and greasy and he wore a pair of sunglasses on his face.

"Well you're new, who are you supposed to be?" Spider-Man asked before he paused and looked at his limbs. "No, let me guess, you're the Tentacle Monster."

"You may call me Doctor Octopus," Ock stated when he raised his robotic arms and buzzsaws started at the end of them. "Know it well, arachnid, for it will be the name of the one who will annihilate you!"
Spider-Man stared down his enemy before he dove into the attack and dodged the arms one at a time, when the other members of this sinister group of six super villains surrounded him. "I for one I am happy that there's someone out there who finally knows that spiders are arachnids and not insects."

The wall crawler dodged the attacks one at a time as they stabbed towards him but they were getting closer and closer.

"You know with those arms, if the super villain thing doesn't pan out, you'll have a career in hentai ahead of you."

Doctor Octopus blocked the babbling out of his mind before he continued to spear his tentacles towards the web head again and again, with the web slinger dodging each and every individual attacks. The web slinger moved around for the attacks and ran up the wall to avoid his attacks. They continued to smash and swing at him.

"Come on, step on a spider, win a cookie!" Spider-Man taunted him when he waved his hands.

"I'll squash the bug," Rhino offered when he cracked his knuckles but Spider-Man dodged the attacks.

"Scatter," Doctor Octopus stated and the six members scattered.

'I can't defeat these guys, not head on,' Spider-Man thought when he noted the water sprinklers above and his eyes diverted to Electro.

Water added to electricity equals the perfect method for escape, at least in Spider-Man's mind. He took careful aim and used the web lines to yank open the sprinklers closest to Electro. It would not kill them given what he studied about how Electro's powers worked, at least he did not think so, but it would give them a nice shock.

"Move you fool!"

It was too late, as the water splashed Electro and short circuited him one hundred percent of the way. The web slinger made his get away when the group of super villains were momentarily inconvenienced by what went down.

Mysterio was the first to recover so he turned to Doctor Octopus.

"Now what?"

Doctor Octopus was not disturbed by this rather he sensed this an an opportunity.

"A minor setback, if Spider-Man thinks that we're going to be defeated that easily, he's sorely mistaken. Next time, we'll trap him in a place where he cannot exploit such an obvious weakness against one of our own. But as of now, let him catch his breath, it will make the hunt even more rewarding."

"Has there been any hint to where Jean's been?" Scott asked Xavier, but Xavier shook his head.

"I'm afraid there hasn't been any hint whatsoever, Scott," Xavier answered Scott when his eyes were on him. "Jean is on the move but there is no hint that she is in danger. If she is, I would hope that she would find a way to contact us."
"If she's able to," Scott answered with skepticism when he looked out into the distance.

The problem was that there seemed to be one misfortune after another regarding Scott, when he tried to grow into the roll of a leadership. Indecision was a big problem of his, making the right decision in a snap was something that failed him constantly time and time again. Scott understood that there was one member of this team who the others looked to to make the decisions, especially the younger recruits.

Scott found it the ultimate irony that the one person who people thought would lead this team was the one person who did not lead this team in any way whatsoever. The young mutant rubbed the side of his temples, he vowed to step up his game in an attempt to assure the role of leadership. In some way, he felt like he let Professor Xavier down.

After everything that Xavier did for him, that was one point that Scott could not properly reconcile in his mind. The fact of the matter was that each failure might have been a reflection on Xavier in its own way because it was Xavier who put so much faith in Scott. Yet, Scott faltered as he was unable to make the right decisions.

Unknowing to this, Harry and Rachel left after another session to put Harry's fractured mind back together.

'The fact is that this Riddle was a disturbing individual, but one cannot deny that he was resourceful,' Rachel thought to Harry carefully with a smile as they walked. 'He didn't allow himself to be defined by what other people thought were limits.'

"But there were times where he went too far,' Harry thought when he remembered and Rachel responded with a crisp nod as she lightly rested her hand on Harry's.

'That's the problem, isn't it?' Rachel thought before she pulled herself out of the mental link she established and turned to Scott.

It was difficult to see him every day after everything that happened but Rachel decided to coexist with him for the time being. As she reminded herself, everything that Scott did, was yet to transpire at all. So an open mind was something Rachel needed if she was going to be able to exist in the future. She offered him a polite smile and a nod.

"Scott," Harry answered to him when he stared Scott down.

Scott decided to ask the one person who might know something about Jean, swallowing his pride when he did so. His eyes fixed on Harry before he stated one single question.

"Did you by any chance hear anything about Jean?"

Harry sensed the desperation in the voice of Scott, the fact that was one situation that he lost control of. Although to be fair, Harry thought that what Jean was going through was something that could not be pinned on Scott at all. In fact, what Jean was going through was a byproduct of everything that transpired through her life and demons she tried to lock away, with help from Xavier.

The Phoenix Force was unlike anything that Harry had ever heard about and when Harry inquired about the subject to Strange, Strange could only tell him about the legends surrounding it. There was nothing in the realm of undisputed facts and more about legend, rumors and myths. If Harry hoped to ever help Jean, he needed to find out more about the Phoenix Force and if it overwhelmed her, Harry needed to find out a way to shut it down. Right now, a temporary ceasefire was all that Harry could hope for.
"I wish I did, Scott, but honestly I haven't," Harry answered him in a tense and honest voice when he looked at him. "Jean's...she's going through a difficult time."

"What did you see in there?" Scott asked before he could help himself.

Harry's stern gaze fixed on Scott and it was Rachel who was the one who enlightened Scott on the faux pas that he committed.

"The mind is a private thing and should only be invaded when it is absolutely necessary. When I took Harry into Jean's mind weeks back, it was to save her from getting torn up. Trust me, there was no other way, Jean would have destroyed everyone before she was ripped apart. Starting with you and Xavier, and I believe I saved your life."

Scott felt properly reprimanded but he felt so frustrated not to mention helpless. There was a moment where things hung awkwardly and the two parties stared back down at each other before they went their separate ways.

Harry could not spare the slightest second that he had about worrying about the mental torment Scott was going through. He was not the X-Men therapist, actually having a therapist would be the best thing all things considered.

He stood by Rachel before the two parted ways, Rachel made her way towards the Danger Room training session and Harry prepared to watch the Danger Room training session that Rachel was in along with the rest of the new recruits.

Watching their mistakes allowed him to grow stronger and fine tune himself, figure out his own mistakes and figure out how to better himself. Being a teacher was very much different than being a student, with different changes, but Harry observed the changes that he underwent and hoped to continue to grow. He offered a bit of theory on how their powers worked but Harry knew better than anyone else that there was no substitute for practical experience.

Kurt stood next to Harry.

"Hey Kurt, here to take a look at the new recruits?" Harry asked to Kurt and Kurt took a long pause before he looked at Harry.

"Actually, there's something I need to talk to you about," Kurt responded and Harry was all ears. "There's...this girl in my class..."

"Kurt, just talk to her, if something's going to happen," Harry answered before he waved off anything before Kurt went any further.

Kurt thought that it could not be that simple but at the same time if Harry said it was, then it was worth a shot. What was the worst that could happen after all, actually Kurt spent a fair lot of time thinking about the worst that could happen. That was a scary thought that rattled the fun loving mutant to his very core and made him wonder, made him squirm even.

Harry turned his attention towards the Danger Room and allowed everything to sink in when the latest training session began. He would get some time in there before too long. Rogue, Kitty, Ororo, Xavier, Logan, and Scott, although with his mind elsewhere, popped up. He blocked all thoughts out of his mind when Rogue and Kitty stood next to him to watch Harry watch the latest training session.

"Okay, this time we're going to get through this," Bobby remarked to the rest of the team from within the Danger Room.
"Didn't you say that last time before everything to screwed up?" Jubilee asked him.

"Hey, have some faith," Bobby responded when Amara turned to him to watch him.

"Yeah, faith, let's hope you don't lose your head this time," Amara answered to him.

"Hey, he jumped a few inches to the left when he should have gone right," Tabby jumped in when the rest of the team nodded.

"So, are we going to do this thing or are we just going to stand here?" Sam asked.

"Hey, we've got this one in the bad, I have a feeling this session's going to be a lucky one," Bobby stated when he rubbed his hands together.

"Danger Room training session, simulator thirteen, beginning."

Bobby stood up when he peered off into the distance, why did the number thirteen just give him a bad omen? There was no thinking about that, he lead the rest of his team into action, hopefully they did not trip over each other in their attempt to get a good review. Harry told them to stop doing that, albeit in a good nature way.

Logan on the other hand told them to knock it off and quit clowning around, and do the session before he amped up the difficulty.

The Sinister Six surrounded their hostage, Norman Osborn in the top floor of Oscorp, secured to the chair by his abductors. They jumped him in his office and there he was.

"You won't get away with this," Norman threatened Ock when he stared down his rogue employee but Ock chuckled when he looked back at Osborn.

"We cannot get more trite and played if we try," Ock commented when his gaze flickered towards Norman before he continued to speak. "Respectable businessman Norman Osborn is the perfect hostage for Spider-Man to save. You are the perfect bait, Osborn, but remember, accidents will happen."

Norman growled when he tried to lift his bound wrists but found that was a futile endeavor. As long as these ropes binded Osborn to the chair, he was not going anywhere and his fury bubbled, angered about being so helpless. Osborn's eyes flickered in disgust when he tried to lift his wrists but found him unable to break free.

"Let us try to extort money out of him whilst we have him captured," Mysterio suggested when his gaze flickered towards Osborn from behind the fishbowl. Osborn's hateful glare reflected back towards Mysterio, it was obvious that helplessness was not something that Osborn did rather well. Time stood still while the Sinister Six considered their options, waited and watched for the web head to show up.

The wait was not long, rather the web slinger swung his way towards the windows and made his way inside. The Sinister Six made themselves rather scarce when Spider-Man moved inside and approached Osborn.

"Get me out of here," Osborn growled and Spider-Man moved over to untie Norman.
He had a feeling that this was a trap but in true super hero fashion, Spider-Man made his way inside never the less.

The spider sense blared to life when a burst of electricity shot out but the web slinger avoided an attack before he ducked and rolled out of the way. Electro moved towards the battle, Scorpion followed, Sandman appeared from a potted plant on the desk behind Osborn, and Mysterio flew in on a disc to face him.

"So, you guys again, wasn't the beating I gave you earlier tonight enough?" Spider-Man asked, when he felt braver than he actually was.

"Your recollection of events lacks accuracy," Doctor Octopus stated before he tried to stab Spider-Man with his arms but the web slinger dodged. Osborn was in the middle but Spider-Man tried to take this battle to a venue that would be more of an advantage for him; easier said than done, but he had to try.

Spider-Man ran up the walls, he could not even pause enough to throw down a snappy retort, for he was being given the run around.

"Forget it web slinger, strength comes in our numbers," Mysterio taunted when several bright bulbs shot from his cape to blind Spider-Man.

This statement from Mysterio, as over the top as it was, gave the web head the perfect inspiration. He had it on him, thankfully he exhibited the foresight to pack it otherwise he would be up a crick without a paddle. The X-Men communicator was in his hand and Spider-Man pressed a button to call them.

"Hello...guys...I could really...

Ock pulled the communicator from his hand and flung it across the room. Then Ock grabbed Spider-Man in a titanic grip with one arm before the point of another arm moved down.

"Osborn, if you wanted a blood sample, you'll have all that you can handle in mere moments," Ock answered when Spider-Man struggled when the scientist tried to stab Spider-Man in the heart with the end of his robotic arm.

To Be Continued in "The Malice of Doc Ock Part Two."
One of the lessons that was imparted in the X-Men was that distress could come at any single time, at a moment's notice, and out of nowhere. It was something that could not be avoided no matter how well prepared a person was. There was a reason why the X-Men had communication devices and that it was required that they would be on them at all times, along with the devices being on. The distress signal ringing out would serve as a notice that one of their teammates were in danger but now the communicator device rang out. All of their teammates as of this moment were all present and accounted for, well with the exception of one.

This is why when the communicator went off, Harry and the others hoped that it was Jean trying to contact them. Although they really did not hope that she was in trouble because that would mean their worst fears would come to light but that was something that they could not really think negatively about. The Danger Room session did not quite start which allowed Harry to answer the communication link and put it up this ear.

It was not Jean, in fact it was far from Jean, they heard an echo of someone on the other end of the line and Harry put his ear up to the communicator device with a frantic thought going through his mind. Harry pressed it up against his ear before he spoke to whoever was on the other line. To try if he might to see if they were going to pick up and answer the communication link.

"Hello, is anyone there? Please answer me if you could hear me?"

There was a sound of a communicator popping when it got smashed and Harry winced when he heard the feedback in his head, that was not good, that was far from good in fact. The dark haired wizard could not think about how this could get any worse than it was now, even though there was a possibility of it getting far worse. He turned his attention back to the communicator in his hand and leaned forward.

"What is it?" Kitty asked Harry when she tugged on his sleeve to get his attention.

"Yeah, it sounds like someone is in trouble," Kurt chimed in when he rocked back and forth and looked up into the sky to consider what was going on.

"It sounds like it, because someone is in trouble," Harry answered before he put his hand up in the air to stop any further inquiries. The team stood around him, with Rachel joining Rogue, Kurt, Kitty, and Harry around the communication link.

Harry thought that these types of communicators were very tricky to trace any kind of information but somehow he tapped into the communicator link to see what he could find within them. He was getting more adept with technology even if it was not the thing that he was the most comfortable in the world with. Being away from it for ten months out of the year for five years and not really having any access to it whilst at the Dursleys due to them keeping him away from their valuables would do that with a purpose. He tapped on the communicator, trying to triangulate some kind of signal to reach them.

"Is there a problem?" Scott asked when he heard the same distress signal over his communicator link.

Harry paused to consider what he would say before the two young men stared each other down.
"Spider-Man, that's the problem," Harry answered when Scott gave him a confused look, this was the first he ever heard of Spider-Man receiving a communication device. He frowned a bit but to his credit did not say anything. "He's in trouble, someone attacked him."

"Did you find out where he is?" Rachel asked Harry when he tried to get the communication link working but sure enough he managed to trace the signal, said signal was faint, fainter than anything the young mage ever traced before. But it would do the trick for what it was and he spun around to face the remaining members of the team.

"He's at the Oscorp facility, just about fifty miles from here."

Scott chimed in when he looked at Harry. "Why don't you five go there and see what the danger is? I can handle the Danger Room training session from here."

Harry was about to make a similar suggestion to Scott so it was just as well that he said it. The young wizard stepped forward on his feet before he stared back at Scott with a crisp nod of his head.

That was actually good that Scott wanted to step up, it made Harry's life a little bit easier, perhaps his leadership skills would not falter. Harry picked up a lot of the slack that Scott left off after the Asteroid M but given how much the team dynamic shifted in the direction of the young man being the de-facto leader, something that he had little time for given his training, he secretly held out a hope that Scott could pick up the slack.

He did note that Rachel picked up some distinct team leadership tactics during the Danger Room training sessions, at least becoming the leader of the new recruits on that note, with Bobby being the second in command when he wasn't goofing around.

Of course, Rachel being the oldest of the new recruits and the hints Harry received about the mysterious dark past she had really made her a perfect candidate for leadership. At least that's what the young man observed during this time but his observations could potentially be wrong, he found himself the furthest thing from perfect possible.

Yet, he would worry about team dynamics and leadership much later for right now there was another problem that presented itself. Harry could tell that Spider-Man was in over his head, not that it was anything do. He suspected that the web head's charming personality netted him more than a few enemies that he would have to deal with and the dark haired wizard wondered if some of them joined forces to lay a beating down on the web slinger?

"So do we have a plan?"

Kurt asked that question and Harry offered his response as honestly as he could give.

"Yes, we do, but I'm working on it."

That was fair enough for Kurt for now and for everyone else. The X-Men moved out ready for battle, ready to help a friend in need but they hoped that Spider-Man did not send his distress signal too late. Knowing the web slinger that was highly likely. He tended to march with his own beat and walk alone.

Spider-Man knew one thing and he supposed that this could be considered highly likely, he was kind of in over his web head. The power of Electro shot electricity out towards him but the web slinger dodged the attack. He dodged another attack and another one with the web head avoiding each and every attack with the fury that he could. The electricity-based villain seemed to want to make up for lost time to fry the web slinger and there was something that was worse yet.
These brain surgeons actually managed to come up with the foresight to turn off the sprinkler system in the building so the same trick that Spider-Man used to defeat Electro the first time would not work this time.

Spider-Man held that thought when several glass orbs shot from Mysterio's hands and shattered on the ground to reveal clouds of dust that moved towards the web head. The web slinger dodged the individual attacks and tried to run up the wall to escape. That plan was cut short with one account of Scorpion shooting the wall with the acidic substance from his tail and on the other account of Doctor Octopus smashing the wall with his robotic arms. The robotic arms crushed against the wall and Spider-Man flipped to land onto his feet before he shot several lines of webbing.

"Right, figure that wouldn't work as well as I planned," Spider-Man managed, wishing he could wipe the sweat from his brow but he had no time for that was when Rhino charged him with the subtlety of a tank coming at him. The arachnid themed hero dodged and webbed onto the horn of the rhino.

"Halt Spider-Man, your little tricks are no match for the might and majesty of Mysterio!" Mysterio bellowed at the top of his lungs when he waved his hands from the side and sent more little bats fly towards him.

Spider-Man ducked and rolled before he picked up a desk chair and launched it into the air before he latched onto it with his webbing, to swing for the fences and smash the chair into the bats that flew in the air. They dropped to the ground and Spider-Man dropped to one knee where he once again felt himself smashed with the sand fist of Sandman. The deadly enemy raised up to his full height.

"I demand you quit clowning around and get me out of here," Norman responded in a surly voice when he watched the battle off to the side, tied up with no place to go.

The web head blocked out this particular distraction before he swung around three hundred and sixty degrees to launch himself forward and off towards the charging form of Scorpion. Scorpion was surprised to see this attack but he recovered immediately.

Just when he recovered, Nightcrawler popped up in front of him.

"Hello!" Nightcrawler stated when he appeared in front of Scorpion and the angry villain swung his tail towards towards the fun loving mutant but he teleported out of the way.

Scorpion was taken down and smashed into the wall with a tripping spell which set him up for something more dangerous.

"I've got your back!" Electro yelled when he stood in front of Scorpion but Kitty popped up from the ground and the villain tried to go after her. "Out of the way girl!"

"Make me!" Kitty yelled but suddenly a black light shot out of nowhere. It had the effect on electronics where it would short circuit them from the impact and Electro screamed when he was blasted backwards.

"Well if it isn't the X-Men!" Doctor Octopus stated with his usual sadistic voice when he turned to the mighty group of mutants, peering over his sunglasses at them, before he went for Rogue who showed up.

Harry got Rogue out of there and a shield charm appeared around the young wizard to block Ock's incoming robotic arm attack. He snapped his wrists and the robotic arms twisted around before the sharp ends pointed towards Doctor Octopus's chest and threatened to stab him.
"Ah another sorcerer, but how would you like to match whits with true magic?" Mysterio bellowed at the top of his lungs when he moved to face Harry and he conjured a dragon. "Tremble before the magnificent might of Mysterio!"

"Nice illusion, saw that one at my school during my first year," Harry answered in a bored voice when he made the dragon disappear before he conjured a six live snakes. "Now there's a magic trick!"

Mysterio backed off before the snakes shot at him with sadistic fury and screamed when the snakes bit into his arms and legs to cause sparks to fly out. The web head's head spun around to face Mysterio before his eyes widened in abject frustration.

"Oh you've got to be kidding me, robot again?" Spider-Man asked as Rachel trapped Sandman's consciousness into particle of sand to set it up for a vanishing spell form Harry to get rid of Sandman once and for all.

"This happens a lot to you, doesn't it?" Arcane asked Spider-Man and the web slinger nodded with a smile underneath his mask.

"More than you could ever know."

Doctor Octopus detached his arms from himself and moved across the other side of the room, to say this battle was not going his way, that would be the understatement of the century.

However, much like all great thinkers did, Doctor Octopus had an ace up his sleeve and he was about to implement it now. He grabbed Osborn off the chair and held a razor sharp tentacle to his throat before the X-Men and Spider-Man stood over downed bodies of the other five members of the Sinister Six.

"You can't beat all of us!" Kitty yelled in a triumphant voice.

"So you might as well give it up," Kurt answered to Ock but the scientist shook his head.

"You poor children must be deluded if you think I have some pathological need to win, no today was just the beginning. Even if you beat me, you will have lost today. I've planted a bomb in the lab and it will explode taking everyone in this building with it."

"You're bluffing!" Rogue challenged him but Ock turned to the young goth mutant before his face twisted into a grin, showing three rotten teeth to them that really added to his oily demeanor and complexion.

"Am I bluffing?" Ock challenged the wall crawler and the X-Men but Harry moved forward to turn around and scan the building.

"Well there is something in the ground underneath here, something below, Kitty, go down one floor and see what you can do about disabling it."

"Gotcha," Kitty answered, giving Harry a brief kiss before Harry turned to Spider-Man.

"As for Ock, the two of us can go after him."

Spider-Man and Arcane rushed down the hallway to meet Doctor Octopus who had his hostage, a very important hostage. The hostage, that Spider-Man reminded himself, who was the father of one of Peter Parker's friends. The two made their way down the hallway to chase Octopus and Osborn.
"You won't get away with this, Octavius," Osborn said to him through gritted teeth.

Ock chuckled at the brave words of this man, he considered etching them on his gravestone.

"I already have, Osborn but I may show mercy, if you apologize," Octopus replied when he held Osborn in his metallic grip.

"Never, I'll never apologize to the likes of you," Osborn responded when Octopus held him more tightly in his grip.

"Ah that's right, the great Osborn credo, they never apologize, well you'll be very sorry never the less."

"You're the one who's going to be sorry, Octopus."

Spider-Man rushed in but Doc Ock grabbed the web head around the throat before he propelled in backwards into the wall. The arachnid themed super hero bounced off of the wall but he ducked and rolled before recovering immediately.

"There's a power source of some kind in his chest plate, that's how he's controlling those things!" Spider-Man called to Arcane before the wizard removed it from his chest with a well placed summoning spell.

"It was controlling those things, any way," Arcane answered when the power cell flew up into the air and he caught it in in his head. He put in his bag, something like this technology would be useful to study for future reference.

"Did you really think that I wouldn't have reverse power in the arms?" Ock demanded when his two robotic arms shot out to nail Arcane and Spider-Man.

Arcane put up a shield and Ock opened up the lab before he held Osborn up.

"One step closer...I did warn you," Ock answered when he grabbed a switch and activated the heater underneath the green chemicals that bubbled in canisters in Osborn's lab. "The next thing people will read about Norman Osborn is his obituary!"

Ock threw Osborn off to the side and Arcane and Spider-Man's eyes both widened when an explosion rang out.

Shield spells blocked the explosion but since Osborn was right next to the container the explosion still rattled him. The loud bangs and cracks echoed outside of the lab.

"Harry, I thought that I got rid of the bomb, what happened?" Kitty asked after she heard the explosions ring out.

"Osborn, Norman Osborn happened, Ock set off a lab explosion," Harry answered when waited for the green smoke in the lab to clear.

When the smoke cleared, Osborn and Ock both disappeared into the night. There was a huge hole in the floor but thankfully there was no one below them that could have gotten hurt. There was an instant where Harry dropped down.

He saw the wall smashed open and Doctor Octopus disappeared into the night to fight another day but did Osborn? That was the question and the blood soaked tie that the millionaire wore gave him the answers. And other than that there was no trace of Norman Osborn.
Sirens echoed throughout the city as the chemical fire at Oscorp continued to burn but thankfully Arcane managed to back off the brunt of it from the fumes getting out into the city. A company like Oscorp worked on any number of projects that could lead to problems if the people in the city inhaled it. Harry got a whiff of the chemicals up close and they were quite noxious, there seemed to be no way Osborn could have survived the blast.

Which as Harry reminded himself likely meant that he could but then again Osborn was a normal guy. A dedicated and ruthless businessman to be sure but he was perfectly normal otherwise, not extraordinary at all. He could not have survived what happened, unless he had an escape hatch that he got out of straight away. Of course, with half of the floor blown out, there was no telling what might have happened.

These thoughts cut off mid stream when Spider-Man turned up to drop down next to Harry. The two young heroes stared down each other before Spider-Man stated the one question. "Any luck?"

"No, no luck," Arcane responded back to Spider-Man when he decided to add in a joking manner. "You know these teams up are starting to become a regular event. They might have to give us some corny team up name."

"You mean like the Dynamic Duo?" Spider-Man asked but Arcane responded by shaking his head.

"I believe that name was already taken," Arcane responded when he looked out in the city and let out the breath he held when he realized that Osborn was the extent of the damage. "We got the civilians out of there...no one seemed worse for wear."

"The Sinister Six were gone as well, looks like you didn't blast them as hard as you normally do," Spider-Man responded before his eyes looked towards Arcane, half joking and half serious before the web head added in a jovial manner, trying to keep his spirits light. "If I didn't know any better, I thought that you're getting soft."

"Well you'd know, you're soft in the head," Arcane quipped back when he watched Spider-Man. "You didn't inhale any of the fumes, did you?"

"No, I didn't, last thing I need is growing four extra arms or something like that," Spider-Man fired back when he turned around and the police walked up, lead by Captain George Stacy.

Captain Stacy stared down Spider-Man so he responded to his best friend's father in a voice that was even and serious, especially for the web slinger. "So was there any word about Ock or Osborn?"

"I'm afraid not Spider-Man, there wasn't a trace of either of them," Captain Stacy responded in a serious voice, the death of someone like Norman Osborn would lead to an immense amount of paperwork. This Doctor Octopus was Otto Octavius, a former scientist at Oscorp who went absolutely insane when Osborn spurned him many times and belittled him, it was something that commonly happened in the business world, all too much come to think about it.

Spider-Man was afraid of this, without a trace Octopus ran off.

Arcane spun around in time to greet the members of his team to give a report at what they found but the report was not that encouraging.

"We searched it high and low but those guys managed to give us the slip," Nightcrawler answered when he looked around, frustration mounting in his voice.

"Yeah, we'll get them next time," Kitty answered but Rachel shook her head at Kitty before her eyes
snapped towards the young brunette to glare at her.

"There shouldn't be a next time, we should have struck them hard this time," Rachel answered when she looked back at them.

They all turned to Harry, as they did so many times before.

"We were very fortunate," Harry agreed with his teammate when he turned around and sure enough, the fact of the matter was that if the Sinister Six had a bit more team training, the battle would have been more of an even playing field.

Ock's ego and need for revenge drove the Sinister Six more than anything else that they had and Harry understood that. "But we'll go over this battle and figure out what went wrong and we'll be back with a fresh perspective."

"Yeah, that's right, that's what we do," Rogue answered feeling a bit more optimistic about this battle.

The Sinister Six's only thing in common was a hatred of Spider-Man, it was likely that none of them would even look in each others directions if it was not for that fact. The X-Men, through all of their snags and bumps in the road, worked together as a team.

"Remember, keep in touch if you get into trouble," Arcane stated to Spider-Man and the wall crawler nodded in response.

"Will do and believe me, this won't be the last time we'll team up."

Spider-Man turned around and swung off but right now he had a more demanding task than any one of the Sinister Six put together or even all of them.

He had to explain to Aunt May why he was out so long past curfew, a more fearsome task to him then fighting any super villain or even all of them. Peter Parker gulped when he returned home to face the music.

The latest training session sputtered to a stop and Harry returned at the very end to monitor the session; to be honest Harry was pleased that the team improved to such a rate.

Did they have a long way to go?

Yes they did, there was no questions about that but Harry felt confident that their abilities would increase in the Danger Room and they would be better with each passing moment. The new recruits fired out of the Danger Room at the time and the magical mutant had a few pages of notes, although not as many as he would have had he monitored the entire hour long training session.

"All of you seem to be focusing on what I told you to focus on but just a few general pointers for a reminder."

The new recruits stood up straight to listen before Scott really could critique them. He waved his hands to defer to Harry for this point, the new recruits seemed to be among those he had intimate knowledge about and knew exactly how to talk to them.

Harry turned his attention to Bobby first and foremost.

"Bobby, today your focus seemed a little bit better, which is good but don't get too arrogant, your
focus needs to keep nice and steady. Remember, when you're in the Danger Room, your focus needs to be on what is in there, for if you take your eyes off the ball for one moment, a deadly enemy will take you out. It's happened to me before, focus needs to be one hundred percent vigilante."

Bobby nodded before Harry continued to go down the row to Magma.

"Amara, you're more at ease with your powers and the more comfortable you are with them and with yourself, the easier things will be in there. Believe that you are in control and the sky is the limit for you. The powers are something you rule, you rule the powers."

Harry moved down the row to face off with Cannonball next.

"Cannonball, your aim on that wall looked a little spotty there, but otherwise you're improving by leaps and bounds. Try not to overthink things but at the same time, calculate everything."

"Gotcha...I think," Sam responded when Harry moved down the row.

"Ray, the electricity seems to be building up, try and push your limits just a little bit more but don't overextend yourself, that's the key."

Ray felt that Harry had some good genuine device. He turned to Boom Boom before he addressed her next.

"Tabby, remember, those little bombs in your hand work best when they are thrown at an enemy and not at your teammates," Harry told her when she nodded. "I know your aim can get a little...boisterous in there."

"Is that what we're calling it now?" Bobby whispered to Sam who nodded. Both of them were victims of extremely near misses.

"But remember, turn that enthusiasm into a weapon that you can bludgeon your enemies with."

"Blow up the baddies and not the rest of the team, o-kay Professor," Tabby responded with a smirk and Harry turned around and moved on.

"Jamie, remember to calm yourself in there, I'd recommend meditating a little bit so you are in control of your dupes. If you'd like, I'd show you some techniques, they'll help calm your mind."

Multiple nodded before he stared back at Harry. "I'll keep that in mind."

His dupes, Harry noticed, seemed to have different personality traits. Harry walked down the row and turned to Wolfsbane.

"The animal within still needs to be controlled by the human mind," Harry informed Wolfsbane who nodded back at him. "You're control is better but you need to temper the savage feral fury you have, I'd offer you the same kind of meditation techniques that Jamie should use as well. They will allow an inner harmony between the beast and the person. And will temper your deadlier thoughts."

"Aye, of course," Rahne responded when she looked at him, he made a lot of sense and there were some times that the beast within got control of her.

"Jubilee, better control this time, see if you can amp up the fireworks to blind any enemies, without hurting your teammates, that will help you out there," Harry responded before he offered one more piece of advice. "Most enemies rely on their eyesight to attack but they can't hit what they can't see...but don't rely on that too much."
The new mutants responded by nodding at this statement, it did make perfect sense. Harry turned to
Sunspot last.

"Your power seems to work on the sunlight, but perhaps you can work on trying to conserve some
of that energy into a battery so to speak," Harry advised them before he gave them some good
general advice. "Keep up with the team work drills outside that I assigned you and we'll meet back
here in a few days with a more in depth session. Class dismissed."

The new recruits filed out and Rachel stood their alone with Harry. She smiled at him.

"You seem to know how to get the best out of people," Rachel responded when she stepped forward
so she was up next to Harry. "Like a true leader should be."

Rachel's statement was both a praise for Harry and a bit of a shot towards Scott, he noticed.

"It's too bad I'm not being groomed for that position," Harry answered with a smile.

"Being groomed is for dogs, you should take the position, I doubt many would complain," Rachel
offered when she put her hand on Harry. "Arcane, the leader of the X-Men, has a nice ring to it."

"Yes, perhaps, but the X-Men aren't my dream, and thus not my leadership," Harry answered when
he stepped close to Rachel.

"It's almost like you're half planning forming a group of your own," Rachel answered but Harry's
smile crossed over his face.

"Maybe,\" Harry answered, the truth was he began to look at a few places he could use for a
headquarters, there were a number of real estate properties that were up for grabs that he could pick
up for cheap.

The time at the X-Men was great, but Harry suspected that there would be time where he would split
from them, although there would be some parties that would follow him. Where they stood with him,
that remained to be seen.

Still this latest training session with the New Mutants offered him a chance to fine tune his skills as a
teacher and he wondered if some of them would follow him over to his potential new team when he
joined them.

"Well whatever you'll do, you're destined for greatness," Rachel added when she took a step forward
and their lips were inches apart.

"Rachel, Harry, Professor Xavier wants you in the other room, we might have found Jean!\" 

Rachel and Harry stopped, the moment lost between the both of them, and Scott, unknowingly,
stopped Rachel from kissing Harry. Their thoughts were on Jean however and the pair walked out to
see what Xavier found out. All the while Rachel felt like she almost did something on an impulse but
not the moment temporarily had been lost. Kitty, Rogue, and Kurt also filed out with Scott leading
the way.

Harry allowed him to lead for now because he would not follow much longer. His desire for
independence grew.

"Ororo and I tried to corner her, to convince her to come back but Jean lashed out at us, saying that
she needed some space and I know that she meant without us in it," Logan stated, short simple and to
the point. Ororo picked up where Logan left off.

"And then Jean knocked us out with her powers, they're far stronger than they were since before the incident," Ororo added when she spun around to look up at the assembled team members. Xavier pondered the matter for a moment, time ticked by while the rest of the time waited for what the Headmaster of the Institute had to say about this entire situation.

As it turned out, they did not have much longer to wait for Xavier's eyes focused on the entire group before he offered his honest assessment on everything that went on regarding Jean. He mulled it over himself over the past number of days, weeks, months, and what have you.

"I do believe that Jean's attempt to assert her independence is something that we should give her the space for," Xavier responded when he put his hands on her lap. "Her powers always were a cause for problems and she is just going to get stronger."

"Can she be stronger than you, Professor?" Scott asked when Xavier paused.

"My powers, while immense, are based on the mortal plane," Xavier answered in an honest voice when he addressed the entire X-Men team. "Jean's powers are immersed on an immense scale of a cosmic proportions."

"So in other words, she could swat us all like flies if we annoyed her," Kurt answered when the fuzzy mutant sat back in the chair fretfully. He could not think of a worst scenario and believe me. "So I suppose a fruit basket won't convince her to come home."

"She could swat us all around but there is one of us that might be able to break through her defenses," Kitty answered when several sets of eyes locked on Harry.

Harry said nothing at these words, he thought Jean needed some time to come to terms with the power she wielded and what went on in the inside of her head. It could be very sobering to deal with cosmic power that could rip people apart on a vast scale.

Jean's mind was interesting the brief time that Harry and Rachel stepped into it, not to mention it allowed for the potential to lead down some disturbing roads. And Harry knew first hand what a disturbing mind could be, going through the memories of one Tom Marvolo Riddle, with the help of Rachel. While Jean's mind was no where near that level of disturbing there was still some levels of it where Harry was reluctant to even think that much about.

The time would come when Jean would come to grips with what went on in her mind and when that moment came, it would be Jean who would come back home. Harry knew what the entire team was thinking and while he appreciated their high opinion on his skills, the fact of the matter was that forcing her hand would do more harm than good.

He knew if he set his mind to it, Jean could be tracked down, given the psychic trace Harry left in her mind, along with Rachel, when they left. Granted, it would take some powerful and very draining magic to get the trace activated but when they did, they would have it.

"So what do you say, kid?" Logan asked to break Harry finally out of his thought process and he turned around to address the group before he gave his words.

"I think Jean will find her own way back here, in her own fashion, it's not a good idea to push her."

'Especially after the way she acted the last time when she left,' Harry thought to himself before he paused to offer the X-Men a word to the wise.
"The last time the Phoenix Force was almost contained, it lead to this and Jean lost all sense of herself," Harry offered to Xavier and he considered the fact. Harry framed his question in a way where he was not accusing Xavier of anything but in the same instant, he did not absolve him of all responsibility. "The Phoenix is a force of power but I think that it has feelings, desires, just like normal people."

"You think the fact that someone hurt its feelings caused Jean to lash out," Rogue suggested and Harry smiled.

That was exactly what it thought, it was amazing that the Phoenix Force was a part of Jean but yet was something that controlled her as she struggled with her inner demons.

Jean should find a balance and while Harry knew that his abilities were not up to par enough to help her perhaps Rachel could help her. Providing of course that Jean consented to accept anyone's help, that was the one sticking point.

Such a sticking point made it very difficult to plan for anything but one thing was for sure, the X-Men headed forward into a brand new challenge. The question was would Jean agree to return home?

And how long would it be if any of their enemies found out about Jean and tried to take advantage of their state? There was a Sinister force looming that offered Harry a bit of a concern but given a brief discussion he had with Doctor Strange, there might be other dark forces that would corrupt the Phoenix Force for their own gains.

Harry coughed, he tried to hide his discomfort. He was not feeling his best after he inhaled the formulas at Oscorp when they exploded but he was certain that it was nothing.

To Be Continued in "Harry Potter's Day Off."
Chapter 30: Harry Potter's Day Off.

With these super powered individuals it was hard to remember one thing and that was despite their extraordinary powers, the super powered lot were prone to some of the same pratfalls of the rest of us. Injury, heartache, mild discomfort, and in many extreme cases they were very much prone to death. However, there was one thing that they were also prone to and that was a crippling bout of sickness that left even the strongest of them bed ridden. Hence the position that young Harry Potter found himself in.

He was sick; there was no two questions about it. His face was pale, his hands were sweaty, his normally vibrant eyes were blood shot, he was running a fever, he hailed his good friend John a little bit ago, he had stomach cramp, his head hurt, he was both hot and cold at the same time. All of the signs of a good old solid bout of the illness but Harry had made one feverish demand in the midst of hacking and wheezing.

"No hospital!"

That was the demand that Harry Potter made and damn it, he was going to stick through it for better or for worse, even though his stomach twisted and knotted, and he felt as if he was going to hurl up every meal that he ever had. Even if his fever sky rocketed past what was considered normal.

Magic tended to do wonders in healing people and Harry suspected that he would beat this illness, even if he would be one miserable son of a bitch.

"I'm sure...I can make it...to school today," Harry wheezed when he tried to get out of bed but he collapsed, somehow by the sheer force of will making it to the sitting room before he was helped into bed by Kitty and Rogue.

"Yeah, I don't think that's happening," Kitty replied when she made sure that Harry was secure in the blankets and the cold rag was on his head. She turned to Xavier with a questioning look in her eyes.

"Now what Harry has isn't contagious, is it?"

"I don't believe so," Xavier responded to Kitty but Harry shook his head.

"I don't believe so," Xavier responded to Kitty but Harry shook his head.

"Doesn't help the fact that I feel like crap that's been crapped out by other crap."

Harry sank his head into the pillow and sighed, his eyes watering and his head boiling. Wizards rarely got ill from mundane illnesses but when they did, it was spectacular. The bongo drums of death beat their twisted tune on the cranium of the magical mutant. Still the illness did stranger things to magicals than they did to the mundane.

Case in point when Harry sneezed and every single clock in the Xavier Institute grew wings and tried to fly away. They reset themselves after a moment.

"Um, gesundheit?" Kurt asked in a tentative voice.

Rachel was worried that this could have happened when Harry was at Oscorp and inhaled one of the chemicals in the explosion. Despite he was rather powerful, that did not make him immune to any and all illnesses. He was human, not a machine, despite his powers.

"I think you should have some chicken soup or something, Harry," Kitty offered him but Harry
looked at her.

"As long as you're not cooking it," Harry managed before he could help himself.

Kitty's cooking was...well it wasn't good, but Rogue and Kurt remarked that at least Harry could cook, which should balance things out. The brunette mutant was stubborn and persistent in learning her craft. Even if she did seem to be fighting a losing battle, despite her best efforts; that did not change the fact she would learn.

"It wasn't...my cooking that did that to you?" Kitty asked, worried that Harry might have eaten something to humor her and it disagreed with him badly.

"No," Harry responded with a twist and turn in his stomach when he settled down.

The rest of the New Mutants filed out rather chaotically for school, and Harry wished they would dial it down, they pounded the inside of his head. Amara stopped to look at Harry before she felt his forehead.

"You're really hot," Amara remarked when she felt Harry's forehead.

"Thanks, right back at you," Harry answered, his filter on his mind damaged thanks to his sickness.

"Well my powers...and all that," Amara responded but she felt flustered, perfectly aware what Harry met and Tabby ushered her out with a smile before she turned to Harry.

"Get well soon, because if you don't, Mister Personality over there will handle the training and...that's dead boring," Tabby responded when she eyed Scott, not even bothering to keep her voice down for his benefit. Tact was not one of Tabitha Smith's strong points.

"Yeah, Harry, I hope nothing bad happens where you're out for too long," Jamie added when he looked at the young wizard.

"Get well soon man," Bobby added when several of the New Recruits walked out.

Scott paused before he looked at Harry.

"Well rest easily," Scott said in a stiff voice before he turned around and walked out.

Harry only half heard Xavier mention that he, Logan, and Storm would be heading out to track down a potential lead on a new mutant and to keep his communicator at arm's length but Harry was too busy trying not to hurl out his lungs to pay too much note at that. His mind and body sank into a deep, dark, abyss.

Harry's mind was down and out for the count for a very long time before he heard a knock on the door to jolt him out of his thoughts and the dark haired wizard wished that there was someone else to answer the door. Yet the knocking got more and more frantic and Harry shook his head. He wished for some higher power to just strike him down when his body rippled with aches and pains.

"I'm coming, keep your pants on!" Harry managed when he staggered out of bed, trying to remain on his feet and he began to breath heavily when he took a very labored step towards the door, his right leg almost buckling underneath him when he walked.

Somehow, someway, Harry made it to the door and he nearly collapsed on the door frame but he tried to open the door and turned it, to push it out.
"Yes, what is it?" Harry asked when he saw a young scientist with dark hair standing on the other side of the doorway and a tense expression was on his face. At least Harry assumed he was a scientist with a lab coat, glasses, and briefcase, but the frantic expression on his face indicated that something was up.

"I'm here to see Charles Xavier," the scientist managed when he tried to stand on his feet but his knees buckled ever so slightly.

"See Charles Xavier?" Harry asked with a slightly raised eyebrow when he wondered what this was all about.

"Yes, it's urgent," the scientist managed when he moved inside, when Harry took a moment to rest against the wall to block the thumping that was in his head.

The scientist stepped inside and looked around before Harry decided to enlighten him on a rather unfortunate fact about Xavier's attendance or lack there of.

"He's not here," Harry responded to the scientist, and the scientist turned around, his eyes flashing.

"Damn it!" the scientist yelled, clutching his briefcase and Harry was sure that his pupils dilated, and turned slightly green.

"Don't get upset, I can't help it," Harry managed when he breathed in heavily, and sneezed which caused the ground to rumble underneath him. "Just who are you anyway?"

"Bruce Banner," the scientist responded after a moment as he listened out. "Xavier offered me any help if I need it and I need it, the monster is getting out of control."

'Banner, banner,' Harry thought to himself when he mulled over the matter in his mind and shook his head. 'Now where have I heard that name before?'

Nothing came to mind for Harry right away and he walked inside before he sank down on the couch and Banner looked back at him.

"Do you have any idea when Xavier is coming back?" Banner asked him and Harry shook his head.

"Not a clue," Harry managed when his chest tightened like there was a knot in it and he breathed in and out. "If you want to come back later..."

"No, I have to see him now, before it's too late," Banner persisted and Harry clasped his hands to his head, feeling his clammy flash underneath it.

He had a feeling that this guy would bring trouble with him, although in his violently ill state, Harry could only begin to guess what kind of trouble. He felt a frigid chill and a warm heat simultaneously at the same time, and pulled a blanket on him, before he whipped it off. Harry did this three or four times and he placed his head in his hands.

"Sorry, I've come down with something, I haven't been myself the past couple of days," Harry answered when he sneezed and the walls of the sitting room at the Xavier Institute turned pink.

"I can see that," Banner offered in a light voice, it seemed like he was not the only one having power problems.

The two waited awkwardly, both sick, albeit for drastically different reasons.
One of the gravest threats in the world to national security was the Incredible Hulk, at least that's what one would hear if they asked General Thunderbolt Ross. The grizzled army general fought in countless wars but now he stood with a sadistic expression in his eyes when he watched the video of the Hulk tearing about his Hulkbuster robots. It was a well-placed investment of tax payer dollars to allow such a thing to exist. Ross placed his hands on the table and looked out, watching everything before him.

"Men, the Hulk is the gravest danger the world ever know, but Banner is trying to keep him under control," Ross responded when he banged his fist down on the table for emphasis when he turned to face his fellow soldiers. "The Hulk is out there and we're going to capture him, for better or for worse."

The members of the Hulkbuster unit nodded their heads and Banner turned around before he peered out the window to their headquarters.

"That monster has eluded us for almost eighteen months but we're not going to allow him to elude us any longer," Ross continued in a fierce manner before he turned around and held up a tracking device. "I had someone plant this tracking device on Banner before he got on the bus after last time. When the time is right, we'll be able to find him and take him down with extreme prejudice."

The members of the Hulk Buster unit responded with some light nods, was there any other prejudice with Ross and the Hulk? The man had an ax to grind with the monster that much was for sure. The Hulk was someone that demanded more attention from Ross than most people did to dangerous terrorists. Of course, if one was going to ask Ross, the Hulk would be a great terrorist.

"Banner's trying to get help from someone in Bayville, at that gifted school that Xavier runs," Ross answered, another potential problem location that Ross wanted to take a look at. There was something rather funny about that school, and not funny in a good way.

Ross saw that Banner now was stationary which made it perfect to move in for the kill. The general chomped on his cigar while he waited and watched, his men standing by for the orders that would bring in the monster once and for all. The Hulk should not roam free with his carnage, he was an asset, and needed to be controlled.

"We better get ready to pounce but remember, it must be done in one shot because if he is awake and gets angry, it will set everything back," Ross responded to his men and some of them offered involuntary shudders when they remembered just angry the Hulk could get. They had been through the monster's rage more than once and they felt the bumps and bruises from what happened in the past.

Ross heard a garbled transmission and one of his men ran over to see what the source of the trouble was. When the man locked onto the frequency, he turned around to face Fury.

"It's Fury, he wants to speak with you," the man stated and Ross could have sworn. Fury was getting on him about the Hulkbuster missions and the General thought that there was going to be another problem with Fury with this one. He wished the Commander of SHIELD would step back and let the man do his job. Fury twisted the knob on the dial and activated the incoming communication link with the man in charge of SHIELD.

"Yes, what is it?" Ross grunted, clapping his hands together when he stared at Fury through beady little eyes. The one eyed director of SHIELD narrowed his eye before staring back at the general.
"You've caused more collateral damage going after the Hulk than the Hulk has caused on one of his joyrides," Fury responded from the other end and Ross gritted his teeth, once again Fury meddled in him. "I'm demanding you shut this entire operation down."

It was Ross's turn to give a nasty smile when he realized that he had Fury by the balls.

"I'm afraid that's not possible, Fury," Ross answered with sadistic intentions dancing from his eyes when he placed his hands on the table and looked up at Fury, staring nastily in his eye. "You see, I've been given full authorization to hunt down that monster with the full force, he's a threat to national security. And you Fury, he's out of your jurisdiction."

"Out of my jurisdiction, nothing is out of my jurisdiction Ross," Fury grumbled when he slammed his hands down on the table across from him.

Ross let the bomb drop before he twisted his gaze towards the other members of the Hulkbuster unit, who looked anxious about defying Fury.

"I'm afraid...unless you have a way to override the will of the United States President, a written order, then your jurisdiction means little," Ross commented when he reached forward to click off the communication link from Fury. "I'll talk to you later."

Fury gave an angry protest, snarling that he was going to find a way to shut down this operation. Instincts told Ross that Fury had his own intentions for the Hulk, as he kept getting in the way of the operations of Ross.

Yet, the Hulkbuster unit was something that had the full jurisdiction of the United States Government and it was Ross's baby to control as he saw fit, and Fury had to sit back and watch. He cracked his knuckles with a sadistic grin going through his eyes.

"We get out now, the Hulk won't get away," Ross responded when he turned to his men who suited up with the new and improved armor.

The Hulk was not going to get this way, not this time; Ross had his own plans and would cage the monster. Soon the Hulk's unique genetic structure would serve him and his plans; in fact someone who was a soldier would be allowed the Hulk's powers, and not someone who was a savage brute who went on rampages when the monster got enraged. Such power should not be squandered and Ross knew it. There were far more worthy people for the savage power.

He prepared to turn around and lead the charge straight to Bayville and take out anyone who got in his way, they were an accessory to the Hulk's crimes.

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"When do you think Xavier will get back?"

Banner asked this question to Harry and Harry tried to shake off the illness that he felt to address the mild mannered scientist properly.

"I...don't know, hopefully soon," Harry managed when he heard the whirling of helicopters outside. He took a calming breath to try and get himself back to a standing position before he turned to Banner. "Did you by any chance...oh I don't know, have someone that's tracking you?"

Banner went pale when he spun around to see Harry and he got to his feet.
"Ross, General Thunderbolt Ross, he's...been after my other half for a while," Banner responded and suddenly, through his ill and hazed state, everything clicked together for Harry Potter. He knew now where he had heard of this Bruce Banner before and could have sworn.

Bruce Banner was the Hulk, Harry saw him on the news a few times and Banner was considered armed and dangerous. Granted, many of the news clips that showed the Hulk had the monster yell that he wanted to be left alone which Harry sympathized with. Being hunted down because he had an anger management issue that caused him to turn into a hulking green monster was not necessary the most fair thing in the world.

Harry shook his head and remained calm and still before he got up to his feet.

"Stay here, stay calm, I'll handle Ross and his Party Posse," Harry managed when he placed a hand to his forehead and staggered out the door.

Banner felt the need to bring up a very obvious point to Harry.

"Are you sure you can handle Ross in your state?"

Harry spun around, his eyes bloodshot, his nose congested, his head feeling like it was on fire with the loud thumping sensation going through it, sweat rolling down his palms. He looked like Death warmed over twice and he responded, nearly hacking up his lungs in the process, but he responded never the less.

"I've had...ahh...worse!"

Harry sneezed and caused all the furniture in the sitting area of the Xavier Institute to start tap dancing. He turned around and grumbled when he gimped out of there.

'Magic can do fucking everything except fucking for cure the flu, go fucking figure,' Harry cursed mentally to himself. The F-Word was only appropriate as far as Harry was concerned for certain circumstances like in the bedroom, at rush hour traffic in New York City, and in Algebra class when given a pop quiz, but Harry was using that word more liberally thanks to his illness.

"Yes, how may I help you?" Harry managed when he stood against the door frame and looked at Ross.

"General Ross of the United States Army, we know the Hulk is in there, step aside or you'll be considered an accessory to his crimes," Ross responded in a harsh voice and Harry staggered when he tried to remain on his feet.

He saw the Hulkbuster robots outside of the gates that had been blown down. Xavier really needed to amp up his security or ask him to but Harry had one thought that went through his mind the more he stood.

'This wouldn't be fun even if I was well.'

Harry sneezed once more and suddenly all of the tanks and robots that were on the lawn levitated in mid air and rotated in the air, causing the people inside to scream. Ross jumped up on his feet and shook his head.

"What in the name of Sam Hill is going on?"

That's the question Ross asked but Harry did not answer it right away rather he continued to cough madly and cause the Hulkbuster robots to change different colors.
"Open fire, he's attacking us!" one of the men stated losing his head.

Banner walked outside and stare them down.

"It's me you want!" Banner yelled raising his hands.

"FIRE IN THE HOLE!"

An electrified grenade shot out and caught Banner dropping him to his knees.

Harry heard a loud growl before he collapsed on the ground.

_They really shouldn't have done that_, Harry thought through the throbbing of his temples.

"HULK NOT LIKE POWER!"

_They really shouldn't have done that_, Harry thought at the sounds of metal being smashed hard when the monster rampaged and stormed forward.

The Incredible Hulk was up and the Incredible Hulk was pissed, actually pissed was an understatement of the century, the not so jolly green giant was in a towering fury and he continued to go through his rampage to smash every single thing down.

"Subdue him, get the nets!" Ross yelled at the top of his lungs but the Hulk was getting stronger the madder that he got.

"You shouldn't have tried, now I'm angry, and you won't like me when I'm angry," Hulk growled when he snarled at Ross who backed off. "Puny Banner is taking a nap, now you're going to have to deal with ME!"

Hulk was stuck in the back with a trio of taser guns but the not so jolly green giant felt barely a tickle. Weakly lifting his hand, Harry knocked the attackers away from the Hulk.

"Don't need help," Hulk grunted when he ran through the Hulkbusters like they were nothing, tearing through them.

Harry could see that and really wished he could enjoy this sound thrashing the Hulk was giving this jerks a bit better. It was unfortunate that the urge to hurl his own lungs into a million pieces never left the sorcerer for an instant. Otherwise he would have seen the Hulk swing for the fences and take out one of the larger Hulkbuster robots through the fences.

More people arrived, which was the least of Harry's worries and one of the last people he wanted to see when he was on the ground and ill showed up. Nick Fury dropped down to the ground before he held up a gun and blasted at the Hulkbuster units to get their attention.

"Stand down!" Fury yelled but Hulk growled at him.

Harry pulled himself to his feet, to stand with dignity.

"Fury, I told you, you're jurisdiction has no place here," Ross responded with a gruff tone when he folded his hands but Fury's face contorted into a nasty grin.

"Actually it does, Ross," Fury responded before he slapped a piece of paper into the hands of the general. "SHIELD has been given full authorization to deal with the Hulk and Banner. Read it and weep."
Ross read it and he wept, when Harry pulled himself to his feet and watched him.

"This isn't over Fury," Ross answered when he gave a very nasty glare to the director of SHIELD.

"No, it isn't," Fury agreed when he stared back at Ross before he turned to the Hulk.

"You better watch who you're looking at, unless you want to lose that other eye," Hulk growled when he stared down Fury.

"SHIELD needs your help with an important matter, both yours and Banner's," Fury answered when he stared down the Hulk.

After all of what Harry heard about the Hulk, seeing the green monster mull over the matter in his mind carefully was not one of the things that he expected to see but then again, there it was. Harry's heart beat against his chest when he moved his way back in.

He managed to shake his head.

"If anyone needs me, I'm going to go back on the couch and die," Harry managed when he looked at the SHIELD agents, coughing and hacking the entire way.

They watched Harry leave, not knowing what to say before he disappeared inside.

"Make sure this entire mess is cleared up," Fury barked to the SHIELD members.

"What about Potter?"

"Let him rest," Fury offered when Harry stumbled into the Xavier Institute to drop back down on the couch. He turned to the Hulk. "What about you?"

"I'll get back to you," Hulk growled before he jumped into the air and disappeared.

Unknowing to everyone else, Harry was down on the couch after what occurred, sleeping the effects of his illness off rather peacefully. The incident with the Hulk was not something that anyone would find out, given that the SHIELD agents took care of all of the evidence and repaired the damages of the Mansion in less than an hour. What happened to the Hulk, Harry had no idea and quite frankly he did not really care about, all he cared about was getting some sleep.

He turned over, a peaceful expression on his face, at least more peaceful than he ever thought that he would have. His hands twitched slightly but other than the residual soreness, Harry found himself to be perfectly fine and out of it to be honest. His breathing remained shallow as he went over everything in his mind.

The mystery of how he got so sick would be left for another time, although whatever he had was not some kind of contagious virus. Harry pinned the blame on the chemicals at the Oscorp lab and Osborn was still missing come to think about that, where he was, Harry had no idea whatsoever.

His fingers twitched, the numbness filled them when he turned over and he barely heard the doors open to announce the arrival of everyone else.

"Sleeping like a baby, I told you that he'd be fine."

Rogue was the one who stated these words, not that Harry heard them in his state of mind, no those
were words that Harry barely registered to be honest.

"I know, but you can't blame me for being worried," Kitty answered when she shook her head.

"Yeah, given the amount of trouble that he attracts, but he's here and fine," Scott replied when he turned around so his eyes flashed.

Scott thought about it, the fact was that he would be back on his feet but for today, Scott and Logan took care of the New Mutants training session. There would come a day where he would be leading this entire time after all and he decided now was the best time to forge an alliance.

"Bet you it's not as productive as when Harry leads the classes."

There was also the fact of the matter of Jean and where she was, Scott thought he saw a glimpse of her earlier this week but when he tried to chase Jean down, she was gone. She wanted nothing to do with him.

Scott wondered if this glimpse that Jean allowed to see of him was something that was intentional or something that was accidental. Or maybe if it was Scott simply seeing what he wished to see. That was another matter for another time.

Harry flickered his eyes open a little bit and to be honest, he felt a lot better than he did earlier. It was amazing how a good five or six hours of sleep could heal the body. Then again, Harry putting his body in a state of unconscious allowed his magic to work its magic and bring him back to life. If anything else, Harry thought that his body was stronger than ever before and all it took was a dangerous illness to boost his powers.

Of course, Harry figured that there was a small chance that he exaggerated a little bit but still he wondered if this illness really was a byproduct of a change that his body was going through as his powers evolved to a new level. Exactly what level was, Harry had no idea but he would find out all too soon and he was sure that Strange would be happy to share his theories the next time they had a session together.

Harry rolled over when he sighed long and took a deep breath, he could use a couple more hours of sleep but he would be back and ready to go.

In his mind, there were visions of what he could potentially do with his powers dancing in his head, but that was something that Harry needed to explore at a later time when the post illness soreness left his body. Everyone seemed willing to leave him alone as Harry rested on the couch.

The only reason he was out here because he foolishly tried to get to school in the morning despite the illness that he had but he collapsed. He shook his head, not exactly the smartest move in the world in hindsight, but Potters often were known for being bull headed and stubborn in the face of certain crisis.

Harry heard the voices of others around him as people moved around the Mansion but he decided to play dead for a little longer.

He envisioned something weird when he drifted off to sleep. There was a faint hoarse voice that stated, "Harry, help" but the dark haired wizard chalked it up as something to do with his post-fever delirium.
Bruce Banner now calmed down and found himself on the flying fortress that belonged to SHIELD, the Hellicarrier and walked side by side with Nick Fury. There was a moment in time where both men were silent, Banner and Fury were not exactly buddies to be honest. That was why Banner found himself surprised that Fury pulled him out of the fire when he did.

Of course, if Bruce Banner knew Nick Fury, there was one thing he could count on and take to the bank; if Fury did something for someone, that usually meant that Banner could count on returning the favor down the line. That was one thing that he could believe in. Sure enough, Banner decided to get that matter out of the way before he turned around and stared down Fury.

"So I'm taking it that the rescue was not out of the goodness of your heart?"

"I don't like an injustice being done as much as the next person," Fury answered without missing a beat as he walked down the corridors with Banner. "And it offered me the perfect chance to stick it to Ross."

"Ah, a vendetta between you two," Banner offered and Fury responded with a crisp nod, and the mild mannered scientist knew that this was the best he was going to get out of the SHIELD commander.

"You've been around the block a few times Banner, you know what it's like," Fury answered when he continued to walk down the hallway with Banner. "Ross has his own designs on the Hulk."

"I could have figured that out," Banner responded when he clutched the case he had in his hand and stood for a moment, ready to go.

Fury did not speak much, he was not one for words, unless they were orders that were being barked out to another person, then Fury was going to give him all of the words. Banner wondered what Fury's game was, again he refused to believe that Fury bailed the Hulk out of the fire out of the kindness of his heart.

"Stand back."

Banner stood back at that moment and Fury worked with the lock to allow it to slide open before them. Fury waited for Banner to ask the question.

"We have a problem that I need you to solve and it might give you a solution to your hulking dilemma," Fury remarked to Banner and now the scientist was interested. Fury knew that he had the man's full attention and began to speak to him. "A few weeks ago, I came across the broken pieces of a rare gem that a mutant terrorist known as Magneto was trying to use to amplify the powers of other mutants and control them."

Banner's jaw set and he watched Fury carefully but Fury knew that he had Banner's attention.

"These gems have properties that when utilized right might correct defects but there's one component missing from them that I need to get them working," Fury answered when he turned to Banner. "Tony Stark is working with one of the pieces to try and figure out that component as we speak."

"Stark's hit a dead end, I take it," Banner responded and Fury's eye looked upon Banner's face.

"That's right, and I was hoping that you might be able to figure out what he couldn't."

Banner looked at the gems, the Hulk growled from within him but he took a calming breath and allowed himself to remain stoic. It was hard not to get angry with everything that happened but Banner was angry.
"The gems have the potential to separate the Hulk or to make him stronger, more powerful," Banner summarized, giving the first hypothesis that came to mind.

"Fifty-fifty shot, better odds than we had before," Fury said in a gruff voice when he stood on his heels and rocked forward.

Banner folded his hands and nodded to try and figure out what Fury wanted him to do. He had a feeling that Fury's offer to help him with his Hulking Problem was only one part of a rather big problem. The scientist took a moment to look at Fury before Fury responded with another answer.

"We have a huge problem that has vexed us for a long time," Fury responded when he turned around and pushed several buttons to activate a hologram device.

The image of a stasis tube containing Steve Rogers, better known as Captain America, showed up and Banner leaned forward to see this living legend. Obviously, he knew who this man was; one would have to live underneath a rock not to know who Captain America was.

"That's your big problem?" Banner asked when he looked at Fury who responded with a nod.

"A big problem, given that there are some who want to pull the plug on Captain America, but I don't want to go back on the promise that I made," Fury answered when he clutched his hands together and thought about the promise he made to Steve Rogers and to others. It had been years since he had been put under and Fury did not want to break the promise that he made.

He knew that Captain America would not break his promise that much was for sure. Banner remained standing next to Fury before the member of SHIELD continued to stand steady.

"I'll see what I can do, but we're not exactly looking too promising," Banner answered Fury in an honest and stiff voice when he looked at the gem. Touching it into his hand even for a few seconds made the Hulk inside bubble to the surface, threatening to burst out. Banner shuddered when it was so close to his hand but he managed to turn towards Fury. "If I can do anything to help, I would."

Fury knew that he could count on Banner, providing he kept his other half in check and did not burst out, that was something that Fury feared would happen. The SHIELD director stood and saw the gem glow once again, it was only a small fragment, there had to be more and there had to be another clue within it to find whatever that missing element was.

The problem was that Fury had no idea what that missing element was to stabilize the gems, so far science failed him but there had to be a logical explain. The Director of SHIELD was a man who prided himself on logic and now he had two of the top scientific minds working on it, and he thought also about bringing Reed Richards in.

However, Richards was in deep space with the rest of the Fantastic Four on a mission. It was hard to get a hold of them when they spent so much time about and around in space.

"Do you have any time table about when you want these gems figured out?" Banner asked when he broke Fury's thoughts.

Fury pondered this for a few seconds, mulling it over in his mind before he responded in a short voice.

"As soon as possible Banner, people are breathing down my neck," Fury offered with Banner feeling the pressure on.

Pressure was good for Banner to focus, providing that he didn't Hulk out, that would be a bit of a
The scientist gave another look at the gem, once again, the gem locked onto his inner savage and he could not touch it for more than a few seconds with his bare hand. Gloves were a requirement for something like that, that much Banner knew.

"I'll get to work as soon as possible," Banner chimed in and Fury answered with his most stoic nod.

It was time to figure out how much these gems meant when Fury scoured the world using the full resources of SHIELD for even more.

Wind blew outside late at night when Harry sat outside, feeling much better than he was earlier in that day. In fact, Harry would go as far as saying that it was like he never got sick at all but he had his memories of what happened.

He sat and folded his hands when he hovered in the air with his legs crossed, staring out into the night and wondering if anyone would notice that he disappeared from his bed. Something told Harry that it would be a bit, as they were thrown into the Danger Room tonight for some hard training.

"I was wondering where you disappeared off to."

Harry looked over his shoulder and he saw Rachel standing outside, wearing a tight black top and blue jeans when she made her way outside.

"Much better now, I take it," Rachel offered Harry and Harry dropped down to face her. "Hey, Rachel," Harry responded when he dropped down to the ground to face her. She stood on the ground, her red hair framing her face when she stood to face him. "Yeah, I'm loads better with what happened."

"That's good, I'm glad you're better, I thought something bad happened," Rachel offered when she reached forward and instinctively put her hands on Harry's waist. "I thought that..."

"Yeah, I guess my body healed itself," Harry responded when he peered into her green eyes when the two looked at each other.

They stood outside late at night and the two looked at each other for a long time, smiling at each other.

"And just think I had to go through pain and agony to do it," Harry responded after another moment and Rachel nodded, a smile crossing her face.

Rachel took a moment to consider the young man before her, it was a long couple of months since she got here but she spent some time peering into Harry's mind and his memories. Granted most of what she looked at was the foreign memories that Harry had her look through to make sense of them. They cobbled more together over the past number of weeks than Rachel thought about.

Yet there were other memories Rachel saw in his mind, only a few fragments here and there but when a person got that deep and that intimate into a person's psyche, there had to be a certain level of trust established between the two parties. She stood out with Harry and they connected on one of the most intimate levels that two people could go. The red head didn't trust too well because of what happened.

Her life was surrounded by tragedy and heartbreak, she didn't let it bother her too much, maybe a
little bit but it was one of those things she had to deal with and that she had to acknowledge.

"Something on your mind, Rachel?" Harry asked when he looked back at the pretty redhead.

"Just thinking about what happened...before I got here," Rachel answered when she stepped forward and face Harry. "You have a good idea, don't you?"

"I have a few ideas, but I won't tell anyone if you won't want me to," Harry responded when he looked back at Rachel and she felt grateful.

"Thanks," Rachel responded when she threw her arms around Harry in a hug, feeling at ease with him keeping her secrets, even from Kitty and Rogue. Rachel could tell that Rogue seemed a bit suspicious of her, even though Kitty seemed rather friendly.

Rachel and Harry locked eyes and there was no point in delaying any longer. The other night it was interrupted but this time, they would not be denied what was true in their hearts.

The two met in a passionate kiss, their lips melting together with the pleasure, and Rachel felt the pleasure go through her body, feeling a heat that had nothing to do with her powers course around her.

She wrapped her arms around Harry's neck to deepen the kiss and her legs around his waist, she knew what she wanted and Harry's body and Harry placed a hand underneath her pert breast. She sighed in his mouth when Harry squeezed.

'Harry, take me to your room,' Rachel thought to him through wanton need, desires that she never had a chance to fulfill and she trusted no one else to fulfill them.

'Are you sure?" Harry asked her mentally.

'I need you badly, you should see how bad I need you between my thighs,' Rachel breathed in Harry's ear. 'Yes, I'm sure.'

Harry scooped up the newest member of his group in his arms, he figured that this would happen.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Harry was back in the bedroom with Rachel and he set her down on the bed. He reached down and removed Rachel's shirt to reveal her firm stomach and her pert breasts encased in an orange bra. Her pale skin had a few scars on it but they did not detract from her beauty.

Rachel removed Harry's shirt and saw his sexy muscular chest and abs, rubbing her hands around it.

"You're as good as I imagined," Rachel remarked when she rubbed her fingers over Harry's chest and abs, before she snaked her hand in his pants. "Oh yes, you're feeling much better."

Rachel's hand squeezed Harry's bulge, the nineteen year old Omega Level Mutant was sick and tired of second guessing everything in her life, she wanted some pleasure now and Harry was going to give it to her. Her strong hand pumped Harry's cock, squeezing his throbbing manhood hard in her hand.

"Shit Rachel, that feels good," Harry answered when Rachel squeezed him before she used her telekinetic powers to pull Harry's belt off and also his pants.

Harry's tent was sent to her and Rachel pulled his boxers down, allowing his cock to spring out to
face her. She caught the piece of meat in her hand and gave in a slight lick.

"It's okay Rachel, really use your tongue," Harry said when Rachel continued to lick his member, licking it and feeling it within her mouth before she popped Harry's tool into her mouth, feeling him in her mouth. "That's it, suck me, baby."

Rachel lowered her mouth down Harry's cock and pushed back up to spear it down her throat, feeling it hit the back of her throat. She managed to push it harder down her throat, she gave Harry some deep-throat action and he felt the joy of his cock going down her throat cavity.

"You have a good mouth," Harry groaned when Rachel went down on him with her tight mouth.

'Let's see how good yours is,' Rachel projected to him mentally and her pants slid off around her ankles before she pulled her panties down to reveal her sex.

"Yeah, sit on my face, and I'll eat you out," Harry grunted when Rachel shifted her positioning and Harry dove into her pussy folds, tonguing it and tasting the lovely juices that dribbled down from her.

Rachel gave pleasurable vibrations as she picked subtle cues of what Harry wanted out of his mind to really give him the cock sucking that he deserved. She could tell that Harry did the same thing to her when he dove into her pussy. Harry had some latent telepathy abilities that were natural and Rachel thought that this would be good practice and a fun way to practice.

'Oh Harry, you have a divine tongue,' Rachel thought when she panted when Harry's tongue at her out.

'You haven't felt anything yet,' Harry thought back to her and Harry drilled his tongue into her, hissing into her cunt.

'Shit, that's so good,' Rachel managed when she went down on Harry's cock, determined to have his cum down her throat.

She blew him with all of the skill she could muster and also took her hands to play with his balls, to coax his cum out of him.

All the while where Harry speared his tongue down her tight quim, taking a moment to rub her clit before he returned back to her pussy. He hit all of Rachel's sensitive spots to give her the most pleasure and her eyes flickered shut when she breathed heavily when she came on his face.

The scent of her tasty juices caused Harry to lose his load down her throat. Rachel moaned heartily when Harry drained the contents of his nuts down her throat, splattering his juices straight down her throat.

"Wow," Rachel breathed when Harry pushed her back on the bed and gripped her around the shoulders.

"You haven't seen wow, yet," Harry responded when he teased Rachel's slit with his fingers and she gave a whimper.

Her bra was the only article of clothing she wore and not for long when Harry pulled it from her, to allow her breasts to bounce out. He placed hands on both of her breasts and gave them a tight squeeze around them causing her to moan with pleasure.

"Harry, I need you in me," Rachel begged him, feeling the heat between her legs and the itch that
Harry straddled her and rubbed the head of his cock against the underside of her stomach with Rachel looking up at him with imploring eyes. He aimed his cock and stuffed it inside her, feeling her pussy wrap against him tightly.

Rachel whined when the first real cock entered her, her hymen already having been broken when she was subjected to scientific experiments. Harry lifted up and pushed down into Rachel's cunt, causing pleasure to course out her body and her to pant with a series of "oohs and aahs."

"You're tight," Harry grunted when Rachel lifted her hips up to meet Harry's incoming thrusts, their bodies getting sweaty when they began their dance. Harry pressed his mouth down on Rachel's nipple before he sucked on her nipples and gave her the pleasure she sought.

"Yes, more, fuck me," Rachel groaned when Harry plunged his thick tool into her love box, stuffed in her tightly and the red head grabbed her hands around him.

The two of them continued their dance, with Rachel using her pussy muscles to contort and squeeze Harry's cock, summoning the full power that she had.

It was the erotic dance both of them shared, giving it to each other like two powerful figures would. They exchanged strokes and ran their hands over each other's hot bodies. Harry pumped his cock deep into Rachel's cunt, with her squeezing him the further and deeper he went.

Rachel panted when Harry drove her to earth shattering orgasm after earth shattering orgasm, each time she was driven higher and higher, and knew that she should have done this a little bit sooner. However, she couldn't worry about what happened before rather she should worry about what happened now.

Harry pushed his cock into her and looked in her eyes.

"Cumming now," Harry grunted after much time passed when Harry planted his pole into her sex with each passing motion.

"In me, need it, oh, ah, yes," Rachel moaned at the top of her lungs and Harry's balls tightened before the current of cum blasted into her.

Harry pulled out of Rachel who laid on the bed, her legs spread and she scooped Harry's dribbling cum off of her thumbs before she popped her fingers into her mouth and laid back, her short hair sexily framing her face when she did so. She sighed when she sucked the tasty delights from her feelings. She wondered if there was some quality about Harry's cum that made it taste like the best thing to each individual girl that sampled it.

"I want more Harry, I can't have enough," Rachel purred before she flipped herself over on the bed and presented her backside towards Harry.

Harry thought that her super powered abilities were coupled with a super powered sex drive, not that it was a bad thing. He grabbed Rachel's hips in his hands and once again aimed towards her dripping slit, before he thrust into her.

"YES!" Rachel screamed when she felt Harry's cock fill her up and it pump into her between her legs. His hands found their way to her breasts, Harry squeezed and fondled them, twisting her nipples slightly. That added to the erotic pleasure between the two of them.

"Better the second time," Harry grunted when he pushed his cock deep into her from behind, his
balls slapped against her thighs hard when he did so.

The strokes inside Rachel made her body feel like it was on fire but in the good way, her toes curled and her pussy moistened. She knew that if many other girls got the idea that Harry was getting this talented, that they would be lining around the block and begging Harry for a chance to sample his mighty tool in their toolbox.

Rachel mentally slapped herself for the cheesiness of the analogy but her point still stood. Harry's cock was strong and past, ripping into Rachel at an intense speed, pushing her to the boundaries and ripping into her.

Harry felt her intense tightness; he could feel something powerful manipulate his penis as Rachel summoned all of her power and strength into her pussy. There was something about her that drove her wild, her sex organ squeezed his in the most pleasurable way.

He kept the pace, plunging into her, feeling her tight walls rub and hug him, her cunt juices lubricating him to make his passage nice and easy. Harry thrust into her orifice to skillfully stretch her out, taking each and every individual plunge into her.

"Oh, baby, you fill me up so good," Rachel moaned when Harry played with her breasts and slapped her ass. Rachel wondered what it would be like for Harry to stick his cock in there. "Harry...could you please finish up in my ass?"

Harry decided to oblige the lady, pulling his rod out of her pussy and plunging it into a different, even tighter, hole and continued his efforts in fucking. Rachel's tight asshole squeezed around his thick tool when he plunged into her hard, pushing her asshole apart to feel the warm desire clench around him.

"Yeah, good as I thought," Rachel managed when the redhead bit her lip to stifle the screams a little bit.

"Such a nice tight ass," Harry grunted when he pushed his cock deep into her ass, plunging it into her anal cavity whilst Rachel fingered herself heatedly.

She whimpered when she rode her own finger, Harry knew his way around and ass and a cunt, that much was for sure and he also fondled her breasts, his touches driving her to the brink of insanity. Her eyes flickered when her cum dribbled out on the bed.

Harry scooped up the cum on his fingers and lifted his hand up to place them into Rachel's mouth, allowing her to feast upon her own cum.

"You're a dirty girl, eating your own cum," Harry grunted when he slammed his fleshy hard pole into her sphincter and stretched her out.

"Am I dirty?" Rachel cooed, heatedly when she licked her own cum from Harry's fingers and sucked out them. "Cum in my ass my lover, blow your seed deep into my bowels."

Harry found himself obliged to do so with his balls tightening and they clenched, before they shot a hot load into Rachel's anus, causing her to collapse on the bed. His cock pumped into her a few more times.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Harry saw Rachel lie there, taking a deep breath when she felt the pleasure of Harry screwing both of her holes.
"Well, Harry's feeling better, but the question is he up for a little more celebration?"

Kitty and Rogue stood at the door, dressed in bathrobes, Kitty wore a white one and Rogue wore a black one.

"We should have figured that she was going to join," Rogue answered, she didn't feel that much at ease with Rachel but she figured that she should trust Harry's judgment.

"Well she still has to pass the initiation," Kitty commented with an amused glint in her eyes.

Rachel seemed surprised and wondered what that consisted of.

"It's no big deal really," Kitty added when she looked at the redhead girl. "It involves handcuffs, fuzzy dice, and a rubber duck."

Kitty could barely keep a straight face during this whole thing.

**To Be Continued in "Sins of the Father."**
Chapter Thirty One: Sins of the Father

"Do not despair if you do not get a clear picture of how powerful you are. People have been trying to read powers with clarity since the dawn of time. Very few have had any kind of success."

Those were the words of Doctor Strange during Harry's latest training session. Harry had a few words to state.

"Ever since my illness, I've been a lot more focused, everything's been processing in my mind faster," Harry remarked when he looked to the Sorcerer Supreme. "How could this be?"

"I have noticed this change, do not think I have not," Strange answered when he looked at Harry, sure enough it was remarkable that he was able to process information three times as fast since his sudden bout of illness. His mind was like a computer, studying the scenarios around him, and processing, before he mimicked everything Strange taught him with one hundred percent clarity. "We will try a different tact."

A blindfold appeared around Harry's eyes.

"There will be some instances as I have found out where you can't rely on sight alone to do a battle, for magic is illusion," Strange stated and Harry nodded before the Sorcerer Supreme pressed on. "Therefore you must rely on your instincts and not what you see with your eyes. Or even what you are unable to see."

To his credit, despite his eyes being covered, Harry processed what was going on around him. Despite his eyes being covered, he fine-tuned his hearing and his other senses and sensed the body language of Strange through that. He processed it, he did not need to have his eyes uncovered to see.

Strange was pleased with the progress his pupil made.

"Magic is all about intent, focus, and numbers," Strange answered Harry, before he crossed. "There is a certain mathematics to magic, where the numbers three and seven lead to something strongly powerful."

Harry knew this, well Tom knew this technically, from Artimancy and this was true throughout the multiverse.

Training was something that was part of the lives of the X-Men and something that they did multiple times a week. In fact, they were in the midst of a pretty intense and important training session as of this very moment. While a valuable member of their team still elected to not return, they tried to press on without her, even though they knew that she left a spot in the team that was hard to fill at any rate.

Harry stood out to think about where Jean gone, there had been a few sightings of her over the past few weeks, despite being gone it was almost like she wanted the X-Men to see her to let them know that she was alright. Without them really seeing her if that made any sense whatsoever. Jean would come back but Harry did wish to speak with her. Maybe if she did not return in another month, Harry would seek her out.

As of now, Harry could not worry about where Jean was, rather he needed to focus on the task at hand before him, the training of the new recruits. They had come a long way since they arrived at the
Institute a couple of months back but at the same time, they still had a very long way to go. Harry understood this better than anyone that there were times where it would take a while to get the hang of things regarding training.

"Okay, this exercise might seem run of the mill but it's essential," Harry answered when he turned to the new recruits and also some of the old hands like Kurt and Rogue who agreed to be a part of this mission. "Knowing where your team is at all times is essential, as your teammates are part of the tool set you need to use in a dangerous situation."

Harry paused when he stared at them before he offered them more cryptic words before he conjured a fog to make things more interesting and challenging for the recruits.

"You will need to focus on your surroundings and use your instincts, even when your eyesight is compromised, you have four other senses, use them," Harry answered when he looked around at the new recruits and a few of the team members who elected to be in this exercise.

There was an instant where Harry paused before he continued to speak.

"At the same time, your team members will not always be already for you to rely on them. Whether it be by their nature or because they are caught up in a problem of their own, that is an eventual thing that you may have to deal with. Therefore, adaptability is important, sometimes you got to stand on your own two feet if you want to win the day and seize the moment."

There were nods from the new recruits and Harry understood that there were times where he played off of his team rather well, often times to great success. But there were other times where he had to stand alone in the field of battle but Harry was used to standing alone. He did not fear having to go up against immense odds by himself should the situation dictate it but he avoided it when he could.

"Everyone get in your positions!" Harry yelled at the top of his lungs when the team scrambled, struggling a bit through the fog he conjured. "And remember the drill and assume that this one will be for real. This may be an important exercise to determine if you should graduate to the main X-Men roster or if you will remain in the remedial class."

Scott watched Harry from a distance with his arms folded and allowed everything to sink in. He watched Rachel say something to Harry and it was painfully obvious that Harry managed a third girl. Again, Scott wondered about how he did it and if the staff at the school were uneasy, they sure weren't saying anything, at least for now. The other girls at the public school meanwhile were scheming for a spot on Harry's dance card, some of them trouble.

He thought that Harry was naturally in his element as well, giving instruction and that fact rubbed him the wrong way a little bit. He watched, thinking that there would come a time where Harry would slip up and sure there had been some near misses but Harry was adaptable. Failure did not seem to be in his vocabulary and he was getting better, that was the scary part.

"Okay, let's do this," Bobby remarked from afar when he rubbed his heads together.

"We're going to blow this one out of the park," Jubilee answered when she turned around and faced the rest of her team who nodded.

"Are you sure this is going to work?" Jamie asked and Bobby clapped him on the shoulder which caused some of his dupes to form, although not as many as before and he was quicker to reign them in thanks to Harry's advice.

"Piece of cake," Bobby stated, when Kurt lead one squad of Iceman, Jubilee, Multiple, and Boom
Boom while Rogue lead another squad of Bezerker, Sunspot, Magma, Cannonball, and Wolfsbane. The attacking team was lopsided to simulate the fact that many times when an enemy attacked, they would have a superior numbers advantage and a defending squad would need to compensate for that.

The fog added an unpredictable factor to both sides.

Kurt's squad was going to see how well they adapted from an attack from Rogue's squad.

Kitty and Rachel stood by Harry, with Rachel getting the nod to join the main roster after a short time. There were whispers that she would be a good fit to take Jean's place which was not her intention at all. She had no intention of replacing Jean Grey as a member of the X-Men and hoped that she would return, although when that would happen, she did not really know.

"The team looks ready, let's hope they stick to the plan," Harry remarked when he watched them all.

Scott stood a ways back from them and observed in his own right, but there was no one else out here for this outside exercise for the team.

Kurt was lowered down in a basket by Multiple and Iceman as he closed his eyes. He braced himself from what was to come, when suddenly, he saw Magma on the ground beneath him and she launched a fireball from her hands, striking the side of the basket.

"The enemy is attacking!" Iceman yelled at the top of his lungs.

"The first one was a warning shot, the second one will take you down!" Rogue yelled from below. "I'm not joking, surrender peacefully and you won't get hurt!"

"Never!" Jubilee yelled when she shot fireworks down at the attacking squad, causing them to scatter.

Kurt rocked back and forth in the basket, when he saw Wolfsbane and Bezerker make their way up the rocks to engage him in battle. He waited when Iceman and Multiple felt the basket slip from their hands as Jubilee engaged Magma in battle on the other side.

"Take that, take that, and some of that!" Jubilee yelled but the rocks shifted from underneath her feet and a spurt of lava splattered out from behind her. It did not strike her but it merely started her and rocked her a little bit.

"Stand back, Boom Boom coming through!"

"Oh no," Kurt groaned when Boom Boom, a little late to the party, dove down before she sent a barrage of her cherry bombs down.

On the bright side, it sent the retreating team packing, so that much was a win, Harry noted on his sheet.

On the negative side, it let the enemies know that she was here and what she was capable of, even if it was an effective assault. That one might not work as well outside of a battle scenario and also the basket began to snap down, causing Kurt to scream.

Thankfully, being an experienced team member and able to adapt to the situation, Kurt teleported out of the basket, before it smashed to the ground into pieces. Harry held his hand up in the air and he made a banging noise with his hand, which signaled that the exercise was over.

The team members turned around to face Harry after what happened.
"Well, I can't say both sides were perfect, but both sides have improved from the dry run," Harry responded when he looked at both of the team members. "Tabby, aim still needs a little work and while your attack was effective, you kind of announce yourself to the enemies."

Scott could not resist offering his two cents to the matter. "That was reckless and you could have gotten the team members killed!"

Harry's eyes fixed on Scott's in a very prominent, "please let me do my job and kindly be quiet" look and Scott folded his arms with a scowl pressed upon his face.

"First of all, this being a simulation, I made sure that there were fail safes that no real harm would come to the team mates," Harry added when he looked at them all. "A bit of physical injury to remind you what is on the line sure, some emotional trauma when someone spooks another teammate with a burst of lava behind them."

It was at that point where Magma looked at Jubilee with a bit of a smirk on her face and she offered a pouty expression to the mutant which caused her fellow teammates to laugh.

"I'll have notes back to you guys by the end of today as always and if you have any questions, you know where my office is," Harry responded when they laughed at this little joke.

Technically Harry didn't have an office, rather he had a bedroom but they were invited to ask him questions, except after eight PM at night because that was Harry's time. None of them asked questions about what that meant but they all had a good idea.

Logan exited the Institute and popped up to stand beside Harry, a bit of a grimace curling around his face.

"We've got a bit of a problem, Time Bomb's father here arrived to see her," Logan said to Harry in an undertone.

"I was under the assumption that Mr. Smith was banned by Tabby's mother and wasn't he in jail?" Harry asked to Logan.

"Guess they felt sorry for the schmuck, but I don't normally ask people to do this, but if you see him, can you use your hocus pocus to make him disappear?" Logan asked but Harry smiled a smile. "I'll go and tell her that her father's been snooping around, kid won't take it that well, given the strained relationship that they have."

Things improved with the Brotherhood over the past few weeks, well most of the improvement had to do with their living conditions more than anything else. The boarding house that looked like it was always up for demolishing had been outfitted to a world class training facility.

All of them learned not to ask any questions even if they had many of them on their mind. They were kept out of the eyesight of the X-Men, hoping that they could prepare for them. That was the orders of their new leader, said new leader was knocking them around.

"Again, pathetic!" Sin yelled when she waved for them to get them up to her feet.

"I'll show her pathetic," Lance said through gritted teeth when he placed his feet on the ground and began to rock it underneath his feet. "I'll show her."

Sin jumped into the air, before she threw a series of metallic balls at Lance, causing them to break open on the ground and cause his equilibrium to be staggered and stunned before he blinked a little
bit. Lance grabbed the side of his head, clutching his ear, before Sin took him out.

"You sure showed her," Todd remarked in a sour voice when he watched Sin rushing him but he jumped out of the way.

She pulled out a chain and shot it towards Toad, wrapping it around his ankles, before she threw him down to the ground. Toad screamed before he was knocked to the ground.

"So, are you doing anything on Saturday night?" Pietro asked when he moved forward to engage Sin in battle, but she ignored his advances before she swept the leg out from underneath him, and she landed on her feet, saying something underneath her breath in German. "I don't know what she said, but it seems like it was hot."

"Actually she called you a dickhead," Toad responded when he rubbed the side of his head.

"And enough!" Sin yelled when they stood on their feet or tried to but they collapsed down. All four members of the Brotherhood panted, out of breath.

There was a slow clapping when the Taskmasker showed up. The clapping was loud and sarcastic when he made his way into the room, he watched over the entire battle. The Taskmaster turned on his feet to watch the Brotherhood before he stood on his feet and stared them down.

The Brotherhood fell into line, all standing up straight, they all knew to show the proper respect when the Taskmaster showed up. Their palms were sweaty when they stared back up at the Taskmaster, all of them blinking and wondering what he was going to say. The entire group was put through the ringer but despite that fact, they stood up straight.

"Congratulations, you've managed to stay on your feet for the entire duration of the battle, for the most part," The Taskmaster answered when he looked back at the assembled Brotherhood members before he rubbed his hands together. "Over the past couple of months, you've shown marked improvement and with the school year wrapping up, you've been given a chance to redeem yourselves from your sloppy attempt against the X-Men last time."

"Just say the word, and I'll lead the Brotherhood," Lance answered when he placed his hands on his hips but Sin cast a nasty glare at him.

"No, you've proven yourself to be an inadequate leader, little man," Sin responded when she towered over Lance and the other members of the Brotherhood. "I'm not going to let this team fail after all of the hard work I've put into it. None of you have any input in this plan, we're going to deal a crushing blow to the X-Men. And some of them this time might not return from this battle."

"You mean kill them?" Toad asked when he looked at Sin.

"No give them flowers and candy and little fuzzy teddy bears," Sin responded in a dead pan when she looked back at her teammates. "Yes, you've goofed around too much and to see that these X-Men live is an insult to me and an insult to my father."

"Wait, wait, father?" Pietro asked when his eyes spun towards Sin. "Who is that?"

"It's none of your concern!" Sin snapped when she clutched her hands, as if she envisioned wrapping them around the speedy mutant's throat and squeezing the life out of him. Alas, he must be kept alive for now. "Stick with the plan."

"Yes, the X-Men, will be the ex men," the Taskmaster stated in a sadistic voice, with the Brotherhood not daring to comment on the cheesiness of that line for fear that the Taskmaster would
use them as target practice and if the Brotherhood failed, well he would jump in and take care of business. He looked forward to matching his skills with the one known as Arcane one on one, he felt the need to succeed.

The Brotherhood all exchanged tense looks, the original four members took a moment to wonder if this was a good idea, given that the X-Men beat them like drums every single time they fought.

Sin thought about everything that happened, she was sent here and had something to prove to a very important person in her life. She wanted to prove that she was the strongest out there and given the shoes that she had to fill, that was something that she concerned herself with. Her mind flashed back to certain moments in time, moments that she wanted to keep buried in her deepest, darkest, subconscious.

There was a moment where a young redhead girl cowered in a corner when an imposing man yelled at a woman.

"You are pathetic, you dare give me this useless thing for my heir. You couldn't give me a son, so now I have no use for you."

The woman dropped to the ground to know no more, as the imposing man before the girl turned to her, and prepared to do her in but another figure grabbed him around the wrist.

"What is the meaning of this, I have no use for her as my successor."

"Yes, great leader but she still could have potential for she has your superior DNA flowing through your blood stream."

The man considered this point when he looked at the young child, to be honest from his point of view, it looked pathetic, weak, and not able to do anything that a man could do. It was the type of child that would get drowned due to its existence but yet, the man thought that there was possible potential.

"You will live today child but on every other day, you will only live if you grow strong," he stated to the girl who nodded fearfully. He turned to his men. "Take her away and make sure she is subjected to the tests. If she dies, she dies."

The girl was taken off by two men who were tall and imposing, wondering what was going to happen to her today. Her young mind did not comprehend what happened and the coldness of the man that she supposed was her father flickered in his voice. It was not until some time later where she experienced her purpose.

"Sin," Taskmaster stated and the young woman pulled out of her thoughts about the weakling she used to be. Sin's full attention was on the Taskmaster, she was always drawn to powerful men in one way or another, blame it on her father's influence. "I have the perfect venue for the final battle between the X-Men and the Brotherhood."

"The perfect venue, it will be done," Sin answered when she spun around before the Taskmaster described his plans in great detail to her.

Sin thought about it, it was simple, which meant that the Brotherhood would not screw it up that easily, so the potential was in fact there. The Brotherhood stood off to the side, they would have to have a simple plan because that team was able to screw up anything given their abilities, at least that was her opinion.

"It has potential," Sin offered when she prepared for what they were going to do tonight.
Harry stood outside before school the next day when he heard the footsteps walking up towards him. He did not even bother to look over his shoulder, he could sense who it was by the frustrated and uncertain thoughts that bubbled through the back of his mind.

"Hello Scott."

"Harry," Scott replied in a stiff voice when he turned to him. "So yesterday's training..."

"They need improvements but I think that they are going along better than can be expected," Harry answered when he turned to Scott, the two of them staring at each other coolly.

"Yes, but I'm not sure if it's such a good idea for you to continue to take such a close interest to the training of the new recruits," Scott answered when he looked back at Harry.

Harry figured that this one was coming, he did not know when. Scott was not being overtly hostile but the fact of the matter was that the magical mutant still detected an undercurrent of hostility in the other young man all things considered. There was a tension where Scott seemed to think that since he was the first, he should default the leader status and that was a huge problem, given that he felt that he should be named the leader.

There was a key difference between being named a leader and actually being one and as of right now, that was something that Scott had not figured out.

"Scott, there will come a time where you need to step up or get stepped on," Harry warned him when he looked at Scott with a serious expression in his green eyes.

"How can I step up when you keep undermining me as a leader?" Scott asked Harry, the glare beneath his glasses a bit intense.

"Yeah, undermining, look Scott, you're a halfway decent guy, but the fact is, you're the only one who undermines yourself," Harry said when he looked back at Scott with the two staring down each other. "Take a bit of advice from me and actually man up and understand that you have limitations and figure out a way to overcome them instead of being crushed by them."

Scott and Harry stared at each other but the door opened to reveal the new recruits walking out. They acted like that they were not in a heated discussion, it wasn't nearly violent enough to say it was an argument, a moment ago. They waved them off, with Amara in particular smiling with Harry.

"I want to work on you with that thing I was having trouble with this weekend, if that's okay," Amara responded to Harry and Harry smiled to her.

"Of course, my schedule's always open," Harry answered when Kitty, Rogue, Kurt, and Rachel followed the new recruits outside the door.

Rachel, being a telepath, sensed some hostility in the air and it was obvious why, Harry seemed to challenge Scott's role as the designated leader of this team. That was the best thing for him as far as the redhead was concerned, perhaps it would allow him to gain some perspective and assume that people would not follow his orders. Then perhaps he would not turn into that thing that he was twenty years from now that made Rachel barely stomach being in the same room as him.

"Do you even know when Jean is coming back?" Scott asked Harry, picking up that topic once again.

Harry's eyes fixed onto Scott's face, he was going down a dangerous road bringing up Jean and
Harry got a sense that Scott thought this was somehow his fault.

"No, I didn't ask her," Harry answered when he looked back at Scott.

"You mean you saw her," Scott said in a confrontational manner when he looked at Harry.

Harry stared back down at him, icy fury bubbling in his eyes and Scott wondered if he took things a step too far with this implied accusation. He could tell Harry had a sense when he was being accused of things, even though he did not explicitly say so. The two stared each other down for a couple of moments.

"I caught a glimpse of her, so did Storm, Wolverine, and Xavier, so feel free take it up with them," Harry responded when he looked at Scott with a challenging expression in his eye.

"Yeah, Jean will come back, but if you're acting like a jerk, I'm not sure how you expect anyone to follow anything that you're saying," Kitty fired back when she stared at Scott.

Scott's mouth opened and snapped shut when Rogue, Kitty, and Rachel looked at him with challenging looks and even Kurt offered him a questioning expression.

"Jean will be back when Jean is ready to come back, trust me, she's perfectly fine," Harry answered and Rachel nodded in response when her gaze practically burned a hole through Scott's head.

Again Scott had no idea what Rachel's problem was there and in fact, he had no idea where she came from, Xavier seemed to be unable to read her mind even. So they figured out she was some high level telepath who had a lot of experience with blocking mental intrusion. Scott wondered if Rachel was a similar situation to Harry, where she popped out of nowhere, perhaps from the same place where Harry came from.

That was another matter for another time where tensions reigned high and Harry turned around, knowing that Scott blamed him for Jean running off but Jean needed this time to sort out everything in her head. The Phoenix had been a revelation and Harry knew that anyone, even a fully mature and rational adult, would need a lot of time to sort out everything in their mind regarding everything.

Rachel seethed, it was times like this where she wondered how her parents got together, and wondered at times if she had been the reason. It would stand to logical reason, but without the dates of the marriage and her birth, she would not be able to do the math. She walked side by side with Harry; she was glad that Scott seemed unnerved by the fact that Harry was with three girls.

His head would really explode if one of them was his daughter from the future. Still this was the best thing for Scott all things considered. This was done for his own good and he needed to learn that simply because he was given the leadership role by Xavier did not entitle him to throwing his weight around.

One of the most prominent events of the Bayville High School year was the annual school carnival/fund raiser that was on every single year.

"And I hope that this year's carnival we put the fun back into fund raiser."

There was a polite applause that Principal Kelly received but it was mostly because people felt sorry for him because of this proclamation that he said. It was a pun granted but it was not a good pun. Kelly walked around, the school was in heavy need of money and the teachers threatened to strike next year if their needs were not taken care of, so it would not be good for them to be without money.
"It looks like a blast, doesn't it Harry?" Kitty asked when she walked by her boyfriend.

Harry to be honest never went to a carnival, although he saw all he needed for clowns with the Dursleys and Aunt Marge could with a little modification pass as the bearded lady. Although Harry reminded himself that would be more of a circus than a carnival but still it was a chance to take a cheap shot at the Dursleys, so Harry was not about to pass that one up ever.

He waited for the entire group to make their way over, he saw the new recruits having a good time, although Harry made sure they did not get too out of line. Sugar and mutant powers tended to be a deadly mix and one that Harry wanted to avoid.

"Trouble at ten o'clock," Rachel remarked to Harry out of the side of her mouth as she saw Tabby and her father.

"I could have sworn that Logan told him to buzz off," Rogue said when she clutched her fist at the very thought and watched it.

"I'll take care of this," Harry answered when he walked forward.

"I'll help," Rachel answered when she followed Harry behind him.

Kitty and Rogue stood a few inches behind them, to reign them in case things got a bit ugly and knowing there luck, it likely would have gotten very ugly.

Tabby gritted her teeth when she stared down her father. Mr. Smith seemed to give the air of someone who wanted to change his ways but Tabby did not buy that false proclamation at all. "Just...use your powers one more time to give me something, so I can get back on my feet."

"It's always one more time for you, isn't it?" Tabby asked when she turned to him.

"Tabby, it's okay, we'll take care of this," Harry answered and Tabby opened her mouth to protest but Harry's eyes snapped towards her, giving her a chance to leave.

"Can't a man spend a little quality time with his daughter?" Mr. Smith asked when he looked at the group and he clutched his fists. He looked rather scummy to be honest, not that Harry judged people.

Rachel was the one to fire back when she stared down this man, for lack of a better term. "Not when that quality time consists of grand larceny."

Mr. Smith prepared to argue this point but Harry raised his hand to shut him down quickly as possible, shaking his head.

"I know what you think you're going to do, and it won't work," Harry answered when he turned to this man. "If you think you're going to expose the X-Men...you've got another thing coming. Sure you can scream to the heavens but no one will hear you."

'You will get yourself busted for a crime and arrested,' Rachel planted in his mind as an afterthought.

Mr. Smith turned around and walked away, with Tabby waiting for them, her arms folded.

Before she could say anything, the ground beneath them began to rumble. Harry and Rachel both floated several inches off of the ground to see what was happening and Harry in particular offered a rather pained grimace when he looked out into the distance.

'If it isn't one thing, it's another,' Harry thought when he saw the Brotherhood show up, and they
were not in their normal attire Harry noted, they looked, well professional for lack of a better term.

Scott saw this as a perfect opportunity to step in and he turned to the X-Men.

"We're going to have to take..."

Quicksilver ran in at super speed to take Scott's legs out from underneath him before Toad jumped into the air and grabbed Scott's glasses on his slimy tongue, before ripping them off of his face. His eyes opened and everyone screamed when Scott's optic blasts shot out into the crowd of the carnival causing them to run and flee with terror.

"DUCK!" Harry yelled and everyone did, before Scott managed to shield his eyes, fighting blind and that was what Blob noticed.

"Like shooting fish in a barrel," Blob answered but Rogue flipped the switch on her wristband before she removed her glove.

"Normally I don't touch garbage like you," Rogue responded but suddenly a field appeared around the Blob, blocking her absorption powers.

"Ha, not so tough now, are you," Blob stated when she knocked Rogue down with a shot and sent her flying to the ground.

"Not so fast, my friend!" Kurt yelled when he appeared in a cloud of smoke on the Blob's head and the Blob swung but Kurt disappeared and Blob smacked himself in the back of his head.

Sin appeared, before she held up two super charged knives and tried to stab Kurt with them in the face. Harry was too busy trying to stop the Avalanche that Avalanche started, he seemed to have better control which meant Harry had to dig deeper into his magical powers.

"I'm so sick and tired of you!" Avalanche yelled when Harry caught several dozen pieces of debris while Multiple used his dupes to help the bystanders get to safety.

"Feeling's mutual," Harry grunted when he popped back, creating a befuddlement fog around them, so that that the civilians who were there would pass out when they got home and think today's events were the product of some really bad cotton candy.

Kitty moved over and engaged Sin in battle, diving at her with the young woman swinging her knives wildly at the young brunette mutant.

"Ah, too slow," Kitty managed before she went intangible.

The unexpected happened next, the knives stabbed through her intangible form but they turned intangible with her. That was a situation that caused Kitty great pause and she yelled out in agony when she realized that she could not pull them out of her intangible form herself, without becoming tangible herself.

"My father taught me how to deal with little girls like you," Sin answered when she stared down at Kitty who remained intangible, slowly sinking through the ground despite her best attempts to avoid it, knowing the knives would stay with her. "You can't stay like this forever."

She run up and kicked Cyclops in the head, before she forced his hands off of his eyes and used his powers as a targeting cannon, putting her thumbs inside his eyes to keep them wide open. She did not feel the pain of his optic blasts burning through her hands.
"NO!"

Harry yelled this when he saw Kitty on the ground but it was Quicksilver who moved in front of him.

"Out of my way!" Harry yelled and suddenly Quicksilver was blasted by a charm that caused him to fly backwards at super speed and crash into a tent.

Toad, boldly, tried to jump in but Rachel caught him in place and made him jump into the dunk tank with a mental suggestion she planted in his mind.

"Hold on, Kitty," Harry managed when he grabbed the intangible hands of the knives, closing his eyes when he caused the density of his hands to shift before he slowly but surely and safely pulled them from Kitty's chest.

The knives still felt hot to the touch but they allowed Kitty to go tangible again.

Sin, meanwhile, knew that the odds turned against the Brotherhood but she proved her point.

"We're not going to let them get away!" Bobby yelled when he used his powers to focus a wall of ice in front of them.

Harry summoned Scott's glasses, using the scouring charm to remove Toad's slime from them, before he threw them back to Scott. Scott took them and put them back on, looking at Harry with a sheepish expression on his face.

"Um, thanks," Scott responded but Harry gave a shrug, he was more concerned about Kitty's well-being than Scott's.

Before the X-Men could engage the Brotherhood in battle, a white robed man with a dark mask dropped down to the ground to face them.

"Who are you supposed to be?" Rogue asked when she stared down this man but he responded with a sadistic tone of voice.

"You may call me, the Taskmaster," Taskmaster stated when he stepped forward, menacing.

"I've got this guy," Cyclops answered but Taskmaster used his powers to study Scott's abilities when he fired off one shot.

Taskmaster moved around, predicting the exact angle Scott shot his optic blast, before he slid behind him and knocked him to the ground with a kick to the back of the leg.

Kurt was next, so he teleported behind the Taskmaster but the Taskmaster grabbed his tail before he swung him around like he was nothing and tossed him to the ground.

"That guy, he's studying our powers, he's just like...Arcane!" Rachel yelled when she tried to get a mental reading on the Taskmaster but his mask seemed to block out any psychic readings.

Harry aimed a bludgeoning spell towards the Taskmaster but his armor created a thick field around him to block the attack. He recognized that the armor had mystical and scientific properties around it.

'A gift from HYDRA,' Taskmaster thought when he dove in and dodged Harry's next spell with expert precision.

He ducked and he dodged again and again, with him learning from Arcane's fighting style but there
was an equal problem, Arcane learned from his as well. Both tried a punch at the same time while both tried for a block and both remained at a stand-still.

No one moved when they pushed back at each other and Arcane and Taskmaster stood, eyes widened and knees buckling when they rocked back and forth with each other.

Taskmaster jumped back but Boom Boom hurled her bombs at the Taskmaster, which caused the Taskmaster to stagger a little bit.

"X-Men, together, confuse him don't think, just do!" Arcane called when he looked at the Taskmaster before he began to conjure the fog in the air. "Remember what we've learned!"

While Harry could study body language through his other senses, the Taskmaster's abilities were not that advanced. Therefore he leveled the playing feel.

Rogue dove underneath the attack of the Taskmaster, realizing that he delayed them from stopping the Brotherhood yet again. She left him in position for Cyclops to rip off his visor and try and blast through the shield but the shield protected the Taskmaster from further harm.

"You can't defeat me, you're children!" Taskmaster yelled but Harry caused the ground to blow up with spikes.

"Magma!" Harry yelled at the top of his lungs.

Magma sent spurts of lava from the ground to cause the Taskmaster to dance.

"Iceman!" Harry shouted when he turned around and Iceman sent ice to further try and keep the Taskmaster off balance.

"Shadowcat, Rogue, Nightcrawler!"

Shadowcat dove underneath to try and sink Taskmaster into the ground while Nightcrawler teleported at random points trying to confuse him, while Rogue tried to push her way through the energy field. All attacks bounced off of him.

"Cyclops, you're on!"

Scott gritted his teeth but never the less he fired his option blast through the spot that Harry indicated. The blast moved through the Taskmaster and the X-Men realized something.

The genuine article checked out a bit ago when the battle got tough and replaced himself with a hologram. There was no way to hear his thoughts and someone that stealthy was going not going to make any noise.

The carnage at the carnival made the event a disaster but the X-Men felt great that they mitigated any casualties and that in their book was a win. Well for most of them, as Harry turned around to reflect upon the failure of not taking the Brotherhood or this Taskmaster down. Whoever the Taskmaster was, he was second to none with his ability to fight and to defend himself.

Yet, he had weaknesses and Harry could exploit them, although next time he might have to find new ones. The Taskmaster seemed to be the adaptable sort of guy.

"Hey, I don't know what you're problem is, we got away from there and laid a beating on the X-Men."
It was Lance who spoke up at this point but Sin seemed unsympathetic with these actions, rather she turned around and looked out in the distance out of the window, her teeth gritted.

"You've failed, they all still live," Sin answered when she walked down the hallways to her room, the biggest and nicest room in the house, it used to belong to Mystique.

She remembered what her father thought about the price of failure, the memories flashed by in her head, beating on the inside of it like a drum. The young woman shook her head when she sat on the bed, the reflection coming back to her minds eye.

It was one of the first missions she was on and she thought that she done rather well, having got the information that she needed on the enemies. Her teammates all made it out safely and they all praised her leadership abilities but that was until her father reviewed her performance. Sin's father was not an easy man to please by any stretch of the imagination and he showed his displeasure.

"Weakling of a girl, you left some of them living to tell the tale."

Sin felt his strong grip, stronger than hers, grab around her right arm and she felt her arm break with his grip. He broke her right arm.

"You broke my right arm," she groaned, the wrong thing to say, as she found out the hard way, when he grabbed her by the left arm.

"Do you not think that is fair?" her father asked her when he twisted at her left arm and there was a crack echoed throughout her ears, as she felt the pain of bones cracking and snapping in her arm. "There, now you're left arm has been broken as well, now that is what one would consider to be fair, would it not?"

Sinthea Shmidt dropped to the ground, favoring her broken arms, she could not pull herself up on the account of her broken arms and her father peered down in her young eyes, she saw his face, red and bald, with sunken in eye lids. It was the fact that put terror in the hearts of the most hardened men and women and he clapped his hands for Sin to be dragged off.

"Show her the price of weakness, throw her in the camps," he stated when he looked at his men and none of them dared even offer a questioning gaze. "If she's there in six months, we'll retrieve her. If she's not there in six months, we shall see if there is enough of her to bury after the rats are done with her."

Sin knew by now about protesting before her father's guards dragged her off to a large camp that her father tortured his enemies back during the days of the war. She shivered when she saw the human bones at the bottom of the large pit that the men threw her into.

Only ten years old and she landed hard in the pit, shivering when she hit the bottom. There was no food down here, no food except for the rats. That was all she had and if she did not eat the rats, then she would perish and thus the rats would eat her.

Her broken arms also hurt for days, but Sin learned at this time to become highly adaptable because if she was not adaptable she would die. It was a game where only the strong survived and she would be part of a superior race that her father was part of. He dangled the leader of that movement a time ago on strings like a puppet, not that depraved and deranged man needed much of a nudge to commit the acts he did.

Sin shook herself out of the thoughts that she had, today's battle would be an adequate performance in the minds of some but she thought that there was nothing adequate. Of course, for many, there
would be no shame with losing to a team lead by someone like Harry Potter, but her father had the highest standards. Sin shook her head when she placed her hands in her face and adjusted her expression to something that was stronger.

"Sin reporting to HYDRA"

She opened up the communication link when she clicked the link on and she heard a buzzing sound before the agent on the other end reported.

"HYDRA reporting back, please give details on today's mission," the HYDRA representative stated on the other end of the link.

Sin collected her thoughts for a moment before she brushed her hair back and collected everything that she needed to say. After a pause, she leaned forward before she offered her words in a calculated and quite diplomatic manner. She wanted to give an accurate portrayal of the situation without trying to make it sound like that she failed big time, which she thought she did.

"The Brotherhood show some progress but they are nothing but the level of cannon fodder."

"It was as we expected," the HYDRA representative stated from the other side of the communication link before he drummed his fingers. "The X-Men have gotten in the way of our operations once too often."

Sin knew that HYDRA referred to the events in the facility up in Canada that once belonged to the Weapon X program.

"The gas is on schedule," the HYDRA representative answered when he drummed his fingers.

"It will be HYDRA's ultimate weapon," Sin answered when she thought about the gas and its capabilities, it would bring the strongest enemy down to their knees.

"Indeed, our glorious leader will be pleased with the progress."

Sin doubted that but she remained polite and silent before she checked her watch. It was almost time for another training session and after some of their sloppy efforts today, Sin made her way down the stairs to knock them around. She would make sure they understood the price of their failures today and the young redhead woman shook her head when she thought about it. She did know that Jean Grey disappeared off the radar as well, perhaps that would be an opportunity to endear herself to the higher ups in HYDRA, to get such a powerful mutant on their side. Especially given the fact that her fractured mental state might make her desperate and in need to control her powers.

Sin began to hatch a plan, the X-Men might have won this one battle tonight but HYDRA was going to win the war.

Harry stood outside of the Xavier Institute late at night when he looked up into the sky. He could hear Scott approaching him and he waited for the other young man to speak.

"So thanks out there."

Harry offered a nod before he spun around and looked at Scott before he answered in a cool voice. "No problem."
There was an awkward moment from the time of them, Scott and Harry both knew where the other stood from before Harry stepped inside the Xavier Institute to think about the night that was between the X-Men.

All of them rested after the battle with the Brotherhood and Harry thought about that battle, how their newest member managed to tip the scales. The Brotherhood seemed better trained at that moment but Harry shook his head when he walked up the stairs, taking a moment to think about.

If the Brotherhood stepped up their training, it would give the X-Men a chance to step up their training even more, but there was another problem, that being the Taskmaster. He seemed to be a person who trained in his powers for a very long time before Harry walked inside, through the Mansion without a word, and up the stairs towards his bedroom.

Harry entered his room and saw Kitty sitting on the bed where she wore a black t-shirt and black shorts, she looked a bit out of it. Rogue sat next to her, wearing a black skirt and mesh top beside her and Rachel sat next to both of them, wearing a green robe that showed her shapely legs.

"Hey, how are you three doing?" Harry asked when he looked at Kitty, Rogue, and Rachel.

Kitty was the one that responded first, shaking her head. "I thought that...well things could have gotten much worse, couldn't they?"

"Yeah, they could," Harry agreed when he sat down and Kitty threw her arms around Harry, he pulled her up onto his lap.

"Guess I'm relying on my powers a lot, perhaps I should learn to duck more," Kitty offered when Harry ran his fingers through her hair and Kitty straddled him a little bit, before Rogue and Rachel pulled Harry's shirt off without a word.

"We all need to unwind after what happened tonight," Rogue offered, when she rubbed Harry's neck and the back of his shoulders, while Rachel and Kitty took his abs and worked his pants off, before the real fun began.

They really needed to relieve some stress and now was the time to do it.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Kitty dove between Harry's legs, lapping his balls with her wet tongue, with Rogue taking the base of his cock and licking at it, and Rachel began to suckle the head. Harry watched his three beauties down on their knees between his legs, sucking on him.

"Feels good, keep doing that," Harry grunted when Rachel bobbed her up and down on his fleshy pole, smacking her hips together, and sucking him down.

Kitty reached over and pulled Rogue's top over her head to reveal her nice round, pale globes of flesh. They stood rather perky, with her nipples erect. Rogue reached over and slowly pulled off Kitty's top to reveal the black bra that she wore, before Rogue slowly unstrapped the bra, allowing Kitty's pert teenage breasts to fall out.

"Yeah, so hot," Harry grunted when Rachel bobbed her up and down his fleshy pole, smacking her hips together, and sucking him down.

Kitty pulled her shorts off, before removing the pair of panties that she wore. She sat on one side of Harry on his bed, with Harry using his fingers to push open Kitty's lips and shove his fingers inside.
"Oh yes!" Kitty moaned when Harry began to pump into her to get her pussy wet.

Rogue was on the other side of Harry and she got one of the same treatment, with Harry thrusting his fingers deep inside her dripping cunt.

Rachel tasted and sucked on Harry's cock with Rogue and Kitty moaning with Harry manipulating their cunts with his fingers. The four of them gave pleasure to each other as Rachel played with herself as well, playing with her pussy while she gave Harry the blow job of his life.

"YES!"

"PUMP IT INTO ME!"

Rachel popped Harry's member out of her mouth and squeezed it tightly, before she turned around, and locked eyes with Kitty.

The three girls decided between themselves who would get Harry's cock in them first. Rogue slid over towards Harry, and straddled his lap, his cock trapped between them, brushing against Rogue's stomach when they kissed hard and Harry played with her breasts.

"Ready for the ride of your life, my goth goddess," Harry breathed to Rogue and Rogue nodded, a smirk crossing her face.

"I need you in me," Rogue managed in a husky tone when Harry squeezed her hard around her breasts and she moaned rather loudly, before his cock brushed against her hot entrance and with a tease, Harry slid inside her.

Harry grunted when he felt Rogue's tightness envelope around him, when he pushed in and out of her with the skill that Rogue expected of him. His member penetrated her, hitting all of her pleasure spots and out of the corner his eyes, he saw Kitty and Rachel playing with each other.

Kitty pulled Rachel's shirt over her head and exposed her breasts, large and firm, and Kitty felt their firmness when she squeezed them. Rachel threw her head back with a moan.

"I'm going to suck your tits when Harry watches," Kitty said in a teasing manner when she rubbed her thumbs against Rachel's nipples, before she twisted them.

"Yes, that'd be nice," Rachel breathed when Kitty went between her tits and began to suck on them. "Yes, suck on my tits, they're yours!"

"Fuck that tight twat, Harry!"

Harry pushed Rogue back onto the bed, pumping his cock into her, his balls slapping against her flesh when he buried himself deeper and deeper into her. Rogue lifted her hips up to meet Harry's motions a little bit, before the two met together with each thrust.

"YES!"

Kitty had Rachel stripped completely naked and the two of them laid with each other in a sexually charged sixty nine position, eating each other's cunts to the sights and sounds of Rogue and Harry making love. The two of them indulged themselves in the sweet taste of each other, liking what they indulged in each other.

Harry and Rogue continued their love making actions for a time, before he pumped into her hard and felt his balls size up.
"I'm not sure if you've earned this cum," Harry teased Rogue when he placed his hands on her sweaty tits, rolling them over her.

"Yes, I've earned it, fucking blow it in me!" Rogue yelled before Harry pumped into her before he injected her with his burning hot seed. Rogue clenched around him to milk every single drop of seed from his balls, squeezing and yanking his prick until he flooded into her cunt.

Rachel was down on the bed and suddenly found herself handcuffed, spread-eagled to the bed. She looked up, to see her pussy exposed, and Kitty was over her. Rogue rested because of her bout with Harry and now Harry went between her legs, teasing her folds.

"Oh, that's the spot Harry," Rachel breathed when Harry teased her lips before he brushed against her slit with his cock and with another swift movement pushed inside her.

Harry felt her warm tightness envelope him when he proceeded to saw into her. Rachel pushed her hips up, meeting her hips to Harry's with both making the sensual sounds of love making, breathing heavily, when their powers clashed together.

They pulled mental cues out of each other's minds to figure out what the other wanted. Harry buried himself deeper and deeper, pushing into her and Rachel's screams got loud even though she could not play with herself due to her handcuffed position.

So Harry went to her, rolling his fingers over her sweaty nipples while Rogue pumped her fingers in between her spread legs and played with herself. With a dirty expression in his eyes, Harry looked up towards Kitty, a smile crossing over his face. "Kitty."

"Yes, Harry" Kitty breathed when she looked at Harry plunge his cock into the depths of Rachel's wet folds. Each push stretched her out more, when he continued to steady his pace.

"Rachel's a bit loud, do me a favor, love and gag her?"

Kitty did not have to be told twice, she sat on Rachel's face and Rachel understood immediately, she indulged herself in Kitty's pussy. Her tongue licked inside the dripping cunt, as she tasted the honey between Kitty's legs and Kitty made lewd sounds the more Rachel delved into her.

"Oh, you know what I like," Kitty breathed and Harry played with her breasts, so that statement could be applied to both.

Rachel continued to pay attention to what Kitty wanted, reading her mind while she munched on the younger girl's cunt. Harry's cock plunged into her pussy in tune with her actions, licking and sucking on Kitty's peach, and also she briefly simulated her clit.

Harry placed his hands on her breasts to push up, before she slammed down. Rachel spread eagled and handcuffed made it so much hotter for some reason. Her cunt could squeeze him so tightly, it was with an immense strength and power that Harry thought that he never experienced. He pushed through into her, pushing his prick into her tightness hard and hard until the end came.

'Cum for me Harry, I can tell you're done,' Rachel projected into his mind, using her telepathic gifts to give a few subtle prods to the pleasure centers of Harry's mind, while she used another part of her body to lovingly squeeze his massive member.

Harry held off due to a sheer strength of will but Rachel's actions combined with the fact that Kitty threw her head back, offering a scream, that was until Rogue shoved her own fingers into Kitty's mouth, caused Harry to reach closer to finishing. Kitty sucking Rogue's girl cum off of her fingers caused him to lose it and Harry lost his load in Rachel's waiting chambers, splattering her pussy with
his juices.

Rachel fell back and Harry saw Rogue and Kitty making out while Rachel still gave tentative licks to Kitty's cunt. Kitty was the only one who he had not serviced tonight.

"Best for last," Kitty managed when she pulled herself away from Rogue and saw Harry's cock stand at attention for her. Her pussy was wet and willing and she needed it in her now.

As it turned out, Kitty would have it, she grabbed Harry's cock, and impaled herself down onto it. Harry felt the pleasure of his hard rod encased in her tight love box, with the brunette girl pushing up and down on him at an intense speed, riding his cock like it could cure cancer.

"Oh yes, you are amazing," Harry groaned when he grabbed her ass and pinched it, before Kitty rose up and sank down on him, gyrating her hips a little bit to squeeze Harry, to tease him. Even though he already came already tonight twice, Harry had an amazing sex drive.

Rogue dove between Rachel's legs and munched on her, with Rachel still handcuffed to the bed.

"YES!" Rachel yelled when she felt Rogue's talented mouth on her and she could tell that her moans of pleasure gave Harry more pleasure as well.

Kitty rode Harry's pull, sliding up and down his well lubricated cock, pushing and squeezing him with her tight box. The friction of their two sexes colliding and their sweaty bodies rocked back and forth against each other, causing their moans to escalate.

"Fucking hell, how many times can I make you cum?" Harry breathed when he speared his cock deep into Kitty's cunt, pushing it in and out of her.

"As...many as you want to...YES!" Kitty screamed when Harry continued to work his magic in her snug snatch, each thrust feeling like pure sexual magic as it ripped through her.

"YES!"

Kitty's latest scream was done in Harry's ear and he swatted her on the ass before he pushed her down and speared into her, plunging his cock between her legs.

Rachel panted heavily when Rogue continued to sample her heavenly juices between her legs, there was a moment where she lost her mind to a pleasure. She offered subtle cues into Rogue's mind and that added to the experience for both of them.

She also inadvertently stimulated the pleasure centers of the minds of her other two lovers as well, with Harry returning fire and it was almost like their minds connected in a pure wave of sexual magic. Rogue and Rachel got into a sixty nine position, each others cunts when they went down on each other with talented tongues and hot mouths.

Much time later, Kitty felt like she was going to lose it from the sheer number of orgasms Harry put her through, each plunge of his cock going deeper and deeper into her, stretching and working her twat out, punishing her perfect pussy with each shot.

"Cum, please," Kitty managed when she felt a burning desire in her pussy and the only way that need could be filled was through Harry's seed.

Harry's balls tightened before he spurted his seed into her inner chambers, with Kitty, Rachel, and Rogue all cumming as well.
The entire group collapsed, feeling spent in some ways and recharged in others.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

*To Be Continued in the Next Chapter "Beast of Burden."*
Chapter Thirty Two: Beast of Burden.

"So, it's agreed then, if she doesn't call us by the end of the week, we go and see where her head was?"

Rachel stated this fact to Harry when the pair of them made their way to the mental hospital to visit Wanda. It had been less than a month since Jean ran off but it seemed like much longer. With all that happened, time went rather fast, especially with those at the X-Men. The duo made their way through, without Xavier for this visit.

Xavier's visits due to his schedule with Wanda were few and far between, not that the sessions seemed to be doing much good for her. Harry did manage one concession with Wanda and as far as he knew, they stopped with the drugging of her. During his last visit here nearly a week ago, he explained that they were doing a disservice to her with what they put in her system.

Of course the liberal application of Confundus spells may have also convinced them to stop doing this deed.

If Wanda had an episode, Harry could be over here straight away and control the situation quickly, hopefully figuring out if something was wrong.

"You came back."

Wanda's expression was the perfect combination of surprise and relief when the young mutant magical user looked up at Harry. She tapped her fingers on the side of wall where she sat. The barrier between the pair of them was thin, it was to the point where Wand could almost reach out and touch Harry.

"Of course, I came back," Harry answered with a slight smile, which Wanda returned. He sensed the distress coming off of the young magical mutant but he shook his head. "So, is there a reason why you look ready to kill somebody."

Wanda paused before she explained to Harry.

"It was seven years ago where my father dropped me off at this place, without a backwards glance. He could not control me, so he abandoned me here. I haven't even heard a word about him since and what he was doing but believe me, since I compromised his little plans, he threw me off to the side like a piece of garbage."

Harry felt Wanda's despair and he understood what she went through, well in a way. People tended to be scared of what they did not understand. Magneto, strong and resourceful as he was, did not properly understand his daughter's powers. Therefore, the young woman found herself as the guest of this mental institution, with no chance of parole.

"I wish, I wish there was another way," Harry answered when he looked at Wanda and he honestly meant that. "Did you read that book that I gave you?"

"Yeah, nothing else better to do in here," Wanda agreed when her expression softened. "Trying to figure out how to find the balance, that's tough with anyone who has powers at all."

"It is," Harry agreed when he popped inside the cell.
"Most people don't come in here without a remote control," Wanda offered when she looked at Harry. "Aren't you afraid that the Scarlet Witch is going to blow you to oz?"

Harry offered her a smile before he stared at her. "Trust me; I've fought far worse than a temperamental teenage girl with super powers."

"One would argue that there is nothing that's worse," Wanda offered, a point that Harry conceded to be honest. Teenage girls could cause a great deal of havoc without super powers. One only needed to take a trip to a shopping mall to get the full scope of that situation. He shook his head, to get back to the matter at hand and resolved to give Wanda some good, genuine advice.

"It's all about focus and mastering your powers, don't fear the unknown, but rather embrace it. You are not a monster because of your powers but rather how those powers are used. They could run away with you but only if they let you. If you focus on them, Wanda, you will be able to master them and maybe live a normal life, or as normal as we get in this crazy mixed up world of ours."

Wanda's face contorted into a thoughtful expression when she mulled this over in her head. To be honest, the young magical mutant before her did make a lot of sense but at the same time, uncertainty ruled her mind and her thoughts. That was what the problem was in a nutshell, she felt uncertain and unable to focus on everything to be all that she could be. The throbbing from her head that accompanied her powers made her quite unstable.

The fact that she doubted she could brush the surface of her powers alarmed Wanda and made her wonder about certain things. There was the very real fact that she could potentially warp reality if she thought things over a little bit and that fact resounded in her mind. Of course, whether or not she meant it or not, that was beside the point.

"Do not overthink these things Wanda, blast apart that shelf," Harry answered before he paused. "Don't damage the wall over, just the shelf. Become your powers, let it flow in and out naturally, and do it."

Wanda fired a hex bolt to the shelf, now that the drugs left her system she fired a shot at it. The shelf bust apart and dropped to the ground but the wall cracked.

"Not bad for a first try, but do keep focus as well as you can," Harry offered with a smile on his face before he repaired the damage Wanda did. He closed his eyes and used his powers to mimic Wanda's powers.

With precision and accuracy, the hex bolt slammed through Harry's hand to nail the shelf to pieces. He staggered, Wanda's powers were sure among some of the most powerful but his body stood the ability to mimic them and blast them.

"That was a fairly decent representation of my powers," Wanda answered when she shook her head and looked at Harry.

"I've been able to copy the powers of other people around me more and more lately," Harry responded with a shrug, he was at a loss as to how to explain this one.

However, it was true, the moment he came out of his illness, Harry's body language reading powers evolved to a different power. Before he was able to pick out subtle movements in the body language of others to engage them into battle and find ways to defeat them. After the illness he suffered, those powers became so much more, with Harry copying them bit by bit, able to analyze and figure out all of the powers.
Then with his magic, after simply mere moments of observation, the young mage managed to replicate them down to the last movement. It was a fairly decent representation although he must train with the powers like any other skill to get any kind of clear control. For the purposes of the demonstration he did, Wanda's powers worked well for him because they were so closely linked to his own.

"That's interesting and useful," Wanda offered when she looked at Harry. "You could defeat anyone with those powers."

"Not exactly," Harry said with a shrug. "I can only pick up the basics unless I train with these new powers. Although I have been able to shift my body through walls like this."

Harry answered when he shifted back and forth from one wall to the other, phasing through it like Kitty did. His green eyes popped up before he turned to them.

"I have to really focus but I think I've observed Kitty enough to pick up most of the basics," Harry offered with Wanda nodding.

"I'm sure you have," Wanda stated crisply under her breath.

They went back to their training, a few more times with Harry trying to allow Wanda to blast the same shelf. With each passing blast, she got better and more accurate, although to be honest, there was still a long way for her to go. Rachel stood by in the event that Harry needed her help to temper one of Wanda's outbursts. To the young magical mutants credit, she kept her impulses at bay.

"I should visit almost every day, when school ends next week," Harry answered when he reached forward. "I brought you a present."

Wanda's interest piqued when she looked at Harry and he handed her a battery operated CD player, charmed to make the batteries never go dead.

"I feel that you could use something to keep your sanity in here, as these days can go rather long," Harry answered and Wanda gave him a raised eyebrow, with a smile.

"You're telling me?"

Harry bid Wanda farewell before he rejoined Rachel and hoped that this was the beginning to the young mutant's road to recovery.

"So how goes the real estate?" Rachel asked when she looked at Harry.

"I've got a few places," Harry offered when he looked at her. "If the X-Men want my help after I leave, I'll be there, and it will be close by, but I want to start my own dream. Xavier and Magneto shouldn't be the only games in town."

Rachel nodded, all of the events of mutant kind revolved around those two. She sensed Harry wanted to get this place ready and hopefully give Wanda a place to stay when he got her discharged. He worked hard to get the young mutant released under his care so she could be surrounded by people who had her best interests in mind. As opposed to people who prodded and poked at her like some kind of lab rat.

They hoped that came sooner rather than later.
"Keep to it, Amara, you're doing a good job."

Amara felt a rush of pleasure at these words from Harry but she resolved not to lose her head. It was amazing how much she got things when he demonstrated and showed her what they expected of her. She cut through at her own pace. It also amazed her that Harry was able to copy her powers with the expert precision and direct them in a halfway decent way, as rudimentary as it might be. Magic did many wonderful things as she thought about.

She held her hands up and melted the rock that appeared in the Danger Room. Iceman, Jubilee, Cannonball, and Sunspot followed her, with the other members of the team chasing her.

"Remember, either find a way to seal it or pass it onto a teammate that has the ability to seal it before your enemies go through," Harry called from above.

"Iceman, freeze!" Magma shouted before Iceman held his hands up and sent a sheet of ice going through.

Wolfsbane, Boom Boom, Bezerker, and Multiple moved through.

"Maybe I can create a few clones and chisel on through," Multiple stated but Harry yelled out a scenario.

"You have only forty five seconds to find a way through."

"Stand back, this one's mine," Boom Boom stated before she flicked the bombs and they blew to pieces, sending ice flying everywhere.

"Points knocked off for putting your teammates in direct danger, Tabby!" Harry yelled but Boom Boom turned to look at Harry.

"They should have known to get out of the way," Boom Boom stated when she looked over her shoulder to Harry.

"Never assume that, you're supposed to tell them to stand clear, very creative Magma," Harry stated when she made the bursts of lava splatter from the ground to block them. "Find a way around."

Wolfsbane turned into her form to scout the situation around her, running around in circles.

"This way," she stated when Multiple, Bezerker, and Boom Boom followed her.

A barrage of fireworks shot her.

"None shall pass!" Jubilee cheered when she blasted them with fire works, rocking back and forth.
"Come on, take your best shot."

"And stop," Harry responded when the timer went off. "You had sound strategy, but you need a diversion before you go through. Remember that, and you'll be able to win the day. Some of you lost points for very obvious things, others for very minor things, study and go over it in your mind, and we'll be able to go back to this training session next weekend."

The group responded with nods before they moved off.

"Session with the Sorcerer Supreme canceled?" Kurt asked when he saw that Harry controlled the weekend Danger Room session.

"Pushed back to tomorrow, something came up," Harry answered when he watched the New
Mutants file out of the Danger Room. "Make sure to stretch afterwards, powers or not, your muscles will tense up."

"Yes Professor!"

Harry wanted to throw Iceman into a sauna if he made one more Professor crack but the fun loving mutant did lighten the mood.

"That one on one time help you a bit Amara," Harry responded and the young princess nodded.

"Yeah, but I'm sure we can go over some other things in a few days, maybe before next weekend, outside the Danger Room," Amara answered when she looked at Harry with a smile and Harry got the message.

"Monday after school fine," Harry responded and she nodded, surprised at her own daring. He turned over to Kurt when Amara ran off with the rest of the new recruits. "So I saw you and Amanda the other day..."

"Yeah, we talked, a little bit, it was rather nice," Kurt answered but there was a bit of awkwardness between the pair of them.

"Go for it Kurt, what do you have to lose?" Rogue encouraged him and Kurt opened his mouth but the goth girl cut her off. That was a rhetorical question."

"What if she is weirded out...well you know," Kurt answered but Harry offered him a sound bit of advice.

"Just go for it Kurt, whatever happens, happens."

"Yeah seize the day, you never know, it's totally your time," Kitty answered when she paused and craned her neck upwards. "Is that Mr. McCoy?"

Kitty, Kurt, Harry, Rogue, and Rachel all spun around to see the biological teacher. The dark haired mage stepped over, his hearing got more acute ever since the sickness, in fact all of his senses were super heightened. It was a gift horse that he was not willing to look in the mouth, especially considering this allowed him to listen in on Xavier and McCoy.

"My friend, I did warn you years ago that you can only temper it for so long."

"I need of a way to cure it; do you realize what this might cause?"

"Cure, that's not what I do, even if I did know how to help you. This formula that you're ingesting, it could make matters far worse than it would have if the change happened naturally."

"I have hands for feet, one might consider that to be unnatural."

"And others would consider that to be a very useful gift."

Harry turned over to relay what he heard to the others, who all looked thoughtful. A few moments passed when they all went over what they heard in their mind, before they shook their heads.

"So it appears that Mr. McCoy might be one of us," Kitty stated in a bright voice when she turned around.

McCoy exited the room and the five mutants backed off, acting like they did not listen in, like they came from the Danger Room.
"Mr. McCoy, it's nice to see you here at the Xavier Institute," Kitty remarked in a bright voice when she looked at her instructor.

"Good to see you too, Katherine," McCoy stated when he walked off in a bit of a daze. "It appears that Charles did not have the book on genetics that I hoped he did, it's a shame but I've got to make do with what I have."

Without another word, McCoy left the Xavier Institute, with the five members of the X-Men looking at each other, they knew one thing, they had to follow him.

"I wonder what his secret is," Rogue whispered when they followed them.

"Don't you think that we're being nosy?" Kurt offered him before another concern visited him. "And don't you think we should inform Scott about this?"

Rachel responded to both questions in a crisp and curt manner. "No and definitely not."

Harry managed to pin the tracking charm on McCoy which allowed him to drive all the way home. When Harry sensed that McCoy's car stopped, he turned to the fellow X-Men and closed his eyes. A field engulfed them all, and popped them off.

"Nice, new sickness related power, Harry?" Kitty asked when they touched down on the front lawn outside of McCoy's house.

They saw it was the nice, modest home that they expected from a man like Hank McCoy, who got the most out of his teacher's salary. The driveway paved over, the grass cut close, and everything that one could expect was present. The five walked forward.

"Yeah, I seem to be picking these up far more often," Harry added when he turned to Kitty with a smile.

"Maybe you should get sick more often?" Rogue suggested, in a half teasing voice.

"No, I like Harry a lot better when he is well, he wasn't that fun when he was sick," Kitty stated when she folded her arms over and thought about it.

"Bit cranky, wasn't he?" Kurt asked but Harry gave them all a mock glare.

They turned their attention to the window that was opened. All five of them kept their distance as much as they could, to see what McCoy was up to. He had a glowing blue formula in his hand and Harry wondered whether he should drink it. Especially considering Xavier warned him against doing so but that was beside the point. The fact of the matter was that he put the formula to his lips.

Kitty, Rogue, Rachel, Harry, and Kurt simultaneously shut their eyes, bracing themselves for some kind of disaster to take place. When nothing happened, they let out their breaths in sigh of relief.

Until the moment where their biology and gym teacher began to grow blue fur and took on the appearance of a large blue gorilla. All of them stepped back when he gave a primal yell.

"That's not good," Kitty breathed when she clung onto Harry's arm. Her boyfriend held up her up careful.

A large smash and the Beast went out the back way into the city.

"And that's even worse," Kurt responded when he reached forward but Rogue blocked his hand.
"No time to call for reinforcements, that thing went into the city, we're the only one's close enough to stop him," Rogue offered with a shaky voice.

"Remember, that thing is a man inside," Kitty said to her and Rogue nodded.

"I know, but maybe we should try telling him that," Rogue stated when she looked at Kitty and Kurt chimed in with a suggestion.

"Maybe you could drain some of his power off?" Kurt asked when the group scrambled after the rampaging beast.

Harry sent a stunning spell at it but it dodged out of the way.

"Yeah, and shave my legs for a week, no thank you," Rogue stated when she shook her head but it was Rachel who shook her head and leaned forward.

"If we can track down Beast, and subdue him, I might be able to get into his mind and awaken the real McCoy from inside."

Harry thought that it was worth a shot and the X-Men scrambled off, before the angry mob formed.

'It's good thing they don't have pitchforks, torches, and a castle to storm,' Kitty thought to herself when she reached forward, following the rest of her team members. The X-Men stormed in with Harry leading the charge and listening for the sounds that would lead him forward to his target. Time stood still when Beast went on the attack and sent everyone flying in every which direction.

The dark haired magical mutant stood firmly on his feet, twisting his head over his shoulder from one side to the other. The young man stepped forward moving each step at a time, going further and further into the distance but he grew rigid.

Yes he was most certainly close, closer than he reckoned he was before.

That much was good, he supposed but then there was the fact that they had to get McCoy in and out of there without anyone realizing what happened. Or anyone putting two and two together even if the fact that the Beast rampaged from the teacher's house, that lead to more people putting together the pieces or so Harry assumed. He stood on his feet, twisting his head to crane it a little bit.

The angry mob approached the scene, waving their fists and there were a few pained screams, anguished fury and people yelling for the head of the monster that entered the park.

'Time for action, Rachel direct their attention elsewhere,' Harry thought to one of his girlfriends and she nodded.

Rachel locked onto the mob and their actions only pacified for a few seconds but it was a few seconds more than they had previously. Their knees locked together when the shook and swayed but they backed off. It gave the Beast some room.

"Kitty, Kurt, subdue, but don't hurt," Harry stated and Kurt disappeared behind Beast.

Beast growled, recognizing the young mutant beside him barely. Kitty grabbed Beast's arms and tried to phase them through the wall. For a moment, she thought this attack worked, well planned out that it was, although it was not too well planned out all things considered.
That was until the moment Beast ripped his hands form the wall and caused the gate behind him to crumble.

*I know the real him is inside, but where, that's the question,* Harry thought before he looked up to face Beast and blasted him with a cheering charm.

The charm was strong but the savage fury in the Beast was also strong. Whatever he put in that chemical remained potent, exactly how potent, that remained to be seen. The creature flailed his arms back and forth, reaching for anything that moved. This allowed Rachel to slide into position and lock onto the savage mind of the creature.

The creature fought hard, that credit could not be denied but Rachel's mind strongly pushed into his mind, working into his inner consciousness, before Harry joined with her in tandem, to attack his mind, to separate the primal fury within. It pushed back, with the creature's eyes narrowing a little bit but he pushed back. The creature was not about to be denied, no way, no how, that was something that was for certain.

Fists clenched together when the two mutants combined the full force pushed into his mind that they offered, the attack growing stronger with each passing moment. There was a mental tug of war in the mind, between the man and the monster, with the monster winning despite the assist from Harry and Rachel. Despite that all, they had to try, they had to work into the inner subconscious of the mind and push him out, work into his mind, deeper, pushing deeper.

*I think I...got it,* Harry thought when he closed his eyes, in time to feel the throbbing in the back of his head.

*You better hurry up, the natives are getting restless again,* Rachel informed Harry, seeing the nervous looks on the face of Rogue, Kitty, and Kurt.

"Do they have it yet?" Kurt wondered, not wanting to break their concentration but also he wanted to ask a question, he needed to ask a question. The pair of them pushed back and forth in their minds.

"I think...I think they're close," Kitty offered, not knowing how she knew this, it was the fact that she knew this really that allowed her to strengthen her mind and her thoughts. She folded her hands over, a strong resolve kicked up.

Beast and McCoy, perhaps two sides of the same coin fought and pushed out, his eyes blinking, gazed over with each passing attack. His knees crumpled underneath him while he swayed but the combined attack by Rachel and Harry continued to worm their way, separating the two sides and allowing McCoy to gain more clarity even though it seemed like his physical body would stay mutated into a more primal force.

Scratching, pulling, biting, clawing, that's what the name of the game was and that's what they did, but Beast fell down to the ground, toppled at that moment. His head rang and the creature gave a pained grimace.

"It's done," Harry managed when he staggered as did Rachel but it seemed like it was not a moment too soon that it was done. Had they held up longer, Beast would have struck out.

"Yeah, I can feel McCoy returning." Rachel answered when she looked at him, her expression swimming, before Harry placed the repelling wards around them.

Rachel wiped the sweat from her brow, that was a bit too close for her comfort to be honest, if things got a bit more differently, who knows what would happen. Despite that fact, there appeared to be no
way to reverse McCoy's mutation right now, at least she did not think.

When she voiced that theory to Harry, he shook his head.

'Temporarily perhaps, but not permanent,' Harry thought to her, it was a problem with even the best magic and it seemed like this was in the genetic make up of McCoy. He shifted and turned into this Beast and the result was what was before them all.

"We got to get out of here, even magic won't hold up what happened for long," Harry offered them all and his team nodded.

Kurt, Kitty, and Rogue helped pull up the slack form of Beast and Kurt elected to be the one to check in with the Institute.

"Yes, Kurt, what is it?" Xavier asked when Kurt got on the line.

"You remember how you told Mr. McCoy this morning that his attempts to cure what he was going through would worsen it?" Kurt asked and there was a pause for a little bit before Xavier answered.

"Yes, I do recall that conversation, although I wonder how you would know about it...that's beside the point at this moment, tell me what has transpired."

Kurt gave Xavier the full report when Harry transported the entire group back to the Institute. Xavier paused for a few seconds, it was obvious that he mulled something over in his mind, at least for a little bit of the time. Time stood still whilst the group waited for their leaders words. After a few seconds, he reported back to them in the only way he could.

"Whilst I would have preferred that you went for back up, I do think that you worked well as a team, at least to the point where you managed to defuse the situation, at least partially."

Harry, Kitty, Rogue, Kurt, and Rachel all felt a compliment coming on, as well as a lecture but still that was the best that they could do, so more power to them.

"We'll determine what happened later, as of now, let's get Mr. McCoy ready and willing so I can ensure that the beast is truthfully gone in his mind or if he lays dormant."

Henry McCoy knew one thing, this was something that was a bit of a blunder that he did but honestly things could have gone worse. Exactly how much worse, that remained to be something he would have to determine on his own. To say that things were good however would be a gross misunderstatement beyond everything he ever realized.

"It seems like I should have listened to you, Charles."

"Yes, you should have," Xavier agreed when he turned to his colleague but then his expression softened. "It seems like mistakes are the greatest teacher and your appearance….I'm afraid it cannot be reversed, no matter what step we take."

Kurt smiled when he turned to his teacher, before trying to offer him a bright side to the entire situation, at least that's what he assumed. "Hey, Mr. McCoy, it's not going to be too bad, all you need to do is wear an image inducer like I do and…."

McCoy shook his head, cutting that particular statement off at the pass before he stood and faced the
younger mutant, one who had similar issues to him with hiding who he was. "Kurt, I've realized that there are instances where no matter what, we cannot hide behind an image inducer."

Kurt wondered if this was a thinly veiled statement to the fact that he tried to hide from behind the image inducer that he wore. The more the young mutant thought about it, the more he wondered about what happened. It was true, his unconventional appearance could cause people to look at him strangely at best or panic at worst. Even those who were used to him, the young mutant could not help but feel some undercurrent of hostility going through them in the back of his mind.

Yet, Kurt shook his head, it was a part of who he was, like it or not. Although he did not have to like it, perhaps there was some way for him to adjust in time but as of this moment, he would remain carefully entombed in the disguise he chose to wear. It might not be the easiest thing in the world to deal with but it really was a part of who he was.

"I guess my teaching career is over," Beast mused when he took a moment to shake his head. "I'm guessing the school's hiring policy on my type is not going to be that tolerable. So be it, I assume, I wondered how long I would keep up the charade anyway."

Xavier's eyes flickered to Beast in a stern way before he looked at his colleague. "Henry, perhaps one might consider that to be the end of one chapter of your life but think about the possibilities. This could bring forward a brand new chapter of your life. The X-Men needs qualified instructors, as our numbers grow. Someone with your level of knowledge would be a valuable asset to the school."

McCoy looked unconvinced for a moment but then Kitty chimed in with a few words of encouragement of her own. "Yeah, you wouldn't be shutting one door, you'd be opening up another, another brand new, awesome door where you could make it."

Henry McCoy, Beast, he did not really know what to call himself at this very moment but it seemed like they offered a rather attractive proposition. He mulled over the options in his mind and there was no reason why he would refuse the teaching offer Xavier gave him for this school. The possibilities to further his career and perhaps the scope of his knowledge danced in a most tantalizing manner in front of the teacher before he nodded his head.

"I will accept your proposal, Charles," Beast offered when he looked at Charles, with Logan, Ororo, and Scott joining him at the moment.

"We'll be happy to have you," Ororo stated when she looked at him.

"For sure, we need all hands on deck with what's coming," Logan stated and he turned to Scott.

"Welcome aboard, I'm sure you'll fit the school rather well."

Rachel, despite the fact that she did not agree with Scott on many things, did agree with him on this particular point. Beast would fit the school rather well, fit the X-Men in general like a glove. He had powers and knowledge that would serve the next generation of mutants well.

Harry turned around to face Beast. "You'd know that I'd help you if there was any way."

"I've learned my lesson in meddling with my nature," Beast answered but he was thankful for the offer. "At this last bout and what happened, it's best to leave well enough alone."

Kitty chimed in with a few words. "It's fortunate this happened at the tail end of the school year."

Rogue nodded in agreement, that fact was extremely fortunate. There was a burning question on her mind that she had to ask Beast. "So with you out of the picture, who is going to be the one take
your spot? I mean, you've got some big shoes to fill."

Beast pondered the matter before he responded with the most logical answer. "I think that the children of Bayville High School deserve a man who will not indulge himself in formulas to try and change his nature. The perfect man for the job it seems is an old colleague of mind, Doctor Curt Connors. His knowledge base on lizards and other creatures on the like is amazing. I'm sure he'll be a good fit."

Harry, Rogue, Kitty, Rachel, and Kurt thought that Beast had the point, if he vouched for someone to that degree, there was a good reason. Perhaps things would turn out for the better for all of them.

"Ororo, show Doctor McCoy to his quarters, I believe after the day he had, that he deserves a bit of a rest," Xavier answered and McCoy nodded.

"That would be preferred, thanks," McCoy stated when he took his bags and said his good byes before Ororo lead him up the stairs.

"I think he'll fit in well here," Kitty offered with a smile crossing her face.

"All sorts are welcomed at the Xavier Institute," Harry offered and the entire group nodded at that, before they went their separate ways. It had been a long day and all of them needed to relax.

First, Harry needed to go out and test his powers away from the Institute, to see what the full scope of them was so he would head out and do that. Later he would let the others in on it but he wanted to see what he could do and what observations he could make about his powers.

A group of men dressed in military fatigues cowered when a man dressed in a green jacket, with a black t-shirt, and blue jeans. His hair was red, and his eyes were dark, they stared at the men with sadistic fury. His patience, as it turned out, was not much for the fools he dealt with. The man shook his head before he offered one single question that dripped off his teeth with pure venom.

"You mean to tell me you had the freak cornered in the mark and suddenly, you forgot what you were doing."

The men shook their heads, fearfully, backing off a little bit, wondering if they were going to be blamed for something really bad that happened. All three of them shook their heads, when their leader was in a towering temper and talked about the freaks, they knew one thing was for sure; it was time to stay clear and far away from him.

Who was this man? The man's name was Graydon Creed and he absolutely hated mutants, no one quite knew why but him. His backstory was one that dripped with tragedy and one would almost fell sorry for him, if it were not for the fact that he was kind of an irredeemable bastard and tarred all mutants with the same brush despite his experiences with them.

Graydon Creed was a human born to two mutants but thanks to an operation, his blood was pure. No one knew this naturally and many if they did would question the logic of how draining all of his blood from his body and replacing it with human blood would no longer make him the offspring of two mutants. Yet there it was and he stood to face a small, but devoted, group of followers, nasty and mean as ever with the human blood dripping through his twisted veins when he stared at his men.

His pure human blood pumped with his heart that beat strongly with the hatred of all mutant kind and the hatred burned strong through his eyes, narrowed and cruel. The red haired man shook his head
when he remembered the cruelty of his mutant parents. His mother left him at birth with his father, who to be honest was a real bastard. His father abused, belittled him, locked him a cupboard, and threw him down the stairs, calling him a freak of nature.

The phrase what does not kill a person makes them stronger resounded through the head of Creed and this nature made him stronger. Creed turned to his men, a gaze through his nasty beady eyes before he responded.

"I'm not going to mince words, you screwed up big time."

"Give us another chance, Creed."

Those words sounded a lot like begging, something that Creed did not sympathize with. He needed all of the hands on deck that he could. There were more so called heroes but they were nothing, except for big freaks. Spider-Man, these X-Men, the Hulk, the Fantastic Four, all monsters that needed to be put down, needed to be destroyed for the good of all humanity.

The revolution started with Creed and he would bring the fight to the enemies, the group were the Friends of Humanity. If people showed their loyalty to the freaks, then they were most certainly not a friend of human, rather they were an enemy. And that was someone who needed to be destroyed because Creed did not suffer these people well.

"Do not deny what is true in our hearts, we will rise, the Friends of Humanity will be one."

The Friends of Humanity agreed with this proclamation, nodding their heads, it was all that they could do to get into the good graces of Creed. Being his enemy meant that they could get shot up at any time so it was time for a little careful brown nosing.

"For sure Mr. Creed."

"Yeah, you're the boss."

Creed smiled, loyalty to the human race was so hard to come by in this day and age, when everyone talked about tolerance and respect for those different to them. Was his existence tolerated when his father knocked him down the stairs. Was he respected when his mother left him at birth, to his abusive father? The answers to both of those questions were obvious to him, painfully so.

"We stand together, or we will hang separately."

That creed belonged to Creed, it separated the Friends of Humanity from the rest of the world, and made them understand that they were special. Humans would not be the minority, they would remain the majority. They were the ones who ran the planet and a group of super powered freaks would not dictate how they lived their lives. No way, no how, not in a million years.

The Friends of Humanity were willing to die for their cause but were the mutants? Would the freaks show the same loyalty to each other when push came to show?

"We will show them what makes us humans, makes us strong," Creed stated to the assembled and growing group, men and women dedicated to his cause, his words. "We will show them that mutants will not get the better of us. We will show them that the true power comes from within and not from with super powers."

The group cheered.

"LYNCH THEM!"
"BURN THEM!"
"RUN THEM OUT OF TOWN!"
"DESTROY THE MUTIES!"

Creed knew that they would be exposed before a matter of time and when the mutants were out in public, unable to hide behind their anonymous mask, then it would separate them both and show that humans were still strong. It was only a matter of time.

"Who is with me?"

Loud cheers echoed from every single direction and the Friends of Humanity waved their hands, they stood together, all dressed in white robes and holding up crosses. The power of human kind would not be denied, they would stomp the mutants, they would make sure none of their kind would thrive. Some only fought to protect the interest of their friends and family while others fought out of distaste and distrust for all that were different was.

"Recruit your friends, your family, your neighbors to our cause, if they're not with us, then they're against us, and if they're not with us, they'll hang with the muties!" Creed yelled and there were more cheers from this statement.

The group would grow and Creed's influence would, he would wipe them all out, and gain revenge on behalf of those who suffered at the hands of injustice like him. The Friends of Humanity were not monsters like many unenlightened people thought that were. Rather, they would deliver the human race from the injustice and the destructive embrace of the mutants.

"Now's the time, stand up and face them, it's time to fight!"

Harry moved forward to consider what he could do, so far he found out a way to replicate Kurt's powers, Kitty's, Rachel's telekinesis, Bobby's ice powers, Amara's magma powers, Wanda's hex powers, and Scott's optic blasts all with magical abilities. He moved through his mind to see what all he could do and found out something else. Thanks to his abilities, the young mage also could crawl up the walls ala Spider-Man. Granted, that was not the most special thing in the world, given his flight abilities but still anything was useful.

No doubt in the coming months, Harry could figure out what else he could do. Multiple's powers were a must for certain aspects of multitasking involving his girls, with perhaps reigning in the clones a bit. Given the fact that his group grew with each passing day, that would be a must to learn or so Harry assumed. That was something he could be entirely mistaken about.

Regardless, his ears perked out when he moved past the museum and stepped forward. Someone broke in but that someone left the door open, to allow anyone to come in. Perhaps that was the intention of this would be thief, so Harry wondered what this was all about. He decided to move in to see what was going on, slipping inside and wondering what kind of trouble he would mean.

'Likely some balding middle aged man with a beer gut and two teeth missing,' Harry mused to himself when he popped up and dropped to the ground.

He stopped and stared, to say the least, the thief was the last thing in the world he suspected.

The thief's platinum blonde hair shined in the moonline, with a mask over her face, showing her
shining blue eyes underneath. She wore cat ears on the top of her costume, with a black bodysuit that wrapped tightly around her. It showcased every single curve, every single bit of her, the swell of her very large breasts that threatened to burst out of her top. It moved around to curve around her shapely ass that jutted out. Harry could tell her legs went for miles and had a nice shape to them as well.

To put matters bluntly, this young woman was a reflection of womanhood.

The thief turned around, prying open the case, careful not to trigger the security along but stopped at the clearing of the throat.

"What do we have here?"

The twenty year old thief spun around to face Harry, staring him down.

"Well, someone new, I thought for a moment you'd be the Spider," the thief responded when she stepped forward and got a good look at him.

'Well, I've just hit the jackpot,' she thought when she looked at his tall form, the dark black hair that had a messy quality to it that was downright sexy. The burning green eyes that stared her down, with the black shirt that stretched over his muscular body, which she saw a taunt, a tease of but there was no more than that. The tight leather pants wrapped oh so snugly around him.

"And who might you be?" Harry asked when he saw the hot and likely older thief check him out.

Only a complete idiot would not take advantage of something like this.

"The name's Black Cat, you must be new to town," Black Cat stated when Harry rushed over to her but she showed a great deal of gymnastic ability and flexibility to move out of the way. "I must say, decent moves, but I'm the one who plays the game here."

Black Cat bent back, her legs spread at the perch point above Harry. She grappled up there and thought she was safe. The dark haired wizard moved up after her, flying.

"Oh, hiding a few tricks, are we?" The Black Cat purred when Harry dropped down to face her.

"Well, I must say, you're nothing like I would think you are."

Black Cat found herself trapped in Harry's arms when he physically restrained her. He caught a glimpse of her very ample cleavage, with the breasts that threatened to spill out of the cat suit that only zipped up partially. The heat caused the suit to wrap firmly around the thief's breasts, her nipples poking out, beckoning him forth.

"Trust me, I'm much more than you think I am," Harry stated and Black Cat pulled open the front of his uniform, before the thief ran her hands, slowly, sensually over Harry's body.

"I can see that," Black Cat purred when she nearly had Harry's top off. "I'll make you deal, let me go and I'll make it worth your while."

Harry was dubious, but curious at the same time. When a young woman makes a statement like this, Harry, as a young man could not help but be curious.

"I don't offer this deal to anyone, but you know, it's been a while since I've gotten some real action," Black Cat stated when she leaned back into the wall. "With the Spider, it's go around, make some quips, and then he splatters his webbing into my hair.…..no that's not a euphemism for anything."

A smile twisted onto Harry's face when he had the Cat cornered.
She shivered at the smile in spite herself.

"So I'm sure you kiss all the girls and make them cry, but I wonder what you'd do with a woman," Black Cat stated when she rubbed her hands on Harry's shoulders but he grabbed her hands.

"Depends on if you're being genuine about this," Harry answered when she looked at the Black Cat.

Black Cat's face contorted into a smile when she stared back at Harry, before seduction dripped off her voice. "Please, everything about me is real."

Harry raised his eyebrows when he looked at Black Cat before he placed his hands on her shoulders and pushed her back in the wall. They were in a public place, inside a museum that anyone could run in at any time and see what they were doing. Somehow, that made everything more exciting. A pair of strong male hands clutched the face of her, running his fingers down her cheeks, and causing sexual fire to burn through her.

Kitty knew and the other girls knew that there would be situations, opportunities if one could say, where Harry needed to take advantage of them. It was the way his powers worked and Kitty in particular understood, she said she did as long as she came first in Harry's life. That was a fair deal as far as he was concerned.

"Let's find out," Harry answered before he shoved his tongue into the Black Cat's mouth, violating her mouth with his organ, and the two ran their hands over each other's bodies.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Black Cat returned the kiss, running her hands down the body of this young man. For some reason, he exerted the type of power and made her excited. The kiss caused her toes to curl and fire to course through her belly, when his hands moved over her hips, her buttocks, her legs, her breasts, he moved quickly when he ran over every single inch of her.

Harry felt her breath heavily into his mouth, and she ran her hands over him, her hot hands rolled over every single inch of flesh and caused the mage to twitch. His tight pants constricted when her gloved hand moved over, wrapping around his length. The young magical mutant pushed the cat burglar against the wall, to continue to deepen the kiss.

His fingers worked down the zipper of her cat suit, working it down over her, to allow her breasts to spill out of her. Black Cat shivered when the cool air rolled over her breasts as they were exposed. Her nipples stood out, rigid and erect, with her round and firm mounds, milky and beautiful when they stood out in front of his face.

"Let's see if they're as real as they look," Harry answered when he placed his hands around her DD cup breasts, squeezing them with in his palms. The flesh felt extremely real when Harry worked over them, rubbing the underside of her breasts, working into them, rubbing his hands underneath them. "Oh yes, they're very real."

Black Cat slid the rest of the cat suit off of her, to reveal her toned and hot body. Her large breasts jutted out with her large areoles and dark nipples, standing erect, proud, perky, and ready for Harry to suck and run his tongue over. She sighed when Harry ran his hands over her body, feeling his hands over her toned stomach, her juicy cunt, and her long, lovely legs before he grabbed two hands full of her firm ass.

"Yes, come and fuck me but you seem a bit overdressed," Black Cat stated when she grabbed Harry's pants and tugged them out. She drooled with desire when she freed this young man's cock.
from its prison. It stood, pulsing and large. "This is….you're a really good size."

"Yes, I've heard that," Harry responded when his fingers brushed against her clit and then moved over to rub past her slit.

"I need that in me…whoever you are," Black Cat managed when she looked up.

"Wet and ready for me, with no introductions, well I wonder if we should go for real names or codenames," Harry answered when he continued to play and rub his fingers through the young woman's pussy. Granted he could pick the information from her mind but the real fun was through the seduction.

"Real names, on the first date," she breathed when her eyes fluttered over, and his fingers sunk into her.

"I can make you finish with my fingers or my tongue just as good, you wouldn't get the delights of my cock," Harry whispered in her ears.

His hot breath connected with the side of her ear when he teased her. Her pussy sized up, burning with desire, it needed to be filled, especially when she saw it. This young man's fingers sank into her, going deeper and also he rubbed her clit with his other hand. He continued the motions by latching his mouth onto her nipple before giving it a deep suck.

"Jesus….oh sensitive," she breathed when he sucked on her right nipple, she loved having them played with and sucked on, but most groped her breasts without any finesse or skill, not that she minded a good grope on her breasts at all. This guy was different as she noticed straight away. "Fucking…yeah."

"I don't think that's your name, my lovely thief," Harry stated when he continued to plunge his fingers and then he withdrew them when her juices dribbled onto them. Slowly, he offered them to her and she lapped them up like a cat sucking up milk.

Drinking her own cum made the Black Cat want him more and she reached forward to grab his crotch but suddenly, her arms went to her side, stiffened. He used some kind of telekinetic ability to hold her arms in place. She realized that he could do anything that he wanted with her with this ability but that made it all that more exciting and daring to her.

Not to mention the fact security could walk in at any time.

"So are you ready to play nicely?" Harry asked her when he brushed his length against her damp slit.

"Yes….Felicia's my name, now fuck me," Black Cat responded when she felt herself lost to the nature of Harry.

"Harry," the wizard responded before he teased her entrance once, twice, and three more times, before he reared back and plunged his cock into her womanly depths.

The Black Cat gave a scream when he fucked her against the wall, his prick shoved inside her tight box. She felt it spear into her molten core, giving her the pleasure. Once again, the thief felt her hands get free so she sank her fingers into the back of this young man, to allow himself to pump into her. His cock pushed into her, hitting the back of her pussy.

"Oh, yes, I feel it, please, deeper," Black Cat breathed when his hands gripped around her and he pushed up, before he sank into her pussy.
"Nice pussy," Harry breathed when he licked behind her right ear, and caused her to shiver.

"Yeah, haven't heard….OH YES!" Black Cat screamed when his latest thrust hit a place that she did not know that she had.

Harry felt submerged in heaven, her tight, warm folds wrapped around his probing prick. Each thrust delved into deeper territory, sending pure sexual fire through her body, and he felt his strength grow, along with another part of her body. This older woman moaned deeply when he hit the back of her, each motion getting him deeper into her. He was practically balls need into this older woman and loved it; she squeezed him with her inner walls, the fluids lubricating her vaginal walls nicely.

Felicia lost herself to the pleasure, feeling his hands give her slight touches but then he realized that his hands never left her hips. Her lover's telekinetic ability had more uses than keeping her arms in place that was for sure. It stroked her body without him touching her although she did cherish the most personal touches that a pair of hands rubbing all over her sweaty flesh over.

"Oh, cumming, wet, so wet," Felicia breathed when his cock speared deeper into her pussy, touching inside her.

"That's the way I love you girls, wet and tight," Harry stated when he squeezed her breasts for emphasis. His hands wrapped around them tightly, and allowed him the momentum when he cut a solid pace through this older woman's tight quim. "Oh, that's it…such a tight squeeze!"

Felicia hitched a breath when her pussy spasmed to lubricate the tool of her younger lover with her fluids, it sliding out of her. Her back pressed against the walls with Harry pushing back and spearing into her. His cock felt like it went a bit deeper when another shattering orgasm rocked the body of the Black Cat.

"We'll see if Cat's have nine lives or not if you keep this up," Harry remarked to her with a smile, his cock pushed into her moist folds.

"Haven't…used them up…yet," she murmured when her chest raised and lowered with the steady inhaling and exhaling, air going through her nostrils.

Harry’s cock slid through her very well lubricated pussy, ramming into her molten hot core. The two organs connected in the age old mating dance showed that there was nothing better. The platinum blonde's knees buckled but she held herself up, with a little help from Harry.

Felicia’s eyes flickered for a little bit, all she came for from the jewels but she stumbled upon a real prize to say the very least. His cock speared through her body, washing over her body with the sensual magic, his touches inspiring deep fire with her belly. She came, once, twice, thrice, she didn’t know and stopped counting, allowing herself to become slavishly addicted to the pleasure rocking her body.

"You must be getting close," the cat burglar breathed, she had great stamina but this young man was a machine. She wished she got caught by him before now, all of the missed opportunities that she had.

"I can go all night long," Harry stated with a smug expression on his face when he grabbed firmly onto his hips and went deeper into her, his cock rippled through her body.

Felicia felt her curiosity get indulged because of that and wondered what else Harry could do. The young man's stamina appeared to be without peer and without parallel from what she experienced, the tightness wrapped around her when she reached deep into her playbook, squeezing his cock hard...
with her hot cunt, wrapping around it.

"Give me your milk love, give this kitty her treat," Felicia purred in Harry's ear when he plunged into her womanly depths.

Harry drew out the pleasure, allowing another orgasm to rock her body. Her hips rolled against his, trying to coax the seed from his balls but he took one more pass, going through her and went deeper into her. The mage pushed through her tight pussy, going further and further, going into, deeper into her, before it came.

The pleasure in Harry's groin burst before he splattered his cum deep into her body, down her canal, flooding into her like. Like a fire hose, the love juices of the magic user spilled into the sexy thief, spurting every single drop of fluid that he had, draining his balls into her and causing her to spasm at the orgasm. Despite that fact, the Black Cat squeezed around him, milking every single last drop from him, drawing the man's cum from his balls.

Harry pulled out of her, feeling the sweet sensation of relief and release but no sooner did he pull out, was he felt her hand wrapped around his crotch. Felicia looked up at him, with imploring eyes.

"You did say you could go all night long," she breathed hotly, when she squeezed his crotch and pumped on his member to get it back to full mast.

"Yes, yes, I did," Harry told her when the woman bent down onto her knees, before she licked the head of his member.

Felicia saw that the proof was in the pudding, or rather his erection. She looked up at him, before giving him puppy-dog eyes, the irony given her codename. "I want to ride that cock until it can't go any more."

Harry, being smart, wanted something from her. "Give me a tit fuck and you can ride me all night long."

"Are you sure you'll be able to handle it?" Felicia asked when she cupped her massive boobs and showed them to Harry.

"Trust me, I've handled things like that before," Harry stated when he leaned back. "Make me cum on your tits, and then ride me, trust me, it will work."

Felicia's face twisted into a Cherish cat grin, before she teased the cock a little bit with a lick, and grabbed his cock, rubbing it against the side of her breasts and rolled over her nipples. She grabbed his cock, pressing it in between her tits.

Harry groaned when he felt her tits wrap against his pole with a great might, they really squeezed him and she knew the effect that it had on men. With the determination, Felicia pushed herself up and down, Harry's cock smashed between her fleshy globes. This was a sensation that must men would give their left nut for and Harry sensed that the woman was determined to make an impression that could last. Wrapped around his shaft were her tasty tits and they pushed against him.

"Oh, you can handle them, can't you?" Felicia asked before a response was given, Harry played with her breasts while she fucked him hard.

Harry's eyes looked up at her, smirking and continued to push through her cleavage, his cock pumping through her valley. It met her tongue with each little lick before he responded with a slight grin. "I can handle anything you can do to me."
Felicia took him up on this offer, the challenge was something that she thrived on. Her breasts wrapped around his pole when it continued to plunge in and out of it. The woman felt the joy of such a hunk of meat ripping through the area between her breasts. She breathed when the young man took a moment to raise his hips up and placed his hands firmly upon her chest.

"More, yes, more, love it!" Felicia breathed when Harry pushed in between her.

"I'm really turning you on, aren't it?" Harry asked when he saw the woman's hands reach for her pussy. Mischievously grinning, the young man blocked them with her powers.

"No…fair," Felicia managed when Harry pushed through her with these incoming thrusts, each of them getting deeper into her fleshy globes, each of them pushing her to the brink of ecstasy. Despite the fact she was unable to pleasure herself, she felt more pleasure, the cream rolling from her slit down her thighs and spilling onto the floor.

"All's fair in love and war," Harry countered with a grin through his teeth when he looked up at her. His cock pressed between this sexy woman's breasts, yes that was something that he would feel for a lifetime, it pushed against her, going between her tits, in, out, in, out, cutting a rapid pace.

She gave him sexual little sucks, her tongue ran across his slit, yes he was getting close but he wanted to milk this one.

Felicia felt it, he felt him tighten between her breasts, so she proceeded to rub him raw with her tits. She knew that he kept her hands away from her pussy with his abilities but she could still touch his cock, her tits, and that was what she did. The movements grew more intense, with her squeezing what passed as life out of him, going faster, harder, quicker.

"Here it comes," Harry grunted when he felt his muscles tighten and the explosion went off like a hose.

Felicia screamed in pleasure when the cum splattered out of his cock and splashed onto her face, her tits, and rolled down her stomach. His essence spilled out of him in an immense quantity, it never seemed to end, it coated her greatly.

Harry rested back and allowed her to straddle his hips now. The next motion was utterly hot, with Felicia scooping the wizard's cum from her large melons and placing it into her mouth. She ensured the eyes locked on each other at all times, knowing that she wanted to get the most out of his reaction.

And quite a reaction it was, his cock grew from its flaccid state into its stronger, harder state. She saw it grow, Felicia swore it got larger since the last time she was in her. Still with that in mind, there was only one way to find out, to put him through the paces.

She sank herself down onto his hard prick, gyrating her hips, rolling it over his massive member when it submerged into her body. Slow at first, she rocked up and down but Harry reached forward, grabbing her hips and grabbing a double handful of her ass. This encouraged the woman to ride him faster yet, rocking back and forth on his pelvis as she arched herself backwards showing great flexibility.

"I want to fuck the rest of your nine lives out of you," Harry grunted when his hands rolled over her backside while his other abilities tweaked and pinched at her sensitively nipples. It was like a million fingers rubbed over them, all of them extremely talented.

"Please do," she breathed when the young woman felt his cock push up into her, pushing into her,
and stretching her out.

Each passing thrust rippled deep into her body, allowing her to feel the pleasure, and the joy that came before her. Felicia rocked her head back, and rolled her hips, giving sensual little screams when he pushed deep inside her, pushing up hard into her, with each passing thrust getting deeper into her. The two lovers matched each other stroke for stroke.

Harry's probing prick pulsed when it wrapped in this heavenly delight. He could fuck this pussy all night like but despite this bravado she showed, she started to get tired. Each thrust worked into her harder, like ticks in the clock, her pussy spasmed and clenched, working him over, pushing him closer to the brink, closer to the edge of his own pleasure.

"Not going to go down without a fight, are you?" Felicia purred when she sank herself down on the throbbing manhood beneath her. She lifted herself up and squatted down, gyrating her hips.

"No, feel comfortable, right now," Harry stated when he reached around to play with her tits, feeling the delights beneath his hands and continued to work over her nubile body with passing strokes. His hands rolled over her, sending jolts which she panted at. "But I think you're coming to the edge."

Felicia breathed heavily, feeling his hands on her chest, the power rolling over, coursing through her body. The warmth was without reproach, without pear, and she hardly had the sense to go even further. "Yes, I think….yes….more, cum in me, I need it."

Harry was not done and she clenched him tightly, riding him, trying to get him to cum. This woman rocking back and forth on him with her tits swaying, when he squeezed him was quite the sight. Coupled with her platinum blonde hair swinging from side to side with her face, framing it, yes it was beauty and seduction wrapped all into one.

She pushed herself more, going down harder, squeezing him much more with the joy. Cunt wrapped around him tightly, fluids dribbled down her, breath going in and out of her body. The hot desire flushed her, knowing that she needed to pull more jobs like this one.

"So close," Harry informed her after a long time passed.

Felicia sped up her games, the smoking hot woman really wanted her treat and Harry was all too happy to give it to her when she pushed up, down, up, down, until her pussy clenched and that's when the dam in Harry's crotch broke.

He exploded his hot juices into her, feeling her warm and soft pussy wrap around him, pulling on him, tugging on him. She milked him dry of the creamy filling within his balls. She sank up and down on him, until his cock was spent for a while yet, squeezing him dry with all she had. The cum dribbled down her thighs when it spilled out of her, splashing onto the museum floor but that would be for the janitor to clean up in the morning, she mused.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Felicia peered over her shoulder, she was sure the time was a little bit after midnight when she came there but now it was closer to three in the morning, perhaps a little bit later. She looked over her shoulder and almost expected security guards to come after her but found nothing.

Sure enough, she turned with a smile and saw them stumbling and bumbling in the hallway outside, singing "It's a Small World After All" or humming it rather. It appeared that her mysterious lover decided to bamboozle them with some kind of trick.
"Take these," Harry stated when he handed the jewels to her, and she turned around.

"You're handing me counterfeit jewels?" Felicia asked when she looked at them.

"No, the counterfeits are in the case, I conjured real ones," Harry answered when he looked at her and she raised an eyebrow. "It appears that the museum used fake jewels and fake jewels only."

"So the people who I sent to fence for them, would have put a bullet in my head when they found out that I brought them back fakes," Felicia responded before Harry looked at the thief with a smile. "You saved me a lot of trouble."

"Fifty percent, meet me at this address in a week, and remember, I'll know where you to find you," Harry responded.

The young thief offered him a smile and a shrug.

"Do I get a perk?"

"Depends on how well you do," Harry responded when he looked at her, a grin crossing his face.

She understood his implied meaning, got dressed, and slinked into the night. To be honest, she had no intention of cutting him short on the money he wanted, especially when the alternative was getting sent to prison for stealing jewels. Felicia also wanted a return performance of tonight, and knew that next time, things might get more intense.

To Be Continued in the Next Arc "Revenge of the Green Goblin."
Night of the Green Goblin Part One


Swinging over the New York City streets, with the greatest of ease, one thing was for certain and nothing beats doing the web slinging thing. At least that's what one friendly neighborhood Spider-Man would say when he propelled himself from city street to city street. It had been a few weeks since the battle with the Sinister Six and things had been oddly quiet. Perhaps a little too quiet if the web slinger was honest with himself but only a fool would jinx the good fortune he acquired.

'So far not even a jay walker or a pick pocket,' the web head thought when his web slinging was his guide. 'Could it actually be that I'll get through one night without any trouble? Could it actually be that I'll go home before eight PM tonight?'

A loud explosion of a bomb cut the friendly neighborhood hero out of those thoughts and he shook his head. Those thoughts went out the window faster than he could even realize.

'Right, I couldn't be so lucky.'

The web slinger made his way to an apartment complex and gagged at the green smoke that came out. The friendly neighborhood hero thought he cut a decent pace when he made his way inside and dropped down to see the grisly sight before him. Spider-Man looked around with a wince, that turned his stomach to the bone and he looked around to see the body toll.

There was a family of four on the floor, all dead. It was nights like this that made his job rather hard as there were a lot of psychopaths out there. The web slinger clutched his fist to see if the man or rather monster who committed this was still around or if it was a simple duck and run attack. Spider-Man took a couple of steps forward to look at the sights.

"Nice night for a murder, isn't it, Spider-Man?

The web slinger's body snapped around, growing rigid with each passing moment and his heart thumped into his chest. He wondered what he was up against and the figure that he heard, he knew there was a voice. But as for a face, a body, or whatever else, that was a mystery that Spider-Man could not solve. The web slinger stepped towards the shadows and wondered happened, the palms growling cold.

"No, it's not and who are you?" Spider-Man demanded but then his spider sense went haywire.

It was easy to see why, an exploding pumpkin bomb sent the web slinger staggering backwards and he dodged the attacks. He saw the nasty figure on the glider and another explosive flung at the friendly neighborhood web slinger.

This mandated a duck and roll, with the web head trying to remain one step ahead of his enemy, but the laughter and the explosives caused Spider-Man much frustration. He figured that it would be a good idea to take a trip out the window now; otherwise this dangerous individual would blow up half of the apartment.

"Now, now, it isn't nice to run from Uncle Gobby."

The nutcase followed him out of the window on a glider and sliced through his web line with a blade to cause him to spiral down to the ground. The web head tried to latch onto the building and by some miracle he grabbed onto it. He dangled over the side of the building, kicking his feet and breathing
heavily but somehow he made it.

Then he got a good look at his enemy, in all his nasty glory, the green skin or maybe it was a
costume, it was kind of hard to tell in this particular light. The sunken in eyes that showed a promise
for much sadism to come and that caused something to turn in the pit of Peter Parker's stomach.

"You've finally met your match, Spider-Man!"

The web head dodged an attack.

"Yeah, and I'm not happy about it, especially with you killing innocent people."

The goblin laughed. "Innocent, hardly. All of us our guilty Spider-Man, especially you."

The web head found confusion reign on him. "Guilty, what did I do?"

"Don't play dumb, you know what you did," the criminal stated in a nasty voice when he hurled
more explosives at Spider-Man which he dodged. "You let Norman Osborn die and now I'm your
judge, jury, and executioner! I'm the Green Goblin, know the name Spider-Man, for it will be your
doom!"

"Green Goblin, catchy," Spider-Man mused when he dodged out of the way of the attacks and
spiraled himself upwards to meet his enemy. "Nice and alliterative, which will ensure that people will
remember it."

As it turned out, that particular line of attack was a critical error. The web slinger flew backwards
with a huge smack and landed on the ground with a thud. The web head winced when pain visited
him, lots and lots of pain as it turned out. The web slinger did not have a good night and it was about
to get worse.

The Green Goblin shot a bolt of energy from his hand and knocked Spider-Man backwards. The
web head crashed onto the ground, breathing heavily and shaking his head a little bit. The criminal
dropped down off of his glider and reached down at the downed Spider-Man, before grabbing his
mask but retracted his hand.

"No, too soon," he muttered before he pulled back and looked down at the web slinger. The fool
never saw me coming so he didn't call his playmates. Such a pity, but the Green Goblin shall bring
the fight to them. And for now, Spider-Man will be my prize."

The Goblin scooped up Spider-Man before he fastened his hands together and made sure the web
slinger remained unconscious. The bolt of energy shot through his hand would immobilize him for
several hours, although Goblin found that he could increase the bolts of energy and kill people rather
easily. There was nothing to murder as he found out.

The one thing he knew was that Norman Osborn was dead and all that allowed him to die would
pay, the streets of New York would reign in blood. That was a guarantee that the people could take
to the bank and cash in and when the Goblin gave his word, all listened.

Spider-Man hooked to the Goblin Glider, flew off with the monster, unable to move. No doubt there
was someone who was underneath that mask but when the time was right, the mask would come off.
It would be after the wall crawler's spirit broke beyond all belief. Then when all was done, Spider-
Man would beg him to remove the mask. It was a plan worthy of a devious mastermind.

The X-Men were on his list and then Doctor Octopus, there was no way the Green Goblin would
allow him to get away. The chemicals boosted his strength, skill, and endurance, along with making
him invulnerable to magic thanks to the hair nearby the chemicals when they exploded to give birth to the Green Goblin. All while the sanity stripped from him and made his mind decay within his form.

Every Goblin had his day and his moment of reckoning was at hand.

Captain George Stacy arrived at the scene much too late. Eye witness accounts indicated that Spider-Man fought some nutcase dressed like a goblin on a glider and the battle ended badly for him.

’If someone is able to take down Spider-Man that easily, then what hope does the rest of the NYPD have?’ Captain Stacy thought when he shook his head.

He liked to have faith in his men and women but over the past year, he’d be a liar if he did not admit that Spider-Man did not make his job a lot easier. While he was not going to go as far as make a spider themed signal to flash in the sky every time he needed help, he respected the web head. And now that he was dragged off and likely good as dead, who knew what was going to happen now.

"Your powers, they're much stronger when you're feet are on the ground then they are elsewhere," Harry stated when he walked with Amara, the two of them walking next to each other. Through the training, the two of them got to know each other rather well. "You've improved by leaps and bounds."

"I'm glad to see that you approve," Amara answered with a smile crossing her face when she took a look at what she perceived to be a god in living flesh before her.

There were many times throughout history where myths existed in her culture about people like Harry, who could give women pleasure, multiple women at once in fact. The fact of the matter was that one of the myths resembled the young magical mutant before her.

"So am I the one who improved the most?" Amara asked when she smiled and stretched back a little bit, to unintentionally reveal a small amount of flesh that was her midriff area.

Harry gazed at the dark skin that she showed, it was toned and healthy, she was in good shape. "Yes, you've improved a lot, the most, with Bobby being the second one although he has some issues."

"You mean being a bit annoying," Amara answered with a smile on her face and Harry offered her a reproachful look which she looked sheepish about. "Well, he's doing good I think, all of us I mean….we wouldn't have gotten as far as we had if it wasn't for you. You're a great leader Harry, a great teacher."

Harry smiled, he decided not to correct Amara and state that technically speaking Scott was still considered the leader of the squad. Of course, technically speaking, if they wanted to look for the young mage for advice, he did not question it, he went with it. Especially with these beautiful young women before him, including this sexy dark skinned princess of Nova-Roma.

"You've helped me gain the confidence I need, and I'll never forget that, ever," Amara stated when she placed her arms around Harry's waist lightly. She had no idea why she was being so bold. Normally she would not be so brazen to commit such an act.

"I'm happy to help, to do anything to help anyone," Harry responded when he turned to her and she smiled at him.

"You're building quite the group of young ladies, first there was Kitty, then Rogue, and the Rachel,
and who knows who else might be coming around when they pop back," Amara whispered to Harry when she smiled. "I'm sure you'll get the best, most powerful ones."

"I'm sure I should leave a few for other people," Harry answered but really he did not say that like he believed it.

Amara made a noise with her mouth and shook her head. "Harry, if the others can't step up their game, that's their problem, isn't it?"

Harry's powers grew stronger, even after the incident at Oscorp when he inhaled the formula that caused his powers to increase, the ability to copy other people's powers with ease, not simply learn from them. He did not need to touch them at all like Rogue does, rather a few minutes observation and he created the mental notes he needed for replication.

"I want to thank you," Amara breathed hotly in his ear, the fifteen year old mutant wrapping her arms around him and Harry wrapping his arms around her, pulling her into a nice embrace.

Two sets of powerful lips met with a searing kiss, the type of kiss that caused a girl's toes to curl underneath her. Her breath hitched up, before Harry's hands traveled a bit between her legs to feel the warm heat.

"Someone's ready," Harry breathed in her ear hotly and Amara nodded.

"Ready for you," Amara stated when she looked at Harry, figuring that she wanted a sexual experience with someone who she could trust and who knew what he was doing.

She squealed in surprise, when Harry scooped her up in his arms and trafficked her back to the bedroom, the pair of them disappearing in a flash of light.

*Smut/Lemon Begins.*

Harry stripped Amara's clothes off to reveal her tanned, hot body with round and firm teenage breasts with brown nipples, a flat stomach, and a smooth pussy, with lips glistening with her arousal. She looked absolutely beautiful, there was no question about that to the powerful mage.

His fingers probed her pussy and she breathed heavily when he teased her. By the merest touch she was driven wild and holding back at the same time. A roguish smile crossed Harry's face when he considered the beauty beneath his probing fingers.

"My….you're a god," Amara breathed when Harry reached one hand around her breast and squeezed it lightly. Her eyes closed and she felt the rush that went through her. Another squeeze of her breast brought a shuddering pleasure to her hot body, her core tightening around his finger.

Harry probed her pussy a little bit more and then suddenly, Amara looked up at him, through glazed eyes. Her breasts heaved with the delight and the princess's eyes flickered towards the young wizard. She asked him the burning question. "Don't you think you're a bit underdressed?"

A wide smile crossed Harry's face when he removed his clothes with his telekinetic abilities that he learned from watching Rachel. Each bit of clothing moved off him, causing him to reveal more and more of his body to the young princess on the bed. He probed her pussy when she breathed heavily when his fingers worked their magic.
"Eat my pussy, while I suck your cock, please I want to taste it," Amara begged him and Harry was never one to back down from a request from loyalty. He spread the young thighs of the Nova-Roman princess before his tongue pushed into her dripping hot pussy. "Oh, yes, mmm."

Amara licked his cock briefly, teasingly, before she managed to push every inch into her mouth, her lips wrapped around it tightly. She gave her very first blowjob, even if she learned about the techniques through books. Books were one thing compared to what the real life thing was.

'Use your tongue more, love, take it into the back of your throat,' Harry breathed when he grabbed her hips and munched on her molten hot peach. Her hot juices splattered onto his face, splattering onto him. 'I can take anything that you can give me and more.'

'And more, huh, well I wouldn't want to...disappoint,' Amara stated when she took Harry's cock deep into her throat, squeezing it tight around her.

Harry's tongue switched tactics, when he began to recite the Alphabet backwards in Parseltongue in Amara's pussy. Her thighs clenched together when he ate her with precision and expert skill, lapping up her juices onto his tongue.

Her breathing got shallow when Harry nibbled on her before he returned with the efforts of Parseltongue, which drove Amara to the brink of insanity. The princess wanted more of this, this hunk of manhood feasting on her warm and womanly depths. She sucked him deeply before her lips sealed around his cock.

The pleasure in Harry's cock burst to send the juices flowing into her mouth after a time and Amara swallowed the load greedily. She needed every drop Harry had and more.

Amara laid back, the burning in her pussy could only be fulfilled by one thing and one thing alone. She rested on her back, spreading her legs apart and pulling her lips apart, to reveal the wet and warm opening. With her legs spread like that, there was only one think for Harry could do.

She screamed when Harry pushed his cock into her, the pain of her virginity giving way to the massive phallus ripping into her. Her hips rose up to meet his incoming thrusts when the pain faded away.

"So good, feels so good," Amara panted with the deep thrusts ripping through her, each movement burying Harry's cock into her hot pussy, her body and Harry's body surrounded by the molten fire when their two sex organs clashed with each other with the love and desire.

"You haven't felt anything yet."

Harry lifted up Amara's legs behind his shoulders and slammed into her burning pussy, spearing deep into her perfect cunt. The snug snatch wrapped around his cock, giving it a burning hug when the two of them combined their dance to take it to new and unforeseen levels.

Amara panted when Harry's arms rolled all over every part of her body. She got a bit more than she bargained for in this case and to be honest, she liked it. There was an instant where the dark haired wizard buried his thick phallus into her warm folds so deep that she thought that it would come out the other head. However in the heat of the moment, this near impalement brought forth utmost pleasure.

"Heaven, warm and hot heaven," the wizard breathed when he rolled his thumbs over her dark nipples, covered in a sheen of sweat and feeling her pussy dribbling with the tender love juices lubricate his probing prick.
"YES!" Amara yelled when she felt herself brought to an orgasm, erupting in more ways than one when Harry pushed into her, pulsing into her hot center.

The thrusts got deeper into her and she liked it when his cock buried inside her womb, finding its new home in this newest pussy. Hot and tight, wrapped around him and Harry thrust into her.

"More, yes, please more," Amara breathed when her eyes flickered shot.

"Tight, beautiful, I love this," Harry managed when he sped up the pace a little bit, his cock squeezed in the warm box that was the dark skinned woman's womanhood.

"This is our best lesson yet," Amara mewled when her legs wrapped tightly around Harry when they slid down her body.

"Agreed," Harry breathed when he felt her hot legs around him. She was the perfect package, an exotic look, dark skinned, pretty decent sized breasts, tanned legs, and a round shapely ass. "Going to cum my love."

Amara raised up and down with the cock thrusting into her, she knew that she wanted to have it in her and Harry thrust down, thrust deep into her. The pleasure in his groin exploded to send jets of burning hot cum into her and caused her to spasm, pussy clenched around her and pushing up against her. The young mutant felt the desire of the cum splashing inside her pussy and Harry pulled out of her.

With that moment, Harry grabbed her around the hips and flipped her over on the bed.

"More, yeah, I can handle it," Amara stated when Harry took a look at her hot ass and smiled, squeezing it. This gave her pleasure.

She was always curious about what anal sex felt like and now she hoped Harry would do it to her. Amara breathed when his cock head brushed against her asshole, feeling the pleasure.

"Please, please do it, I want your cock shoved beneath my cheeks," Amara begged him and Harry was not one to leave a lady hanging.

He pushed his cock deep between her tanned cheeks wrapped around her firm buttocks. Amara's anus squeezed around him, it was hot as the rest of her. She felt her anal virginity give way when Harry pushed into her tight hole.

"Feels good," Amara breathed when she looked at her and Harry gripped her breasts, squeezing them in his hands. "So good, so long, fuck me hard."

Harry plunged his cock into her asshole, spearing it inside her, when the beauty played with her twat, feeling how wet it was. He picked up the thoughts of her mind and the intentions she had with her probing fingers so Harry decided to help her out a tiny bit with is own fingers.

The two of them fingered Amara's pussy, bringing her to more pleasure when Harry also cupped her swinging breasts, first her right breast and then her left breast. His hands rolled over her tanned peaks of pleasure, the dark skin feeling good, tinted with arousal and the sweat that rolled down her body when she panted heavily at his thrusts into her bowels.

"Tight, I love it, I'm going to fill up your ass with my cum," Harry breathed when he squeezed her breast and diddled her twat all the while. "Say it?"

"Say…ah…what?" Amara asked in a curious voice when Harry continued to beat into her ass with
his cock.

"Say who your ass belongs to?" Harry responded when he fired back.

"Harry….Harry Potter, I'm yours, my body is yours for you to do anything you want with," Amara breathed when she felt Harry cut a great pace into her, each instant getting closer to the finish.

The cock squeezed in her tight buns made a tender embrace, with greater motions when he pushed deeper into her, the ass squeezing him delightfully.

After a matter of minutes, his cum exploded into her ass, filling her anal cavity up with a series of thrusts. Harry pumped some more into her, draining his balls into her ass and inspiring great pleasure when he did so.

No sooner did Harry finish he felt another hand on his balls, a very familiar and welcome hand, no scratch that, two sets of hands.

Kitty and Rachel stood on either side of him, stripped completely nude, except for the smiles on their faces.

"You didn't think that we would miss out on all of the fun, did you?" Kitty asked when she grabbed Harry's cock firmly and stroked it back up.

"You projected some strong vibes from where I was standing, I could feel the psychic pulses coming all the way from where I was," Rachel answered when she played with Harry's balls, before getting down between his legs and licking at his wonderful phallus.

Kitty pushed Harry on the bed, and then the warmth of the brunette's pussy wrapped against his prick, while Amara came down on the bed. The brunette mutant sank her slim hips down onto her lover, gyrating it.

"Missed this cock, it's only been a couple days, but still miss it," Kitty breathed heavily when Harry grabbed her around her tight ass and forced her down onto him.

"It's missed you…ah fuck, squeeze me, I want to cum in you," Harry responded when the brunette bounced up and down on his pelvis, with him grabbing and tweaking her nipples.

"Yeah, feels so good," Kitty moaned heavily, throwing her head back when the two of them matched each other's strokes.

Rachel, meanwhile, grabbed Amara and dove between her pussy, collecting the cum that spilled on the dark skinned princess's thighs with her tongue. Harry's eyes diverted between her and Kitty bouncing on his hard rod. The red haired mutant dove into the hot princess's folds with immense passion, licking and slurping the creamy delights from off of her cunt.

"Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah, yes," Amara breathed, being brought to another orgasm that rocked her body and Rachel delved into her mind to find the better pleasure spots.

"They're so hot, but we can be hotter, can't we Harry?" Kitty asked when she forced her lips down onto Harry's mouth. The dark haired wizard grabbed his lover, cupping her ass when she sank her tight box down onto his throbbing member. The love organ squeezed in the sheath of flesh when the two of them continued the dance of passion.

'You know it Kitty, you know it,' Harry thought to her and Kitty smiled through the kiss. 'Amara taste good?'
'Amara tastes great,' Kitty agreed when she pushed herself up and down, riding Harry like the stallion he was, the two of them clashing together in the age old dance of passion.

Harry's stamina increased by leaps and bounds, and he drove Kitty onto him, with the pure fun and joy. The two of them battered and beat against each other, their hips met together with their passions.

"Mmm, yeah, more," Kitty breathed when she continued to ride Harry.

"Yeah, so good, so tight, cumming," Harry managed when over a half of an hour passed, with Rachel driving Amara nuts with her delightful tonguing.

The explosion burst in Kitty's cunt, splattering the juices into her. The brunette mutant screamed out loud when her lover's juices filled her up, spilling into her delicious cunt.

Kitty fell back with a sigh and then it was Amara's turn to dive between her legs.

"Oh, many talents, yes," Kitty breathed when Amara lapped up the juices that dribbled from the brunette's pussy, the tangy smell filling the air.

Rachel grabbed Harry and pulled him over, giving him a long kiss, before she rested back, legs spread.

"My turn," Rachel answered in a voice that dripped with pleasure and passion when Harry grabbed the telepaths hips, feeling her delicious rear and supple breasts.

"Get ready for the ride of your life," Harry stated before he plunged into her moist depths and his cock fit snugly in her pussy.

"Oh, yes, more," Rachel breathed when Harry cut a pace into her.

The young redhead's legs locked around Harry when the two rocked back and forth, the cock drilling into her moist womanhood. The strong mage pushed his probing penis into her welcoming sheath to feel the pure sexual magic the two of them had when their organs met.

"You can….do anything that I desire, I love you and your cock so much," Rachel panted when she looked up at Harry, her green eyes burning with desire. Each passing push hit her in new spots that drove her wild with desire, from the tips of her ears all the way down her toes and everything in between.

The dark haired wizard to fuck Rachel on the bed, causing her to feel a rush of pleasure, when her legs locked around him and fingers sank into his back.

"I'm your bitch, fuck my pussy silly, yes, I need it, I love your cock!" Rachel groaned through gritted teeth and Harry smiled.

"I'm sure you love it," Harry responded when he palmed her breasts, squeezing it tightly with his hand and playing with it. His finger encircled her nipple to pinch it and the pussy closed around his cock.

Meanwhile, the erotic desire Kitty felt when Amara munched on her peach defied all description, eyes flickering and her breathing, chest rising and lowering.

"You're mine now," Amara stated but Kitty grabbed her and took Amara's pussy into her mouth. She was going to see who belonged to who when the two mutants ate each other in a sexually
charged sexy nine position.

Harry kept his eyes on that sight but also he made sure to give the telepath beneath him her share of life and attention. His palms rolled over the rosy nipples and she pushed up, draining her fluids onto his cock. The slurping and suckling of Kitty and Amara made the sorcerer go further in his lover.

Rachel gasped when his cock pushed into her.

"Fucking tight, I'm going to make you beg for my cum," Harry grunted when he pushed deeper into her.

"I love it when you make me beg but please don't make me wait," Rachel panted when their sweaty bodies clashed together, sexual desire flowing through them, each using their own mental gifts to make the experience even more worthwhile.

Harry milked his motions for as long as he could be allowed, he wanted to make the moment last for a long time. Of course, it was very hard to hold himself at bay with the erotic sight of Kitty and Amara chewing on each other's cunts in a sixty nine position. The two of them really went to town on each other.

With a few more solid thrusts, Harry pushed into her before his balls tightened and without another word, he came into Rachel.

Rachel screamed in pleasure when his fluids drained into her but the four of them were not the least bit tired.

"Switch!" Kitty yelled when Amara went back to Harry and Rachel and Kitty went for each other, until the dance continued anew.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

After much time passed, Kitty, Rachel, Amara, and Harry rested on the edge of the bed.

"Rogue's going to be upset that she missed out but she was out of it after the last Danger Room session," Kitty responded shaking her head.

"Oh, I'm sure Harry'll make up for it later," Rachel responded when she looked at Harry and then turned her attention to Amara. "Good for your first time, newbie?"

"Yes, I imagined he was amazing but I never realized how amazing he would be," Amara responded with a swift smile across her face.

Kitty smiled when she looked at them all. "I don't think that I can speak for Rogue when I say this but I think that we'll all follow Harry to the ends of the Earth."

Rachel and Amara nodded in affirmation and Kitty curled up in Harry's lap, leaning against his chest, and resting against him. If it was not for Harry, Kitty was uncertain if she would have even turned up at the Xavier Institute, and she knew Rogue might have not shown up. It was Harry who lead them here in his own ways after all.

"I'm glad, I can trust you three, well four if Rogue's not here," Harry responded when he looked at them.

"So, you're going to find Jean, and bring her back?" Rachel asked when she looked at Harry.
Harry paused, deciding that Jean had enough time to cool off to discuss matters with her.

"I'll talk with her, but I'm not sure if she'll come back, right after I'm done with Wanda," Harry remarked to them and they nodded.

Rachel somehow knew that Jean would listen to Harry above all others. Scott must not know that Harry went to talk to Jean, especially given the distaste from the Phoenix had towards him. It would end badly for him if Scott caught Jean in the wrong mood.

"They're actually letting me out of here?"

Harry saw the hopeful look on Wanda's face, it was one that reminded him of him when the Dursleys allowed him out of the cupboard, for something that did not pertain to school and work.

"Wanda, it's a trial basis, only a weekend," Harry responded but Wanda smiled when she walked forward outside the cell. "Now, they have this wrist monitor on you and I'm supposed to have the button, but I won't use it on you, I swear."

Wanda placed a hand on her friend's face and peered back at him. "I want you to use it if my powers get out of control; it's for my own good. I trust you won't abuse it like they did."

Harry's eyes widened at this instant but he shook his head and turned back to Wanda.

"Did they hurt you?" Harry asked but Wanda shook her head again.

"Forget I said anything, alright," Wanda responded and sure enough Harry let the matter drop for now. "So where am I going, the Xavier Institute?"

Harry nodded but Wanda looked apprehensive and he could tell that she was not the biggest fan in the world of Charles Xavier.

"I have to take care of something for a couple of hours, but you can hang out with Kitty and Rogue, they both won't judge you, I've told you about them, haven't you?" Harry asked and Wanda responded.

"Yeah, two of your girlfriends," Wanda answered when she turned around and hid the smile that she had. Each passing session Harry visited her, she trusted him more and more.

Harry worked to get Wanda out of here but the problem was a Raven Darkholme was given power of attorney by Magento over his daughter. He wanted to have a discussion with the person that Gwen recommended to him before too long, to see what his legal options were.

"After I'm done with this, maybe we can go watch a movie or something?" Harry asked when he looked at Wanda. "Something that normal teenagers do."

Wanda's face twisted into a bit of a sad smile. "Are we normal?"

Harry did not answer that question but it turned out there was no need for him to answer it, Wanda shrugged her shoulders, normality was overrated and once they were outside of the Mental Facility, he placed a hand on young magical mutant's and the two of them disappeared in a flash of light.

Despite herself, Wanda found herself impressed by this and knew that Harry had a few tricks up his sleeve. Kitty and Rogue waited outside.

"You must be Wanda!" Kitty said in an excited voice that was genuine and not fake like some
people Wanda knew. One of the doctors had the bubbliest personality in the world but really it was just a front. The injection marks on her arm proved that. "I'm Kitty Pryde and this is Rogue."

"It's nice to meet you," Rogue responded with a smile when she reached her hand forward and shook hands with Wanda. She did not believe how much she enjoyed not having to wear gloves all the time thanks to Harry's bracelet.

"I'll catch you three ladies later, I've got to see what I can do with getting Jean back here," Harry answered when he walked out.

Little did Jean know that Harry knew exactly where to find her so he could figure out where her head is. Was she going to come back home? Harry did not know, the ball was in her court. It was a matter of talking to her in a civil manner.

Jean sat on the couch at the hotel room she holed up in. She wore a tank top that stretched over her ample curves that showcased a generous amount of cleavage and a tight pair of black pants that hugged her nicely, her supple ass wrapped around it. The young redhead mutant rocked herself back a little bit, closing her eyes after what happened six weeks ago.

The Phoenix popped in her mind, shaking her up a little bit and she nearly injured people. If it was not for Harry and Rachel, things could have went really bad for a lot of people. Ororo and Logan tried to track her down a couple times but Jean kept ahead of them, giving them a warning shot. Ever since the Phoenix arrived, her telekinetic abilities, strength, and telepathy became more controlled. She could shut off her mind easily and not have the thoughts of others overwhelm her.

The words of the Phoenix burned through her mind which Jean shook her head and placed her hands on her hips, leaning back on the couch. Xavier trying to lock away the Phoenix out of fear, well Jean sympathized in some ways but also found herself distrustful of the intentions of the Headmaster of the Xavier Institute. There was one thing for certain, if that was fixed in her mind, then there was no telling what else could have happened in her mind.

As for her relationship with Scott, well that was an interesting thing. After what happened on Asteroid M, Jean found herself losing a lot of faith in her friend's ability to stand strong in fact of adversity. And there was the fact that the Phoenix made a lot of sense to some realizations she came to. She thought that the assumption that he would lead the team without challenge burned him up.

Jean wondered if it was expected that she got together with Scott, it seemed that Xavier put them together in a lot of situations. While she liked her friend, he was just that, a friend, and there was a sense that Scott had a lot of issues. The fact of the matter was that he would always be submerged in the shadow of Xavier forever unless he found a way to break out above the fact.

Then there was Rachel, Jean suspected something about her, although could she figure it out? She had a few theories and she was certain that none of them were true. Yet, the fact of the matter was she was here and she knew a lot but what was the question?

A knock on the door brought Jean out of her thoughts and she stepped forward to reach for the door and open it up to see someone standing there on the other side.

"Harry?" Jean asked when she looked at him, surprised that he showed up but she was pleased about it never the less. She threw her arms around him and greeted him with a warm hug. "I'm so….I'm so glad you came."

In spite himself, Harry smiled, when Jean pulled herself away from him.
"Hi Jean," Harry answered when Jean took a step back to allow the dark haired wizard to walk inside. "I missed you at the Institute."

Jean considered Harry for a mere moment before she shook her head. "I know I'm missed but Harry, you understand, I don't think I'm coming back, at least not soon."

"Where are you going to go Jean?" Harry asked her when she looked at him.

"Where are you going to go?" Jean fired back when she placed her hands on her hips and looked at Harry. "I'm not stupid Harry we both know that the Xavier institute was a temporary living arrangement until you get back to your feet. The only people who keep you there really are Kitty and Rogue, and let's face it, those two would follow you anywhere."

Harry smirked, Jean did not need to read a mind to figure this out about them and shook his head when he faced her.

"You get along with everyone there, but mostly everyone there," Jean answered with both of them avoiding bringing up the elephant in the room that was Scott for now. They also avoided bringing up the entire Phoenix thing.

"I've got plans to move away before the next school year but if Xavier wants to keep me on as a teacher, well he can pay me," Harry responded when he looked at Jean.

Jean smiled, it showed how nice Harry was when he decided to do the teaching work at the Xavier Institute for free but naturally that was likely as a thank you for Xavier for allowing him to stay at the place. He could not keep paying him back forever.

"Maybe I'll open up my own school for the gifted," Harry remarked in a casual voice when he looked at Jean.

"Nothing wrong with a little friendly competition," Jean offered when she smiled at Harry. "I'm really glad to see you."

"Didn't seem to be glad to see Ororo or Logan when they showed up?" Harry asked to Jean but he added. "It was a bit too soon, wasn't it?"

"I wasn't in the mood for visitors, I'm guessing they got the hint," Jean responded when she sat down and invited Harry to sit down next to her. The dark haired wizard did so, with the two of them sitting rather close to each other.

The two teenagers sat next to each other, not knowing what to say.

"The Phoenix seems to think that you're more powerful than anyone in the X-Men realized," Jean answered when she looked at him.

"I am," Harry whispered to her and then he explained. "A while back, my powers evolved. I'm not able to just read someone's body language, but I'm able to copy their powers and when they're copied, they stayed copy. It's like Rogue's powers, only without the memory baggage."

Jean found herself intrigued.

"And my….allure has gotten stronger," Harry answered and Jean raised an eyebrow before she motioned for Harry to continue. "There's an allure that I have…when women are attracted to me, it doesn't take that much for them to be attracted to me."
"You can't force them to like you though," Jean offered but butterflies beat against her stomach when she looked at Harry.

"No, I can't, the feelings have to be there or at least some level of attraction," Harry responded when he scooted to the side so he could talk to Jean properly.

"I see," Jean responded when she looked at Harry and the two of them stared each other down for a little bit. "And you're forming a little…collective of girls."

"Trust me, all of them come away satisfied," Harry answered to her and Jean smiled.

"You seem to have a pretty full opinion of yourself, Harry."

"Well, they'd tell you themselves," Harry answered when he looked at Jean and scooted a bit close to her.

The energy pulsing between two powerful beings were second to none and they stared down each other, time ticked down when they looked at each other. Jean and Harry stared in each other's eyes, with a pause stating.

"I won't know without the firsthand experience," Jean offered Harry with a shrug but suddenly, a buzzing went off. "Trouble?"

"I'm guessing so, we're going to have to pick this up later," Harry answered with a sigh when he knew that he had to cut this meeting short with Jean. "I'll talk to you later."

"Yeah, I'll be here for today, if you want to come back," Jean responded when she watched Harry leave, not taking her eyes off him until he was completely gone.

She wondered if Harry stopped himself from making a move out of some half-hearted attempt to keep the peace with Scott but the problem was that Jean was not sure what she wanted. The Phoenix's words spoke to her and a confusion maelstrom of emotions ran through her mind. Every time she picked up those thoughts at the Mansion, her curiosity grew and new scenarios taunted her dreams about what could happen.

She smiled a little bit when she thought about the possibilities.

"Harry, I really appreciate you popping over here on such short notice, I know that….I know that you're really busy with everything."

Gwen backed off from the doorway in her house, to allow Harry to enter inside. The dark haired wizard took quick strides, making his way inside and stared her down. It was apparent to the young wizard that the blonde young woman needed some time to compose herself.

"Gwen, take a deep breath, and tell me what happened," Harry said in a gentle voice and Gwen took the few moments that she needed to compose herself and her mind. She walked forward and walked into the kitchen area of her house.

"Three days ago, Peter did not come home and I know why," Gwen answered when she looked at Harry. "Spider-Man fought this new criminal…they call him the Green Goblin."

"The Green Goblin?" Harry asked when he raised an eyebrow.

"I don't name them, I'm just telling you what they're saying," Gwen responded when she walked up
the stairs and Harry followed her. "Anyway, the battle didn't end too well I think and now Peter….well Peter's missing. The Green Goblin is….he's taken Peter out."

"Where did this Green Goblin come from?" Harry asked when Gwen lead him upstairs.

"The battle a month ago, that Spider-Man had with Sinister Six, Norman Osborn was missing, presumed dead I think, I heard," Gwen responded when she bit down on her lip and folded her arms. "I hacked into Oscorp, into the security camera footage and well….this speaks for itself."

Harry saw the explosion of the chemicals that somehow increased his powers. Something caught his eye and he raised a hand up to halt Gwen.

"Pause and stop, right about now," Harry stated when he saw the explosion and watched Norman Osborn get caught in the explosion. Slowing down the footage, he was able to pinpoint something. Osborn was in the blast still, nearly burned to a crisp in the fire.

"Harry, what is it now?"

"Osborn's….the chemicals done something to him," Harry answered when he looked Gwen in the eye and Gwen stared at him. "When I inhaled the chemicals, something happened to me, it changed me."

Gwen's face twisted to a frown before she turned around to look at Harry for a moment. Any number of scenarios went through her head and now she felt herself a bit worried for Harry as well.

"You inhaled chemicals….did you feel any side effects?"

"I was sick for about a day and then I recovered, stronger than ever," Harry answered when he held out his body and looked at Gwen. "I'm fine, really I am."

Gwen took a moment to look at Harry and frowned so Harry imparted more information for her. He could tell that her curiosity bubbled to the surface.

"My powers….they increased, they're stronger than ever before, and I can do things that I couldn't before. I'm more in tune with my magic and I can copy anyone's powers, memories, abilities, you name it, just by looking at them."

"I see," Gwen responded when she frowned and prompted Harry to go forward. "Is there anything else?"

Harry paused before he added. "My allure is stronger."

"Your allure?" Gwen asked when she looked at him, an eyebrow raised, curious to see what this is about.

"Can you keep a secret?" Harry asked when he looked at Gwen and she gave him a look that made the mage confident that she would. Plus reading her mind a little bit indicated that she was able to keep secrets. She did with Spider-Man after all. "It is strong around women who have an attraction for me, and the stronger the attraction, the only likely their inhibitions are to give way. I can't force anyone to do anything and I'm sure a strong-willed women could resist unless I'm in constant contact with them."

"How constant are we talking about?" Gwen asked curiously.

"A couple hours every day, for several days, maybe a few weeks, a month or two," Harry responded
when Gwen turned and looked at him. "It's increased my sex drive and my stamina, I've given….this sounds arrogant I know…..but it gives my women an unmistakable sexual fulfillment.

Gwen smiled, thinking about this a bit more than she wanted to, then again she had been with a very stressful last couple of days, so she needed a bit of time to shake her head and clear the cobwebs. Both the horny teenager and the science geek within her thought about the possibilities of Harry's powers and could agree that they were immense, the potential was endless even.


"You know, if it is Osborn, he's at one of the Oscorp facilities, but there could be many," Harry answered and Gwen considered that, a frown going across her face, before she nodded.

"Hundreds, at least, in New York alone. In Jersey and the rest of the Eastern half of the United States, we could be going in the thousands and Spider-Man….he could be anywhere."

"If anyone can find him, I will and I'll get the X-Men on it," Harry answered and Gwen got up, with a grateful expression on her face.

"Thanks, Harry, I appreciate you looking, even if you do find…his remains," Gwen stated when she looked at him, before getting to her feet and standing on her tip toes, before planting a brief kiss on his cheek.

"So how were you two doing before this?" Harry asked to Gwen.

Gwen turned around and smiled, sadly. "We're friends and it's not him, it's his enemies."

"The common cry for the super hero," Harry responded and Gwen nodded.

"I suppose I can't fault him for trying to protect me, all things considered," Gwen answered with a slight shrug and a shake of her head.

Harry turned to her with a smile, he could tell that Peter Parker, Spider-Man had some real emotional baggage about not getting too close to anyone.

"And there's his aunt, trying to set him on this blind date with this girl, it drives me nuts, it drives him nuts as well," Gwen answered when she looked at. "Why do I have a feeling that I've been friend-zoned?"

"Whatever is meant to be, it's meant to be," Harry responded when he stepped back and left Gwen in his wake.

"Good luck," Gwen answered when she watched Harry leave, with a smile on her face when she watched him leave.

It was a quiet afternoon for the Brotherhood, in fact, the four original members felt that they gotten a reprieve from something. Todd, Lance, Fred, and Pietro saw that Sin and the Taskmaster were gone and that was something that brought them a great deal of happiness. As for why those two were gone, well that information was on a need to know basis. They simply were not told about everything that was happening and they did not know what to think about that.

"Hey, good thing that crazy girl's gone, she was knocking us around," Todd responded when he shook his head and winced the strained list. "First Mystique, then the Taskmaster, then here, and
there's the X-Men, whose next?"

The windows in the Brotherhood Boarding House blew open and green smoke filled it.

"Just a question no need to….whoa," Todd stated when he showed saw the figure show up on a green glider.

"What the hell are you supposed to be?" Lance asked, ready for a rumble.

"The name's goblin, Green Goblin," the criminal stated before he held up a pumpkin bomb and hurled it at the Brotherhood which caused them to scatter. "My card."

Another pumpkin bomb flew out of the Green Goblin's hand and landed on the floor, exploding with an impact.

"I've got this one," Quicksilver stated but the Green Goblin flung a green wire out of his hand and wrapped it around the speedster's ankles to cause him to fall on his face.

"And now, you're eating the ground," the Green Goblin stated when he tutted. "You X-Men are so sloppy."

"Say what fool, we're not the X-Men!" Todd exclaimed.

"Yeah, those X-Men live up the way, ritzy place, mansion, can't miss it," Pietro managed when he pulled himself back up from the ground, his feet tied together still.

"Oh too bad, I seem to have gotten the wrong house, oh well isn't this embarrassing?" Green Goblin stated when he shook his head before pulling out a pair of pumpkin bombs and hurled them towards the Brotherhood, causing them to scatter.

The Brotherhood trembled when the Green Goblin smashed through their house on a glider.

"I thought we said we weren't the X-Men, why are you still attacking us?" Lance asked but then a bolt of energy knocked him down.

"Just because!" Green Goblin yelled before he laughed and sent another pumpkin bomb, causing Blob to topple down to the ground. "Xavier can explain to you kids why I'm after you guys. You mutants are on the list, after old Charlie X decided to take a little knocking around Stormin' Norman's mind and made him forget you muties existed. Well, it just so happens that I remember it and I'll raze you all!"

More pumpkin bombs exploded and Lance, Todd, and Fred were down on the ground but Pietro rushed from the Brotherhood Boardinghouse as fast as his legs could carry him.

"And now that you chumps are down, it's time to pay a visit to the X-Men, they're next on my hit list!" Green Goblin yelled at the top of his lungs before he flew off.

Jean sat at the hotel room, waiting for Harry to return, if he returned. There was a knock on the door and the red head bolted towards it, opening the door and seeing Rachel on the other end of the door.

"Oh, hi Rachel," Jean answered when she smiled at the other red haired girl. "Um…"

"You were expecting someone else, weren't you?" Rachel asked when she stepped inside and Jean nodded when she stepped inside.
"Well, it's just…it's complicated," Jean answered when she spun around, looking out the window into the city.

"Life's complicated, imagine that," Rachel remarked when the two young women stared at each other. "Are you ready to return home or not?"

"Where is my home?" Jean asked when she looked at and she turned away. "The Phoenix….when she was there, she told me something. She told me about what Xavier did to me and how Scott….he was not going to be the one for me….how he wouldn't be the perfect match for me"

It was at this instant where Rachel paused and took a moment to walk forward.

"Did the Phoenix decide on who was a perfect match?" Rachel asked when she looked at Jean.

Jean paused before she answered, her voice dripping with a half-truth. "She wasn't specific, but she hinted. It had to be a powerful being, one that could withstand the power. I've been researching all of the myths on the Phoenix Force and it's been around since the dawn of time. It is a primal force, and it's searched for millennia for its one true mate, but there has never been a powerful enough mate for it. There needs to be someone who can withstand the passion, and the fury."

Rachel wondered a lot about her upbringing, she wondered about the events that lead into the future that lead to Scott and Jean getting together and her being born. A lot of what she found out was second-hand information at best, and there was….well Rachel did not understand a lot about everything that happened. The red head thought about the future she came true and what her father….the man she assumed her father was did.

For all Rachel knew, her father could have been Spider-Man or the Thing or Deadpool, all he had was the word of her parents that Scott was her father. She assumed that to be true, but she was nothing like him. She looked at Jean and saw what happened to her in the end. The happy teenage spirit broken down by all of the stress and trauma, she could not let this doing.

In some ways, she also wanted some clarity for Scott as well, as with each passing year, he seemed to get worse and worse, no one questioning his leadership With Harry, everything change, but the weird thing about the young man was he never seemed to existing. The moment she arrived from the past, the rules changed, and she wondered if it was even possible to change the future.

She could be a temporal anomaly without a place in the world.

So far she remained there, even if there were many theories about time-paradoxes and what not.

Jean and Rachel stood together, the awkward moment hanging in the air.

"What do you think I should do?" Jean asked after a moment.

Rachel appreciated the irony of her mother coming to her for advice.

"Follow your heart," Rachel offered, feeling this statement was the best thing in the world.

Before anything else could be said, the doors of the hotel room blasted open and a Vertigo effect knocked them down, bringing the two mutants to their knees. Jean's eyes flashed with fury when she saw the Marauders there.

'The Marauders…how?' Jean thought to herself when Arclight knocked them back, and Harpoon threw the exploding harpoons at them.
Rachel and Jean were in the fight against the new and improved Marauders, cloned by Sinister to be stronger than ever, and the two young mutants, as powerful as they were, had an uphill battle.

'Harry! I need you!'

Both of them blacked out when they were drugged by the Marauders.

Wanda tapped her foot on the side of the couch when she sat on the couch at the Institute. She could tell that some of the members of the Institute were uneasy about her but she did not let that bother her that much. Scott in particular knew all about her given what Xavier told him.

"Are you okay, Wanda?"

"Fine," Wanda stated to Kitty before shaking her head, not happy about the look Scott gave her, like she was a bomb about ready to go off. "It's just....I'm waiting for Harry to get back."

"Something's come up, something always comes up," Kitty answered when she looked at Wanda but there was a knock on the door that brought them out.

"I'll get it!"

Kurt walked over to open the door and pulled it over, to see Quicksilver of all people on the other side of the door.

"What are you doing here?"

Wanda's eyes widened when she saw him on the other end of the door and her mood darkened when she saw him.

"Pietro!"

"Wanda?" Pietro asked in a surprised voice to see his sister of all people here.

"YOU ABANDONED ME!"

"Oh boy," Kitty whispered underneath her breath when she saw the cataclysm that happened.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter.
Chapter 34: Night of the Green Goblin Part Two.

Pietro took a step back when he was caught off guard by his sister's sudden appearance and boy was she angry. The rage flashing through her eyes was rather prominent. Actually her being angry did not even begin to cover the perilous situation that Wanda was in. The young woman took a step back and glared at her brother who waved his hands in a distinct "I surrender" matter.

"Hey, Wanda, no, Wanda, it's....."

"Okay, Wanda calm down, it's obvious that Pietro's here for a good reason," Kitty stated, hoping that Harry would return before too long from wherever he was.

"Yeah, where is your fearless leader?" Pietro asked when he turned his head around from one side to the other. He took a step forward and shuddered when he saw his sister's glare on him. It was at this point where the silver haired speedster knew that there was a good reason why Wanda was locked up; not that he'd ever admit that out loud to her because he kind of valued his life.

"Is there a problem?"

Scott showed up to stare down Pietro but then he looked at him staring him down. The two mutants from rival factions stared at each other, neither of them backing down from the other at this point in time. If looks could kill both Cyclops and Quicksilver would be six feet underground.

"Where's Potter, I need to speak with your leader," Pietro stated when the fastest mutant alive looked at Scott but the would be leader of the X-Men stepped forward.

"Harry's not here," Scott stated when his gaze burned a whole through Pietro who threw his hands up into the air and shrugged his shoulders. He was fully aware that Wanda's glare was still on him which made him watch his step and more importantly his words.

"Look, there's someone who attacked us, some nut on a glider, he got the rest of my team, he's....the Green Goblin I think he said, he was completely insane, he hates all mutants, he thought that we were you, so this is all your fault, so you have to fix it, and if you don't....well you will won't you because you're the X-Men and fixing things is what you do, I mean I could just be rambling right here, but...."

"Fine, this Green Goblin, we'll help you," Scott responded but it was at this point where Harry returned and spotted Pietro. The mutant never felt more grateful to see Harry Potter in his life.

"There you are, thank God, I thought I was going to have to deal with Summers for a little bit," Pietro answered when he looked at Harry who took a step back and surveyed him. A questioning expression went in Harry's eyes. "Green Goblin, Green Goblin, that guy, he's nuts, and on a glider, he throws exploding pumpkins, he got my team, Sin will kill me, all of us, and that Taskmaster guy, he'll kill us after she does when we get back, this is the worst thing that has ever happened, I can't believe this...."

Harry slapped Pietro in the face in mid-stream to stop him from rambling.

"Thanks man, I needed that," Pietro stated when he rubbed his cheek before he stepped a little bit back to look around, his eyes darting wildly from side to side. "You've got to blast him with that magic."
"How do we know this isn't one of your inane Brotherhood plots?" Rogue asked, and Kurt looked at Pietro, suspicion dancing from his eyes.

"Yeah, that's a good question, how do we know this isn't some kind of game to lure us all over there and…WHAM!" Kurt yelled punching the air for emphasis but Pietro shook his head, Harry could hear his heart thumping into his chest at super speed.

"No, man, this is the real deal, I swear on it, scout's honor, and all that, I would never double deal you with something like this," Pietro answered but before anyone could suggest any course of action, Harry felt a psychic call in the back of his head.

'Harry….help!'

"Harry, what is it?" Kitty asked she almost could sense Harry felt something and she could tell Rogue did. The New Mutants showed up, as did Logan, Ororo, and Hank.

"Could anyone please explain what is going on?" Hank asked, the furry blue mutant looking confused at the situation and Harry decided to bring him up to speed.

"Jean's been captured, so has Rachel, I'm going there now to see if I can find them, you guys deal with that Goblin," Harry answered when he looked in the sky.

"If Jean's been captured, I'm coming too," Scott stated when he looked at Harry, his eyes narrowing suspiciously.

Harry turned to Scott, a firm and burning glaze was in his eyes. He could tell that Scott wanted to endear himself to Jean.

"It's too dangerous," Harry replied to Scott but that was around the wrong things to say to the mutant. Scott's eyes flickered when he turned to face Harry and his breath hitched in.

"You don't think I can handle this?"

"It's not the matter of what you can handle Summers, so pull your head out of your ass and think for a minute, I think Sinister is involved, you know Nathaniel Essex, the guy who nearly had us killed a while back," Harry stated in an annoyed voice when he rocked back and forth a little bit on his heels.

"If you…you need back up, Rogue and I will come with you," Kitty answered but Scott seemed to assert himself as team leader at the worst possible time.

"I'm coming with."

The dark haired mage threw his hands into the air in frustration; fine, it would be on his own head.

"I'll come," Wanda answered, not wanting to trust herself to be in the same room with her brother at this moment, seeing the mirror reflection of her loathed father.

"Are you sure?" Harry asked when he looked at Wanda.

"Positive," Wanda stated when she looked at Harry before the two of them walked out together, with Kitty, Rogue, and Scott following. The dark haired wizard tracked the location of them, before engulfing them in the teleportation field and they disappeared to go outside of the facility.

No sooner did Harry leave, they heard this.

"KNOCK, KNOCK, GOBLIN RINGING!"
The Green Goblin yelled this at the top of his lungs, flinging pumpkin bombs at the front of the Mansion, blowing it up with expert precision and destructive insanity, when he glided in.

Logan tried to attack the Green Goblin but a wave of energy shot from the monster's hand, to send the man down on the ground. Storm tried to use lightning to take down the Green Goblin but while he grimaced, he hurled a green wire from his glove to wrap around him and drop to the ground.

The New Mutants tried to attack the Green Goblin, with Bobby freezing him in place so Tabitha could nail him with one of her cherry bombs but the Goblin broke out. A dozen Multiple dupes dive bombed him, but the Goblin shrugged him off, and knocked Cannonball off. Electricity seemed to have a bit better effect on the Goblin but it was not enough to take him down for good.

The New Mutants were bound on the ground, unable to break free of their bindings, before they rolled over, trying to get out of their attack. The Goblin laughed at the top of his lungs before he saw Xavier try to use his mind reading powers.

"Really, that's rude," Green Goblin responded when he blew Xavier back in his wheel chair and knocked him out. "My mind is stronger than yours, Chucko….in fact, let's go for a spin, so I can tell you why I'm going to kill your little X-Brats."

Goblin flung the bombs over his shoulder and they connected to the ground with a solid explosion, ringing out. He flung Xavier over his shoulder and shot out through the windows, laughing all the way.

The New Mutants and the X-Men were all down, with Kurt seeing the bomb on the ground. Immediately he grabbed it and teleported out of the Institute, before he returned, just in time too.

He collapsed and now the Green Goblin had Xavier, but they noticed that Logan and Ororo managed to follow him. The X-Men tried to shake off their wounds.

They honestly had no idea what hit them but it was dangerous.

"This is the place?"

"Yes, this is where they were trapped, looks like a real horror show," Harry remarked when Kitty and Rogue shuddered.

"No kidding," Kitty offered when her eyes closed in a pained expression.

The four X-Men moved inside, with Harry looking through the windows and seeing the Marauders inside, he could have sworn that he took care of these guys already but there they were. They stood tall and ugly, well that was just Blockbuster and now many questions moved through the mage's mind.

A blast of light knocked him down and Kitty reached through the wall, pulling the large ugly mutant out, before he dropped to the ground after she buried his head inside, causing him to suffocate. Before Harry could offer the next movement, Scott entered inside which tended to be a bit sooner than the young wizard would have liked. Rogue, Kitty, and Harry followed him inside but then a towering presence looked over them.

"Greetings children, I've been expecting you."
Harry, Kitty, Rogue, and Scott turned their heads before they saw him; dressed completely in black with glowing red eyes and fearsome fangs, he was a sight to behold. Nathaniel Essex, Mister Sister, was the things that nightmares were made of and the dark haired wizard turned to face him.

"Where is Jean?" Scott asked when he looked at Sinister, but Sinister dismissed him with a wave of a hand and a blast of his hand to send him flying backwards.

"So impudent, but then again, that goes on the Summers family tree, you and your brothers," Sinister stated when he looked at Scott who looked confused at the word "brothers" and turned around, trying to find a way back to his feet but he slumped down to the ground once again. "But you're not the one I've been waiting to see."

Harry did not even wait for Sinister to finish; rather he sent a blast of golden light at the demented Darwinist but Sinister absorbed the attack before he fired back at Harry. With quick precision the mage dodged and sent a blast of green light towards him but once again a shield appeared around Sinister's body, absorbing it. There was a grimace of pain which broke his telekinetic field and injured him slightly but did not kill him.

"Impressive, that was a curse that would have killed someone that is not evolved, perhaps we are more alike than you could ever know," Sinister stated when he stared down Harry, showing all his twisted teeth in a smile.

"Harry's not a damn think like you, creep!" Kitty yelled when she looked at him, and once again, Harry blasted him.

"Really, entering my house and calling me names, perhaps someone should teach you some manners," Sinister stated in a sadistic voice before he used his telekinetic powers to hold Harry, Rogue, Kitty, and Scott at bay. "Yes, only the fittest survive and only...."

A telekinetic blast from afar knocked Sinister around enough for Harry to spring up and grab him by the throat, before he flew him through the wall. He could tell this sadistic scientist was strong but the power of magic increased Harry's strength.

A miniature explosion echoed when Harry put Sinister through the wall. He was about ready to go in for the kill but they he stopped, seeing something out of the corner of his eye.

'No way.'

Harry could see it but he could not believe it, there was Sirius Black in a tube, in suspended animation. Strange and Harry thought that there was no way that Sirius could have survived but yet there he was in that tube. He wondered about it, wondered if there was a trick or if it was something else. At this point, Harry was uncertain what he wanted to really believe.

Sinister's attack cut Harry out of his musing but a shield appeared around the mage to block the attack; his powers copying the defensive process that the scientist put inside himself.

The two locked in a stalemate, neither backing down.

"It seems that we're in an impasse," Sinister stated when both he and the wizard before him, stared down at each other with blood shot eyes. The scientist turned into a black ink and oozed into the vent, he had what he wanted, the DNA of Jean Grey.

Scott, Rogue, and Kitty entered the area to see Harry. The brunette mutant stopped when she looked at Harry and grabbed her hand.
"Is that…"

Harry nodded with Kitty and Rogue looking at Sirius in the tube, it appeared that the lights were on but no one was home. The dark haired wizard moved over to see what was happening and went into the next room to see Jean and Rachel.

Vertigo sent a wave of effects towards them all, when she was waiting but Harry stood on his feet, blocking the attack before he blasted her back.

Scott gave a pained grimace when Harpoon stabbed a super charged spear into his back but Harry blew up the spear in his hand before he could attack Kitty or Rogue. The leader of the X-Men dropped to the ground, blood dripping from underneath his shirt but before anyone could attack him, Arclight moved in.

"I've got this one," Rogue answered when she dove at the woman, smashing her through the wall.

It seemed like the longer she was with Harry, she was developing some kind of super strength and limited flight powers. It actually made her feel a bit better in a fight given the fact it allowed her to hold her own better beyond absorbing people's powers.

Riptide moved in but Rachel popped in, after Wanda freed her and Jean was freed as well, she knocked him down for the count. He took a very long nap on the ground, with Jean making sure that he did not wake up to hurt anyone again.

"We'll get Scott and Sirius out of her to get medical attention, but we've got to find Sinister, he can't have escaped!" Harry yelled when he moved out but then Kitty stopped and stared at a tank with a purple dragon inside it. She paused and looked at it and Harry looked at her, when she looked at him with imploring eyes.

"Harry, look at that, there's no way a cute little guy like that should be in a lab here like this," Kitty answered when she looked at Harry. "Do you think we can…rescue him?"

Kitty looked at Harry with puppy dog eyes and so did the dragon. Harry threw his hands up in the air in what would be defeat.

"Take him back to the Institute, with the other two, Jean, Rachel, Rogue, you can help me search for Sinister and any of his other flunkies," Harry responded when he looked over his shoulder before the five of them moved out.

Scott was in pretty bad shape, Sirius was worse, in fact Sirius was not able to get out of there. Jean kept her mind, she was certain Sinister took DNA from her, but for what purpose, she did not know. She got a brief look around his lab and saw the different types of mutant DNA on file.

They searched the facility, with Harry taking the research that he could find but he did not find Sinister anywhere. He flew the coup so to speak.

"It's your wake up call, Spidey, don't you want to be up and about for your demise?"

Spider-Man was strung upside down, wrapped in wires before the Green Goblin looked in his face, a sadistic expression in his eyes when he faced him. The web slinger knew one thing and one thing alone and that was no one in his right mind would want to wake up to that ugly mug.
"Dude, do you even have a breath mint?" Spider-Man asked when he tried to push himself free but found his arms and legs slacked. "What did…what's the point in this?"

"You failed to save Norman Osborn, the X-Men failed to save Norman Osborn, and now I'm going to make you all pay," the Green Goblin stated with his eyes dancing with malice. "Now, I understand that you….Spider-Man, you web slinging wonder, think that you can stop me but you'll find escape to be quite difficult."

"You know, people like you, you run your mouth but I'd like to see a bit more action," Spider-Man managed when he tried to use his spider strength to break free, but the web slinger found himself unable to break free.

The web slinger looked at the Green Goblin in his eyes and saw that this deranged nut was completely and utterly insane; he was going to kill the web slinger. Escape was something that was more than difficult and the web slinger wondered if he could find any easy way out. Yet there was no easy way not and Spider-Man tried to push himself against the bindings.

Xavier tried to wake up but the Green Goblin turned to face him, a sadistic expression in his eyes.

"So tell me Xavier, how does it feel to be completely helpless and at the power of another man, unable to do anything to stop your mind being utterly wrecked?" Green Goblin asked when he placed his hands around the throat of Xavier. "It's not that fun, is it? It's not a barrel of laughs, isn't it?"

"I don't know…." Xavier managed but the Green Goblin clapped one hand on his mouth.

Xavier knew one thing for sure and that was Norman Osborn flipped what passed as sanity; his mind was completely destroyed. The Headmaster of the Xavier Institute turned his head; twisting it to face his captor but there was no way out, his hands were bound to the chair, no matter how much he struggled, this was completely pointless. Not that he could walk out there in his condition to begin.

"You don't know, you don't know, such a pity, I'm sure it slipped your mind, just like the details of the X-Men slipped Norman Osborn when you wiped his memories," the Green Goblin stated when he put his hands on Xavier's face. "You remember it, don't you Chuck? Tell me, your original team, the one that you don't want to remember, they died, didn't they? And you wiped my mind because I found the truth. All of them you sent to that place, they never returned."

Xavier shook his head, he remembered this but he thought that this day was among his biggest failures; something that drove him to take more careful steps when he formed the second generation of the X-Men. Sadistic madness danced through the eyes of the Green Goblin; he knew Xavier understood himself to be guilty and he closed in for the kill, going for the throat.

"I wonder Xavier, how many people will you drive into the grave because of your dream, the foolish dream, and the inability to take the necessary actions to achieve it," the Green Goblin mused when he stared down Xavier.

Xavier tried to lift his head up proudly but the Goblin tapped on himself. He heard a creaking sound on the door and he looked up to see Arcane staring him down.

"Ah, the glorious Arcane, I must say you've been a naughty boy taking a sniff out of Uncle Normie's stash," The Green Goblin remarked when he waggled his finger and looked at Harry but the Boy-Who-Lived stood on his feet, not backing down for one second. "The joke's on you, while you might have inhaled a little bit of the joy, the Green Goblin go the entire stash."
Green Goblin shot through the air but Arcane blocked it, and two bolts of extremely powerful energy blasted against each other. The backlash caught at deranged light show with the Goblin rushing forward but Harry dodged the attack; and swept his feet out from underneath him with a well-placed tripping spell. Goblin might have had heightened resistance to magic but he was not as invulnerable as they first believed.

Storm and Wolverine popped in for the battle, with Logan diving at the Goblin, with claws bared but the sadistic super villain smacked the mutant back like he was nothing. The Goblin held his own with Storm, Wolverine, and Arcane.

A line of webbing shot around his glider and pulled it out from underneath and the Green Goblin spun around, in surprise to see Spider-Man still hanging upside down, tied up and unable to go. He saw a blonde haired girl on the catwalk above, getting way but this was all the distraction that Harry needed.

Harry blasted the Green Goblin in the back with the full force of magic he could muster, the impact repelling him back to the side. The Goblin spun around, still in it, his skin was hardened against magic, much like a dragon it seemed. Getting a full dose of the formula made the Green Goblin to be rather tough to beat but not invincible.

Green Goblin and Arcane blasted their energy bolts from their hands against each other and the two bolts collided. The two moved around, but Jean popped up and added her attack, pushing the Goblin back. Then it was Wanda, sending a hex bolt of her own into the attack. It was unrefined, a bit raw, but nevertheless it did the job and sent the Goblin flying back.

The sadistic menace propelled backwards from the impact and hit an electrical generator, causing half of the downtown area to go back. Electricity coursed through the body of the Green Goblin causing him to be charred and he screamed, electricity was the only weakness to him, it was not perfected in the goblin formula.

The naked form of Norman Osborn dropped to the ground and everyone averted their eyes away from him.

"Well there's an image that I'll be seeing in my nightmares," Jean remarked with a shudder when she looked at Norman's nude form.

Rogue and Rachel entered the room at this time but they were a bit too late to the part; the Green Goblin was already defeated and reverted back to Norman Osborn, burned and naked. Somehow, he was still breathing despite being bombarded by a lethal amount of electricity but his pupils dilated and he was in a catatonic state. At least this proved that the costume that Norman Osborn wore was not really a costume.

Harry looked at Gwen standing on the catwalk and caught her eye with a smile; the girl gave him a thumbs up as the young wizard walked over and untied Spider-Man from above.

"Yeah, I've had much better days," Spider-Man offered in a pained voice when he stepped forward and landed on his heel, turning on it when he winced. "Just got to shake off everything."

Harry knew what happened to Norman Osborn now; he sustained fatal injuries in the explosion and that twisted him into the Green Goblin before him. What Osborn became after that, well the magical mutant could not say. And given some of the rumors he heard about the businessman's practices, it did stand to reason how much of the Goblin on the inside reflected the goblin on the outside.
The new dragon that Kitty retrieved was currently sleeping outside of the medical wing of the Xavier Institute in a basket that Harry conjured but there were far more pressing problems. Scott seemed to be out of the woods for the moment although he was lucky not to have his insides splattered all over the lab by the super charged spear that he jabbed into him.

Jean stood outside of the medical wing, thinking about everything that went over in her mind but now was not the time or the place.

"Today was a tough day for all, wasn't it?" Wanda asked when she shrugged her shoulders and was actually glad to escape from the mental hospital for a little bit more, even if she got dragged in it. "It's never a dull moment with you people."

"Not here, not ever," Jean offered when she smiled.

Rogue gave a bit of a smile before she quipped. "Yeah, what is a dull moment?"

Harry stood over Sirius on the bed and the Sorcerer Supreme popped up in the flesh, performing a scan on Sirius to see what the full extent to the damage was done on him.

"The good news is that Sirius is alive," Strange answered, which caused Harry to grimace, he knew that with every bit of good news, there would come bad news. "The bad news is that the trip to the veil lapsed him into a catatonic state. He's mentally hovering an inch between life and death. There are spells to sustain him from that level but no spells could bring him back from the brink when he suffered….this is unprecedent shall we say."

Harry did not swallow this statement so easily. "You're the Sorcerer Supreme, surely could do something?"

"I will see what I can do, but any attempt to bring him back at this juncture will send him beyond and not bring him back," Strange answered Harry with a calm voice and the dark haired mage refused to believe that. It was his fault in many ways that Sirius was sent through the veil in the first place. "I will do all that I can to help you bring him back but there are some things that might beyond my control and yours as well."

Harry's face was set in a stony expression, he refused to believe it but naturally he figured Strange would have some insight. Still regardless of the fact, Harry would not rest until Sirius was brought back home and back to what would be considered to be a normal life. He refused to think Sirius was beyond all hope, there was always hope.

"I'm not going to fail him," Harry stated when he turned around, had the situation been reversed, Sirius would do what he could.

Harry understood the trip through the veil wrecked Sirius in the worst way, no one was supposed to bring him through. He wondered if any of Sinister's research that he acquired would help him find a way to bring Sirius back. Could science help him out where magic seemed to fail? Harry could not even begin to understand but thankfully he had a friend that was a science prodigy that would even give Reed Richards a run for his money.

Speaking of which, Harry needed to check in on her straight away and he pulled out his phone to dial up Gwen.

"Hey, Gwen, how's everything going?" Harry asked her and waited for the answer.
"Peter's...he's in good spirits and...he had to spin quite the tale to his aunt, I'm pretty sure that she's getting close to figuring out his secret," Gwen remarked in an amused voice before she pushed her hands together. "And...Osborn's lapsed, he's brain dead, but they're keeping him alive as long as his estate keeps paying them money not to pull the plug."

"Gwen, I need to collaborate some research that I found, if you have the time," Harry answered and he could tell that Gwen seemed curious by the tone of her voice when she responded. "Sure Harry, bring it over, how about on Thursday?"

"That'd be fine," Harry offered when he hung up on the phone, and Kitty, Rogue, and Rachel walked forward. "So is everything fine?" Kitty asked when she looked at Harry. "Not right yet but it will be," Harry answered in what he hoped was an optimistic voice although not stupidly so.

"I think we all share that hope, now that Jean's back," Rachel answered when she turned around, and Rogue nodded. "But for how long?" Kitty asked when she shrugged and the only person who could answer turned up now. "For a little bit...until I determine some things."

Jean offered that statement to them and Harry spent some more time with his collective but he wanted to have a word with Jean later on.

The Brotherhood rested in the totaled Boarding House, with them fearing the retribution. "The Goblin threw some bombs at us, when he flew down the street to deal with the X-Men," Lance remarked when he rubbed his side, the pain going through it. "Sin is going to kill us," Todd answered when Fred nodded by his side and speak of the devil, she should arrive, walking in with a purpose. "I thought I told you to clean this place up not wreck it even more," Sin answered when a sadistic expression danced in her eyes and the Brotherhood backed up a little bit, holding their hands up in fear. She smacked them around a little bit. "Clean it up now...and don't use any powers Pietro!"

"Oh come on!" Pietro yelled when he waved his hands into the air before he backed up but Sin spoke and she was nasty as her world. Meanwhile, she had the package, it was ready, and the X-Men would soon be powerless to stop the plans of HYDRA. This little cocktail would bring anyone and everyone with mutant powers down to their knees. At least that's what her father informed her but Sin knew better than to trust her father completely at his word. That's why she had her own plans.

The Brotherhood were left in the dark about what Sin planned but it was not like they were a vital part of her scheme either. To Sin, they were simply the dumb muscle, to be kicked around and whatever, to serve her means.
"New plan," Sin responded when she got the word. "This base has been compromised, so we're moving on."

The Brotherhood knew better than not to argue. If the X-Men came down the street or another psychotic goblin tried to kill them, they'd be gone.

Jean stood at the Xavier Institute, in many ways it was good to be home but in other ways, it felt a bit weird. She stood there, dressed in a tight black tank top that stretched around her supple curves on top and wrapped snugly around her breasts, showing nipples poking out from behind the top. Her taut midsection showcased next with a pair of jean shorts wrapped around her long shapely legs. She stood out, blowing on her lower lip and biting down when she stood out.

"Enjoying the view?"

Jean barely looked over her shoulder to know that Harry was there. She responded with a bit of a smile on her face. "Aren't you?"

"You know I am," Harry answered when he looked out to him.

"A new groundswell of confidence I see," Jean remarked lightly when she tried to piece this together and take a look at Harry. "I think a lot has changed since I left here."

"Are you trying to say that I wasn't confident?" Harry asked when he looked at Jean, half of an eyebrow raised when he stepped forward towards her. Jean reached forward, and placed a hand on his shoulder when she looked at him.

"Well you always do ooze a certain aura," Jean offered when she rolled her shoulders in a little bit of a shrug.

Harry and Jean stood next to each other, when the breeze blew with each other.

"So did you see Scott?" Harry asked when looked at Jean.

"Yeah I saw him, he looks pretty much the same after I left here," Jean answered in a joking manner when she inched a step closer to Harry.

Harry offered a question that was on his mind and Jean was kind of glad that Harry asked it. "Where do you and Scott stand?"

"Complicated," Jean offered after a moment but then she shook her head. "Actually it's not complicated….we're friends, I think we are at least. But Scott's…..there's something about you that makes him feel inadequate, actually there is something about you that makes a lot of men feel inadequate, you should have heard what Duncan said."

"So you and Duncan…."

"That's long in the distant past," Jean offered, waving her hand dismissively, to be honest, she had no idea why that relationship ever started. "But….I know something about the Phoenix Force, what I've learned, and I know that I can never be with Scott in the way that I think he wants me to be with him."

"So you think he has feelings for you," Harry offered in a nonchalant voice.
"I know he does, I read his mind, but the fact of the matter is, I sensed his fear regarding to the Phoenix and his inability to understand it," Jean remarked in a crisp tone of voice when she shifted herself and her gaze. "The Phoenix…it's a complex entity and Scott tends to see the world in black and white. Most people do, but….I don't think you do."

"There are different bright colors and shades of grey, an entire wide world," Harry mused to her out loud and Jean answered.

"Yeah a wild world and you're being quite the lady's man," Jean answered when she stepped forward. "Someone like you…well that's an Alpha Male effect going on, isn't it? Rachel, Rogue, Kitty, and Amara…I overheard her talking to Tabby in there."

Harry responded with a knowing smile and Jean placed a hand on his, he felt her soft flesh, and spotted a hint of her cleavage, a hint of her lovely legs.

"The thing about the Phoenix Force is…when it reaches full maturity, when it finishes, their partner will be finished," Jean answered when she shook her head. "Or so the legends say, I don't know how much of that is true, but unless they're strong enough to feel the power…...

"They won't last past the Phoenix's first climax," Harry finished, almost finishing Jean's thought. "And you're thinking….

"Powerful, yes I am but the Phoenix Force has destroyed every single vessel it's used throughout all time, it's been around forever," Jean offered when she looked at him. "Because it's never bonded with someone of equal power, someone who has ever been touched by the Phoenix in its own way."

Jean decided to offer a question to Harry that she wanted to understand.

"Is there any limit to the number of women that you're willing to take on?" Jean asked him before Harry decided to respond.

"Multiples of seven are the most magically powerful, especially if it is a multiple divined by two or three prime numbers," Harry responded when he looked at Jean who look thoughtful. "The two most magically powerful numbers are three and seven. Of course the real question is how many girls can I had because some jealous guy pitches a bitch, for lack of a better term."

Jean paused to concentrate intently. "The Phoenix says that a powerful being such as yourself should not bow to anyone who thinks you should limit the number of your bonded."

Harry did not let that one slip by without a word. "The Phoenix is still in there with you?"

"She's never left me, she's just given me the control but says there will come a day where she will take it back if I'm unwilling to take the necessary steps," Jean answered when she turned to Harry. She really had no idea what that meant. "She's allowed me access to some of the abilities, and they've enhanced me, past the normal abilities of humans, just like what allowed you to survive that archway."

Harry played dumb at that moment. "What archway?"

"Harry, the Phoenix knows where you came from, you were the Chosen One, chosen to come here for a reason," Jean answered when she stepped forward and looked at Harry. "But, I understand. If….if you had a choice, would you ever return home?"

Harry shook his head, what would he return home to? The first trip through the veil nearly killed him and his friends would be a lot better without him in his life. Still Sirius's presence did weigh a very
interesting point and that was if Sirius got here, could anyone else whether they be friend or foe make it here? Of course given the state that Sirius was in, the magical mutant did not have to tempt fate.

"I'm finding what I want to do here, if I went back there, I'd be made a martyr," Harry responded when he spun around to look over his shoulder to see Scott watching him out the window.

Jean stretched, to show her belly button when her shirt rode up and that caused Harry to be very distracted. There were many hot girls in the world, so he never thought he should limit himself. The trip through the veil made him stronger and there were aspects of his powers and heritage that he and Strange were slowly piece together later.

"I think I better return to my room," Jean stated when she stepped forward and looked in Harry's eyes. "If you want to come up there and talk with me in private, I'll be waiting for you."

"I'll see you later, Jean," Harry responded to her when the red head gave him a bright smile, before she inched forward. He had a promise to keep with Wanda and Jean knew that.

"I'll be seeing you, Harry," Jean remarked with a smile when her tongue trailed over her lips, seeing Scott out of the corner of her eye.

Wanda walked in when Jean walked off and she showed up with Kitty and Rogue.

"So are you ready to go?" Wanda asked and the three of them nodded, to prepare a night of hanging out.

"I'm ready, it's still early," Harry answered when Kitty and Rogue stood there, arms folded and both looking beautiful as always. "So your dragon…"

"Lockheed, that's its name," Kitty remarked when she looked at Harry and Rogue. "I wonder what a dragon would eat."

"Well raw meat," Rogue chimed in and Kitty pulled a face.

"Maybe it's a vegan dragon," Kitty offered with a smile but Rogue shook her head.

"Something tells me no," Rogue answered in a sardonic voice when she patted Kitty on the head when she pouted but they had no time to worry about that now, rather they enjoyed the night they shared.

"Osborn has no vital signs, and we believe that due to the tests, he will have no memory of being the Green Goblin and thus should have no accountability for the crimes he caused."

When the doctors left, the mouth of Norman Osborn curled into a sadistic grin, when he blinked a little bit but then his face was no longer a picture of sanity other than that. He played them all and made them believe that the Green Goblin was some random bout of psychosis. It was calculated, although he never expected to use the formula this soon.

The Black Widow felt that with the chaos, this was a perfect time to take a look in Harry's room and
take a look at everything that he had. Of course, much to her surprise, there was not one thing in the young man's room that could point to him. Actually that was not surprising, given that someone with that many secrets, they would be able to hold it. Natasha knew everything about secrets and knew about what was at stake.

She crept into the room, carefully taking a few pictures but the wallpaper was bland, blasé, nothing that indicated that anything of note would happen here. Well unless one counted the countless orgies of being of not, some of them that the Widow got a detailed account of.

There was a creek and Natasha knew that he returned. She looked out and saw the new recruits on the lawn, right under the nearest exit point. That could prove to be a problem, as knocking them all out would compromise her position and the red head spy slid into the closet.

Harry returned, he had gotten permission for Wanda to stay the next couple of days and hopefully it could result in some long term arrangement. Rogue followed him into the room, dressed in a tight top and short shorts that showed off her lovely legs and ample rear.

The Black Widow paused, careful not to even breathe a little bit. If young Mr. Potter was having intercourse with one of his lovers, then it might be a while before he left. That was not the first time she had been trapped in a closet for a while time while she observed the person that she was tasked to follow having sex. Only the last time, she was following Wilson Fisk and she saw a bit more of the Kingpin of Crime than she ever wanted to.

Natasha shuddered but a man of his stature and money could buy love.

Harry and Rogue smiled at each other, when he pushed her to the bed and kissed her. The southern goth wrapped her legs around her lover, pulling him in tight, and enjoying his tongue probing her lips with the deep kiss. The two of them enjoyed their tender embrace, kissing each other, legs, and arms wrapped against each other.

The mage dipped his fingers inside the waistband of Rogue's panties.

"Well look at that, you're ready to go," Harry stated feeling the moisture but Rogue cocked an eyebrow and gave him a flirty grin, when Harry removed his pants to show Rogue what awaited for her underneath. He was going to visit Jean later but first he wanted to treat Rogue.

"Sugah, I'm always ready for your cock."

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Harry pulled off Rogue's shorts before he peeled off her panties, and then with swift precision stuck his cock into her welcoming folds. He could feel her moist tenderness, when he worked open her top to reveal a black bra that encased her breasts.

"You're so hot," Harry stated when he played with Rogue' teasing her breasts.

"Please don't tease me like that, you know….you know that touch drives me wild," Rogue shuddered, before Harry rolled his hands over her.

"I know."

That statement was given with the swiftest declaration of the world as his member plunged between her folds, picking up momentum with each thrust, and smacked her ass with each time she lifted off the bed.
"Oh yeah, yeah, smack my ass, darling," Rogue panted when Harry speared into her, before he rolled waves of magic across her nipples to cause her to clench tightly around him. "OH YES!"

Harry buried into her deeply, holding himself back when he stayed the course and continued to expand her pussy, burying his cock into her warm chamber, feeling it brush against him. The dark haired Goth felt pleasure beyond all measure when Harry buried himself into her.

"Fucking hell, so tight, I love this pussy," Harry breathed when he buried himself balls deep into Rogue's pussy, her sweat rolling down her back.

"Oh, yes, baby, I love you being in me," Rogue panted when she sunk her nails into Harry's back and he raised up before he plunged down into her.

She bent up a little bit so Harry could lavish his breasts with his talented tongue, licking and suckling at her erect nipples. Rogue panted when Harry pushed deeper into her, feeling the desire of his cock spearing between her tight lips, stretching her out and her heart beat a little faster.

Every time Harry sank into her like that, it gave Rogue a little taste of heaven, something that she wanted more and more and he sped up his motions, burying his cock into her deeply.

"Fuck me, yes fuck me," Rogue panted when he licked her nipples, and smiled at her.

"I love….I love you, and I love fucking you with my cock," Harry breathed when he sped up on his motions a little bit more.

"Yes, I love….I love you too, fucking beat me with that meat Harry," Rogue stated, and as always his little nympho's wish was his command, his cock speared into her depths with each passing depth, going into her.

Harry felt her warm and tender hug around him; the beauty arched her hips up to meet his incoming thrusts, but he could hold back. Despite that fact, it did not seem like Rogue wanted him to hold back, rather she arched her head back to give a soft and sensual moan that passed through her lips.

"Fucking hell, so tight, so tight," Harry groaned when the tempo kicked up when Rogue came down from her last orgasm.

Rogue was beyond all words, but she did manage a few in her state of delirium.

"Fuck…me….fuck me…fuck me!"

Harry obliged her when sped up to bury his divine rod into her hot box, drilling his cock into her with each passing thrust, sending her to further fits of ecstasy, and causing the southern Goth to scream at the top of her lungs when he buried himself into her. He thrust deeper into her and the time passed before he spilled himself into her.

Rogue felt content when her lover's creamy filling splashed out of her thighs and down her slit, before she rolled over and Harry smacked her ass, and she presented himself.

"Round two," Harry breathed when he rubbed his cock head against her pussy, which dripped of their combined juices.

"Round two," Rogue agreed when she pushed up to meet him and Harry pushed inside her, his cock entering her tight quim.

Rogue's eyes bulged out a little bit when Harry pushed into her, thrusting his cock inside her. She felt
his cock strike every single bit of her insides, and she pushed back.

Harry felt the desire from Rogue, when he picked up the pace, his throbbing prick was enveloped in her moist, hot goodness. The young Goth felt like time slowed down and the only thing existed was Harry plowing into her. Then again, in many ways, time did slow down, almost to a crawl when he beat into her pussy.

"I'm so fucking close again," Rogue heavily breathed when Harry groped her ass and her breasts, before he continued his movements into her, balls slapping against her ass.

Her pussy clenched, and she came even more from the friction that Harry's thumbs caused over her standing nipples. The goth girl felt pure sexual fire course through her body and she knew despite it all she was close.

"Have you had enough?" Harry asked her, in a taunting and teasing voice, when he tugged on her hair.

Rogue shook her head, feeling this hard cock sear through her opening. "Not nearly enough, pound into me."

Harry did, he continued to pound her, with Rogue clutching the bed sheet and her eyes widening when he continued to plant his massive meat between her thighs. She grabbed her breasts and mewled when she pushed back.

The green eyed hero picked up the pace before he slammed his cock into her pussy deeply before he continued to pick up the pace, before he planted himself deep into her. The time ticked by when Harry pushed into Rogue again and again, pushing his cock deep into her whilst her pussy squeezed around his protruding prick.

"So close," Harry grunted when he gripped her fun bags and squeezed them tightly, causing her to scream out loud, she felt the pleasure course through her.

"Cum in me, splash that sticky seed in my twat, fill me up!" Rogue yelled, her pussy burned with the desire for his cum.

"Here comes the motherload," Harry breathed when he pushed into Rogue, thrusting into her, burying his cock between her thighs, and he unleashed a steady stream of cum between her legs, blasting her with an explosion of seed, his cock splattering rope after rope of creamy goodness into her waiting pussy.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Natasha waited, her back against the wall, and she realized that one breast popped out of her body suit when she was playing with it. She rubbed her nipples, which were now erect and there was a heat between her legs, and they continued for round three it seemed. This time she was riding him, and she could….she saw what he had.

She wondered if he could….no she had to stay focused on the mission, rather she watched with wide eyes, and tugged the zipper of her body suit down a little bit more, before she reached the area between her thighs. She always went commando under this bodysuit for her purposes, and juices clung to her thighs, when she reached underneath, breathing heavily

There was a long moment of pause, and the activities on the bed ceased around an hour or so later, for some reason the Widow did not check the time. Being the spy she was, she knew not to move until she was sure that the coast was completely clear.
In a flash, Natasha found herself yanked out of the closet and then bound in ropes, half naked on the bed.

"You know I'm sure there's a pretty good reason why one of Fury's agents has been lurking around in my closet. But, I want to hear it straight from you."

To Be Continued in "Gearing Up."
Chapter Thirty Five: Gearing Up

Harry scoped out the situation; needless to say he was very intrigued to hear the explanation for this one, about what this woman was doing here. He had to take his hat off to her; she managed to avoid detection for a number of weeks. Harry found himself rather impressed by that fact alone. That being said, he was not going to allow her to make the same mistake again.

"Who are you?" Harry asked when he looked at the woman in her eyes.

Black Widow struggled, admonishing herself for a rather careless error although to be honest she knew the risks when she signed on for this mission. She did not expect into being in such a compromising position when she signed on for said risks, that much for certain. She knew as a spy this was not the most perilous position that she been in, no guns on her head or knives threatening to cut into her throat.

"Untie me and I'll tell you," Natasha stated when she looked up at Harry with a seductive expression dancing in her eyes when she managed to lick her lips. "I'll make it worth your while."

'Tempting, sorely tempting,' Harry admitted to himself mentally when he looked down at her, seeing down her skintight suit with the wonders that she had underneath. A woman like this might have a little bit experience, okay maybe more than a little bit and Harry could tell based on the way the suit hugged her every ample curve that she wore nothing underneath it. That much interested him and inflamed his inner most desires, appealing to him. His powers being based a great deal upon intercourse, Harry thought that there was much to consider with her.

Yet Harry decided to be more practical, at least for the moment. Although given the compromising position he was in, this woman was in his debt and the dark haired wizard found a way to collect as only he could before too long. While he found spontaneous sex as exciting as the next person, he wanted to let this one build a little bit. The young man bent down and looked the hot spy in the eyes.

"There was a reason why you'll here and I think that it would be in both of my best interests if you told me," Harry answered when he bent down, looking in her eyes, mischief dancing in them.

Natasha tried to struggle from the ropes; normally most ropes had some kind of slack in them where she could writhe out. These ropes were very different however; they offered no give where she could slip out and escape. She commended him on this, as frustrating as it might be to try and escape.

"Yes there was a reason," Natasha admitted, feeling that she had to play by his rules but that was the rule that she learned, sometimes one had to show a tiny bit of vulnerability to exploit that of others. "Nick Fury sent me here to take a look at you to see what you were up to."

Harry's expression clouded over immediately before he looked at the Black Widow with a smile crossing his face. "The old one eyed bastard still wants to know everything about me and you decided to take a look at me. He sent you. I only have one thing to ask you. Did you enjoy the show?"

Black Widow did not even answer him out loud but she knew the answer and she knew that he knew that they knew the answer. Harry bent down, with a smile.

"That's not all, I've been keeping an eye on this place for the moment where HYDRA makes their
move," Black Widow stated when she pushed herself out. "You may have noticed weeks back how the Brotherhood has been….better equipped. That's because HYDRA is backing them but they're a distraction. They're being prepped for something."

"Do you have any idea what?" Harry asked when he looked at Black Widow, still not allowing her from the ropes. That was the level of freedom that Harry did not want to allow the spy. The spy shook her head when she looked up at Harry to try and get free with the dark haired wizard never allowing his gaze to leave her for a minute.

"No, that is one thing that I have been unable to determine but it is something that the two of us….the two of us can determine together," Black Widow stated when she shook her head, pushing herself against the ropes, knowing how it made her when her curves writhed against the body.

She realized that many men could have taken advantage of her right now and did what they wanted. However, she sensed something different about this Harry Potter, sure he expressed interest because of her form but he wanted their involvement to be one that was consensual. He wanted her to be worked up so she was driven mad by the lust and what he could do to her would not be leaving her mind any time soon.

Given the shows she witnessed over the past month or two, she thought that she was on her way there, or at least close enough.

Harry got out his communicator, rather than leaving the Black Widow alone, which she honestly respected. He was not stupid and he reached over.

"X-Men report to my room, we have a situation," Harry answered in a voice that commanded authority when he held the communicator in his hand.

Kitty was first on the scene, looking concerned and she looked down at the tied up form of Black Widow on the floor. She blinked once, twice, and shook her head; something told her that there was a logical explanation regarding this situation, even though one seemed to elude her at the present moment.

Rogue followed next, with Kurt, Scott, Jean, Rachel, Amara, and Bobby, with the rest of the New Recruits likely filing in from outside later and then Ororo and Logan showed up, with Beast in toe. Logan was the one who stopped and stared, recognizing the woman on the floor, tied up and trying to pull herself out.

"Getting sloppy Widow," Logan remarked in a casual voice when he looked at her, a bit of a grin curling across his face. He got a lot of amusement out of the fact that she was bound and tied like this.

Ororo's eyes snapped towards him. "You know her?"

"We've met," Logan answered in a voice that indicated that was all that he was going to tell her.

"So what's going on?" Kurt asked when he looked around, and Harry turned around and brought them up to speed.

"You know, the Brotherhood are just down the street, we can go and have a chat with them," Harry responded when he turned around to face them but there was one person who had to challenge this.

"I'm not sure if that's a wise idea," Scott answered when he looked at the fellow team members.

Rachel was the one who cut in with another response when she looked at the rest of the team,
turning her head and smiling. "Let's take a vote then. All in favor of going on Harry's hunch?"

Kurt, Rogue, Kitty, Jean, Bobby, and Amara all agreed, with Scott looking defeated and he turned around. He motioned for Harry as if to say "go, lead the way." The mage smiled before he freed Black Widow.

"You will come with us, because if HYDRA is involved, SHIELD would want to know the details of this," Harry responded to the Black Widow when he kept his eyes plastered firmly upon her.

"Agreed," Black Widow stated when the group walked off in search of answers, she knew that the X-Men could have taken out the Brotherhood at any time but they decided not to. It was not like it was an even fight to begin with.

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The X-Men scrambled to the Brotherhood Boarding House with a good plan in mind, they would shake them down, hope to get some information, and overwhelm them with sheer numbers. Was that a dirty tactic? Perhaps one could say that it would be. Was it a smart tactic? One could also say that the tactic would be extremely smart.

Harry carefully lead the charge through the door, everyone showed up, because after last time with the Brotherhood, their new leader, and everything that went along with that, they weren't going to take any chances. The Taskmaster and Sin upgraded the Brotherhood from dime store thugs to quarter store thugs, so the old ways of dealing with problems was out the window.

"It's quiet, a little bit too quiet," Kurt whispered which caused Rogue and Kitty to both cringe and Rachel's eyes to spin around towards Kurt in a frustrated manner, when she shook her head.

"That's the last thing we need to say right now, you're going to jinx us?"

"It wouldn't be this easy," Black Widow commented in an undertone but never the less she prepared to throw a gas canister in there to subdue them. She walked inside but sure enough the place had not even been cleaned because of the Green Goblin's little attack, furniture on the ground blown to bits and exploded pumpkin shells strewn in every single direction.

"Nothing is that easy," Logan commented when Harry turned around to his team.

"Spread out, see if they left any incriminating information around," Harry answered when they walked around, before the X-Men broke into teams and scanned the house. The dark haired wizard stepped around and looked forward. "And I'll set up some monitoring spells in case they return."

Scott had to question this. "If they cleared out, wouldn't they not come back, since we know they're here and this place has been compromised?"

Harry had an answer. "They'd think they we'd think that, which means there's a likely shot that they could come back and use this house given that it's the last place that we'd look because they'd think that we'd think we should not bother with this place because they'd move to another place."

"After that I don't know what to think," Bobby quipped when he moved over from the next room with the rest of the new recruits.

"Try and stay focused, I trust you didn't find anything," Harry answered but it was Amara who answered.
"Nothing at all but it wasn't for….lack of trying," Amara answered but Harry pulled her into an embrace to tell her that she did the best that she could. She relaxed a little bit into his arms.

"How does he do it?" Bobby whispered to Ray and Sam but the two boys shrugged, not knowing the secret to Harry Potter's success. Scott threw his hands into the air in defeat.

Kitty returned a moment later, with a joyful expression on her face when she held up a portable drive in her hand.

"I found this in Sin's room, I think she might have classified information and stuff on it," Kitty answered when she looked around the group, all of them nodded that seemed likely.

Harry voiced a concern that he had. "We better not look at any computer that we plan on using later or that's hooked up to the Institute. For all we know, Sin placed a virus on there, hoping to cripple the Mansion's computer systems."

"That is wise," Natasha agreed when she nodded and saw the flash drive in her hand. "There is a secure location at SHIELD that we can scan it, if you allow me to….

"I'm not letting that out of my hands, given that it was my team that found it," Harry responded with Scott cringing at the words, "my team." "I'm heading with you over to SHIELD."

"I'll tag along," Logan offered with a grunt, he figured that it would be best of the kid had a bit of back up. Not that he could not handle himself but still with Fury, the rules of someone who could handle himself was out the window.

Expect the unexpected was often a rule with dealing with Fury.

"I'm coming too," Kitty answered when she looked at the Black Widow, daring her to contradict and Rachel, Amara, Jean, and Rogue all nodded, with Kurt and Bobby all stepping up to assist as well.

The Black Widow decided that this would not be one battle that she would not win. She reached over to pull a communication device out before she pressed a few buttons to activate it.

"Fury, we've found something, potential information on HYDRA or maybe a trap," Black Widow offered when the flash drive did not leave Kitty Pryde's hand and the group stood. "I'm bringing the X-Men. Their team leader wants to speak with you."

She inclined her eyes to Harry which Scott had to protest about. "Hey I'm….

"Quiet!" Black Widow snapped when she turned around to relay the information to Nick Fury, who nodded. Widow nodded her head a little bit when Fury reported to her.

"Bring them all aboard, especially Potter, I wish to have a word with him. He may be the person that I need to help me with an ongoing problem."

Black Widow inclined her head with a slight nod before she turned around to face the rest of the team who stood up straight and faced her.

Harry was intrigued but suspicious.

"Commander Fury has agreed and will be sending transport within the next hour," Black Widow stated when she looked at them. "Any of you who wish to come can come, any of you who wish to stay can return to the Xavier Institute. It is your choice but naturally SHIELD requires full cooperation for anyone who comes aboard."
'Seems like she needs to get laid, maybe someone can help her out with that,' Rachel projected to Harry, Rogue, Kitty, and Amara, all of the girls laughed, and Jean picked up a thought, with a smile crossing her face.

Black Widow turned around, she suspected some kind of mental interplay but naturally that was well beside the point. The Widow prepared to lead the X-Men forward, waiting for the helicopter to pick them up and bring them to the SHIELD base where they could head off.

She knew that Fury needed help on this project because his window of time to complete it was dwindling and there were people who wished to pull the plug on Captain America; although their agenda seemed to be rather suspect. Fury was more concerned with keeping a promise that he made then investigating the intentions of anyone.

"I dig these new digs."

This was the statement made by Toad with the Brotherhood four walked into the new facility that they were brought to, with Sin and the Taskmaster leading the way. It was high tech, state of the art, and actually was a professional set up beyond what they were used to. That to them was the best thing of them all but the eyes of Sin shifted towards them, cold intentions dancing in them.

"Touch nothing."

Sin's statement snapped with malice rolling from her tongue when she looked at Toad and he raised his hands into the air defensively and stepping forward. He knew that there was no reason why he should fight this, in fact he shook his head and prepared to step forward. Toad, Quicksilver, Blob, and Avalanche walked forward.

"So, are we going back or is this our new headquarters?" Blob asked when he looked around, of course the more important question would be where was the fridge. That was the statement that Blob wanted to know and he stood on the ground, his feet sinking into it but right away he had no answer from Sin.

Quicksilver turned to Sin and offered a smile towards him. "Hey, as long as you're here, it's home sweet home."

Sin elected to ignore him, even though she had a number of well-placed insults that she could make to him in a variety of different languages. The young woman stepped forward on the ground when she walked forward and saw the HYDRA soldiers and they fell back into line at her.

"Stay back here, do not go past these doors," Sin stated when she looked over her shoulder to face the Brotherhood, they could tell that she was serious, not to mention deadly when she made this statement. The woman took a few steps forward into the room, she knew what awaited her in there.

Sin stepped forward and bent her head down a little bit, before she shook her head and looked up at the imposing figure in the shadows. Her father stood there, his face in the shadows but a strong pair of hands could be seen, along with the shadow of his imposing body.

"Your mission with the fodder goes as planned," he stated in a crisp voice, his sunken in eyes peering at her from the shadows.

"It goes about as well as could be planned but you can't make gold out of dung," Sin responded when she looked up at her father.
The silence between the two of them was extremely eerie.

"Weaklings like that I would have killed by now," her father stated, holding the gun in his hand and aiming it towards Sin. She stood tall and proud when she looked at him, she knew by now that if she flinched even the slightest, she would be shot.

The fact to never show fear in front of her father was practically conditioned into her with his sadistic methods, all of them worse than the next, and all of them completely and utterly….yeah that was the case. The young woman turned around on her heel before she bent down on her heels and looked up to incline her neck up to the side, before she placed her hands on her hips. She adopted a firm, proud, and bold stance but not too bold because that would get her shot by now.

"They serve as a diversion for the mutants," Sin responded when she turned to her father. "Fury is getting closer."

"Fury is nothing but a fool, the one I need to worry about is Captain America, if he awakens, then he could stop my plan all over again," her father stated from the shadows, folding his arms. "Of course, I do wonder if this country would accept someone like him in this day and age. Times have changed after all. It's no longer the 1940s and the people are different, much less…idealistic."

"He could still be a symbol," Sin answered when she looked up at him.

"A symbol for the weakness that these pathetic sacks of flesh exhibit," her father stated, which Sin agreed with. "You were premature in revealing yourself to this Potter."

The gun was still on Sin but she did not back down.

"One might admit that you're trying to buy favor with me with your compliments, Sinthea," her father stated in a cold and distant voice that chilled the bones of everyone who heard it. "I lack this patience. The Red Skull will not allow you to fail for much longer. Once the gas is completed, these heroes will be weak as the people who I had sentenced in the camps. They will beg me as much, while I slowly kill their loved ones around them."

The Red Skull masterminded the deaths of countless, exploiting the sadistic whims of a madman for his own amusement. Not that this particular individual needed much prodding, but still he fueled him and helped him along. Then when this individual's usefulness passed, the madman committed suicide. Red Skull considered him to be too weak to begin with, too soft to weed out those who were not superior.

The plan went as he intended for the most part until these X-Men showed up at the Weapon X base. This Potter who popped up, he posed an interesting threat but one that he would eliminate should he get too close.

Sin nodded in understanding when she stood back a little bit and waited for her father to give a further statement of anything. There was none given.

"You will prepare the gas, I want it delivered within the next few days," Red Skull stated when he felt that this poison would be the doom of many people. He could twist the entire world in his whim. "HYDRA has arranged a distraction, therefore they will not know that the gas is being dispersed until it's much too late."

Sin inclined her head, nodding before she took a step back. She knew by now not to turn her back on her father because he shot other men in the back for doing that. Not her because he
The X-Men found themselves in a state of awe when they entered the Helicarrier, looking around at the high tech equipment. Kitty in particular looked like a kid in a candy store, about ready to geek out about everything but somehow she reined herself in, even if it was just barely. The group walked inside the HYDRA complex and made their way further inside.

"It is impressive," Rogue managed when she turned around and looked over her shoulder.

"Yes, state of the art," Harry agreed but he heard footsteps which put him and his team on high alert. They wanted to keep all eyes on anything that was approaching, especially the new recruits. Constant vigilance was something that Harry kept harping and beating into their heads.

"I'm glad to see that you approve, Mr. Potter."

Logan turned around before he caught sight of the man, the same voice and he'd recognize the eye path anywhere. "You had to go for a new look, didn't you Fury?"

Fury stood next to them dressed in a black uniform that contrasted his black skin and his bald head, when he had an eye patch on.

"It's time for a change," Fury answered when he looked at Logan.

"It suits you, very Samuel L. Jackson," Logan answered when he looked at Fury, the two men who had been down the road. "But what…." "Flesh eating parasites, a nasty business, my mind was transferred into a new body," Fury answered when he looked at them. "Decided to only keep one eye, I feel like that's a look I need to stay with. I've got an image to maintain. I trust no one has a problem with this change."

Obviously no one did.

Harry waited calmly for what Fury had to say, wondering what he had to say to him but sure enough the young mage did not have to wait for too entirely long. The director of SHIELD turned towards Harry, an intense expression in his eyes before he regarded the young man before him.

"We've been working on a project since the events at Asteroid M but it's hit a dead end," Fury stated when he had two of his agents pull on a box, and see one of the crystal pieces form the asteroid. Scott in particular flinched a little bit, to him those crystals were nothing but trouble. A man with dark hair and a goatee, dressed in a blue suit stepped forward, acknowledging the group with a nod and Bruce Banner followed him in, crossing his arms. "Tony Stark and I believe you've met Bruce Banner."

"Yes, good to see you again Doctor Banner, pleased to meet you Mister Stark," Harry answered and Tony nodded with a polite smile on his face.

"Mister Potter, I understand that you have special abilities that will be able to help us activate these funny little crystals," Stark stated when he looked from Harry to the gem fragment, to be honest he worked over them for weeks and weeks, trying to use every scientific method known to man.

Harry peered at the crystal for a moment; the crystal bits were unstable and felt the need to lecture
Fury about trying to play with them. The trace amounts of radioactivity were not enough to kill a person, at least right away but in due time they would. He turned towards the crystal before taking a long look at it.

"I fail to see why you think that I can use this crystal any better than you could," Harry responded when he looked at it, taking it in his hand and turning it over.

"The gems are activated by a mysterious element that cannot be replicated by science and that element is...."

Harry tapped on the edge of the crystal because he heard a harmonic vibration, he was about ready to get out of the way but suddenly the crystal lit up and a bright red light smacked Rachel in the face.

"Rachel!" Harry yelled when he placed the crystal down but the girl got up to her feet, indicating that she was fine. She shook her head and rubbed her face. "What….are you…I'm...."

"Harry, it's okay, I'm fine," Rachel stated when she felt her face but she felt nothing on her face. The scars, at least the physical ones, were gone from her face.

"So we were right, the gems can heal," Fury answered without another word when he looked at Harry.

"So do you want me to grow your eye back or something?" Harry asked when he gazed at Fury but the Director of SHIELD shook his head before he peered at the young wizard.

"No, I've got something more worthy, I trust you've heard about Captain America."

The entire group of X-Men looked on in awe, and Logan nodded, he knew Steve Rogers back in the day that was one of the few memories from the past that flooded back to him. The two men been through hell and back but it was something that made them respect each other all that much more.

"I've heard of him, yes" Harry responded when he turned around, wondering what that was all about. Tony was able to bring him up to speed.

"My father….he was a friend of Steve Rogers and made a promise before his death along with Nick Fury and….we need to bring him out of the state he is. His body is badly deteriorated due to the long term effects of the super soldier formula and he's being kept on life support."

Banner picked up where Stark left off, crossing his arms over and looking at the young man before him. "We believe that the gem could bring him back and with the missing element...."

Harry held up a hand and bounced off of the one fallacy to this statement. "If his condition is to the point where he has to be kept on life support, we need a bigger piece of the gem to do so."

"We were hoping that you could track the gem for us and bring it back, if any more of them exist," Fury responded when he crossed his arms and stared at Harry.

"For someone like Captain America, I will do it but don't think that I can do your dirty work for you too often Fury," Harry answered when he warned the other man and the commander of SHIELD nodded, he understood, believe him he understood everything before him. "I'll get the gem, but I need the piece you have now so I can figure out a way to scan for it."

Dollars to donut Harry was willing to bet that someone really sadistic and twisted had the gem he was searching for, because let's face it, that was the direction his luck ran at that moment. He had a hunch to be honest and if he was right, well it was going to be tricky.
Still Harry Potter had a job to do and he would do the best he could to win the day.

"I'm willing to pay money for your time and help," Stark added and Harry nodded, who would turn down an offer like that.

Plus in the back of his mind, the gem could help him deal with the Sirius situation, perhaps. He wouldn't feel right using it until he did some tests.

"I'll get on it and see you later," Harry remarked before he turned towards Black Widow. "I'll be seeing you later as well."

"I'm sure, we'll be seeing a lot of each other later," Black Widow answered when the two looked at each other, practically undressing each other with their eyes.

It could not escalate more beyond that because Harry had work to do.

Harry found himself sitting in his bedroom, concentrating, deep in meditation when he tried to locate the gems in the world. There were some gems that they he found but they were small fragments, no more than a pin, but that was the way things rolled. The young man folded his arms across his chest before he leaned his head back and focused on the pins, trying to detect a bigger concentration yet.

He was very closely to finding something but there seemed to be a huge one buried in a mine shaft somewhere halfway across the world. It was in China, in some kind of temple. The scribbling on the wall Harry tried to focus on but he shook his head. He reached up and dialed on Tony Stark.

"There's a temple that has a huge chunk of what you needed but it's buried underneath," Harry stated without preamble before he stated. "It's in China, there are strange markings all over the temple, a dragon too."

"A dragon?" Stark asked, a feeling of dread crossing through his body before he closed his eyes and shook his head, even if Harry could not see it. "Are you sure you can't find another gem because….we could stir up something if we go over there?"

"What could we stir up?" Harry wondered, he could sense the apprehension and the trepidation in Stark's voice and sure enough the billionaire was going to dive forward with an explanation to enlighten Harry on the situation.

"There is a very powerful mob lord over there, he has mystical rings, ten of them, he's called the Manadarin. He's not someone who you wish to mess with, in fact he's not someone who I wish to mess with any more than I have to. He….dealt me a humiliating and crushing defeat, shall we say one time. He has diplomatic immunity much like Doom so anything he does, we can't very well go against him….legally speaking at least."

"And he has a vast criminal empire," Harry answered and Stark confirmed this.

"A vast criminal empire and….he hasn't expanded over here but if he has the gem and ever figures out what it is, it could cause trouble."

"There's no telling if he knows what it is or even if it's under his nose," Harry offered when he turned around in a crisp voice. He shook his head from one side to the other. "We're going….we're going to figure out a way to liberate the gem without knowing if we can. If he knows….well we'll deal with that."
"Agreed," Stark responded when he paused. "I've got a call on the other line; I'll be back in touch."

It was as well when there was a knock on the door and Harry turned around, rolling his shoulders back and sighing. He turned and looked at the door, sensing the person on the other end of the door. "Come in Rogue."

Rogue pushed the door open and entered the room before she walked inside, offering Harry a smile. She wore a black jacket, a black top, and tight black pants, and she did her makeup a little bit differently, perhaps using a little less. She had her wristband on.

"Harry….something about my powers, they're changing," Rogue offered when she looked at him. "I've been able to fly and lift a lot more than I could before."

Harry nodded crisply when he looked at the young mutant and turned to her, looking in her eyes.

"Do you have any idea why?" Rogue asked when she waved towards Harry, asking if she wanted the answer.

The dark haired wizard looked thoughtful when his green eyes turned on Rogue, staring into hers a little bit. The young wizard stepped forward towards Rogue and grabbed her hand, before the two of them shifted and ended up in the Danger Room.

"The best way to test your limits is to lift things up," Harry answered when he calibrated his charm on a metal box. "This is charmed to lift up twice your body weight."

Rogue lifted up the box with ease and turned to Harry.

"Come on Harry, I want a challenge," Rogue offered him with a smile crossing her face, shaking her head and Harry placed a hand on hers.

"Okay, try this one, three times your body weight," Harry answered when he readjusted the charms and sure enough Rogue did lift it up once again with a bit more effort. "Try four more times."

Rogue lifted up the four times her body weight easily so Harry upgraded to five times, that was something she had a bit more trouble with and only held it up for a few seconds before dropping it.

"Do you have any idea what's causing this?" Rogue asked, folding her arms and wondering about this.

"You know, my powers make you able to touch me but I wonder….I wonder if were draining some of my powers, and making them permanent, changing you in certain ways, evolving your powers," Harry offered when the green eyed wizard peered at the young mutant and she stroked her chin thoughtfully.

"You know that's the best explanation I can think of," Rogue offered when she saw the metal blocks swinging down and she punched it, when she dented it and flew in the air, at least managing a moderate height or velocity. Of course her direction could use a little work before she dropped down to the ground.

Harry offered a smile before he turned to her. "Not bad, not bad at all."

"But I think that I can get better," Rogue offered when she looked at him and Harry nodded.

"That's always an encouraging attitude to have, you can always get better, trust me," Harry answered when he placed a set of hands around Rogue's waist and he leaned forward, pressing his lips against
hers. She returned the favor, her lips melting against his in the passion before she backed off with each other.

The two parted ways, they had a lot to do and Harry was expecting Stark to call back at any moment.

Scott walked down the hallway, for some reason, the need to clear the air was something that reigned in the back of his mind. He took a step forward, looking in the air and saw Jean walking outside in the corridors. He decided now the time was to speak to her.

Jean's mind was going a lot, a few days ago she thought about how long she would take some time away from the Xavier Institute and now she was here. She saw Scott and figured this conversation was coming before too long, she had to get it over.

"Hey, Jean," Scott stated in a nervous voice.

"Hi, Scott," Jean answered when the two old friends and original members of the X-Men stared at each other.

They knew what happened the last time the pair of them said more than two words with each other, the Phoenix incident and Jean's extended leave from the Mansion. Jean remembered the fear that Scott experienced and exhibited in his eyes, shaking her head from one side or the other. She stepped forward and looked at Scott, shifting her expression to him a little bit more.

"So we need to talk," Scott offered when he waved his hands.

"So talk, I'm listening," Jean offered in a cordial voice, perhaps a bit too impersonal for Scott's taste, not that she really cared at this point.

"If this is about…"

"No, Scott, it's not about you, it's about me," Jean stated when she looked at him and Scott decided to reach forward and grab her but she brushed his hand away and he flinched by this spurning of his contact. "Last time we talked, I saw it, on your face, the fear you had about the Phoenix."

"I won't let the Phoenix hurt you Jean," Scott stated when he looked at Jean.

'Ah, that's cute, he's trying to be assertive, and grow a set,' the Phoenix cooed mockingly in Jean's head.

'Phoenix, I can handle this, alright,' Jean thought back to her desperately.

'You do realize that you're pleading with yourself to stay out of your own conversation, don't you?'
The Phoenix thought back to Jean.

Jean realized that she was fighting a losing battle and stopped fighting with the voice inside her head.

"The Phoenix is me Scott, it's a part of me, and a part that I need to learn to accept, if I don't want the power to destroy me," Jean stated when she looked back at him, before she turned around. "You fear what I can do."

"Jean, we can help you…"
"Help me what Scott, control it?" Jean asked when she looked at Scott. "The last time someone controlled the Phoenix, it nearly ripped me apart. I'm not going through that again. I've learned to compromise with it and come to terms with it."

"What if you can't come to terms with it?" Scott responded when he looked at Jean.

"Then I'll find someone who will help me come to terms with it," Jean answered back briskly when she looked at Scott.

"Jean I'll...."

"Scott, you need to come to terms with who you are and don't worry about what I do with my life," Jean answered when she turned around. "We've been friends, good friends even but if you've hung your heart on something more, than I'm sorry. You can't accept me, all of me, and that's fine. There are some things about you that I don't accept."

Scott stopped, knowing now was the wrong time to say anything.

"You won't have to worry about Harry taking your leadership for much longer, I don't think, but even if he doesn't take it, someone else could step up and do so themselves," Jean stated when she spun around and walked off. "We're teammates and nothing more."

Scott waited, he did not miss the point that Harry could be leaving and in another time he'd be very happy about that. Yet he wondered how badly it would fracture the team. The huge fact that bothered Scott the most was that Harry was not trying to undermine him. He just had the better answers and ones that even he had to admit make sense.

If Harry stayed, he would naturally usurp the team leadership whether the mage intended to or not. If he left, then Scott would always hear the whispers that he was only the leader because the person who was best equipped to do the job stepped away to do his own thing.

This was what one would call a no win situation.

A pair of eyes watched from the doorway, conflicted, and wondering how this would affect her future, if at all. Yet if Jean was happy, that's all that mattered to her.

Kitty and Harry took a moment to watch the stars outside over the city, stealing a few moments together with themselves. After all of the hectic things that happened between the two of them and all of the hectic things were about to happen, they felt they should allow a little downtime.

"I'm leaving with Stark in the morning, we're heading to China to try and get the gem," Harry informed Kitty and she looked at him.

"And you're doing this alone, why?" Kitty asked when she looked at Harry with a raised eyebrow.

"I'm not alone, I've got Iron Man, Hawkeye, remember him?" Harry asked her and Kitty smiled.

"Yeah, his war on the school toilets were among the hardest fought in the school," Kitty answered with a bright smile on her face.

"And there's the Black Widow," Harry answered and Kitty gave him a smile.

"She's on your to-do list anyway, isn't she?" Kitty asked with a smug satisfaction on her face. Sure
there were other girls but she was Harry's first.

"One could say that," Harry offered when the two of them watched from above, smiling with wide eyes. The two of them stood on the top of the balcony, waiting for everything to happen.

"And Jean, she's on there?" Kitty asked when Harry turned to her, an eyebrow raised. "Oh come on, it's not like I haven't noticed the chemistry between the two of you, everyone has."

"Scott especially I'm sure," Harry responded when he looked out into the distance.

"I know you don't want to take the leadership role but real leaders aren't granted that role or even say that they're the leader, they just lead and that's kind of what you do," Kitty answered with Harry wrapping his arms around her. "Do you think Jean's back for the long haul?"

"For the moment at least," Harry answered, before he grabbed Kitty pulling her back a little bit. "The night's still young."

"And so are we," Kitty remarked when she put a hand on her hips and arched her head back a little bit, offering a flirty smile when the two of them walked back and Harry scooped her up in his arms, before he flew. "Where are we going?"

"Anywhere we want to, I can fly you know," Harry responded when he continued to fly through the air, with Kitty gently cradled in his arms when he continued to pick up flight.

The two of them made their way to a hotel room halfway across the world in Italy and hopefully away from any crime or distractions that would ruin their night.

No sooner did the two of them set down on the ground in the room, Kitty grabbed Harry and wrapped her arms around him, pulling him into a deep and hungry kiss. Harry returned the kiss, running his fingers through her brunette hair, and his fingers slowly down her back, causing pleasures when his fingers danced across his body.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Harry gently tipped Kitty back on the bed with a kiss, pulling her shirt over her head to reveal her breasts encased in a black bra. The dark haired wizard planted a brief kiss between her cleavage, kissing her and causing her to shiver, before he worked her shorts down, to reveal a pair of black panties that wrapped around the lower half of her body quite nicely.

Kitty reached down and removed Harry's shirt over his head, before she felt his muscles underneath her hands, rubbing and pushing them, rubbing her hands over the developed flesh. She went down, and pulled down Harry's pants, to reveal his boxers and a tent that was sprung out.

Harry breathed heavily when he felt her fingers tease him and his did likewise, running over her body and simulating it with little bits of magic. The little moans of content was music to the ears of the young mage, when Kitty cupped him down low.

"Feels good," Harry managed when she played with him down below, feeling him grow in her hands and he tilted her head up, to look into her vibrant blue eyes.

Kitty pulled his boxers down over his legs to reveal his erect cock, and she stroked him, before she licked her tongue down him.

"Best cock in the world still," Kitty commented when she wrapped her tongue around him and licked him up and down a little bit.
Her warm tongue ran up and down Harry's shaft and moved around to lick his balls before she popped his length into his mouth, pressing it into her mouth, and tilting it back, where it hit the back of her throat.

"Getting good," Harry breathed when he stroked Kitty's hair and pushed his cock back into her mouth, shoving it into her tight hole. Kitty took him and hummed. "Not that….ah you weren't good before but practice makes perfect."

Kitty would have to agree, feeling her lover's cock press against the back of her throat, pressing against her, and feeling his warm tender flesh hit the back of her. He reached around and unsnapped her bra to play with her lovely breasts and her tight little body. His gentle but somehow strong caresses caused Kitty to get wet and caused her to reach, to play with herself but Harry gently grabbed her hand.

"No, that pleasure is mine," Harry managed to her, and the two were on the bed, with the wizard pealing Kitty's panties down and putting his head between her legs to munch on her tender peach from underneath.

'You can really work it with your tongue, oh feels good, I'm in heaven,' Kitty mentally stated as she breathed heavily when Harry worked his tongue into her folds.

'You are heaven,' Harry thought to her when he continued to lick her, and the two sucked and licked each other, feeling pure sexual fire burning through their body.

The brunette rubbed her pussy up against Harry's face, causing her to be teased and the dark haired wizard continued to bury his tongue into her. The two of them worked over each other, their panting getting deeper until the two of them climaxed, releasing a heavy string of juices into each other's mouths.

The two of them only needed a second to catch each other's breath, before Kitty laid back and raised one finger, lightly brushing them against her face, before she scraped his cum off. Slowly, she popped a finger into her mouth and closed her eyes before she licked the creamy essence of her lover off of it.

"Minx," Harry whispered grabbing Kitty's hips, before he brushed against her opening with his cock head.

"Do it," Kitty managed when she lifted her hips, grinding against Harry's head sexily.

"You want it?" Harry asked and Kitty bit her lips, nodding, before he aimed his cock at her and pushed it inside her.

Kitty felt her pussy clench together when Harry entered her and it felt good to feel his cock stretch her out, pushing into her with slow and gentle thrusts, before at his urging, he sped up.

Harry grunted when thrust into her. "Jesus, Kitty, your pussy feels like heaven."

"Your cock feels better than heaven," Kitty managed when she arched her hips up to feel Harry thrust into her womanhood.

The two of them matched their strokes, with Kitty trying to keep up the pace. She could tell that ever since the incident at Oscorp, Harry was gaining more stamina, which gave her an incentive to pick up the pace. That gave her a little cardio workout and it was the fun kind.

Harry knew that he would have to dial it back a little bit for Kitty until she worked up enough
momentum but that was more than fine. He thrust into her deep depths, pushing against her, and running his hands all over her body. She gave an impassioned squeal when he played with her nipples.

"Feels good," Kitty moaned when she arched back and felt her pussy clench around Harry.

"So tight, so lovely," Harry managed when he continued to pump into the delight below him as he writhed on the bed.

"So yours," Kitty offered when she locked legs around him and pressed her hands onto his back to encourage him to bury himself deeper into her. The brunette's eyes bugged up when her hips lifted up to meet his incoming thrusts and Harry picked up the pace, working into her, grinding his cock into her.

"Yeah, so mine," Harry answered when he felt her body up and she felt his up when the two continued their dance of passion.

"Oh, I live for this," Kitty breathed when she arched her back and he pushed into her.

She clenched around him a few more times but Harry kept up the pace. She worried about burning herself out before the ending came but true to form she held on. Kitty Pryde was stubborn and would not be defeated, despite the fact that Harry's stamina increased.

"Do you….yes….don't stop," Kitty breathed when she squeezed his bicep to ask him to going.

Harry continued to go, pushing into her, and each movement going faster and faster into her, Kitty clenched him the best she could, rubbing against him, and sure enough after a time passed, Harry splashed his thick seed into her waiting walls ,filling her up with his creamy essence.

Kitty fell back, content after that round even though there would be another.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Kitty's eyes flickered shut, she was out of it but Harry checked to see if she was still breathing.

"Good night Kitty, I love you," Harry stated when he offered her a light peck on the lips.

"Love you too," Kitty murmured, when Harry wrapped his arms around her and they drifted back to sleep in a few hours until they had to fly home and Harry needed to leave on his mission.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter.
Living Legend Part one


Harry arrived at Stark Industries with a smile over his face, today could be the day where many problems got solved for all of them. Today was going to be the day where he could find the gem that would allow Captain America to return. And it would also potentially solve a problem that Harry had regarding Sirius and bring him back to life. Or at least he hoped so, but they were going into uncharted waters.

Although the more he thought about it, the more he thought that it might not lead to anything regarding Sirius. The super soldier formula was a different variable, something that changed Captain America. What Sirius went through when he propelled through the veil, that was an entirely different matter entirely and to be honest, Harry wondered what could be done. He'd figure that out at another point, now he had to focus.

And now he was at Stark Industries where the Black Widow watched, leaning back against the wall with a smile over her face. Hawkeye stood next to her, Harry recognized him although more from his janitorial duty than anything else. Then standing next to them was two women. One of them was dressed in a black bodysuit with white on the front and she wore eye protection. The other woman wore a black bodysuit that wrapped tightly around her, along with a yellow marking that resembled a lightning bolt and black leggings that covered her body.

"Mr. Potter," Black Widow stated when she looked at him.

Harry could not help but reply with a cheeky grin. "Come on, Natasha, no need to be so formal, I mean you've been watching me closely. Call me Harry."

She could not help but offer a bit of a smile but Hawkeye snickered at this so she turned around and gave him a look that indicated that it was time for him to fall back into line.

"We're waiting for Banner and Stark to join us and then we can get to show on the road," Hawkeye responded when he turned around to look at Harry. "So are you ready?"

"I'm ready," Harry answered with a nod of his head; he was more than ready for anything that was going to happen. "I'm believe that some introductions are in order, aren't there?"

"Bobbi Morse, I go under the codename Mockingbird," the first blonde woman replied when she looked at Harry, a smile crossing her face and she reached forward to shake his hand. The two of them smile. "I'm here to make sure that Hawkeye here doesn't get into too much trouble."

"Only when the plumbing in the man's bathroom trips him up," Harry answered when Hawkeye groaned a little bit and Mockingbird snickered.

He was never going to live that down, not in the slightest.

"And I'm Carol Danvers, I'm new at this hero game, an accident with an alien artifact gave me super human powers," the second blonde stated, given what Fury told her, Arcane would likely be able to pick out who she was from her mind so honestly was the best policy or at least enough honesty where he did not have any reason to go digging for the real incriminating information. "Ms. Marvel, I actually don't work for SHIELD but a government agency called SWORD. It deals with extra-terrestrials whether they be threats or friendly, but still they're out there."
"I'm sure you can tell me more about it when we're on the ship," Harry answered and Carol responded with a smile before the two of them prepared to walk towards the SHIELD ship waiting for Tony to exit along with Bruce Banner. Sure enough they did not wait for very long when Tony showed up.

"Okay, this should be a rather smooth mission," Tony responded when he put the helmet, wearing his Iron Man armor and was ready to go. "At least I hope that this will be a smooth mission, although."

"Relax nothing's going to go wrong," Carol stated when she leaned back against the wall of the jet, there were a few SHIELD agents on board but that was merely insurance in case something went wrong. "We can get in there, get in the temple, and get out, no problem."

Iron Man looked at her with a tense expression on his face. "I can tell you're new at this, aren't you? It seldom goes that easily but hey, there's a first time for everything. As long as we get on the plane and stick to the plan, we should be able to have the gem in our hands, hopefully without the Mandarin and his merry men trying to stop us. And from there…well from there will let Harry work his magic."

"Sounds like it could work," Bruce offered, he was calm today, at least for the moment.

'Yeah right,' the voice from within stated.

"Just…don't hulk out in this jet and we'll be fine," Mockingbird stated, hoping that she did not offend Banner but sure enough the scientist was cool and collected when the group of them entered. Harry turned to Carol and talked with her when they prepared to get ready.

"Is there much intelligent life out there?" Harry asked her and the blonde haired blue eyed woman turned to him.

"Well more so then there is in the government sometimes but that's beside the point, I think," Carol joked when she leaned back and looked at Harry. "There are aliens out there, and there might even be aliens among us. Wearing the faces of normal human beings, there have been stranger things out there, haven't there?"

"You're preaching to the choir," Harry responded when he prepared to get set up and ready to go.

"So, do you think that we'll be able to raise Captain America with this gem?" Carol as in a conversational voice and it was at these words when Harry looked rather thoughtful before he considered the words that the blonde stated. He reached forward and worked all what he wanted to do through his head. So many angles where it could go right and so many where it could go very wrong, that was one thing Harry could take to the bank.

Carol could tell that Harry wanted to make sure things would turn out for the best, no matter what he had to do. In many ways, that was an extremely admirable quality, even though when he was out there, he was out there with many people who would take the fight even harder to him in a brutal and often times bloody fashion. They would not allow him to achieve his goals without a fight.

"I hope that things will go the way I want them to," Harry admitted and Carol responded with a smile, she hoped that as well. She shifted and got a good look at Harry. He dressed in tight leather but she could tell that he had muscles and worked hard for them, not relying that much on his powers. The green eyes and messy black hair added to it, and the twenty four year old woman thought about what he had to offer.
Harry, seventeen very nearly eighteen thanks to the time he spent out of time training with Doctor Strange, picked up on what she was thinking but now was not the time to worry about that, they were on a mission and he turned around, to see Mockingbird, Hawkeye, Banner, and Stark all get into position. The SHIELD ship was ready to take off and they were going to find out what they were after. It was off to China they went and Hawkeye turned to fill in the group.

"Because of the weird way that we have go to there, we won't be there for an hour," Hawkeye informed them and they all nodded.

"It will give us plenty of time to coordinate our efforts and offer the element of surprise." Iron Man stated when he looked off to the side and crossed his hands before he waited.

Black Widow turned to face Harry, her red hair draping down her face and the dark haired wizard looking at her before she opened her mouth with a statement. "Harry, the two of us, Fury wanted us to go over some last minute details of the plan the three of us talked about."

"What plan?" Hawkeye asked, this was the first time when he raised an eyebrow, he had no idea what she was talking about but Black Widow offered him a predatory smile before her face contorted into a stoic expression.

"That is on a need to know basis," Black Widow responded when she motioned for Harry and sure enough, the rest of the crew on the SHIELD ship did not ask any questions, the journey would be a slow one with the stealth that they needed to sneak up on the temple.

The best one would be the element of surprise, with the group preparing and sure enough, they had a lot on their mind without worrying about Harry and Black Widow making their way to the next room.

"I'd shut the door behind you," Black Widow responded and sure enough Harry shut the door, there was no need for anyone finding out what went on behind these closed doors. The Black Widow shifted her gaze towards Harry, before she broke the silence. "I believe that I spent six weeks and five days trying to figure out what you were up to and then I found that I hit one dead end after another."

"Yes, well I didn't want you to find out what I was up to," Harry answered when the two of them were alone in this section of the ship. They could hear any radio transmissions but naturally that was set for emergencies only. "And I know that you observed me for a long time and got quite a show from said observation. If I may say so myself, there was a lot that you saw."

Black Widow turned around to look at Harry.

"I saw a lot that went on behind closed doors, although I do wonder now if a part of you wanted me to see, if you knew that I was there the entire time," Natasha responded when she looked at Harry, taking a moment to really get his features in.

"Maybe, maybe not, wouldn't you like to know?" Harry asked as he discreetly put his hands on her hips and held them there, touching them but at the same time only barely touching it. It was enough for a tease and nothing more.

"Well I wouldn't have brought up the point if I did not want to know,' Natasha answered when she stepped forward, she loosened the zipper of her bodysuit a little bit, allowing the fabric to pull off. It offered a subtle hint of her gifts underneath, not that the suit left too much to the imagination with the way it clung over her curves.
Harry stepped forward which prompted her to step back a half of a step. "I'm sure you want a demonstration with how much I do know."

Harry moved one of his hands slowly up her body until he reached her cheek and Natasha smiled when she arched backwards.

"And I could have had you turned in for trespassing, SHIELD agent or not," Harry answered when he edged forward a little bit and somehow, Natasha had her back against the wall. It was both in a literal and figurative sense of the world.

"Yes, yes, you could," Natasha breathed when she felt this powerful young man back her up against the wall, she felt her hips subconsciously brush forward against his crotch. "And you could have done anything that you wanted with me and there wouldn't be that much of a fight."

Harry slowly placed a hand on the small of her back before he edged a little bit forward and shifted slightly against her. "Those are some dangerous, dangerous words, young lady. Anything can be many things."

"Oh, would you like to give a demonstration?" Natasha asked, the Black Widow not sure if she was the one who got ensnared or not in her own web.

"The time in this area now passes much slowly, with about thirty minutes per every minute on the outside," Harry responded when he reached his hands up, slowly teasing her curves, her hips, her legs, and her breasts with the palms.

"Impressive," Natasha managed but it was Harry who captured her mouth at those words with a bold and daring kiss, that had he pressed up against the wall.

Harry enjoyed the delights of this beauty's mouth, running his fingers through her red hair and really, he did enjoy women whether then be young or a bit more mature. She really was something, as her features threatened to spill out of that black bodysuit that she wore, that left so little to the imagination. The young wizard trailed his fingers down her, offering little touches to experiment with her.

Natasha wrapped her arms around him and made the kiss deeper, sucking on his tongue when she worked his shirt off to reveal the muscles underneath, oh yes this would do nicely. This would do extremely nicely as she locked her legs around him and he moved her over to a table area where he transfigured into a makeshift bed, all while never breaking the kiss. That was the epitome of someone who could take care of business.

Harry placed her down on the bed and kissed the side of her neck, carefully taking each bit of her flesh into his mouth and she moaned when he sucked on the flesh.

"Give it to me, I'm ready," Black Widow stated when Harry removed her body suit to reveal her body in one fluid movement.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Harry saw the delicious treat that rested on the makeshift bed before him, Natasha Romanov was a beauty of the highest caliber. She had large breasts that were topped off with perky nipples, a flat toned stomach that he felt he could lick and play with for overs. Not to mention the long beautiful legs and the hot ass that was attached to her body. Then there was her lovely pussy, Harry could not forget at that.

She reached up and straddled his lap for a little bit when the two kissed each other, with Harry
running his hands down her body. He felt her ass, her legs, all of her toned body was underneath his touch. The young wizard could hardly believe that he touched such a vision of beauty no matter how many times he touched something like that but that was great.

Natasha ran her hands over his body, feeling his physique, being that of a Greek god, although that might be a bit of a downgrade for Harry. He had muscular arms and a sexy muscular chest and abs that she could not get enough of running her fingers on. She rubbed her moist core up and down his bulge, before she tilted her head back and looked at him. A naughty smile and glint in her eye proceeded the following words.

"I believe you're a bit underdressed for the occasion."

"I believe you're right, my sexy spy," Harry stated when he teased her opening with his fingers, brushing then against her entrance and then he rubbed his thumb up and down her clit causing her moans to get hot and heavy.

Harry had his pants off, although to be honest it was a simple charm and he then had his erect cock out. Natasha breathed heavily, laying back and parting her legs, while she waited for Harry to stick it inside her. She looked up and smiled seductively at him, with the words from her voice.

"I believe I need to study your methods more closely, Mr. Potter," she stated huskily when she ran her hands all over her body, playing with her curves and Harry brushed his head against her entrance.

"Wet as always," Harry responded when he grabbed her hips and sunk his meat into her pussy.

Natasha hitched in a deep breath, she felt his cock penetrate her like when no man had before and that was saying something. The problem was that those men were rather underequipped and tended to be….oh why was she thinking about the cocks of other men when she had this one inside her? His cock pushed against her walls, stretching against her and slowing pushing into her.

Harry felt her tight walls massage him; he could tell by the lust in her eyes that she never had any pleasure that was not strictly business for a long time. Come to think about it, he could tell that she had not gotten that much pleasure when she went for her pleasure for business, although he could he overthinking think. He felt her silken walls massage his cock when she squeezed him tightly. The Widow lifted her hips in tune for Harry's thrusts when he speared into her depths.

"Faster, harder," Black Widow stated, she did not care much for this gentle love making, she wanted to get fucked by a real man and this was a man.

"You want it, you've got it," Harry answered before he grabbed her hips, hoisted her legs up, and began to slam into her pussy heavily, causing the red head to moan and writhe beneath him. He ran his hands over her body, feeling it and giving her jolts within her body, feeling the pleasure.

Natasha felt his thick cock slam into her, this was what she wanted, and this was what she was going to get. The dark haired wizard pushed into her and her pussy tightened around his cock when the two of them rocked back and forth. Her eyes flickered shut when she breathed heavily, feeling a hot moan that entered the back of her throat.

Harry drove her to another earth shattering orgasm and paused before she came back to Earth but only for a second. Then he resumed his plunging into her, stretching her hot box apart when it squeezed onto his prick. Her breath was like music to his ears, long and labored and the dark haired mage scraped the juices from her thighs. The powerful sorcerer offered Natasha a taste.
The Black Widow greedily sucked her juices off of the fingers of her lover, licking and suckling them from his fingers. She threw her head back when he planted himself into her tight pussy. She felt him work into the back of her and feeling the hot rod spear into her when he continued to ride her. She returned fire rocking her hips up to meet his incoming thrusts as he buried himself deeper into her.

She bit his shoulder when he continued to work into her, and she locked her legs around him. Harry was balls deep in this hot young spy and he could hardly believe this but then again her pussy was completely unbelievable. The sweat rolled off their bodies when they continued to work up a rhythm when they rocked back and forth.

Oh, ooh, yes,” Natasha moaned when he speared his length between her legs, delving into her pussy with all he had.

"Cumming," Harry managed when he looked at her and he plunged himself into her, before he gave one deep thrust. His balls sized up before they constricted and splattered every single drop of cum they had in them into her. 

Natasha screamed loudly, her pussy clenching around him to milk him. Her training allowed her to develop excellent muscle control of all parts of her body and she wanted to give him the greatest pleasure when he came. The dark haired wizard continued to drain his essence into her body with the beautiful redhead milking it in tune, squeezing his cock for all it was worth when the two of them continued their movements.

Harry sent several thick ropes of his cum into her waiting womb, thanking the heavens for the man who invented contraceptive charms. The dark haired wizard flickered with his green eyes shut and he rested his head on her breasts when he came down from his orgasm.

"One more round or are you spent after one with a real woman?” Natasha asked him, trying to egg him on.

Harry smiled. "Please, that was a warm up."

Harry flipped her over and she was on her hands and knees, her ass positioned in the air and presented for him. The dark haired wizard rubbed the head of his cock up and down her warm slit to tease her, he was already hard.

That was a point that Natasha ran over in her mind, after the intense sex they had, he was already hard and she turned around, looking over her shoulder. Her long flowing red hair framed her face when she looked at Harry. Her hot tongue trailed around her lips, moistening her mouth.

"Come and get it, master,” Natasha stated, feeling her pussy clenching when she thought about what he would do to it and to be honest, she would allow him to do anything that he wanted to her, all night long.

Harry grinned when he grabbed the side of her hips, measuring her, before with one fluid moment he plunged in. Once again her tight walls hugged tightly around his throbbing manhood, rubbing against it. She knew how to get the most out of each thrust with the two of them going back and forth with each other. The dark haired wizard plunged himself into her tight depths, it wrapped around him.

He smacked her ass which caused her to shudder in pleasure.

"You like that?" Harry asked when he pushed into her and then smacked her ass again.
"Yes, yes," Natasha breathed with a shuddering breath, her eyes closed when he moved into her. His cock sawed into her and rammed deep within her pussy lips, feeling her stretch out when he plunged into her.

Natasha felt the pleasure rush over her body, this was more intense than anything she ever imagined in the sexual arena. And she could have a pretty vivid sexual imagination for sure but this cock and his hands running all over her body was a combination that could not be beat. The sexual fire of his cock pulsing and pressing in her body was second to none when he continued to pick up a higher tempo.

"That's….that feels so good," Natasha breathed heavily when his cock moved into her.

"I'm sure it does," Harry stated when he cupped her breasts in his hands and she moaned, barely able to articulate any words.

Harry noticed that the more experienced he got, the more he was able to drive his lovers to the point where there was really no need for them to speak. Still the moans and mental cues that he got was more than enough and case in point, he plunged his fingers up Natasha's ass, playing with her a little bit.

"Oh, more, please," Natasha panted when she closed her eyes lost completely to the pleasure and another hand ran over her breasts. She looked over her shoulder and he met her mouth in a hot kiss. The redhead sucked on his tongue like she would a phallus.

Harry continued his moments, he was sure he could buy plenty of time with the time dilation spells but at the same time, it was not enough to make people wonder too much. Then again, he wondered if he cared. The wizard continued to plunge his thick meat into her inviting pussy, it squeezing him tightly, with the red head breathing heavily with each and every passing pushing into her.

'Oh, he's so big, so strong, I'll have to….continue these missions,' Natasha mentally thought when she felt her G Spot being slammed again and again with his cock when she was driven to another orgasm.

Harry held himself back for a very long time but eventually his loins tightened and he blew his load into her from behind. The red head clenched him with a force that would bring many men to their knees and he continued to blow a heavy amount of cum into her.

'His volume, it's amazing,' Natasha managed when she pulled out of him.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

Natasha ran her hands through Harry's cocks when she continued to kiss him.

"Why rush, we've only been in here for three minutes as far as they know, not nearly enough to go over the plans, wouldn't you say?" Natasha asked and Harry smiled, before he cupped her from behind, and tilted her back with another hungry kiss.

Round three was upon them, then four, then five, and then….well one would get the picture.

X-X-X

Sometime later, the Party arrived outside the temple and all of them were ready to go, no matter what they had to go up against. Iron Man stepped forward into the shadows, Black Widow followed them, with Hawkeye, Mockingbird, and Ms. Marvel leading the charge. Arcane moved ahead to do some scans of the security to hope to get a better picture but naturally they expected the worse.
"We best be silent and hope that we can lift the gem without them finding out," Black Widow whispered when she looked at them and Mockingbird, Iron Man, and Hawkeye all nodded, with Bruce Banner staying behind.

It was hoped that they did not need him for if they needed him, that meant that they needed his other half. And the Incredible Hulk was not someone that they wanted to bring out of the box for the potential collateral damage that could be caused. Banner watched carefully when the group moved around the temple. It was Iron Man who gave the grim assessment of what they had to deal with.

"The palace is swarming with the Mandarin's guards," Iron Man responded in a crisp voice and that was not something that was lost by any of them. "If any of you have any suggestions, now is the time."

"Wait until Arcane gets back with the scans," Ms. Marvel stated, wondering if something happened to him for a moment. At least that was always a concern on missions like this and he was the person they needed the most with everything that's happened.

Arcane popped out of the shadows and he held up a piece of paper that he duplicated on five other sheets and passed them out to everyone. He paused for a minute to allow the group to read the papers. It was hoped that he could break down what was on them the best that he could so they could be understood but given what happened, that was not really something that was a guarantee.

"I think we've got it," Hawkeye managed when he prepared to shoot an arrow at a moment's notice, even though they wanted to get through this battle without firing one shot. "So where's our mystical gem of healing properties?"

Harry inclined one finger as if he was going to point beneath the temple.

"So when you mean it's beneath the temple, you mean it's way beneath the temple, as below the foundations," Hawkeye responded when he looked at Harry and he offered a crisp, stoic nod. "Yeah, I figured about as much."

Harry tapped his foot on the ground and listened in, hoping that the guards would move there way off to the side a little bit more. It would be a lot easier to take them out and take their place without anyone else noticing it. The less people he had to knock out or worse kill, the better it was. If he thought about it, he wanted to minimize the damages while he could. The last thing he needed was a temple in shambles because no one was supposed to know SHIELD as there.

"Well, the moment of truth I guess," Iron Man stated to break Harry out of his thoughts but the two guards turned to each other.

"They can't have spotted us," Ms. Marvel responded when she looked off to the side and then she shook her head. "They really can't have spotted us with the precautions we took….but they're coming here."

The guards were making there way over but Black Widow grabbed a gas canister and flung it into the air. That gave them the cloud cover they needed, with Harry amplifying it when they moved into the mist. They tried to stick together and not split apart because bad things happened when people split up. The group rushed into the fog, trying not to choke on what was around them.

"Just about got it, got to get to the temple," Mockingbird managed when Hawkeye was the one who pulled out an arrow and he shot it.

"That didn't do anything," Iron Man responded when he looked around.
"Wait for it," Hawkeye stated when he turned to them but Harry disabled the arrow.

"Stealth, remember, let's not make a big bang," Harry responded when he activated the locks on the temple before it slid open. He figured that they could go as low as they could go. "This place is….."

Black Widow pulled Hawkeye out of the way before a series of poison darts shot out of the wall. Thankfully Iron Man wore armor otherwise that would have been a bad situation for him and he shook when the darts slightly burned his armor. Thankfully they could not pierce them otherwise it would have been a bad situation.

"It's loaded with traps," Harry answered when he turned to the entire assembled group. "Make sure to follow your cheat sheets and we'll be clear, home free."

The group made their way down a winding set of stairs, finding the travels to be a rather tight and winding road. Harry paused when he wondered if they could get through this entire mess without causing any trouble. Given his batting average with situations like this he was betting no. Still with everything considered, it would not hurt for him to show a tiny bit of optimism in the face of the sudden fire that they felt.

He saw two more guards, Confundus charm was useful in making them stumble the other way. He had to power it down a little bit, not to make them a stumbling and bumbling mess that would alert the other guards and lead to a fight. He could feel the humming of the gem as he came closer. He knew why people went mad with such power in the past, it could be something that could inspire such lust. Still in the right hands, the gems would be rather useful.

"Stay sharp."

A shuriken flew through the air and Hawkeye quickly shot it out of the way with an arrow.

"That's not what you meant, I take it," Ms. Marvel stated and Iron Man held up his hands, ready for a fight. He did not one but at the same time, he doubted that was something that he had much of a choice about.

Sure enough, he struck first and he struck hard, with a blast of energy from his hands. The blast of energy from his hands sent the enemies flying back and Ms. Marvel flew into the air, before she smashed the attackers down to the ground hard. Mockingbird pulled out a staff and swung it around, before she swept the legs out from underneath her enemies.

"So much for the indirect approach," Mockingbird responded in a crisp voice and sure enough she blasted one of her enemies back. Another enemy landed on the ground hard and she stomped them before she propelled herself up and smacked the enemy down. "Where did our wizard go?"

"We have….bigger problems," Hawkeye stated when he duck a sword swung at him, before blasting an arrow towards him. The dust knocked him back and caused him to stagger nearly tripping over his own feet as he did.

Black Widow flipped herself up into the air and kicked down across the back of the head to send the enemies flying down to the ground. There was a loud crash when Black Widow slammed her enemy down to the ground. She knocked the adversary down to the ground and elbowed him to the face, before she watched Iron Man blast one of them off to the side before they saw Arcane wave his hand off to the side.

"The gem are there below us," Arcane whispered but a group of assassins rushed forward and Harry closed his eyes and caused them to be engulfed in light, before the group transported outside of the
temple without Harry even touching them.

"Nice parlor trick that one will go over well at parties," Iron Man commented but they moved forward there was no time to really go forward, the group rushed forward down a set of steps before they saw what was underneath.

Harry levitated the glowing red gem into his hand before he looked it over. That was what they needed; they felt the power around them.

"So this is it?" Ms. Marvel asked and Harry shook his head, before the group bolted towards the exit, not they had what they needed, there was no need to stay around here and draw the attention that would cause them to be under the direct attention of their enemies, when he continued to walk off.

"So did you get it?" Bruce asked when they made their way from the temple.

"Yes, we got it but whether or not it works, we'll figure out in a little bit," Harry offered him with a shrug. There was really nothing else left to lose given the fact that there were people who were about to pull the plug on Captain America any day now. The SHIELD ship made its way up into the air and flew off, leaving several downed servants in their wake but Harry sent a probe out. The group spun around to look at him. "They won't remember that we're here."

"Well that's good," Black Widow stated in an approving voice. After all one of Nick Fury's rules was to make sure that no one knew that they were there by any means necessary. Granted there were many instances where that could have been thrown off kilter but still if it could be avoided then they would be able to do what they needed to do.

X-X-X

"Today is the day," Sin responded when she folded her hands over, a determined glint going through her eyes.

She wondered if there was going to be any side effects from those who weren't mutants. It would be just like her father to concoct something that would kill as many people as possible. Sin understood what she needed to do before the gas had been released; she studied that intently and concocted an antidote that would allow her to survive anything. Survival was something that was properly beaten into her from a very long time.

"Make sure it's dispensed on schedule, our leader wants nothing to go wrong with this first trial run," Sin responded when she looked out. While she was unclear of what the gas would do in the long term, she knew enough to realize that it was nothing that she wanted to inhale. It was going to be highly toxic.

If Sin was honest with herself, she wondered if this was something that would be considered the one step too far. She had no problem with killing when it served a purpose and furthered an agenda. Her father on the other hand killed people for the sake of killing them and that was rather twisted in many ways. Then again, the mind of the Red Skull was one that many people would have liked to understand. Many thought of him to be dead for years but he surfaced now and again.

His look was often imitated but his methods were seldom duplicated. The red haired girl looked up and her smile crossed one with sadistic glee when she wondered what was happening in the world. She saw the poison levels rise up in New York City; it would be a plague that was visited within the city. That plague would spread down to the Xavier Institute.

"I don't feel so well," Toad mumbled when he suddenly collapsed, it feeling like fire when his lungs
burned. Blob, Quicksilver, and Avalanche all collapsed as well, feeling the onset of a boiling fever coming along with them.

"Of course you don't feel well," Sin stated when she looked down at the Brotherhood, they were pathetic. "We've released a plague to the city, that will harm all mutants and make them extremely sick. Potentially a fatal illness which they will succumb to in a matter of days."

The Brotherhood were not down with the fact that they were dying.

"You've got to cure us," Quicksilver stated, feeling his arms weighing like cement when he tried to pull himself up but he collapsed down to the ground when he breathed heavily. Each passing breath was a heavy moment when he tried to labor and he shook like mad when his eyes grew heavy and then puffy.

Sin paused before she bent down a little bit, feeling this moment, something that she would remember for the rest of her life when she peered down to face the downed members of the Brotherhood. She offered a smile, sinister as it was when she looked down at Quicksilver. "Do I have to help you?"

"Yes, we're your teammates," Quicksilver breathed heavily when his throat closed up.

"The only solace I have was that this will not kill you immediately and thus you will suffer for your ignorance," Sin responded when she turned back and saw the Brotherhood on the ground. It did feel interesting to see them after all that happened, all of their bravado, all of it unearned, down on the ground. Their breath got heavy.

Avalanche tried to fight the blistering fever, he never thought that he would miss the glory days of Mystique.

Suddenly Sin staggered a little bit, sweat rolling down her face, and she shook her head, when she felt herself size up in the pain. She could not believe that she felt so weak but then again she got out.

"Are you feeling a bit under the weather, Sinthea?"

Sin's eyes felt heavy when she collapsed down to the ground and felt her chest tighten when she struggled to breath. The young woman turned around, her vision blurry and doubled when she saw her father, the Red Skull.

"No, I created an antidote," Sin breathed heavily when the Brotherhood shook in fear when they found out who Sin's father was.

"Yes you did, but it wouldn't have helped you, for there is no antidote for the plague, at least one that can be made by mundane means," Red Skull stated when he walked forward.

"Wouldn't that... wouldn't that kill you then?" Quicksilver asked, trying to keep his wits about himself. He had to figure out a way, sure if this plague could be created, it could be reversed.

Red Skull's face twisted into a grin. "But of course, there is always a chance that my latest scheme my lead to my demise. And if that happens, well that must mean that I'm weak and therefore I deserve to die."

"You're bent," Quicksilver managed but the Red Skull's face twisted into a sadistic grin.

He was called much, much worse in his day, every single name in the book, from a number of languages. Sometimes he killed the person on sight for their arrogance, other times he kept them alive
out of sheer amusement. That way he could make them suffer and torment them, torture them and make them beg for their deaths. Then he took that sweet release away and made them suffer them.

Red Skull watched out in the city and he saw his daughter move to her feet, standing up. He felt a small flicker of being impressed by her ability to remain standing despite all of what happened. Perhaps he misjudged her of being weak but then again, it was something that was perhaps premature. Her knees wobbled when she held the gun in her hand and Red Skull stared it down, unblinking.

"If you do so, you'll be doing the world a favor," Red Skull responded when his eyes looked back at his daughter. "And you will be doing the world a favor but I doubt you have it within you. Despite my best efforts, you are still weak while I am still strong and I will impart one last lesson within you."

Red Skull stabbed Sin in the shoulder with a knife to emphasize his point. He pulled out the knife, causing her blood to drip onto the ground in front of her eyes. His sadistic expression continued to dance in his eyes before he offered her one piece of advice.

"Don't hunt what you can't kill."

X-X-X

"The toxicity levels in New York's air are rising, any one of us could be infected at any moment, it seems to be a matter of chance," Nick Fury reported when he held the gem in his hand when Harry gave it to him. The young wizard turned to him and no doubt he worried about his friends but he had to remain focused on the mission for a moment. "I'm not going to mince words, we're going to take HYDRA out, they've gone too far. This biological weapon is more dangerous than anything they've ever delved into."

Iron Man was the one who chimed in with a response. "Maybe…..maybe we can use the gem after we heal Cap with it to reverse the plague?"

Fury considered it, he really considered it. If not for the simple point was that science was being made a fool out of by the mystical means.

"We'll get more information and then we'll make our move," Fury responded when he responded with a gruff voice before he turned his attention towards Harry. "I trust….I trust you might not know anything or do you?"

Harry paused to think about it, without knowing exactly what was in the air, he doubted that even the Sorcerer Supreme could wave his hand and concoct an antidote. The young green eyed magical mutant stepped forward a little bit and drew in his breath before he offered one statement. It was not as if he had anything left to lose and the alternative was going to be something that none of them wanted to even consider.

"Get me all of the data and I'll see what I can do," Harry responded but then he moved forward. First before he even considered what was going to happen, he had to deal with Captain America. SHIELD moved his body into the facility for Harry to work his magic, whatever that might be on him.

Fury and Harry continued to walk, both of them knowing that the situation was going to get tense the more they worked together. The Commander of SHIELD drew in a slight breath when he crossed his hands over and waited for the response that Harry would give him. The dark haired wizard mulled over the situation in his mind before he saw him in all of his red, white, and blue glory. It was
amazing to see him pretty much in the flesh for he was a living legend.

The stories were told about him in the schools but the stories were one thing compared to the actual man beside him. Captain America laid in stasis, his eyes shut when the dark haired wizard stood over him. He waved a hand when he saw him and held the gem in his hand now when Fury handed it over him.

"Work your magic kid," Fury responded in a gruff voice that left no other room for the young wizard to talk.

Harry clutched the gem in his hand and directed it towards the case towards Captain America. There would come a time where he would have to let it all hang out and not hold back at all. He felt the gem begin to vibrate in his hand as it began to heat up and he tilted the gem over. He had to make sure that it pointed at Captain America and bombarded him with the amount of radiation from the gem.

There was a loud humming from the gem when the dark haired wizard waved it over the downed body of Captain America. The gemstone shook in his hand when it rumbled within his fingers, there was an instant where he assumed that it would bust into pieces within his hand before it would cure the Star Spangled Avenger. Yet, somehow it remained intact when he continued to hold it. He felt something happening.

"His vital signs are spiking to normal, above normal," Nick Fury stated when he turned over to the side and the Commander of SHIELD peaked over his shoulder, half expecting something to happen that would ruin this entire process. "I believe....I believe you've done it."

The gem ceased to vibrate in Harry's hand and he drew himself back a little bit, before he rotated it into his hand. The problem was using a gem for this level of healing made it virtually unusable to heal anyone else to say the very least. He flickered the gem in his hand and saw the small fragment. Sadly it was not enough of a piece to heal Sirius, at least for more than partially and he did not want a partial healing of him.

"So, we did it, you healed him," Nick Fury answered and Harry answered with a stoic nod, a smile crossing his face despite himself.

"Yeah, all we need for him is for him to wake up," Harry responded when he held the small fragment in his hand. He stepped back but then the Black Widow appeared.

"News from the Xavier Institute," Black Widow stated in a stoic expression, when her eyes turned to him and Harry could tell that the situation was about as dire as he figured. Given the plague was in the air, he knew what was going to do.

"Yes," Harry answered and sure enough Logan was there to fill him in.

"Half of the kids in the Institute dropped, they're breathing, for what it's worth," Logan responded when he twisted his hands together and he seemed calm. "Xavier's lapsed into a coma."

Harry gave a pained whistle; he knew that something like this happened. Well not something exactly like this but he feared that something bad would happen. Most people would freak out right away in a very visible manner. And while Harry was freaking out on the inside, on the outside he remained calm. He knew that most of the school would be freaking out. Things got rather serious in a hurry.

"Is anyone still standing?" Harry asked, almost dreading the answer and fearing what Logan might say because of it.
"I am, then there's Jean and Rachel, everyone else is in various states of disarray," Logan stated when he looked over. "You better get over here….see if you can make heads and tails. Beast tried to figure it out but the illness overwhelmed him."

"HYDRA released that plague," Harry responded and there was a moment where Logan paused before he responded in a nasty tone of voice.

"Then Hydra is going to go down."

That was a statement that Harry could not disagree with to be honest, he stepped forward and was ready to go. The young wizard peaked over his shoulder before he walked off and did not even hear Fury's words but he paused.

"If my calculation were correct, Captain America will be awake within the hour," Harry responded when he faced Fury. "Send along word if you have complications."

Fury offered him a stiff nod and one word. "Understood."

X-X-X

A flash of light appeared in a meadow in New York. Had anyone been around, they would have saw a figure who exited the portal and landed down onto the ground. He was not the type of figure that people missed when he showed up, he stood out in a crowd. This man was someone who people would not miss at all if they saw him out in public. It was because of his flowing blond hair and that extended down.

He stood there, dressed in warrior garb with a black outfit that was armored and a red cape flowing behind him with a head piece on. He stood with fury simmering through his blue eyes, he was not someone who would be trifled with by any means whatsoever. He stepped forward to get a look at his new surroundings, the man was sent to this realm from his dimension and he welded a mighty hammer when he stepped forward.

Thor, the God of Thunder, arrived in Midgard and it seemed like he arrived just in time. Now he needed to seek out fellow warriors because his father sent him here for a reason and for a purpose. What that reason or what that purpose was, Thor did not quite determine it as of yet but he had to find that out before too long. Odin never did anything without a reason to say the very least.

The God of Thunder stood ready, power flowing from him. Now it would come the time where he would be able to stand forward and prepare for the battle. The power flowed through him and he raised his hammer.

"It's time," Thor stated when he spun around and went out on his quest.

X-X-X

Lockhead sat on the edge of Kitty's bed, which looked very flushed and red in the face, with sweat rolling down her eyes. The dragon looked up and Harry walked over towards Kitty. On the surface, one might not be able to figure out how frustrated Harry was. Training his face to shift into a mask was an element that Harry essentially mastered many times throughout the years. Wiping all emotions from his mind but seriously he saw Kitty, Rogue, and Amara side by side in beds, and then the other members of the X-Men not being much better. Even their Headmaster, Charles Xavier, lapsed into a coma state.

"So what's the damage?"
Harry spun around, stopping dabbing a wet washcloth on Kitty's head who was barely responsive. "I've done what I could to stabilize them but making them stable won't exactly cure them."

"We need to get a sample of the chemical that they used to make the plague," Rachel responded, not knowing how she did not drop down with the rest of them. Jean was someone that was easy to explain thanks to the Phoenix Force.

"Easier said than done," Jean answered when she looked at them, seeing them all in a row.

Scott looked out of it and he hinged onto life, barely able to draw breath. Kurt looked bad as well as did Bobby, Roberto, Ray, Jamie, and everyone else. This was no ordinary virus; this was something that the people behind it designed to draw out the misery and woe for as long as they could before those infected begged for death. Those behind it knew this and relished this fact, with Harry trying to piece together everything in his mind.

"Yeah, no kidding, given that we need to be in HYDRA central to get even close to it," Logan responded, his natural immunity staving off the worst of this, although he was a step slower than he was. He tried not to show it, he needed to keep his wits about him.

Harry noticed that Logan moved a bit more sluggish than he did before but did not call him out on it; he figured that if Logan wanted it to be known that he was not feeling well, it would be known that he was not feeling well. Still, the situation could not be direr if they even thought about it. Time as it was began to crawl by more slowly and the pained breathing of Kitty echoed through Harry's ears.

He tried to keep his focus off of what was happening to his first girlfriend, not that Rogue and Amara were doing much better with what happened. They looked flushed and on the verge of being both hot and cold at the same time. This was worse than his illness that gave him the upgraded powers, although he doubted that there would be a light at the end of the tunnel but he took a moment to clear his head.

"Strange is looking into cures, as am I," Harry added, trying to reassure the sick patients, those who still were standing, along with himself. "We're going into uncharted territory; I don't know….I don't know what's happening."

"We'll figure it out quickly."

Harry, Logan, Rachel, and Jean spun around to see him standing in there in all of his glory.

"Now that brings back a lot of memories," Logan remarked when he turned forward and looked at Captain America. He was back in business and none the worse for well.

"I would have been here sooner but Fury insisted on putting me through a battery of tests," Captain America stated but Harry shook his head.

"Nothing more important than your health," Harry responded and Captain America responded with a nod before he turned to properly face Harry.

"I believe that it is you that I have to thank for fixing the part of the super soldier serum that was about to kill me," Captain America answered with Harry smiling and looking at him. "Fury told me a bit about you but I know by now never to believe anything unless I see it with my own two eyes. What I will say is….it always looks darkest before the dawn."

Captain America paused before he looked on.

"But as long as there's heroes, we will win the day," Captain America added in a voice that would
do nothing but get people motivated. That was why he was Captain America that was what he did.

And Harry vowed to keep fighting until his final breath. HYDRA picked the wrong day to mess with him.

"I've got an idea where HYDRA might be but it's a long shot," Harry answered when he looked at Captain America who turned to him and smiled.

"Son, sometime it's the longshot that wins a battle."

To Be Continued in Part Two.
Chapter Thirty Seven: Living Legend Part Two: Heroes In Need.

The word "hopeless" was not in the dictionary of Harry Potter, especially after all that he was through during his entire life. The young magical mutant did not do hopeless, even if the word "hopeless" threatened to dog every step of the day that he had. Those who used the word hopeless liberally were also quitters and that was not something that Harry Potter would be. He was not a quitter, despite the fact that very few would fault him.

Despite the fact that many would quit if they had the pressure that he did.

"It always looks darkest before the new day."

"It's been a long time, hasn't it?" Harry asked Captain America when he voiced these words before he amended. "The…..after everything that's happened in the world, you still being around in this modern world, I don't want to be the one to break it to you but things have changed."

Captain America was not fazed by this; in fact he shook his head a little bit and a smile crossed his face. He suspected from the moment that he woke up he had a lot of adapting to do. "The world has changed, the world will always change but there is one thing that no matter what the world will always need and that is heroes. Even if there are moments that they do not appreciate what we do or don't understand what we do, people who will fight until their last breath no matter what the cost, they're always needed by the masses."

"Nice to see you haven't lost your touch," Logan responded when he looked at his old friend before he shook his head and added with a ghost of a smile. "And it's damn good to see you back in action, Cap."

"It's good to see you here as well, Logan," Captain America added without another word as he saw Jean, Rachel, Iron Man, Mockingbird, Ms. Marvel, Hawkeye, Black Widow, and Bruce Banner all ready. Yet for some reason, Arcane stood the tallest of them all with the most confidence on his face, yet he had the most to lose if they did not find a way to stop this plague.

With a flash, the sorcerer supreme showed up in all of his glory and Harry inclined his head towards him with a smile. It was good to see him all things considered and Strange moved over to look at the plague victims.

"It's far worse than I thought," Strange stated when he scanned them. A sad expression flickered through his eyes. "There are both scientific and mystical elements in this plague cocktail and whilst I can limit the effects from the mystical elements, there is a chance that it might cause the scientific elements to accelerate and kill your friends faster. It is uncertain what I can do without a sample of the plague virus. All we can do now is alleviate their misery as much as we can."

Captain America shook his head and stood on his feet, to some a long time had passed but for him only mere months since he got put to sleep when the super soldier formula started to affect him. He gone to sleep with the hope that HYDRA was crippled and the Red Skull was destroyed. Neither was true when he thought about it and that caused him an insane amount of frustration. What was worse now HYDRA was more dangerous than ever before and Bucky died in vein.

"So, I think we've traced the most likely location of HYDRA's base of operations but it could be a mask," Iron Man stated when he looked at the scanner and the several points.
"HYDRA is aptly named, once you cut off one plan, two more grow in its place," Black Widow stated when she set her face to determination that could not be measured.

"Then we will need to strike it hard at once," Harry responded when he looked at Kitty, Rogue, and Amara on the bed. Their sick faces flickered through his mind. Rachel shared his thoughts as well, it was not personal until now.

Now it was personal and HYDRA would be ripped down, even if Harry had to do it brick by brick and there would be no one left standing. It was about time to see how dangerous Harry could get when he was pushed to a level beyond anything that he ever was inspired to reach before. He met the gaze of Jean, Rachel, and Logan, they were the only ones left standing, and even their leader Charles Xavier lapsed into a coma. Xavier was stabilized but there was no….there was no sign if he or any of the others would be making a full recovery.

Of course, now was the time for them to put that out of their minds, no matter how hopeless everything might seem. Decisive action was needed for them to win the day and to put HYDRA into the ground once and forth all. Black Widow, Mockingbird, Hawkeye, Iron Man, Ms. Marvel, and Captain America were all capable enough to go in there or so Harry found out from what little he could find out about them. And if Banner got the right motivation, that being anger, he could be a force of nature.

He knew what his team was capable of.

"Well you're the leader of this X-Men, I believe you know them better than anyone else," Captain America stated when he looked at Harry, that was what Fury told him and no one bothered to correct him.

The assigned leader was currently on the bed with a shuddering moan filling his body when he shivered a little bit but he remained rigid all things considered. That was the only signs of life his body made but the rest of the team was stabilized.

"Yes, he is," Jean agreed without a thought against the matter, looking at Harry with a smile. Harry opened his mouth to protest but decided against it. Now was not the time to argue.

"So are we ready to do this thing?" Iron Man asked in a calm voice. "So um, people, you know we should really have some kind of team name to refer to ourselves in. After all, if we have no name when we're avenging these wrongs by HYDRA, we're going to look kind of silly, aren't we?"

Black Widow's eyes snapped towards Iron Man, flashing with a tiny bit of fury in them but she remained mostly calm all things considered. "We can worry about team names later, right now, we have to worry about decisive action and make sure that HYDRA does not spread this virus past this trial run. This merely may have been a test run, the next run could cause destruction throughout the world."

"Are you all feeling alright still?" Harry asked towards Rachel, Jean, and Logan.

"Yeah, I'd be better when they're all out of the woods," Logan responded when he inclined a finger to the team on the bed.

"Yeah, likewise," Jean stated when she looked at Harry, admiring how he was not losing his head in a crisis and trying to take the easy way out. He was calm, cool, collected, and ready for action, that was what a leader should be as far as she was concerned.

Mockingbird and Hawkeye walked forward to give them the news.
"So the base, it's in Philadelphia," Mockingbird stated when she looked over the shoulder at her partner.

"Yes, it is," Ms. Marvel added when she chimed into the conversation. She cupped a hand on her chin. "It is one of the twelve or thirteen locations that HYDRA is rumored to be holed up at all over the Eastern Half of the United States."

"If that's what's rumored, I hate to see what they're hiding and no one has picked up on," Hawkeye remarked in a flat tone of voice.

That was a statement that all of them would have to agree about but there was no time to throw around theories. It was the time for decisive action and the time for all of the members of the group to push themselves forward. Captain America stood up with his head up high, very little fazed the decorated soldier. Even if he was a fish out of water from a different time, he was not going to let that stop him defeating the HYDRA menace. It was war and they declared it with the first attack.

It was making that final attack count that was prompt in a war but Captain America turned to them.

"I must warn you that HYDRA is unlike any enemy you might have ever faced, especially Red Skull," Captain America responded when he looked at them. "I know we're going to have to break a few potential moral rules and take a bit more of a lethal stance against them but if it saves lives, then you can justify doing so."

Captain America was a soldier and knew when it was time to kill and when it was time to show mercy. Going up against HYDRA, there would be no mercy shown, especially when he faced off against Red Skull. There were times where he paused and then that cost them big time. Bucky was the biggest example of this, his sacrifice would not be in vein.

It was quiet, a bit too quiet at the HYDRA base when the group exited the SHIELD transport vehicle. Harry snuck ahead, using a combination of invisibility and stealth spells to make sure that there were no secret traps around the entrance. Whilst SHIELD made sure that there were no nasty surprises, the magical mutant never took the words of others at face value. Rather he believed what he saw with his own eyes.

There was a guard around on the inside but before Harry could react, Captain America nailed him with a shield shot to the back of the head that echoed with a loud "ker-plunk". The guard's knees crumpled and Harry levitated him into a bush cover. Iron Man moved forward, followed by Ms. Marvel, Mockingbird, Hawkeye, Black Widow, Jean, Logan, and Rachel. Banner stuck to the side, not turning into his green alter ego unless they needed his assistance.

'Okay, I've got us linked up mentally, so we shouldn't....we shouldn't have that much trouble communicating and we won't raise the alarm,' Rachel thought to the group at large.

'Good, but don't go too deep into my mind,' Iron Man thought to them.

'Trust me Stark, no one wants to know what goes on in your mind,' Logan thought through the mental link Rachel set up.

'I'll have you know that only a quarter of those tabloid rumors had any sort of truth to them,' Iron Man thought to them all through the mental link that was set up and shook his head.

Black Widow allowed a look of annoyance to cross her face, even though at another time she would have found some kind of amusement from the actions going on around her. Still now was neither the time nor the place. They were going to stay focused through everything that happened and they had
to keep moving. If they faltered a little bit, then well it would be on their own heads to be honest.

Jean put one of the guards to sleep, they were grunts, and she wondered if they even knew a bit of what HYDRA was doing. She did not delve into their minds too deeply, there was no time whatsoever. Curiosity was not a sin but Jean tried not to let it get the better of her.

Harry paused and took a look at the blinking light.

'Sensors,' Harry thought to them and he waved his wand, creating a reflective charm around the space one inch ahead of it.

That did its job in numbing the sensors and allowed them to slip inside but they were not out of the woods yet.

The loud thumping of the footsteps of the various HYDRA agents put the entire group on edge and sure enough they edged forward, looking at their adversaries. The HYDRA guards were on their feet.

Until Black Widow dove in, using the skill and reflexes that one would expect from a world class spy and shot a heavy jolt of her widow's sting at her enemies. They dove down with a screaming fury when the three of them were caught in the crossfire. An arrow from Hawkeye shot and blinded them with an explosion, allowing Captain America to dive in for an attack.

"These guys, they're just low level grunts," Jean stated when she tapped into their minds through her telepathic abilities.

Harry turned their weapons into glue which stuck their hands together and then this allowed Iron Man to launch them through the wall with a sadistic crash. The HYDRA agents dropped down to the ground, rolling over and wincing from the impact. They really took a hard shot all things considered but the fun was not over.

Logan grabbed one of the larger goons and sent him flying, he slammed to the ground with bones cracking and snapping.

"YOU THINK YOU'RE TOUGH!"

"And they found Banner," Iron Man stated in a dull voice, when he heard the loud attacks from the outside.

"So much for stealth," Harry stated, shaking his head but secretly he was amused when the heads got clonked together outside and the Hulk ran through. "So, clear a path, I guess."

"You don't have to tell me twice," Hulk grunted when he made his way into the room, rushing forward step by step, when he ran over everything in his path and began to smash with his fists of fury. The HYDRA agents crumpled to the ground, folding up like tissue paper and there was no end in sight to the Hulk's fury.

Black Widow snapped her eyes around before she exclaimed. "Clear the path, don't stop now!"

Hulk grunted, he wished that people would stand back and allow him to do what he did.

He reached down and scooped up Logan, before he hurled him several hundred feet towards an unsuspecting group of HYDRA soldiers with a super powered fastball special. The mutant flew through the air, claws bared when he sliced through the guns and then Harry caused the platform to turn into quicksand, which sank the guys through the moment Logan hopped into safely. They
screamed before they drowned in the quicksand, suffering a most painful death.

Ms. Marvel whistled when she looked at Harry, blasting three goons with her hands that were unfortunate enough to be close by. "Remind me not to get on your bad side, ever."

Harry smiled at her before they pushed through. More goons went up and out, HYDRA had an infinite number of minions. "Noted."

"None of these guys know anything," Jean responded when she shook her head.

"Then this base is a bust," Harry answered when several of the HYDRA agents arrived.

"Stand down, none of you are leaving."

"They're joking, right?" Hawkeye asked but Hulk snorted.

"Well they're not being very funny if they are."

The Hulk stampeded forward and with a sadistic smash, knocked them all down, before Jean grabbed him and held him into place.

"What did you do that for?" the Hulk demanded when he snorted but Jean carefully and calmly stood her ground.

"Because, one of these guys knows something, all I need to do is read his mind," Jean responded when she looked at him, fire burning through her eyes. "Ah yes, your mind is conditioned but you know what, try not to think about the place where you have the plague."

By telling the person not to think about the place with the plague, it caused him to think about it.

"It's the next lab, right….it was right underneath Bayville," Jean stated when she shook her head.

"Under our noses the entire time, that's about right," Logan growled as he cracked his knuckles.

Harry knew that was how things went sometimes but now he had to keep going forward and lead them. The fate of the world and more importantly the fate of many close to him were on the line. Without a direct sample to the plague, any curing spell was only temporary at best and would only speed up the decaying of the bodies of the infected at worst.

Sin folded her arms together, her eyes were almost swollen shut from the plague but she refused to be put down. Dying now would show weakness and that was something that her father taught her not to show. The woman inclined her head a little bit to try and remain on her feet, knees buckling and swaying slight. The young woman slid forward another inch, feeling the thump of her heart beating against her chest. The daughter of the Red Skull would not be denied her glory; she clutched her chest when her heart thumped heavily and stood up straight, eyes flashing with malicious fury. This would be her day and the one that she would win.

Bayville was the place and she knew that there would be certain parties that would come here. HYDRA would create a suitable reception for them; that much was for sure. The young woman rolled her head back slightly and sighed deeply when she stood forward on the ground, her knees cracking and leaning forward a tiny bit. Sin thought over everything in her mind and closed her eyes tightly.

The loud crash from outside could be heard and Sin backed off, to see the doors burst open and the
not so jolly green giant known as the Hulk march in.

"Back, creature," Sin stated in a snarl which filled the room but the Hulk stood, with a sadistic glint in his eye when he stared the young woman down.

"I don't think you can make me," The Hulk responded when he crossed his arms a little bit and turned his head with a twist, a smile crossing his face when he looked forward. The rest of the team showed up.

There was a moment where there was a pause before Harry broke it.

"You," Harry remarked when he looked at Sin.

"Yes, Arcane, it is me, my father decided to pull one over my eyes," Sin responded when she looked at him. "I suppose that it is only just, flesh and blood does not mean anything for him. All that matters is the survival of the fittest and the broken spirit that is my body."

'Okay, time out for a second, the Red Skull is your father?' Iron Man asked when he looked at the team but the SHIELD representatives did not say anything, they already knew.

"Yes but I wish to help you shut down my father's operation," Sin answered but Harry gazed at her.

"And what makes you think we should trust you?" Hawkeye asked, stating what everyone was thinking.

"She….does seem to want to help us," Rachel stated with disdain, but still that meant little.

"The Red Skull has likely trained her in the art of deception," Black Widow stated when she folded her arms. Ms. Marvel, Hawkeye, and Mockingbird closed their eyes and tried to figure this out. "But she may be our only lead."

"Jean, Rachel, one of you pick her mind, I don't have any time for her games right now," Harry responded but then Sin took a step back.

"I'm willing to….to help you and this is what you're going to do," Sin responded in a harsh voice. "I expect that sort of thing for someone like Scott Summers but not….but not from someone like you."

The slap stung the most was the one drilled right into the face of young Harry Potter and he was half tempted to hurl the woman across the room on sheer principle. Rachel looked about ready to kill her for what she did but Sin crossed her arms, she showed no fear in her eyes. The young woman crossed her arms over her chest before she pushed her foot down on the ground and the ground cracked a little bit underneath her foot.

"You better not double cross me," Harry stated, he kept both eyes firmly on Sin.

Captain America knew that this young man had been through a few wars to show such rigid reflexes and attentiveness. It was a behavior that he saw from men who had fought against some of the harshest armies in the world. People who saw death with their own two eyes and did not blink about it, not in the slightest, that was what this Arcane was showing now. They understood that there were a lot of sacrifices that were made to win the war.

Sin's face crossed into a calculating smile. "I wouldn't dream about double crossing you. I know you're far too smart for that."

'She better not be patronizing you,' Rachel projected through them, ready to take down Sin, just give
her an excuse.

'So what do we do?' Mockingbird asked, relaying the information through the rest of their team.

'I'd suggest that we play her game for now but make sure that this is not some kind of trick,' Captain America stated, willing to give her the opportunity but at the same time he was not going to be stupid about it. When the Red Skull got his hooks into you, he tended to mess with someone's mind.

Harry could tell that Sin was conditioned not to show any weakness whatsoever, he saw it in her eyes. He saw something that had been in his eyes when he was around the Dursleys, although to be fair her case was far more extreme. The young man stepped forward and made her lead the way, not wanting to put his back to her and the other members of the party agreed.

The pitter patter of HYDRA feet could be heard and more agents showed up to face them.

"Great, we got lead right into a trap, didn't we?" Ms. Marvel asked when she rolled her head back and prepared to fight.

Hulk grunted and pounded his fist into his hand. "Depends on who is being trapped."

Hulk stampeded forward with fury and swung his fist. Said fist smashed into the face of one of the HYDRA agents but they blinded the beast.

Harry swooped in from behind then, flicking his wrist, and sending lassos of magical fire, burning into their protective armor. This allowed Black Widow and Hawkeye to get their shots in to put the HYDRA goons down and out for the count when they crashed on the ground with a thud. The group moved forward down the corridors where a never ending number of HYDRA goons popped up.

"I don't think we're.....what was that?" Iron Man asked when he turned his head over his shoulder and he heard the cackle of thunder and lightning from above when he saw another individual show up for the battle.

"I believe you will give me a challenge!"

The man dressed in armor with golden hair arrived and swung a mighty hammer. Said mighty hammer slammed into the HYDRA goons and sent them flying into the wall which Harry transfigured the wires on into snakes. The snakes bit into the necks of the goons, causing them to collapse down to the ground, with dazed fury. The dark haired wizard shook his head when they went down.

"Then again, perhaps I was mistaken," the man stated before he slammed a heavy shot forward and sent his enemies flying forward. "Perhaps you did not give me the challenge that I sought when I came through this realm. Never the less, you will be punished for your actions. FOR ASGARD!"

Harry thought the man was a bit boisterous and over the top, but he did get some results as his hammer proved to be rather useful in knocking enemies down one at a time. Most of the HYDRA goons were down in no time, smashed and down for the count. This man was a warrior and he brought the fight to his enemies.

When the dust cleared, Logan turned around and addressed the man.

"Just who are you, bub."

The man was only too happy to enlighten Logan on his identity. "I am Thor, God of Thunder."
Iron Man's voice suddenly became skeptical before he shook his head. "Right, and I'm the Tin Man, and there's the Scarecrow."

He pointed to Hawkeye.

"And there's the Cowardly Lion."

He pointed to Logan who growled at him.

"And there's Dorothy."

Iron Man pointed to the Hulk who crossed his arms with a snarling expression on his face but Iron Man paid this no mind.

"Really, you're a billionaire playboy who joyrides in a suit of armor, and you're with someone who can pop claws and a mild mannered scientist who turns into a hulking green monster when he gets angry, and that's what you take offense to," Hawkeye stated before it added and he shook his head before he added as an afterthought. "Not to mention the army officer who got her powers from an alien ship and the kid who can warp time and space."

"And you're perfectly normal," Mockingbird stated but Hawkeye shook his head.

"More normal than them maybe," Hawkeye stated when he looked at them and he got a few cross looks. "Not that any of you are not normal but it's just that….you stand out in a crowd."

"Watch what you say, cupid," Hulk stated when he crossed his arms and stared him down.

"Hey, I'll go a few rounds with you any day, tiny," Hawkeye stated but Harry looked at them.

"Gentlemen, enough," Black Widow stated when she threw her head back. "I believe our query may be beyond this door."

The door opened and then a view screen popped up. Captain America's face contorted to one of fury when he saw the face of his greatest enemy appear on the screen to taunt him and taunt him he did.

"Good evening, Captain America, welcome, welcome," the Red Skull stated when he looked at them. "No doubt my daughter has tried to undermine me, shows that she has ambition for once in her pathetic right. But the joke is on you, my friends, for the plague isn't even at this facility. Did you think that it would be that easy? Did you think that I would allow you to stop my plan? No this was merely a test run."

"We'll stop you, no matter what," Captain America stated when he held his shield and it was at this point where Harry was trying to fine tune a signal but it bounced off of ghost routers and false IPs everywhere, the Red Skull had all of his bases together.

"I do not have to defeat you, time already has, Captain America," Red Skull stated when he lit up a cigar and stared down the team. "You see in this day and age, you're nothing in this modern world. Where superiority always has a place, your good old fashioned idealism is nothing these days, the world has grown cynical."

Captain America stood tall, despite there being certain truths for that statement, he refused to back down from his stance. The Red Skull stared back down at him.

"Let's track him down and make him pay for this," Hulk growled when he cracked his knuckles, fierce and ready for a fight.
"We need to find him first, big guy," Iron Man stated when he turned to the hulk who grunted.

"I think….I think he might be somewhere on the West Coast," Harry responded when he shook his head.

"Are you sure?" Black Widow asked, to be honest she had no leads but then an incoming transmission came in from SHIELD. "Yes….west coast….imagine that….yes Commander Fury, we'll check on it right away."

Black Widow turned around to face Harry, a bit of a tense expression crossing her face but she shook her head. Her red hair framed her face when frustration reigned through her mind and she closed her eyes before she sighed a little bit.

"So we're heading out west," Hawkeye stated and the group all nodded, they were heading out west.

They all hoped that they were not being sent on a wild goose chase by the Red Skull.

"I'm coming as well," Sin stated but Hawkeye turned to face her.

"Of course you are, because we're not leaving you alone with your own devices," Hawkeye responded when he looked at Sin but she scoffed and sneered at him.

"I wasn't talking to you," Sin stated when she turned around to face Harry.

'And we're going to have to solve this soon, and hope that we can get over there,' Harry thought.

'Maybe you can transport us over there?' Jean suggested through the mental link that had been established, putting her hand on Harry's. He did not retract it. 'I think you can do it.'

'I know he can do it,' Rachel thought to them.

'Okay, stand tight,' Harry thought to them and he concentrated as hard as he could before he transported them away to the location of the facility that he got from the Black Widow's mind that Fury relayed to her. Hopefully they would get there.

The only problem was Sin knew of that particular abilities but they kind of needed her help because she had intimate knowledge of the HYDRA base and some natural immunity of mind reading abilities. Whether or not that was the case, they did need her assistance for now. The group hoped that it would not blow up in their faces.

The Red Skull sat upon a throne high above the main chambers in one of his HYDRA bases. He knew that there were individuals that were on their way here, these heroes foolishly decided to engage him. Even if they did not have the slightest chance, they continued to go against him. The Red Skull's face twisted into a malicious grin, let the heroes come, they would serve as an example.

"The second phase of our plan is ready, my liege."

One of the chief HYDRA officers stepped up and looked up at the Red Skull who nodded, sadistic intentions going through his eyes.

"Very good, make sure the plan goes on without a hitch, and make sure these heroes show up at the proper moment for their suitable reception," Red Skull responded in a crisp tone of voice, crossing his arms.

The plan would go on without any of the issues that he knew would come with a scheme like this.
Being the master tactical officer he was, the Red Skull understood the nature of having both a plan and a back up plan. The backup plan was currently being set up underneath a mountain up North.

A figure showed up dressed in black with his hair slicked back and bent on his knee to face the Red Skull. His face was obscured slightly in the shadows and the leader of HYDRA turned to face the man on the ground.

"All is ready for Captain America and his crew," the young man stated. "Forgive me for speaking but Captain America should have been taken out while he slept and you should have…." 

"Enough," Red Skull responded when he shook his head. "I must fight Captain America to the death and prove his inferiority over me. HYDRA will rule the day and with his last dying breath, the spirit of all that is weak with the United States of America will fall over due to the superior race."

It was at that point where bits of metal began to contort in the Red Skull's base.

"What is this?" Red Skull demanded before he dodged several jagged pieces of metal flying at him.

"You have poisoned mutants, did you really think that I would allow you to get away with that?" a voice stated from the shadows, with a purple cape billowing in the breeze and a red helmet.

"HYDRA, eliminate him!" Red Skull yelled but the Master of Magnetism was not going to be eliminated so easily.

To Be Continued in Part Three.
Living Legend Part Three


Magneto turned his attention to the Red Skull, sadistically staring at his enemy through a nasty expression that danced through his eyes. This was one of the reasons why he suffered as he did during his childhood. While Sinister was the other one, the Red Skull help masterminded a lot of the deaths around him. Friends, family, and strangers alike but Magneto felt their pain and now he had the metal wrapped around the Red Skull's neck.

"It's been a long time coming," Magneto responded when he looked at him but the mysterious man attacked him from behind and knocked him back onto the ground. The Master of Magnetism ducked his head and did a roll, landing on the ground, before he bounced back and summoned several nails to try and shoot him. "Do you not know the hell that this man has put many through?"

"Sorry, just following orders," the young man stand before he dodged the attack and pulled out a wooden weapon, before he shot the wooden arrows from it at Magneto. Magneto pulled over a large piece of metal to block the attacks.

Magneto was not impressed by these words and he conveyed that much with a mighty bellow, his eyes glowing with the personification of power he showed.

"I have suffered plenty because men just followed orders!"

Magneto waved his hand and slammed the large chunks of metal down against his enemy, sending him spiraling back a little bit. His enemy was quick and resistant, Magneto would give him that. That was about all that he was giving.

The Master of Magnetism when his eyes began to glow and then he sent large metal barriers that wrapped around his adversary, to hold him into place.

Before he could do much more, he felt a stabbing pain in his chest. His face began to get flushed and suddenly, he became a magnet for the metal, all of it flying towards him and trying to impale his flesh, with sadistic fury.

The Red Skull turned, a sadistic grin crossing over his face when he looked down at his prey with a malicious expression.

"You were weak, the weaker man and…."

The doors burst open and Red Skull looked up, before he motioned for his HYDRA agents to head in to shield him from the attacks.

Jean was on the scene first and she got a pocket of HYDRA soldiers with a telekinetic attack, which blasted them off to the side and sent them flying hard to the ground. Their bones cracked and their necks snapped when they spiraled head over heels and smashed down to the ground hard with a sinister impact. They rolled over down, bones rattled and busted, in pain.

Harry stood over, without another word, and he waved his hand, before he transfigured the weapons of his enemies into snakes which bit his enemies on the wrists. Then several spikes came up from the ground, impaling them.

"Man there sure are a lot of these guys!" Iron Man stated when he blasted several of them into the
wall with his attacks.

"Stay focused!" Captain America stated, when he knew he needed to get to the Red Skull and he flung his shield around.

Logan growled, there was something about this situation that brought back a few of his memories that were suppressed. He popped his claws and jabbed at his enemies, causing them to drop to the ground, blood spurting out of their wrists when they landed with a thud. His enemies rolled over with the pain.

"Don't you think that we should leave some of these guys awake?" Mockingbird asked when she swung her staff and cracked the knee caps of the HYDRA agents.

"Well if any of them stop shooting at us," Hawkeye stated when he fired at his enemies with a rapid fire barrage of arrows. They nailed his enemies with a ballistic fury, knocking them back and causing them a great deal of discomfort and discontent.

The group knocked their enemies back and Hawkeye continued to pick up the pace with a series of rapid fire arrow shots.

Harry caused the platform that two of the HYDRA guards stood to begin to vibrate and then explode underneath them.

Hulk ran forward, growling, when he smashed through a gigantic robot that was firing on the team. It was surprising how much a gigantic figure like the Hulk could hide himself. A second gigantic robot was about to go against the Hulk but Thor dove down.

"HAVE AT THEE VILLIAN!"

Thor smashed the robot with a shot with his hammer, causing it to explode, along with the person inside. Being a warrior, Thor knew that when these people put the lives of civilians in peril, they put their own lives in peril.

The Red Skull edged his way through the door, he knew that his men were going down fast. It was time for a strategic maneuver but naturally if they knew the truth. He saw Black Widow dive down in front of him.

Red Skull flung a knife at her but she dodged it, rolling on the ground.

The next thing he knew, he was shot in the back of the head, his head blowing completely off from the shot. He dropped to the ground, sparks flying out of the back of his neck and motor oil spurted out of his neck.

"The Red Skull was a robot?" Iron Man asked when he walked over and looked down at him.

"Of course he wasn't you fool, he's tricked us again," Sin stated when she held the gun in her hand.

"You'd shoot your own father in the back of the head?" Hawkeye asked, not that he was complaining about it, since he was the Red Skull.

"Of course she would. I must say Sinthea, you are finally showing some backbone. It's a pity that it won't matter in the end but I have to give you points for effort."

Captain America heard the voice of his most hated enemy but he saw another figure on the catwalk. He stood and he blinked. It couldn't be, he thought he saw a ghost. He died during the final battle
with the Red Skull, or what he thought was the final battle at the time. The star spangled avenger shook his head and walked over.

"So you've won one minor battle, congratulations but the war continues."

Harry walked forward to the next room after he pulled open the doors before he blinked and saw it. In a glass case he saw the red liquid flowing through it, and he smiled when he looked at it, tapping his fingers on the side of it. He managed to find it.

"Is that it….is that the plague?"

It was not Harry who answered Iron Man's question but it was Sin, who she turned to the armored hero with a sneer on her face.

"Yes, it is, my father must have left it here for a reason, so I trust you'd be all on your guard," Sin responded when she looked at the entire party.

"Yeah, I can tell she's his daughter."

Harry ignored that comment from Logan, right now he squinted his eyes. He never saw anything like this before and his eyes flickered through the plague, when he continued to analyze every single bit of it. There were micro-organisms in it, which had body language, so Harry could study how it worked. Then he could understand their behavior to formulate the rest of the antidote, working through every single bit of it and he shook his head.

He conjured a pad of paper and began to write out a formula, and with another motion he spun it around, handing it to Black Widow.

"Check this out, to see if it works, I trust SHIELD has the resources to mass produce an antidote," Harry stated and Black Widow responded with a nod, SHIELD did very much have these resources to do so.

"So what now?" Hulk asked, breaking the silence.

"He actually had a good question, what now?" Hawkeye asked to the ground.

Harry responded when he looked at them. "We figure out the antidote, before it's too late, and then we figure out where the Red Skull is."

"The Red Skull is mine," Sin responded fiercely, she figured that if she took out her father, than HYDRA would be hers. It was time where the student became the teacher and she taught her father the same painful lesson that he had been teaching her. Yet she would go the extra mile and ensure his suffering was quite spectacular.

Red Skull was someone who understood the need to have a contingency plan should things go south and very wrong rather quickly. Several contingency plans if he could manage it and believe him, he managed several of them. The average person would think that the plague plot would be something that many people would think to be foolproof.

Those people would be proven to be a fool time and time again. He left nothing to chance.

Red Skull clicked his pen to the side and his face twisted into a smile before his eyes closed and he thought about everything that was going to happen. The truth was that despite his best efforts, Captain America lived.
He shook his head, his face twisted into a sadistic smirk.

Captain America would not live for that much longer.

He cracked his knuckles when he thought about but he remembered everything that happened. Years of careful planning to ensure that HYDRA would rule the world would not be flushed down the drain. Rather he would adapt and improve, no matter what. His droid kept his enemies distracted while he commenced with Plan B.

Plan B did not offer the sweet sophistication and science that the original plan offered. Poisoning a bunch of super powered mutants where their powers would eventually kill them and other humans around them, thus causing fear and hatred to be spread would be a sound plan. However, he had neglected to focus too much on one unintended variable. Why would he? Why would one child be a problem to someone like the Red Skull?

Yet this particular child was a problem, of course one would be a fool to think of someone like that as a child. He closed his hands together and imagined wrapping them around the throat of this one known as Arcane. He must suffer for meddling in his plans.

Red Skull thought at first that he was a minor annoyance, someone who would give the lowest levels of HYDRA problems. He thought that the incident in the Weapon X facility was something that was a fluke, a shot in the dark. There would be no way whatsoever that something like that would happen again, and he would be killed. He sent his daughter to refine the Brotherhood into a fighting force, or at least someone who would know how to hold their own a fight.

Yet there was something else and that was that Harry Potter, Arcane, whatever you wished to call him, he got stronger. And then there was a strength to him to say the very least that he would have perhaps respected. Yet Red Skull refused to respect anyone that meddled in his plans thus and cracked his fists when he thought about it.

He knew that the plague would work but it also could not work. He never expected it to be defused this soon but perhaps the leader of HYDRA expected when he was going to do so. He grabbed the gun he held. So far, no one knew where he was, and that was what he was going to stay. He sat in his office or rather the office of Dell Rusk, unassuming politician in Washington, the Secretary of Defense.

He had been in that position for many years and had been in the government for many more, he had been slowly breaking down the defenses of this country. Making everything weaker and weaker, so HYDRA could take them down easily but it seemed much to his distaste that there would always be heroes in the world.

Red Skull pulled out the sheet of paper that he had in his paper, his face twisted into a sadistic smile when he saw the blueprints of his super weapon. He shook his head when he slapped the paper down on the edge of the table, when he looked up at it.

Yes, it was going to work, the power of HYDRA would live on forever and a day. It would continue to reign supreme forever, his face continued to contort into a horrific grimace when he looked. If anyone had been in the office with him at this present moment, they would have been afraid and rather scared. The terror that they experienced would be second to none.

The Red Skull waited for a moment and thought about what was going to happen. Arcane had gone up the ranks, next to Captain America and Nick Fury on the people that he would like to destroy most. He would do so, slowly, and painfully, where they would be begging for his demise.
To kill them would not be enough, he would break them, he would break their spirit and destroy them all. They would beg for death and he would be merciful enough to grant it, in a fashion.

Fingers get crossed when the X-Men were still down in the infirmary and the main lab at SHIELD mass produced the cure that Harry calculated. It was the first time Harry used his powers for such a thing. He hoped that this purpose would not blow up in his face, but he also knew that SHIELD had some of the foremost scientific minds in the world. So if anyone can check his math.

He waited outside, with Jean on one side of him and Rachel on the other side of him. There were no words needed.

'It will work,' Rachel projected to Harry, when she sensed her lover's thoughts and understood what he was going through. She did worry about her friends and fellow lovers as well, and she could tell Jean, as a senior member of the team, worried about most of them as well.

The door slid open and the SHIELD doctor exited to look at them. The entire group was on pins and needles waiting for the news, whether it would be good or bad. They crossed their fingers and hoped for the best, even though they expected the worst. Moments ticked by before the SHIELD doctor gave them the news that they had been waiting for. The anticipation was much worse than the actual news.

"The good news is that everyone is out of the woods and will make a full and clear recovery no matter what."

Harry, Rachel, and Jean all smiled, with both redheads on either side of Harry. The three of them waited for as long as they could and hoped that this was going to be the case. There were some anxious moments between the three of them. Yet, they showed that patience and persistence would pay off in the end.

Of course, Harry was always one to look at a problem from all sides of the equation, so his eyes turned to the SHIELD doctor. "You said there was both good news and bad news."

Rachel offered a sardonic smile, leave it to Harry to look at the negative side of things, even though everyone was going to be right. Still she supposed that he would have a point, as she placed a hand on his and waited along with her lover to see what the SHIELD doctor would say.

"The bad news is that they will be out of commission for a few days from all physical activities. Their bodies will be feeling the effect of what happened for a number of days but….within the next week they will be back to themselves."

'So that means no sessions in the Danger Room for a while,' Jean thought to herself. 'Logan won't be happy.'

'Or other activities in the case of some,' Rachel thought picking up on her thought sand Jean smiled when she looked at Rachel.

For the longest time, she thought that there was some kind of connection between her and Rachel although damned if Jean could pinpoint it properly. It was fascinating in many different ways with what she had and Jean hoped to uncover the mysteries. Right now, she could focus on that later. She needed to follow the group inside and see what their next move would be.

Harry led the way when he got the okay. He saw Kitty lying on the bed, with Rogue and Amara beside each other. Other X-Men were elsewhere and they looked to be in fairly decent shape for nearly dying but as of this moment, these were the three that Harry focused on.
"Hey," Kitty managed when she looked at Harry, and Harry leaned forward and kissed her lightly on the forehead. He did the same to Amara and Rogue. "We…look like hell don't we?"

"Feel like it too," Rogue grumbled, she would take ten Danger Room Sessions over feeling something like this again.

"So are we out of the woods yet?" Amara asked when she looked at Harry.

Harry looked at the entire group, a smile crossing his face before he cleared his throat and responded. "Well it does depend on what would constitute as being out of the woods. You're not nearly as bad off as you were, if that's what you're trying to say. Still, you might need to cut back on the physical activity for a week or so."

Kurt grumbled something off to the side, he took it particularly hard. As did Scott and Bobby, among others but they would be rather fine to say the least. They would be back on their feet.

"Commander Fury is trying to pinpoint the Red Skull," Black Widow stated when she showed up to relay the message. Until this current crisis faded, she acted as a go between from the X-Men and the rest of SHIELD. "Charles Xavier will make a full recovery and will return to you soon, he got hit particularly hard with the attack."

Harry was not surprised; the barrier Xavier created in his mind to keep the thoughts out would break anyone's mind if that dam burst immediately. He closed his eyes to think about what happened.

"They'll be fine, but I wonder about the rest of the world," Harry answered when he turned to the side. It was amazing how the events of today gave him more than enough time to think.

"My father could be anywhere."

Sin showed up and Kitty's eyes narrowed towards her, to the brunette mutant, she was not welcomed here.

"You can't…"

"You should get some rest," Sin responded, in almost a sarcastic manner when she stroked Kitty's hair in a condescending manner. She stopped at Harry giving her his most dangerous glare. "Then again, I suspect you do spend a lot of time on your back…." 

"ENOUGH!"

Harry yelled this statement and Sin turned around, a smile crossing her face. She acted as if she did not do anything wrong, even though she did plenty wrong and she shifted her expression away from Kitty towards the dark haired wizard standing before her.

"You know, my father could be hiding in any one of two hundred and twelve known HYDRA outposts around the world," Sin responded when she looked at both Harry and Black Widow, addressing them both. "However….there is one place where he would be above any others, where it might be right under your noses."

Black Widow got the message immediately and had to relay it back to Fury.

Sin hoped to get a front row seat when they found out that her father was playing them all for years as a member of their government. She neglected to tell them this however because she found amusement out of this. If there was….if they failed to manipulate the letters properly, that was their problem and not hers.
Kitty glared at Sin and she tugged Harry on the sleeve. Harry spun around to look at his girlfriend.

"I don't trust her," Kitty whispered when she looked at Harry and his look indicated that he did not trust Sin all that much either. This relaxed Kitty but only slightly, she knew that Harry would be able to allow himself to not be put in a situation where he would have problems.

Harry placed his hand on Kitty's shoulder lightly. He did not trust Sin either and was keeping a close eye on her for any treachery.

"She's....she has her own agenda," Harry whispered to Kitty, making sure that Sin was out of ear shot and the anti-eavesdropping charms were put up around them. "But I think that she's given us some valuable insight."

"The X-Men really got hit bad," Kitty remarked when she looked at Harry, stretching and feeling a soreness in her. And it was not the good kind of soreness after Harry and her had her fun ever. This particular amount of soreness was going to lead to plenty of pain and no pleasure, no enjoyment out of it.

Harry shook his head, the X-Men got hit pretty bad granted but that was something that was going to be expected. It was clear by now that they stumbled upon HYDRA's plans before now and the Red Skull was someone who did not let these things go. In fact, he gave into his worst parts of him, the vengeance and was more sadistic. He had fought enemies that might have been more powerful but very few enemies that were that much craftier. The hints that Sin gave him that the Red Skull was underneath his nose clicked in Harry's mind. He closed his eyes and thought about it, there was a pretty big hint and he had to do it.

Then it hit him and there was something that Harry considered, before his face twisted into a grimace. He thought about something and then it hit him faster than anything else. He could really have smacked himself when he did not figure this out and he wondered if Fury was going to kick himself equally as much.

"Dell Rusk," Harry breathed when he looked at Kitty.

Kitty frowned, not quite sure what Harry was getting at. "He's the Secretary of Defense, isn't he?"

Harry nodded with a smile crossing his face. "Yes, now you're getting it, he's the Secretary of Defense but rearrange the letters in his name."

Kitty's eyes bugged out when she thought about it and she could hardly believe that any of them had been unable to connect such an obvious pair of dots together. It was one of those things where....it was hard to really say.

Ms. Marvel popped in now, she crossed her arms. She missed out on the battle at HYDRA base due to the fact that she was rounding up the Brotherhood for Fury, making sure that they did not escape again.

"The Brotherhood has been given the antidote," Ms. Marvel responded to the ground when they all smiled at her. "They're being kept in a SHIELD holding cell for the moment, none of them are going to get out any time soon."

It was at this moment Magneto showed up and joined them.

"I trust you're going to attempt to put me in such a cell as well," Magneto responded and there was a special emphasis on the word "attempt" because Magneto looked as if he doubted that any of them
were going to succeed.

Magneto and Harry looked each other, stared each other down. Harry realized that this was the man that put Wanda away. While Wanda's living conditions were much better thanks to Harry's intervention, she still was not completely out of that place. Although it was a fortunate thing that she was not here right now, otherwise there would be far more trouble than Harry could handle at this point.

He had far bigger problems than some family feud.

"So I have you to thank," Magneto remarked crisply when his eyes fixed on Harry's and the dark haired wizard nodded.

"You do," Harry agreed when he looked at Magneto and the two of them locked eyes. "But I wasn't the only one who did this."

"Of course, Charles would be wise if he appointed you as the leader to his team, unlike some who are not equipped to handle pressure," Magneto answered when he looked at Scott who rested on the bed and acted like he was asleep and did not hear this.

Harry did not say anything.

"I wish to assist you with taking down the Red Skull," Magneto offered when he continued to stay the course and stare down Harry. The two mutants locked eyes with each other. "And then…I will turn myself over to SHIELD for the day. But they may not be able to keep me."

Harry thought that sounded fair and to be honest, he could tell that Magneto had a personal vendetta against the Red Skull. That personal vendetta and what it was, Harry had no idea whatsoever what it might be. All that he knew was that it was there and he looked at him, hoping to figure out what to do with this.

"Do you accept my offer for an alliance?"

Harry looked at Magneto, he could tell that there was a certain amount of sincerity to his voice but he was almost not sure. Yet there was an instance where a smile twisted across his face and the dark haired wizard inclined his head. The magical mutant decided that they needed all of the hands on deck.

"Do you mind explaining how the antidote has helped you and has not completely healed the others?" Harry asked but Magneto paused before he swayed himself from one side to the next before he responded.

"It is difficult to say to be honest."

That was a statement that indicated that Harry was not going to get the answer that he wanted or the answer that he needed. That was more than fine for now, he suspected. He would also not take his eyes off of Magneto, no matter how long this took. He stepped forward a little bit and eyed his enemy and also his reluctant ally.

Neither brought up the subject of Wanda, at least for the moment because there were far more pressing matters at hand and those matters dealt with regarding the Red Skull. All they needed to do was await for the word back from SHIELD.

Widow appeared back, having popped in and out of the room. Harry turned over to her and his gaze met hers.
"Does the name Dell Rusk mean anything to you?" Harry asked without any preamble.

Black Widow's eyes widened and he could tell that she made the same connection that they did. They knew exactly where Red Skull was but the fact was that it might be too late given that he had resources and access to high level weapons and government secrets. That made the situation more dangerous and Red Skull was going to need to be killed, no question about it. Not that there were many questions about it before but the security of the United States of America hinged on him not living another day.

Red Skull made his way down to a secret underground bunker underneath a mansion in Washington DC. He bought this place with the tax dollars of the American people and it was an excellent resource that would allow him to build his empire on top of everything else. The malicious leader of HYDRA stepped his way down into the basement area, before he pushed the door open.

It looked like a simple bunker that stored food, medical supplies, and other essential elements that anyone living underneath there would need to survive. He bent at the knees, pulling a bag of clothes away.

He saw a remote control device on the ground and he pressed one button, which caused the doors to blink up. The doors began to slide open to the side and the Red Skull took another step forward, to see the delights that was inside. His face spread into a malevolent grin, soon the entire world would be in the palm of his hand.

He saw the remote control console before him and tapped on the side of it, waiting for everything to come to light. All of these controls would be confusing to anyone who was not a genius like the Red Skull. To Red Skull however, they were picture perfect perfection and he stepped forward. He could feel a tingling feeling in the pit of his stomach, the type that would twist the minds of most people if they understood what was happening.

For the past several decades, he was working on creating doomsday weapons that would allow him to overrun the people who opposed him. And doomsday weapons were not a term that the Red Skull offered loosely as he had heard other would be world conquerors stating rather loosely as well. He drummed his fingers a little bit from one side to the next and then twisted his expression to study the controls.

The outposts were set up in several population centers. If anyone found out and few did, Red Skull made them think that they were weapons that would be used in case any of their enemies decided to do something cut and attack the United States. All while he did this, the defenses whittled down to a nub and the Red Skull weakened them while strengthening HYDRA's weapons.

Now he stood tall and ready, this would be a day that he would win, there was no question about it whatsoever that his success would be assured. Red Skull spoke to the agents in position in the loud speaker.

"Sir, there's….they figured out your cover."

Red Skull did not let this bother him, by the time they figured out his cover, it would be much too late. The best place to hide from an enemy was in plain sight, as no one would dare look underneath their noses. Dell Rusk met Nick Fury several times and even the eagle eyed agent of SHIELD was none the wiser of what happened.

Fury would be the first to suffer, as the upgrades the government installed on the Hellicarrier would be launched.
Red Skull smirked when he activated the first wave of droids and then prepared to cripple the satellite defenses around the country, and then the other countries around the world. He could bring the entire world to its knees and bend it to the will of HYDRA. If there was one thing that he knew, it was without their convenience, they were nothing if weak.

The weakness of an enemy was something that one of true thing would understand and exploit when he shook his head. The twisted notions that went through the mind of Red Skull spelled out one thing and one thing along. The same concept drove every single motivation for the past sixty plus years, and would be the same motivation that would allow him to continue to push forward with everything that he had.

"I will crush them."

Control was the big thing that the Red Skull obsessed with and the ultimate motivator when he thought about everything. The dangerous leader of HYDRA gritted his teeth when he folded his arms together when he took a moment to think about everything that went on in his mind.

The demons from the past echoed throughout the back of his mind.

Red Skull crushed his fists together.

The pain would be the supreme motivation, and he would crush them all underneath his foot.

His daughter thought that she had some level of control and thought that she would be the one that would lead to his demise. Red Skull hoped so because her failure's reflected on his and the fact she was unable to kill him to this point, that insulted him personally. Red Skull twisted his head over to the side and peered over his shoulder when he activated a few more buttons.

"The droids are marching on Washington."

That was one population center.

He also set the droids to explode in sixty minutes, taking anyone in the radius out with them. They would do plenty of damage and in the chaos, HYDRA would reign supreme, with all bowing before them.

Captain America stood outside on the grass, in front of the Xavier Institute. His narrowed eyes looked forward when he thought about all of the battles that he found over the years. That was something that he could not forget, all of the dangerous enemies that he went up against. HYDRA might be his most prominent enemies but they were far from his only enemies.

Despite all of that, there was something about today that made things far more dangerous. The Red Skull could have done far more than anyone than he thought to say the very least. Every single time he went up against HYDRA in the war, the stakes were high. However, there were no stakes that were higher than this and higher than what happened tonight. The dangerous expression flickered through the eyes.

To understand the Red Skull, Captain America would have to match his intensity and his spirit, before he folded his arms. He barely heard Iron Man walk up from behind him. Hawkeye joined him, then Ms. Marvel, then Mockingbird, Black Widow, Arcane, Wolverine, and more followed him. Magneto hovered in the shadows, a cool expression spread over his eyes when he looked at them through narrowed fury.

"So do we have a plan?"
Iron Man voiced that statement and it was not the first time that someone voiced that question to Captain America. There were many instances where he could come up with an answer. A plan might be a good idea in theory but going up against someone like the Red Skull was never something that one could predict. The vicious nature of someone like this monster needed to be met with an equally ferocious attack.

"We'll know when we go out there," Captain America responded when he turned to them. Figuring out what the Red Skull's end game was could be an exercise in frustration. Often times he did have a motive but there were other instances where the motive was lost.

"So do we have a name for this little team or not?"

Ms. Marvel decided to speak up. Thor and Hulk hovered in the background, not saying much of anything, just waiting for the battle but for different reasons. Still the blonde woman stated one question. "The Avengers…I mean we avenge."

"I like it," Hawkeye stated and the others nodded.

"It does have some potential yes," Thor agreed.

"Not bad," Hulk grunted but he folded his arms all the same.

Captain America offered two words that would live on in infamy.

"Avengers Assemble."

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter.
Chapter Thirty Nine: Living Legend Part Four: Avengers Assemble.

Moments ran by quickly in some instances but time appeared to slow down at other times. The group stood around each other, they were ready for this action. The teams were divided up carefully, with each of them having a purpose with what they were doing. They plotted with everything that was happening and the group set themselves up what was going to happen, and what they hoped to be the fall of HYDRA. Confidence was something that they needed to hang onto because otherwise their aspirations would fold up like a house of cards.

Team A made their way to one of the top HYDRA facilities where they would hopefully find more information about what the Red Skull was up to. They wanted to find information about the doomsday weapon that HYDRA constructed. Ms. Marvel, Iron Man, Hulk, and Hawkeye stepped forward, they all knew what was on the line. Everything was on their side, when they turned around.

Team B moved forward to help coordinate the efforts on the ground, as there was no doubt that civilians were going to be caught in the crossfire. There was a dangerous precedent that civilians tended to be among the top priorities and also one of the things that put the mission in more danger. The group stood, waiting with bated breath. This group with Logan, Black Widow, Rachel, Mockingbird, and Thor stepped forward, ready for action. They all fought the robots on the ground and hopefully ushered the civilians away. They would be pushed out of the battle, out of the scene, and all hoped that everything would not come unraveled.

Harry, Captain America, Sin, Magneto, and Jean were the weirdest team but they had one of the most important jobs of them all. They were going straight to the top against their enemy, they were going straight for the Red Skull.

"Are you sure you know where he is?"

Sin's expression turned to Jean. "Well you can read my mind, can't you? I know about where the Red Skull is, or at least where I assume that he will be. But naturally, I doubt that you want my assumptions to be based on anything. You need to trust me, you have no choice but to trust me."

Harry looked at her and she could tell that he had pulled himself too far. "Trust is something that is not given out, it's earned. So far, you've built up a minor amount of political capital; don't blow it whatever you do."

Sin smiled maliciously, when she held out a grenade and saw the HYDRA guards move around towards their vantage point. The fools were rather sloppy, her father got a bit soft, not much, but he was softer. He would have killed people just for the hell of it a few days ago but that was beside the point. Sin flicked the grenade and it landed on the ground, before it vibrated on the ground and caused a loud explosion.

The explosion blew the HYDRA officers up. Magneto offered his input before everything set in completely before he magnetized the fence and wrapped it around them, wrapping them tight, and the barbs of the fence cut into them. They shook a little bit, a violent fury when the fence snaked around them and they tried to push their way out. They failed to get out, and blinked, trying to twist themselves out of it.

Harry flicked his hand, and the rocks exploded to blind them with the dust. Then several flaming spikes shot out and took them down hard. The spikes propelled into them and slammed into them,
cracking against his enemies. The spikes speared into them dangerously, and Harry summoned some of the weapons off of the HYDRA agents, before he decided to take a look at them later. Right now, he used the plant vines to wrap around them and strangle them until they pass out.

Magento used his powers to take down the robots, ripping them apart with his abilities, and caused them to bust into several pieces. The Master of Magnetism's eyes glowed with power when he pushed everything into battle.

Harry short circuited the machines with a jab of his hand. The explosions rang out in every which direction and sent them flying backwards. A loud explosion rang out in their ears and Jean dropped next to Harry. Both of them locked eyes and with an unspoken agreement, they summoned their powers and caused the robots to explode, blowing them to smithereens.

"How are we doing?" Captain America asked through the communication link.

"Just great, getting nearly killed but hey, just another day at the office for me," Iron Man stated through the communication link.

"HAVE AT THEE!"

"Thor seems to be having a blast," Iron Man remarked when he heard it over his link, chuckling.

"You'd have to be on the moon not to hear that," Hawkeye stated when he shot several arrows at the robots. "We've got a bit of a problem, these things are set to blow up in twenty three minutes….and I'm not sure how many of them there are."

Harry swore, if even one of them were left in tact, it could lead to an explosive end for many but he could not worry about that now. He had to keep fighting, his eyes glowed and a loud crash knocked them back a little bit. The robots smashed together, breaking apart, with the mage flying forward and ripping out the back of it, before he pulled back the panel and he pulled it out, before he started to relay the specs that he could figure out to Iron Man so they could form a counter attack.

"Core's highly unstable, we've got to shut them down before they explode," Iron Man responded.

Harry bit his lip before he responded and slowly spoke. "How unstable are we talking about?"

"Oh, about three fourths of the country potentially being wiped out and the other fourth poisoned unstable," Iron Man responded and Harry was afraid of that, he really was afraid of that, and he smashed the silver robots, taking down most of them where he could. "Of course, that's the absolute worst case scenario but trust me, that's…..that's very likely."

Harry knew that it was very likely but they could not worry that much about the worst, they had to keep hoping for the best. Even though the best could be among the very worst, with his heart thumping up and down his chest, the pressure was on and that's where Harry Potter excelled beyond anything else.

Triumph flickered through the eyes of the Red Skull when he watched the pathetic efforts of the heroes that were sent out of him. He would admire them almost if their efforts had not be so fruitless and indeed futile. He turned his head a little bit to the side and thought about everything that happened. All of his plans came together, well calculated and well formulated; there was no question who the superior man was there. The heroes thought they had a plan that would lead to his defeat but they were fools. He turned off to the side, to monitor their efforts, they did fight a good fight which
would make their demise that much more delicious.

Red Skull’s face twisted into a grin when he thought about the best part of today’s events and the thing that gave him the most pride. His daughter finally showed something resembling a spine and had tried to lead some kind of coup against him. He would be a fool and deluded if he did not admit that brought some amount of pride to his spawn. It was a pity that all her efforts would amount to failure but her effort, while futile, was commendable.

Failure made people weak and made them crushed underneath his feet, his eyes blinked with sadistic intentions dancing in them. He felt a tingling in his chest when he thought of the carnage that was going to happen. The clock ticked down, getting closer and closer to the edge, he could feel this one, he could feel it. Fifteen minutes, actually much less at this point in time. Red Skull's hands shook when he prepared to grab the situation by the throat.

Fourteen and a half minutes were left to be precise.

'Those fools.'

Red Skull prepared to lead the charge, when HYDRA would be built over the ashes of the United States and their broken bodies. He hoped that Captain America would understand how futile his actions were once the last bit of oxygen passed through his lungs. Crushed underneath the thumb of the Red Skull, like it was always meant to be, that their lot in life, that was what they were intended to do. Their efforts would be for nothing in nearly fourteen minutes.

He saw them move in, get ever so closer to his operations but that mattered very little to him. His grin twisted, he almost welcomed the change. Their wicked twisted attempts to put him down had some amount of charm but they were much like a gerbil on a wheel. They kept going around and around, without any merit, any purpose, any hope to go anywhere beside the inevitable roll of propelling the wheel. They kept running around and around.

Then when the wheel stopped, the Red Skull would shoot them down and bathe in their blood. That would be his night, the night of the Red Skull, and the fury that flickered through his eyes. He got even closer to the edge and he felt the tingling.

Thirteen minutes and counting, a very interesting number given the superstition that it held but Skull would not deny that said number had merit. Merit he would twist, when he watched the robots, sixty percent of them were down but he allowed them to do so. Now he would plan.

The plan was coming all together in the back of his mind and his face twisted into that malicious smile that was only bred by someone who knew what was on the line. The Skull stepped forward, dressed in a green uniform with the symbol on HYDRA, the multi-headed snake, sketched on it. His face was red and balled, with sunken in eyes. He appeared gaunt and corpse life and his body remained strong. He was the pinnacle of strength and the Red Skull would have his day.

Twelve minutes and counting, time would pass but would the heroes?

The droids were programmed to detonate after a certain amount of time, Harry and the rest of the crew was able to determine that. This lead to one of those good news/bad news scenarios that Harry was so fond of, with the events of this battle being able to go fifty-fifty depending on how certain things went. He held his breath and hoped for things to lean towards more of the good news end of the equation than the bad news end but he doubted that somehow.
The good news was that between the three teams, they cut a pretty good pace on the robots and they were taking them down. There were far less robots coming out to attack them at any rate, which proved to be some rather encouraging news. Providing of course they could keep up that level when they attacked, they were going to win today's battle with time to spare.

The fact of the matter was that with good news, there also came bad news. Actually, the bad news came in an abundant manner, to the point where Harry was not quite sure where he wanted to begin with it. There were instances where it was hard to tell if there was an actual head count, for lack of a better term, on the robots. Even if one was left by the time the automatic detonation went off, it could cause countless deaths. Harry could shield it but only if he was standing by it. Knowing his luck, the robot was all the way on the other end of the country, causing him problems.

And the worst thing was that knowing the Red Skull, he could press the button on any whim. He was that twisted and he would do something like that, anything like this. The man was more bent than a damaged coat hanger.

"They're programmed to detonate, so we got to find them all."

'Nine minutes,' Harry thought to Jean who nodded, the pressure cooker was getting hotter.

Sin looked forward and knew what she had to do. She saw what was in front of her, the fortress where her father was holed up in all of his sadistic glory. The woman's face contorted into a shifty grin when she prepared herself. This was going to be her ticket inside and she knew that there was only one thing that she would do. She was about to give her father what she want, the only thing he ever wanted.

"Okay everyone….

No sooner did those words leave Captain America's mouth, Sin aimed her gun and with a sadistic shot, nailed Captain America in the back of the leg. He gave a pained grimace when his leg rolled slightly and he tried to get back to his feet. There was nothing to what happened, his knee twisted slightly and everything happened so fast that not even Harry and Jean did not see it coming. It was an impulse decision.

"You….

Sin activated a force field generator, she knew it would only work for a minute but that minute was long enough to get Captain America behind enemy lines and deliver him to her father. She scooped him up on her shoulders and began to walk with him. Captain America grunted before he offered her one question.

"Why?

That particular question resounded in her mind, to be honest it was a fair one to give but Sin refused to answer it straight away. She had to keep moving with Captain America on her shoulders, she did not have much time to stall. Stalling would get her in more trouble than anything if her plan was going to come off without a hitch.

She managed to keep moving with Captain America, pulling him around like he was dead weight, and he slumped over her shoulders. Sin showed a great deal of strength, physical as well as mental when he continued to walk. His knees knocked together when he pushed forward and kept walking, unable to really stand on his feet. The young lady twisted him on her shoulders and continued to
walk with him.

"It is for the good of HYDRA."

"You don't have to do this."

Sin figured that such a statement was going to come out of his mouth; it was what a do gooder such as himself would say. He was full of statements like that and now her mouth maliciously twisted into a smirk. Everything was completely under her control, there was no problem whatsoever.

"So did you expect her to do that?"

Harry turned to Jean, an eyebrow raised, when he easily dismantled the force field.

"I knew what she was doing, but I wonder if the plan was working as well as she thought it did," Harry stated when he grabbed Jean by the hand and the two of them continued to walk forward. They stopped and Harry defused the land mind that was set up. They could edge in closer to the HYDRA base that way, the two of them getting closer to entering.

"I think the rest of team should get to my location as soon as possible, things could get ugly," Harry offered through the communication link, before he relayed the coordinates where he was standing and defused even more objects along the way. He continued to walk one step at a time, carefully defusing each and every trap along the way. He shifted his way through the land mines and began to step on the ground.

He was getting closer, closer than he could ever imagine and Harry stood by Jean. He did not know where Magneto went off to, he disappeared in the confusion. Of course, given what he determined about the Red Skull, there was the chance that Magneto would also be finding his way to some kind of mission of vengeance. At least that's what Harry determined, he could be wrong, extremely wrong in fact.

Red Skull heard the doors burst open and as always it depended on his mood whether or not he'd be inclined to shoot anyone who came through that door. He held his gun and watched his daughter walk in. The limp form of Captain America draped over his shoulders. It was something that he could not believe, to think that after all of the battles, Sin was the one that took out Captain America. His daughter actually was proving her worthiness after all of this time that caused a twisted smile to go around his face. He felt a rare feeling for his daughter and that feeling was pride.

Sin turned her head to her father, a smile crossing her face at the expression that she was receiving. It was something that she could not believe that she received. It was a pity what would happen with her. She crossed her arms, eyes flicking with malice when she looked at the man before her. Her foot tapped on the floor with Captain America down at her face. The Spirit of America gave a shuddering breath.

"So here you are, Captain America, down at my feet where he belongs?"

The Red Skull punctuated that statement with a solid kick to the ribs of Captain America to cause him to roll over and spasm with pain. He twitched with the leader of HYDRA kicking Captain America hard into the ribs again. A third kick to the ribs drilled Captain America in the ribs, before he looked at him. A sadistic expression flickered through his eyes; he felt that his moment of triumph was at hand. There was nothing that could stop his joy.
"It's quite interesting that after all of the times we've been around it ends like this," Red Skull stated when he held the gun at the head of Captain America. He hovered it over the back of the head of his enemy, taunting him but he didn't pull the trigger, not yet. "So tell me....tell me, are you going to beg for me?"

Captain America's eyes turned towards Red Skull before he looked up at him and his eyes narrowed. "You should know the answer to that question."

Red Skull stepped forward and stood on the back of the head of Captain America, standing on the back of his head. A malicious expression with even more malicious intentions moved through his eyes when he looked over his enemy. Captain America twitched on the ground, waiting for it. He would not beg for the Red Skull, he was stronger than that. He was not going to allow any weakness to rise in his being. As long as there was a breath in his body, he would be proud.

Red Skull fell over with a loud bang and Sin stood there, with a smoking gun in her hand. Blood splattered down the chest of the Red Skull, while he was distracted by Captain America, his daughter took her shot at him. It was a plan worthy of the Red Skull and he could not help finding a small bit of pride within himself towards her. It would be something that he would do had the situation been reversed. In fact, he almost hoped that someone did this and was glad that it was his daughter.

His eyes turned towards his daughter.

"Well done."

BANG!

Red Skull fired a gun at his daughter when she let her guard down, but for a second. The gun hit her in the forehead and knocked her down to the ground. Blood splattered out from her head.

"But you fail to learn the most valuable lesson that I've been teaching you," Red Skull stated, when he looked at his daughter on the ground. "Don't ever hunt anything without the intention of leaving them alive."

He rolled her over onto her back and stomped her, before he prepared to put the gun in the back of her head. Red Skull vowed to blow his own daughter's head off when he was face down on the ground. She shuddered a little bit, trying to push herself out of the ground, trying to get herself out of the perilous predicament she was in.

"Any last words, my daughter?"

Captain America bounced up and tackled Red Skull, knocking him against the wall. The two exchanged punches with each other and began to strangle each other. The two stared each other down, their eyes bulging out. It was hard to see what face showed more hatred but it was a grudge that last a long time. The Living Legend and the Embodiment of America went toe to toe with the leader of HYDRA.

Red Skull smashed against the wall where he connected with a sinister thud and Captain America continued to pummel him, but he was thrown off to the ground.

"This ends now!" Red Skull stated when he made his way to the kill switch to activate the robots but a telekinetic shield blocked him.

Harry became invisible once again and he snapped Red Skull back, causing his spine to shatter with a huge impact. He hid in the shadows this entire time, managing to stop the bullet from hitting Sin in a completely fatal area. He waited and watched everything and hoped that Red Skull would lead him
to the control console.

'Just about got it,' Harry thought when he hacked into the controls, trying to get in, he had forty seven seconds, talk about cutting in close.

Talk about being put under a lot of pressure.

What was life without a little pressure?

Jean stood by Harry and Captain America watched as well. The Red Skull's spine went into the base of his brain, killing him instantly. Given the fact that the Red Skull often survived deaths that he should have not survived, Captain America kept an eye on him. While he heard the spine crack and snap, he still didn't want to leave anything to chance. It would be a foolish endeavor to say the very least.

The rest of the group showed up, but just in time for Harry to deactivate the console with three seconds left to spare. Harry allowed the breath to leave his body, he nearly came all too close. He barely heard the HYDRA agents dropping down behind him.

"Damn, we missed all of the action," Ms. Marvel stated but Harry offered a smile.

"Don't worry, I'm sure some other crazed person will try and kill a bunch of people before too long."

Iron Man turned around with an eyebrow raised but he had to agree, as cynical as that statement was in his mind. Still damned if it was not accurate.

"Things could have gone much better."

Nick Fury summarized this in his own way, but from what Harry heard, this was pretty good praise from Fury. Given what he fought against, what SHIELD stood against, he had to deal with a one hundred percent competence rate. And that was something that they all understood, the man looked at them all through one eye. Iron Man, Thor, Hulk, Captain America, Ms. Marvel, Mockingbird, Hawkeye, Black Widow, Phoenix, Wolverine, Rachel, and Arcane stood before him.

"Yeah, we aim to please," Iron Man stated hoping to lighten the mood.

Now that was out of the way, Nick Fury turned to them.

"The group of yours does have some potential, these Avengers," Fury stated when he looked at them. "Perhaps we should look into making them a more permanent deal, perhaps we could officially sanction this group."

Captain America looked at them all. "You know, I think that it would be a good idea, HYDRA might be weakened, the Red Skull might be done for the time being, but there are a lot of other people out there that could be problems."

Harry noticed that Captain America believed that they did not see the last of the Red Skull even then he was dead. He suspected the man spoke from experience regarding that particular man.

"I agree," Iron Man agreed, at another time he was able to do things one on one but now the rules of the game changed. The enemies were getting more dangerous and he tried to do it alone.

"It would be useful to have some back up," Hawkeye stated when he looked at them. "Even if it's
me backing you guys up."

"Yeah right," Hulk grunted when he folded his arms over his green chest. "Count me in with this group, gives me more things to smash."

Thor turned to them, he had been sent to Midgard to test him by his father, it would give him something worthwhile to pass his time. Perhaps one day he would be made to return home and he turned his head. The blond Asgardian turned to them, the man twisting his expression into a smile. He enjoyed the battle, and he saw them fighting beside him, he saw fellow warriors and equals that he could fight into battle. That made him able to open his eyes when he fought everyone.

"Count me in with this group."

Ms. Marvel chimed in with a few words of her own. "I might have not been at this long but sure why not? It could be fun."

Black Widow responded with a nod but she did not say anything more than that. It went without saying that she was in this battle whether or not they agreed with her. The woman turned her attention away and crossed her arms, focusing on Fury.

"Yeah I'm in," Mockingbird answered when a smile crossed her face when she blinked a little bit.

Wolverine paused before a twisted grimace filled over his face.

"The X-Men have got their plates full but…"

Harry chimed in with a few words of his own. "If you need us, we'll be there, if we can."

"That's all I needed to hear," Fury responded when he looked at Harry. "And if you need SHIELD's help…."

"I don't worry, I know how deep in debt you are with me," Harry answered Fury, with a knowing smile. The money that Stark gave him was in his bank account, more zeroes than a Wizegamot meeting.

Today's fun was not over yet, HYDRA still had to be rounded up. The Brotherhood was locked in holding cells and Sin was receiving medical attention right now. She would make a full recovery, at least physically, although she would need a whole lot of therapy to correct the damage that was done to her mind. She was put through the ringer that one, her mind really suffered a horrific beating and she might never be the same again.

As for the X-Men, well they were on the mend. Harry hoped this Avengers thing would work out. It was funny how much he detested having to rely on someone and being part of a team, not to mention taking a role of leadership. Of course one did not have to like something to be the best in the world at what they did. Although Harry denied being the best at what he did because he was nothing like that. Plus that was more of a Logan thing.

There was always some kind of satisfactory feeling about the battle that happened, at least that's what Harry would have to say. The young wizard shook his head, today could have gone a lot worse. The Red Skull was done and as for Sin….well she was on the mend after what happened. At least physically she was but mentally was another matter entirely. Harry felt sorry for her because of
everything that happened. No one asked what the Red Skull did to her, and Harry offered a grimace when he thought about it.

He walked down the hallway to his room, everyone was recovering from the battles and they still felt rather weakened from the plague. After the checkup they received, they would still be fine, except for the residual soreness that they felt. That would not be going away for days yet. Harry turned his head a little bit, before he made his way down to his room before he opened the door of his bedroom.

Harry looked rather surprised but actually kind of happy to see Jean sitting on his bed. She was dressed in a thin white robe that wrapped around her body, and her bare legs were on full display. Her long bare legs displayed themselves, in all of their drool worthy glory and Harry felt a bit weak in the knees but he recovered. She moved a little bit, to allow her robe to flap a little bit, to show a hint of her sexy toned tummy and her delicious looking belly button. He also saw her lacy green panties, it did not stop Harry to think that the color of these panties matched the shade of his own eyes.

"Hi Harry," Jean stated when she looked at Harry, running her tongue over her lips and licking it when she locked eyes with Harry. She saw his muscular arms in the tight pair of leather pants that he wore. She eyed him appreciatively and appreciated what the hours of Danger Room training gave to him. She undressed Harry a little bit with her eyes, imagining him naked and imagining what he could do to her.

"Hi Jean," Harry responded when he looked at her, she was absolutely breath taking. "What can I do for you?"

Jean smiled a mischievous smile when she looked at Harry, before a rather particular thought echoed through her mind.

'Ooh Harry, there's a lot you can do for me, believe me.'

"I've been meaning to have a talk with you," Jean responded when she locked eyes with Harry, her eyes locking hungrily onto his and her mouth curling into a smile. "It seems like there's one thing after another….where we've been missing out on getting to spend some quality time with each other."

"Sorry, Jean…"

"No, Harry, you're a busy man, I know you are, things come up," Jean responded when she invited Harry to sit down on his bed. "But after what happened today, I don't think we can delay what happened any more. There is a strong attraction between the two of us, we're two powerful and good looking people, so why wouldn't there be? I don't….I don't think that I want to settle for someone."

Harry knew what Jean meant by "settling for someone" but he was not going to go there.

"I mean, if I have to be with him because his mind is too fragile to hold himself together, that's not a strong basis for a relationship, isn't it?" Jean asked Harry when she invited Harry to sit down on his bed. "But after what happened today, I don't think we can delay what happened any more. There is a strong attraction between the two of us, we're two powerful and good looking people, so why wouldn't there be? I don't….I don't think that I want to settle for someone."

Harry knew what Jean meant by "settling for someone" but he was not going to go there.

Harry was really not going to go there and Jean looked at him.

"Harry, Scott's….his problems are his to figure out, I'm not going to hold his hand and be in some pitiful relationship," Jean responded when she looked at Harry. It was funny, before the Phoenix, she might have not thought some things but that situation caused her to grow up. "I know you're strong
enough to handle anything that is sent your way. I know that you are strong enough to...handle me."

Jean breathed huskily in Harry’s ear when she moved forward and Harry wrapped his arm around her and pulled her body into his, feeling her curves press against him. The two of them locked eyes, with Harry half expecting some kind of interruption.

Well if anyone interrupted this, there would be pain for the person who interrupted it, lots and lots of pain. Harry and Jean looked into each other’s eyes, before their lips met each other, with the pair of them kissing each other with fury and passion. She straddled his lap, when she sank into the hot and passionate kiss.

Shivers went down Jean's spine when the dark haired mage ran his hands down her body, teasing her flesh with his fingers and sending little jolts of pleasure down to her body, causing her to shudder. These were sensations that she never thought that she would feel before and Harry had her in the palm of his hands. The mage continued to run his hands over her body, feeling her body, running his hands over her bra covered breasts. She felt a heat rising between her legs and a desire to have her need filled when her body simmered with the passion that no man on Earth could give her.

Harry grinned through the kiss before he slipped off her robe. Jean Grey was wearing nothing but a pair of lacy green bra and panties, and he slowly tilted her back on the bed. Her legs wrapped around him, when Harry kissed Jean on the bed, with her running his hands through her body. She moaned hungrily into his mouth, her tongue working into him, and their tongues meeting with each other, with her hand snaking into his shorts.

The real fun was about to begin.

Smut/Lemon Begins:

Jean's hand clasped around Harry's throbbing cock, feeling the texture around his member, the throbbing, pulsing of his veins, when she wrapped her hand around him, and began to pump his throbbing erection. The redhead telepath could tell that Harry wanted this, the thoughts she picked up from his mind was nothing but desire. The simmering passion when she continued to work his cock, her hand wrapped tightly around him as she stroked him.

Harry felt the softness of her hand on his cock, pumping it, and he grunted, he wanted to be free of his restraints and Jean picked up on that thought, pushing his pants down over his ankles, to reveal his boxers. Then his boxers pushed down, to reveal his throbbing cock, with Jean putting her fingers around it. This felt so good, her soft, delicate hand on him, and her red hair framing her face.

She broke herself from Harry's mouth.

"So big," Jean stated when she looked at him.

"Just wait until you feel it in your mouth," Harry responded, when Jean slid down between Harry's legs and smiled. That sounded like one of the best ideas in the world and she gripped onto Harry's cock, with her clenching him tightly.

The red haired woman stroked his cock, wrapped around him, and clenched him, before Jean went down on him. Harry hissed through his teeth when she took his cock down her throat. He felt it hit the back of her throat and her juicy lips wrapped around him. Her red hair whipped back and forth when Jean went down on him. Her nose hit his pelvis when she took him deeply into his throat, making sure she gave him the best experience that she did. She wrapped her throat muscles around his throbbing prick, before working him hard with her throat and Harry breathed heavily, when he grabbed her hair.
Jean never did this before, she only made Duncan think she did with her abilities, that was one of the great things about being a telepath. The red haired woman ran her hands over Harry's thighs and continued her bobbing on him. She got exactly what he wanted out of his head, when she blew him, with her tongue working around him. She felt his shudders of pleasure and that meant she was doing a good job.

Harry grunted, when he saw his dick in her mouth, this was a picture that he would take to him for a long time. Jean was so good at blowing him, the green eyes meeting his made him twitch in passion.

"Feels so good," Harry grunted when he ran his hands through Jean's hair and she continued to work him over with her mouth, stimulating him with every part of her, and he felt his balls get more tightened.

He slammed his cock down her throat and Jean took it, humming and rocking back and forth, while her hand wrapped around his balls and she worked him over, stroking and playing with his sac. She wanted his cum and needed it now, she looked up at Harry with a simmering passion and the red head speared his cock down her throat, wanting to drain every single drop of cum from his balls and down her throat.

Jean tilted her head back and offered one projected thought.

'Cum for me Harry.'

'Shit, you're so hot.'

'I know, now cum for me. Give me your seed baby.'

Harry's balls tightened and he lost it, with Jean planting dirty images of her naked body in various sexual acts with him, a couple of them while Scott was paralyzed against the wall and not able to do anything while Harry banged into Jean.

Jean made lewd sounds when she continued to suck on Harry and the pleasure in his loins exploded, to send a flood of cum down her throat. She squeezed her throat together, when she drained Harry's cum down her throat. The red haired telepath continued to suck Harry, draining every single bit of seed down her throat and from his balls. She milked Harry completely dry with her throat muscles.

"Delicious," Jean remarked when she licked her lips.

Harry grabbed Jean and pushed her back on the bed, before he unhooked her bra to allow her nice, D-Cup breasts to bounce out. Her tit flesh was lovely, firm, with rosy red nipples and Harry pinched them, causing Jean to give a squeal of delight.

The more Harry played with her breasts and her nipples, the wetter Jean go. She thought she was going to go nuts with desire, when Harry captured one of her breasts in his mouth and licked it, before he sucked her breast. The red head pushed Harry's head into her breasts, allowing him to suck her tits, and she ran her hands through Harry's hair, moaning heavily, while Harry worked her over.

"Oh yes, Harry, more," Jean breathed heavily when she hugged him into her breasts and Harry sucked on them. The dark haired wizard continued to work over her supple tit flesh as his newest lover continued to pant heavily.

Harry reached down and pulled her panties down to reveal her very wet sex. The obvious signs of arousal could be seen, Jean's juice's dripping down, sticking to the red hair on her cunt, and Harry watched her, a hungry expression on her when he saw her. He ran her hands down her inner thighs,
causing her to shudder and thrash with pleasure, arching her hips up a little bit and she heavily breathed.

"Harry….please….don't tease me."

Harry brushed her clit with his fingers causing her to tingle and then his tongue dove into her tasty peach, licking her and bringing her juices onto his tongue. Jean grabbed his head and pushed him down into her pussy. He began to lick and taste her which caused her body to heat with the pleasure.

"More….Harry….SHIT!"

It was at that point when Harry rattled his tongue into her pussy and caused it to vibrate inside her core, licking back and forth into her, making circular motions went it continued to vibrate. Jean rocked her hips back and forth, with is tongue delving into her, tasting and lapping up the juices with his tongue, before she locked her legs around his head. Jean could not even articulate a word.

'Do you like that?'

Jean panted heavily, her eyes lidded over heavily in pleasure, when she cupped her breasts and ran her hands over her body.

'Yes, Harry, love it, want more.'

Harry dove his tongue in and out of her cunt, picking up the pace when he continued to work over her. The dark haired wizard continued to work over every single inch of her and used his tongue to stimulate her insides. He worked her insides and caused her to pant heavily, when he reached his hands behind her and grabbed a double handful of her supple ass, squeezing it in his hands and caused Jean to moan heavily.

'More, cumming.'

Harry sped up his actions and Jean's pussy clenched together, when the explosion of pleasure erupted inside her. Her pussy juices splashed her lover's face and continued to flood with each and every pulse of her pussy. Her body thrashed with the pleasure.

Harry pulled back and saw her body in all of its glory. He could not believe he did not do this sooner, she was smoking hot. Her red hair framed her face, her beautiful green eyes simmered with desire and he saw the hint of power. Her juicy lips still had traces of Harry's cum on them, her elegant cheek bones rose high. Her large breasts topped off by a pair of rosy nipples. Her flat stomach was toned and she had a lovely ass, along with curved hips and sexy legs. Her pussy was absolutely beautiful and so wet with arousal for him, something that Harry did not miss completely.

"Harry, I need you in me," Jean breathed when she looked up at him, biting down on her lip, with her red hair framing her face.

Harry grabbed her hips as she parted her legs and he pushed his cock into her, parting her lips. Jean closed her eyes when she felt Harry penetrate her barrier. He paused a little bit, before he pushed through her, breaking her in and making her a woman. Jean screamed out loud when she felt Harry's throbbing prick entering her and pushing her barrier apart, breaking her in.

He stopped for a minute. The pain was numbed and Jean breathed heavily one word, when her nipples stifled and her pussy burned for him.

"Continue."
And continue was what Harry did, feeling her tight box wrap around his fleshy pole when he plowed into her. Jean wrapped her legs around him and pushed him down into her. The red head moaned and raised her hips upwards, squeezing Harry tightly with her inner muscles and giving him the most pleasure that he had. He speared into her a little bit, picking up the pace when he plunged into her.

Jean felt Harry pick up the pace; it felt so good to have his cock inside her. In fact, he touched spots that she did not even know that she had. Her body swam with pleasure, and his hands reached around to play with her breasts. This got Jean hot and bothered, when the dark haired wizard picked up his pace and thrust his dick into her hole, her tightness wrapping around him when he picked up the pace.

Harry was in heaven; Jean's warm pussy wrapped around him hugged his member in a pleasurable way. His heart beat heavily when he plunged into her inviting and warm depths, picking up a steady pace when he continued to drill into her. Her wet core offered the proper lubrication when the silken insides caressed him and made him feel rather good, his heart beating steadier, and more wonderful with each stroke.

"More, Harry, more," Jean begged him when his cock pushed inside her and made her feel so good. It was like a drug, only without the deadly side effects, his member pushing into her and lighting her up.

Harry could see a subtle flame around Jean when she got into the moment and she had a spectacular orgasm, screaming and clawing at Harry's back. She arched her hips up, feeling the unbridled passions let out free. It was something that she held back for a long time but those shackles…..they really burst into pieces and his cock thrust deep into her, pleasuring her very center.

"I love this, going to cum," Harry breathed after a time. She was so hot that he could barely hold himself back, his balls tightened but he waited for her to do so, because it was always so much more magical when two people came together. At least that's what he determined.

"Do it Harry, please, I need it, fill me up!"

Harry spurted his load into Jean, splashing her with several thick ropes of cum that went into her, and flooded her pussy. It was a never ending stream where he continued to pump his creamy essence into her while she hugged his walls tightly. She clenched around him when she milked him, draining every single drop of cum from him, and then she grabbed Harry, before flipping him over on the bed.

Jean's lips smashed against Harry's, when she rubbed her pussy against his cock, feeling him grow against her once again. Her mind inflamed with desire when she breathed heavily, working her cunt around him.

"I want to ride you," Jean breathed when she pulled away, running her hands across his chest.

"Do it, my beautiful Phoenix," Harry responded when he looked at his lover, straddling his hips and took in her breath taking beauty, every single inch of her, the beauty that she had, and his cock throbbed for her.

She pulled herself up and sank herself down onto his cock, with Jean giving a pleasurable moan when she threw her head back and gave a scream to the heavens. She hoped that Harry used some kind of silencing spells but the point was moot now, with his cock pushing into her pussy, pushing her walls apart in a pleasurable manner and she rocked herself back, before sinking him down, pushing her hot body down on her.
"Fuck yeah," Harry groaned when he grabbed Jean's ass, when she sank down, rotating her hips onto him, pushing his throbbing member into her. Her wet pussy wrapped tightly around him when the sexy babe bounced up and down on his cock, riding it from all of its worth.

Her lips met his for another hungry kiss, when she rocked back and forth on him, squeezing him and he thrust up into her, the red haired vixen worked her hips in circular motions around the base of his cock. He matched her strokes, and she felt him throb on the inside of her, making sure to touch her in the spots that drove her wildest. This was a vision of wonderfulness that she could not even begin to understand. It felt so right to have his cock buried between her lips and in her legs, working her over and pleasuring her, pushing into her pussy and she rode him even more, rocking back, working her hot hips around him.

Harry's hands found her breasts again, and squeezed them, inciting a moan into his mouth when she continued to ride her. It was heavenly for her to feel his cock brush inside her, pushing her apart and making her feel the hot desire. The red head moaned when she gyrated her hips down onto him, and rocked back, riding it, their powerful organs clashing together, his cock thrusting up into her pussy.

"Yes, more fuck me more.'

Harry knew what to do, he continued to work his cock into her, feeling it wrap inside her, and grabbed her, running his hands all over her body. He simulated every single bit of her with his touch and also used telekinetic touches to bring the pleasure out of her, the areas that he could not touch. The red haired vixen rode him heavily all into the night, and continued to rock back a little bit.

"That's it, stretch me out!" Jean screamed at the top of her lungs.

"Hot, tight, love this," Harry grunted when he pushed into her.

The two of them rocked back and forth making their love to each other, with Jean's pussy wrapped tightly around his throbbing prick. The two of them matched their movements, feeling their very souls combine with this love making. The pleasure coursed through them, it made Jean feel so good and the fact she felt good made Harry feel equally good as well, he rocked back against her on the bed.

Jean squeezed him with her muscles, she needed his seed in her and she needed it now. She did not have to wait for too long when she bounced on Harry's prick, riding him, and she kept rocking back into his balls tightened.

"Cumming," Harry breathed when he looked at her.

"In me," Jean managed when Harry thrust up and spilled another load of his seed in her. Heavy spurts blasted into straight into Jean's womb, and she rocked back a little bit, the contraceptive charms working well when he blasted his thick load into her.

The spunk dribbled from Jean's pussy and down her thighs when she pulled off. She scrapped the excess off of her and licked them with her fingers, locking contact with Harry's eyes.

The fun just began for the two of them tonight. They continued to fuck each other in every position all through the night and into early next morning. It was long overdue.

Smut/Lemon Ends.
Scott recovered, aches and pains never the less but it was funny at how being on one's back tended
to give them a lot of time to think. Once again a vital opportunity had been lost and he doubted that
he would even get another chance. He turned his head from one side to the other and had to do some
thinking, in fact he really wondered if he could even be part of the X-Men for much longer at its
current rate.

Harry could leave soon.

Which would mean that he could get a chance to step up but he would be stepping up replacing
someone that liked and respected as a leader. What galled Scott is that Harry was not maliciously
doing anything against him, at least not what he thought. He often corrected him and his instructions
which could be a tad bit annoying. However, Scott would be a complete idiot to deny that most of
Harry's suggestions lacked merit.

Harry's habit of picking up girls, Scott passed it off as a quirk at first, at least until Jean started to
show some signs of being attracted to Harry. He could not help but think that he and Jean might be
together now if it was not for Harry. At least this crisis of faith would not happen for him.

Scott knocked on the door of Xavier's office.

"Come in Scott."

Scott entered the office, not knowing what to say. He opted for some small talk.

"It's good to see you back on your feet, Professor."

Scott realized what he said.

"Or at least in good spirits."

Xavier nodded. "I understand what you meant Scott."

Xavier's eyes were hard to read and Scott could not even begin to figure out where his head was.

"So…I was wondering about Harry….I'm not sure if he's….committed to this team."

"I always suspected Harry's living here was a temporary arrangement at best until he found out what
he wanted to do with himself, that will be the case for some of the students I'd imagine, nothing lasts
forever," Xavier stated, thinking about the first squad of X-Men he sent in years before this current
team and how that ended in disaster. It made him second guess this dream before he gave it a second
chance. "I'm….willing to do what I can to persuade Harry to stay."

"I think he's using his powers to influence Jean in some way," Scott responded.

Xavier shook his head. "It's impossible Scott, once the Phoenix force broke out of the bindings and
Jean fully embraced it like she had, it would take an act of god and years of conditioning for Jean to
be turned into a puppet."

"Are you sure?" Scott asked, grasping on anything.

"Scott, you should worry about growing as a member of this team and not about whom other team
members are sleeping with," Xavier answered crisply when he looked at Scott with a serious
expression in his eyes. "I'm happy to have Jean back even if it is for a short time and I'm happy to
have Harry remain here for a short time. They are valuable assets to this team and the growth of the
X-Men, as we prepare everyone for what is to come."
"And I'm not."

Xavier turned to Scott, this was the first time that he really spoke in turn to him.

"I hope you don't intend to start something for you won't find many members of this team watching your back, Scott," Xavier warned him when he looked at his favorite student. He did wonder sometimes where he went wrong but he supposed that Scott's growing pains were far greater than most people. "You may have your heart set up on a woman but sometimes things are not meant to be."

Xavier refused to say more but he had stories to tell about his misadventures with women in his younger days.

"Let Jean go, for your own good," Xavier answered when he looked at Scott.

Scott thought about what Xavier said but he turned around, he needed to go for a walk to clear his head a little bit.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter "Mesmerizing."
Mesmerizing

Chapter Forty: Mesmerizing.

"Interpretation is the key to achieving a mystical balance. There are many different ways to interpret a spell and not all of them are correct in some circumstances. What one sees with their eyes can be a front for a deeper attack to the mind. The mind can be both strong and weak. It is its own area where the attacks are different that what is perceived with the eyes.

Harry stopped and listened when Doctor Strange went over some of the flaws, albeit minor ones, in his illusion spells. Illusion spells were a tricky one to pull off, especially in the heat of the battle. It was not as easy someone who had no experience in combat would think to pull off some of these attacks. In fact, it was one of the hardest things in the world. Yet, Harry was able to take advantage of cues that were given off of the body, to work on the mind.

The mind was the most important area of attack for a young sorcerer in training. Harry spent time, long periods of time mastering several important areas of magic. For the first couple of months of training, Harry tended to spend weeks inside of Strange's stronghold, even though it was merely hours on the outside world. That would account for the aging that he sustained, where he was now technically eighteen years of age.

Of course, he did not really look it all that much. The lessened rate of how a wizard aged after the age of seventeen could hide for rapid mental spikes of aging. They had a greater level of maturity throughout their younger years but the aging process stopped when they reached their majority at age seventeen. They aged a third as quickly as normal humans, although some of the more powerful wizards aged even slower. Harry was a different case, there were indications based on testing that he may stop aging at all when he reached his mid-twenties. Period, not even one day, he would never get any gray hairs, other than from stress. Not one wrinkle on his body, there was a chance that he would be forever young.

That might be a problem when his girlfriends aged and he did not but that would be a bridge that Harry crossed when the time came. The mutant aging process was something that was slightly slower than humans, but they still aged. Unless of course one had the abilities of Logan, who was old as dirt and did not show it, but still magical users didn't age as quickly. And Harry would eventually stop aging.

Funnily enough, those who relied on their wands too much had a more accelerated aging process, with the cores of the wand eating up a great deal of their youth. Strange and Harry had an enlightening discussion about wand users.

"It appears that while a wand, whilst useful as a training implement and a prudent spell enhancer in extreme circumstances, is not something that is prudent for long term use of magic or regular use. The materials made within the wand are powerful and even sentient. They must need life force to sustain and they draw the energy from wizards and witches and sorcerers alike. They are excellent temporary tools for training but I think those from your world may have grown too dependent on them."

Harry took this to heart and he realized that Strange had a point. He wondered if that was by design, if Strange's theories that wands were sentient were correct. The core of the animal that the wand created siphoned life energy slowly off of the user. Perhaps the aging rate should have been a fourth or a fifth as quickly as a normal human, at least that's what Harry suspected.
"Illusions are key for triggering certain responses within the minds of your opponents. If you trick the mind, then the body will fall soon after."

Harry saw that the Doctor Strange that was talking was not the real thing. While his illusions were good, Harry's ability to catch certain tricks of the trade allowed him to pick these things apart. The young wizard took a moment to think about everything that was happening and thought about the cues of Strange that the man gave. The Sorcerer Supreme was good at creating solid hologram spells that both took damage and could give them, while the real deal hovered in the background. It fooled even Harry, at least for a little while.

The young wizard turned around, bowing down and unmasking the real Strange.

"Naturally, the illusions are no substitute for the real thing."

Harry smiled.

"What if I would tell you that I was an illusion and the real me is in the other room, having a soda with Rachel right now?"

Strange's face twisted into an approving smile when he looked at Harry. "Then I would tell you that you have done a commendable job in fooling even my abilities. There are normally tell tale signs for these illusion spells, yet you exhibit none of them."

Harry smiled before his illusion disappeared and Harry and Rachel entered the next room, the pair of them cracking smiles on their face when they looked up at them. The mage waited a while to test that particular illusion charm, it was a modified version of the powers he copied off of Multiple. If he could sustain that, he could dazzle his enemies and confuse them.

There were other things that he could use those powers with but he still hadn't quite worked out all of the bugs yet.

"Very well done, you have picked up every single bit of information at an extraordinary rate," Strange answered when he looked at Harry before he decided to impart one last bit of information upon him. "While one would be a fool to state that you are completely finished with your training, you have completed much more than I could have expected. While there is still much that I need to teach you, the real teachers is actually doing, against enemies that are willing to kill you and not a practice situation. That is where I learned the lion's share of my magic, adapting to what actually goes on around me."

Harry thought that was likely where he learned a lot as well, by studying his opponents. He mentally went back over his past battles in his mind. There were some things that he did right and hundreds of little things that he did wrong. That was how things rolled for him. The young wizard clapped his hands together.

"I do have a question for you if you do not mind," Rachel responded when she looked at the Sorcerer Supreme.

"Of course, if you have a matter that needs clarification, I am here," Strange remarked when she looked at Rachel.

Rachel drew in her breath before she asked the question she had.

"I was wondering about the nature of time travel. When someone went back in time, would they not already be in danger with changing the time stream when they went back in time? Or would they create an entirely different time stream? Is there any chance that they could be erased?"
"You ask questions that people have been asking for years, as they seek answers without any success."

Harry and Rachel both figured as much. There was no use of hiding where she came from, although Harry was the only one that figured out the truth. Rachel held Harry's hand when she took a moment to think about what she heard.

"Time is a fascinating thing."

Strange offered the next statement in a careful manner, mulling it over in his mind.

"Time is what it is, there is no telling how to measure it. We make dozens of decisions each day, if we could go back and make a different decision, it could change history. Even something as mundane as having a different breakfast or having breakfast earlier or later, could change all of history drastically. Every time we could make a different decision, the timeline splits off into different branches. Thus there is an infinite number of realities in existence."

That was a better explanation and Rachel realized one thing. When she went back, she did not change her future but she created an entirely different time line. This made her future knowledge useless and therefore there was no need for a certain two people to ever get together. Which made Rachel very happy consider how miserable she became because of him.

Providing he was her real father, which Rachel still had doubts on.

Harry smiled, he could sense the joy filling the heart of his girlfriend.

He had other things to think about. Over the last few days, he had some weird dreams but they were the merest of flickers, images from the distant past. He had no idea what they meant but he had a feeling that they were important jigsaw pieces of piercing together who or perhaps what he really was.

The most recurring dream was Lily and James Potter finding him in a field.

"I can't believe it, for someone who is so twisted, he is a genius."

Gwen sat with the data that Harry liberated from Mister Sinister's lab a while ago. Given all that had happened, it had been a while since they actually got around to looking it over. Although with something like this, it was more than worth the wait and it allowed them to gain perspective on what they were reading. The blonde took a moment to read over everything that was on file and sat next to Harry. She got excited when she read every bit of information. Rachel sat with them as well; they swung by after Harry's lessons with Doctor Strange.

"He's perfected cloning in a way that I don't think anyone could have imagined," Gwen stated in a breathless voice when she looked at the genetic sequences. "He's got hundreds, thousands of records of different genetic sequences. This information has been dating back since the 1800s and earlier. I could have sworn that mutants were a recent thing."

"Well, that is the theory but given that Xavier and Magneto have powers, they would have to be around in certain instances but not as prolific as they are now," Harry responded when he looked at Gwen, who smiled and looked over all sequences of data. The blinking lights on her computer could be seen. "And the cloning thing, that would explain the Marauders. They were a bit more dangerous and that would also explain how Sinister is...how Sinister was able to block the Killing Curse."
Harry figured that Sinister encountered a variety of different creatures throughout his time that he experimented on. Some of them were mutants and some of them were alien races of different types. Aliens would have a far different genetic structure where a curse that was intended for humans would not work against them. Even the so called unblockable Killing Curse. At least that's what Harry determined through his studies of everything. The young wizard felt that this could teach them a lot about blocking certain spells, perhaps forging some kind of armor.

Of course, armor was a tricky thing as well, given that it hindered movement. While it may block spells and some physical attacks, it hindered a wizard in other ways. Harry needed to find a balance between strength, speed, and stealth. Armor was a flawed concept when dealing with the type that blocked magic. Wearing dragon hide mind seem like a sound idea in theory, until one realized how bulky the stupid stuff was. Not to mention, there was no way to safely armor the neck, without squeezing the breath out of the wizard.

"This is...this is going to take more than one weekend to get through, this is several lifetimes worth of work...wow...just wow," Gwen stated in a breathless and excited voice. "So have you found any more of the...gems?"

Harry shook his head, that search so far had turned up futile. There had to be some kind of alternate technology or magic that might help, although he was unable to find it. Rachel and Jean both stated that they detected no thought patterns within Sirius but Harry was too stubborn to admit that he was beyond saving.

"The biggest piece left on Earth was used to revive Captain America, of course there was no telling it would have worked on Sirius," Harry answered when he looked back at Gwen. The blonde nodded, her jaw set when she looked at Harry. "Sirius is..."

"If anyone can find a way, it's you."

Harry hoped that Gwen's confidence was not misplaced. When Sirius went through the veil, he did not go willingly like Harry. Strange stated that there was a chance that this might not be the same Sirius that he knew. He might have been stripped of all of his memories and sense of being, it was hard to tell. While he knew this could potentially be, Harry was too stubborn to give up. He never even bothered the learn the meaning of "giving up."

At least he had a nice vacation to any destination of his choosing, complements of Tony Stark and all of the money that he gave him. Of course, if Harry could ever pull himself away long enough for a vacation, that was the thing. Even if he would go on a vacation, he suspected that someone would follow him there and cause trouble.

"All this DNA, but who does it belong to"

Rachel grimaced when she gave the answer. "Mutants that Sinister harvested organs for likely. It isn't pretty business when Sinister is involved."

Gwen cringed slightly as she thought about it. "The man's earned his name."

"You have no idea."

Gwen heard the police scanner she kept on the desk go off.

"There has been a theft of an antique disc; I repeat there has been theft from an antique disc at the museum. The perp in question has the appearance of a blue elf with a tail and ears."

"That sounds like..."
"I know who it sounds like."

Harry thought it was not possible but he grabbed Rachel by the hands and ported them back to the Institute.

It was quiet, a little too quiet for his liking. Harry also heard eerie music fill the Mansion and that caused him to tense up. He slid inside when he walked inside. He saw the New Recruits standing before him in a trance. They were not moving, the lights were on but no one was home.

'Okoay, this is creepy.'

That damn music would not stop playing and Harry continued to walk up towards the mansion. His cell phone rang and he saw that it was Gwen. He answered it and put the cell phone up to his ear, before he listened.

"Hey Gwen."

"I saw...well Kitty and Jean, they might have helped in the robbery," Gwen responded when she closed her eyes, not wanting to be the bearer of bad news.

Logan was out on the floor, as was Ororo, Xavier, and Hank. Harry paused a little bit; he thought that everything was going to pieces but he was not sure how. That infernal music would not stop playing, Harry wondered where it came from and his heart beat against his chest, feverishly pumping against his chest. The young wizard continued to make his strides quicken up the steps. The young dark haired wizard kept walking, with Rachel beside him.

She stopped and thought to Harry.

'I sense a presence.'

That was never a good thing. Harry entered the room and saw Scott down on the ground. He was still breathing and that was all that mattered. The two mutants stepped over his body and continued to walk towards the source of the infernal noise. They continued to move forward with determination and saw the music box. It kept running and Harry felt a tingle when he figured out what the game was.

'Subliminal messages,' Harry thought to Rachel.

'They've been hypnotized then,' Rachel thought to Harry.

'And it has Scott's fingerprints over it, figures he would open up a package that mysteriously arrived at the mansion without considering the consequences,' Harry thought to himself, shaking his head.

'It must have been here for a while, but why would Jean send him a gift?' Rachel thought to Harry. 'Unless she wouldn't.'

'She wouldn't, there's more of a chance of Nick Fury wearing a tu-tu then Jean having any romantic feelings to Scott now,' Harry thought to Rachel who pulled a face and she shook her head.

'That was an image that I didn't need to have,' Rachel thought with a grimace.

Gwen once again talked to Harry.

"I hacked into the Xavier Institute security system and tapped into the security camera, I want you to take a look at this guy, the guy who delivered the package to the Institute."
Harry saw a bald man in a delivery uniform handing the package to Scott. He had tanned skin and weird symbols on his forehead. The young wizard found himself fixated on the symbols on the man's forehead, he was pretty sure they meant something. What those symbols meant, Harry had no idea whatsoever. All he knew was they meant something and he wanted to find out.

"Gwen, could you run a search for those symbols?"

"No problem, Harry."

Harry and Rachel decided that if Gwen could find something on her end, they could go after their possessed team mates. The music box might have offered a key to break the conditioning and also a clue of what the final end game was. It came from a carnival that came to Bayville every year and it was amazing that they were in town this week.

'I have a feeling we'll find our friends there.'

Harry hoped Rachel was right because the pressure heated up.

The X-Men were mostly under his control, although the man known as Mesmero found despair that he did not get the one he wanted. Their leader, the strongest of them all, the one known as Arcane, he was not under the control of Mesmero. He cracked his knuckles when he saw the disc that the one known as Nightcrawler handed him.

'Got to fight it,' Jean thought when she walked forward but her connection to the Phoenix had been blocked somehow. She knew that someone like this man could not have done it without any help; the Phoenix was far more powerful than any mortal could ever dream. She knew this man had help and he focused on her.

The Phoenix Force was powerful and it should be under the master's control, at least that's what Mesmero determined. He wanted the other one under his control, those two would be perfect Horsemen for the great one.

Kitty, Rogue, and Kurt walked in, all of them standing rigid with dilated pupils, their minds completely blank. He had his perfect band of thieves to get the necessary components to open up the box. The fools thought that the key was going to be hidden from the master for long. But the master wanted him to grab the key. He had the help of the other party who had his own plans. Yet, Sinister made his own deal with the master and would be a fool if he went back on it.

Little did Mesmero know that Harry and Rachel sat in the shadows, waiting to make their move and strike hard.

'Rachel, this guy...he shouldn't be this powerful,' Harry thought to her and Rachel nodded. 'Do you...remember anything about him?'

'His name is Mesmero, he's a master of illusion and...you're right, he shouldn't be this powerful to take down the entire X-Men,' Rachel thought to Harry when the two of them dropped down to the ground and turned to the side, creeping in the shadows.

'We don't want to hurt them,' Harry thought back to her and Rachel nodded.

'Hopefully they adhere to the same thing,' Rachel thought when she looked at Harry, them creeping around and seeing three discs presented to Mesmero. 'I trust you've got a plan.'
'I always have a plan,' Harry thought to Rachel before he paused and thought. 'Of course, it doesn't always mean it's a good plan.'

Already, Rachel was loving this, at least that's what she thought, she grabbed Harry's hand and they walked around. The pair of them were ready for the battle whatever it would bring. They stepped around and waited, standing on their heels, when they rocked back and concentrated intently.

It was all about timing.

Mesmero waited; there was nothing that could stop him now. The power that flowed through him would make him strong, his illusions more real, his control far greater, and his abilities increased tenfold. He subdued the Phoenix Force, which would be considered impossible under his normal power rate. He clutched his heads together and held three discs in his hand, but those three discs were levitated out of his hand.

"WHO DARES?"

"I dare," Harry responded when he sent a flaming spear forward and plunged it into the chest of his enemy. The spear stuck in the chest of his enemy, causing him to fly backwards. Unfortunately, it was an illusion which was a shame as Harry thought it was a good spell.

Harry was blasted with a light and he spontaneously combusted by the shot from Mesmero.

"I can play this game too, you know."

An army of Harry Potter illusions stood forward against an army of Mesmero illusions. They charged each other and clashed together with an explosive fire, bashing together with a huge impact that lead to explosions firing in every single direction. They blew up in a large combustion of golden light, flying backwards. The young wizard stepped back, shaking when he stood in the shadows.

'Guys, wake up,' Harry thought when he saw his doubles continue to fight those brought forth by Mesmero.

"I AM AWAKE!"

The Phoenix woke up, breaking the bindings that Jean was put under and boy was she pissed, she was really pissed. It was hard to really measure how pissed Jean Grey or the Phoenix was. At this point both of them were pretty angry and they blasted forward, they wanted blood for being made vulnerable.

The Harry illusions got a boost from the Phoenix Force, causing their attacks to be more deadly. A crack echoed when the attacks rocketed through them. The Mesmero clones exploded into dust particles, they weren't able to maintain the combined attack by two of the most powerful forces on this world and any other. Even though Mesmero had increased abilities, he was no match for this double team assault.

Mesmero flew backwards with a huge impact.

Harry performed the detection spell on Mesmero and sure enough there was another problem, the real deal was not even anywhere near this place. This fact meant that he was actually intelligent, which was always a problem with villains as far as Harry was concerned. And the discs that he had in his hand, upon a further test faded away, crumbling to dust.

'That was only check, Mesmero,' Harry thought, when he stood forward with a firm jaw.
Mesmero left the building and Kurt, Kitty, and Rogue snapped out of their trances.

"Will anyone tell me...what happened?" Kitty asked, biting her lip in frustration.

Rachel offered a smirk before she put on her hand on Kitty's shoulder. "Other than being a future guest star on the New York's Most Wanted, not much. Harry and I will tell you about it when you about it later.

Mesmero arrived, the key in his hand, gleeful that he actually defeated the X-Men. He may have used every dirty and underhanded tactic at his disposal but as far as he was concerned, he won.

"Do you have it?"

"Yes, I have it," Mesmero stated when he saw Mister Sinister and Mystique stood in the shadows.

"Everything is going forward as planned, even though the Phoenix broke the master's control. He will still have it."

Sinister paused, he had his own plans regarding the force behind that set of stone doors, he would control the power. Mesmero was devoted to his master to the point of sick obsession but Sinister indulged him on these thoughts. He would have what he wanted and have what he needed. His plans that had been set into motion a long time ago would come to pass and the battle would be his to win, that much was for certain.

"This Potter, he's not human," Mesmero offered when he blinked.

"Well naturally, given that he's a mutant," Mystique snapped back at him.

"No there's something else," Mesmero stated, and he looked carefully towards Sinister who held the key and paused.

"He's unlike anything I've ever seen yes, but that makes him all the more worthy of study," Sinister responded carefully. Whatever this Harry Potter was, he was not of anything humans or mutants ever knew. He was even beyond typical magical users, there was something different about him. "But we must delay no longer."

The key inserted into the hole opened the first of three stone doors and behind that stone door, there would be a force beyond all imagining. Sinister tingled with anticipation, getting an excitement that most men would not receive, even with sexual gratification. An expression of ecstasy crossed his face.

'T'm coming, great one.'

"Well I think I found something."

Harry reported back to Gwen's house, that next morning, when they were sure that everyone was out of the woods. There were no telltale signs of hypnosis left in their eyes, which was a good sign. Harry, Rachel, Jean, and Xavier spent the past six hours searching for any hypnotic backdoors that Mesmero could have placed for future use. They also looked for any clues of what he could have
placed in the back of their minds. That was the ticket to uncovering this mysterious attack and who was behind it.

So far there was nothing, they were unable to piece together more pieces of the puzzle. There was no sign of what Mesmero did although Harry got a good look at the discs he grabbed. Jean, Rachel, Kitty, and Rogue stood next to Harry, waiting beside him. Three of them were a bit out of it given the fact that they were put under the mind control of the powerful person that attacked them. Harry could not completely fault Scott for this one, although he could work at strengthening his mind and being less gullible.

Kitty broke the silence, looking impatient. "So what do you have?"

Harry waited for one of his girlfriends to be silent and Kitty offered a sheepish smile before she fell into line. Amara would be with them, if the New Mutants were not being put through the paces by Logan. It was his turn to oversee the training and Harry bid them the best of luck before he left them to their fate, he had pressing matters to attend to.

"These symbols are Egyptian, or at least that's the closest match I can find for them," Gwen answered when she looked at them. "It's almost like it's some kind of language of its own, but I must have cross-referenced them with hundreds of different symbols before I found this closest match."

Rogue piped in. "And that match is..."

"Apocalypse," Gwen answered when she bit her lip as she nervously gave the translation.

At those words, Rachel tensed up completely, something that was not missed by Harry. He turned to his third girlfriend and grabbed her around the hand. She blinked a little bit.

'On one hand they defeated him,' Rachel thought to herself, trying to remain optimistic before the pessimistic thought reached her. Her heart skipped a beat and a half before she realized the problem with this. 'And here lies the problem, I can't rely on what happened in the old timeline, we're in a different time.'

"Those discs were keys, for another key," Rachel chimed in which caused Jean, Rogue, and even Kitty to look at her strangely. Gwen looked unsurprised for some reason.

"So sayeth my Google Search," Gwen answered when she looked at the group of them, a smile crossing her face. "It's amazing; a key to release some kind of indescribable horror was being kept as a sideshow attraction at a carnival."

Harry shrugged. "I've seen far stranger."

"I'm sure you have," Gwen quipped when she saw a news blip about Spider-Man's latest battle with the villain of the week. He teamed up with the Fantastic Four to take down Mole Man and his involvement was something that tilted the scales to victory. Peter had his blind date this weekend and she was surely happening.

"Normally I have to go no further than the mirror," Harry responded which caused the group to laugh, breaking the very tense mood that they were in.

Gwen shrugged before a slight smile crossed her face. "Being normal is overrated I supposed."

"That's for sure," Harry added, with a smile.

Gwen understood why girls tended to fall over themselves around Harry Potter, powers or not. He
had an added amount of confidence that was endearing to girls, and the fact that he was not too bad on the eyes also made Gwen smile a little bit. That caused the butterflies to flap their wings in her stomach and stir up emotions that she could hardly believe were there. She had been spending a little bit of time with Harry.

"Thanks for your help Gwen," Harry responded to her in an honest voice.

"Yeah, you were amazing," Kitty chimed in, happier than anything that she was herself and was no longer possessed.

Harry chimed in with a few more words of his own. "If you need anything from me at all, do not hesitate to ask."

Gwen smiled when she looked at Harry, needless to say this statement spurred a few interesting scenarios in her mind.

"A girl might get dangerous ideas with a statement like that," Gwen responded when she looked at him, while the other girls left, and Harry smiled back at her. It was the type of smile that sent girls into utter fits of passion, that much was for sure.

She waited for him to leave and thought that after that look, she might be indulging in a cold shower and perhaps some alone time in her room with the door locked. She thought about calling him back, but she caught the looks in the other girl's eyes, they wanted their alone time with Harry.

Gwen watched, her time might come sooner than she thought.

Back at the Xavier Institute, Harry saw Amara standing there, getting fresh out of training. Her uniform top clung to her breasts tightly, showing the large round mounds. One could easily tell that she had quite the work out just by looking at her. Harry found himself drawn rather breathless at her but he shook his head when he stepped back.

"Hi Harry," Amara stated when she looked at Harry, a smile crossing her face. "You missed an intense training session."

Harry smirked at her, when he drank in her body. "One could say that I guess, Logan's making up for a lot of lost time."

Amara's face crossed into a smirk and she nodded in agreement, before she bit down on her lower lip. "Would you care to join me in the shower?"

That was a question that Harry thought over for about three seconds, there were very many positives and very few negatives. Actually there were never any negatives in having a shower with an extremely hot girl. Especially one who looked worked up and was about ready to jump in right then and there. He suspected the Danger Room Training Sessions would always be about working up a great sweat.

Harry knew one thing though and he knew it was time to answer.

"Of course Amara, it should be fun."

Without another word, Harry followed her to the shower, feeling that he could use one for himself. Of course, he wondered how much getting clean in there was going to happen.

Smut/Lemon Begins.
Harry and Amara were in the shower. She slowly stripped her clothes off, revealing more and more tantalizing flesh with each passing motion. His gaze drank in every inch of her body when the shower water turned on. Her dark hair, her brown eyes, and her full lips were the first thing that he noticed, along with her brown skin and luscious breasts, along with dark nipples. Her flat toned stomach, beautiful pussy that was shaved bare, and lovely long legs, with a curved ass and hips. He felt himself throb at the thought of this beautiful princess and he could see her get wet with anticipation for him.

Amara watched Harry, her mouth curled in a smile when she looked at him; she saw what he had between his legs and liked every single bit of it. His abs, chest, and arms were strong; she could run her hands over those muscles for days. His dark and messy hair made him drop dead sexy, along with his alluring green eyes.

Harry soaped up her back, slowly making circles around it, washing her, and rubbing her, allowing the water to go off her. Amara breathed heavily when his magical fingers traced a pattern around her body, going down her back and cupping her buttock when he scrubbed her slowly and carefully. His hands moved around to her hips, before he brushed up against the edge of her entrance, scrapping his fingers against her dripping slit.

"Yes," Amara breathed when she felt Harry's fingers work her over.

Harry smiled, before he moved up, with her grinding her butt against his crotch, causing the friction. She had a hot ass, and Harry could not wait for move of it. Right now, he worshipped her breasts, slowly rubbing them in circles, making sure she was nice and soaped up.

"That good," Harry breathed in her ear, licking behind it.

Amara breathed heavily at the pleasure that filled her body. "Yes."

"My turn," Harry answered, when she used her hands to rub the soap up and down his abs and chest, working him over with it. Amara smiled when she worked him over, it was like molding clay in her hands and she squeezed and pinched at his flesh, feeling more and more at ease with him.

Harry closed his eyes and felt her work him over, rubbing the soap all over his body, until she stopped between his legs. She grasped his fleshy pole in her hand, before she began to stroke it up and down, with burning lust dancing in her eyes. Amara breathed heavily when she knelt down before Harry and popped his cock in her mouth. Her warm mouth wrapped around him, and she looked up at him with lustful eyes when she sucked him.

Amara bobbed up and down on his member, feeling it grow in his mouth. She held onto her hips and a hand was playing with herself when she blew Harry. His cock tasted so good but she could not wait for his essence to spill down her throat. She pushed herself up and went down him.

"So...yes," Harry breathed when he grabbed Amara, cupping her pretty little face when he looked in her eyes, before he pushed down her throat. She took his entire cock down her throat, deep throating him and feeling the pressure and the pressure.

"Is this a private party or can anyone join?"

Jean, Rachel, Kitty, and Rogue popped up in the shower. Granted it was a tight fit, but all four girls were naked, so this proved to be promising.

"No...all are...ah welcomed," Harry breathed when Amara continued to blow him and Kitty went down between Amara's legs and began to eat her out. Her tongue scrapped and licked Amara's
pussy, working it over, with circular motions.

Amara lost herself in the sensations, between Harry's cock and Kitty's tongue, she was about ready to lose her mind.

Jean grabbed the bottle of shower gel from the shelf on the side and with a mischievous grin, sprayed it on her bare, D-Cup breasts. The shower gel rolled off her breasts and Harry used his hands to rub Jean's tits. She threw her head back and offered a moan of pleasure.

"Oh yes Harry, that's it."

Rachel and Rogue exchanged a passion filled kiss on the side. Rogue pressed Rachel against the wall, with her fingers pumping in and out of the girl's sopping wet cunt. The moans got louder and more intense when Rachel continued to be worked over.

Jean's lips pressed against Harry's, when she reached down to play with his balls while Amara blew him. Harry grabbed his hands from behind her, squeezing her tight ass, and running his hands down her young, hot body. She moaned loudly into his mouth, and continued to rub onto him. The red head grabbed and groped him.

'Oh, so hot, mmm, you're a god Harry,' Jean thought to him when she continued to kiss him, pressing her breasts against his bare and wet chest. The sensation of their bodies sliding together felt good. She continued to play with Harry's throbbing manhood.

'You're hot too, my beautiful phoenix, and you're getting no less than what you deserve,' Harry moaned when he stuck a finger up her ass and began to pump into her.

'Oh Rachel, so fucking hot,' Rogue thought to her, when she pumped in and out of her, feeling the moist juices that dribbled down Rachel's thighs.

Rachel lost herself in the sensations.

Kitty tasted the warm sensations dripping from Amara's pussy, they were causing her pussy to burn with desire. She pumped her fingers inside herself, when she continued to lick and taste the inner workings of Amara's core.

'So close,' Harry thought.

Amara's moans caused his cock to be stimulated, and his balls tightened before he spilled the essence down her throat. His balls spurted and sized up, with Jean groping and squeezing him when she continued to kiss him heavily.

Amara slid back, her pussy was wet and she opened her legs, looking at Harry's already hardening cock.

"Need you, so badly," Amara breathed, cupping and playing with her pussy.

"Time to return the favor," Kitty responded, when she sat down on Amara's face, putting her pussy on her mouth. "Eat up."

Amara ate up alright, tasting Kitty's tender pussy, licking her and indulging herself in the sensations. Her tight little body tasted delicious and bombarded her with sensations that she never thought that she would have. Her tongue continued to work up a pattern, licking and slurping the lovely juices from the tender core of the brunette mutant.
Harry knew what to do next, he took his throbbing rod and slid it into Amara with ease. She moaned from beneath Kitty.

Jean latched her mouth to Kitty's to stop her moans and then she placed Kitty's hands on her larger, more mature breasts. The brunette knew what to do, when she started to play with the red heads breasts and rubbed her hand around them.

'Yes, Kitty, that's it, such a good girl,' Jean thought to her, feeling her pussy drip but Rachel immediately latched her mouth onto it, causing Jean to size up. Rogue found her way onto Rachel's pussy as well.

Rachel tasted and sucked at the place where she came out of during her timeline, really using her tongue to work up the sensations of Jean. She could feel her own body heating up and watched when Jean violated Kitty's mouth with her tongue.

"Oh, yes, hot, keep doing that ladies," Harry grunted when he thrust his member deep into Amara's pussy. His thrusts sped up more and more, to build up anticipation within her, not to mention the pleasure. He watched when Kitty got her pussy eaten, when she kissed with Jean, whilst also playing with her tits. Rachel ate Jean's pussy, licking and slurping at it, while Rogue tackled Rachel's.

'So hot, love your tongue,' Jean thought when her eyes flicked over. 'Not as good...as Harry's, but still good.'

Harry's cock wrapped around the super tight pussy that he speared and he felt her cum. She gave a shuddering orgasm.

"Who's next," Harry answered and Amara whined at the loss of his cock, even though he kept his fingers in her.

"Me," Kitty breathed when she pulled herself away from Jean.

Kitty pushed Harry back, and kissed him madly, straddling his hips, before she sank down onto him. In one fluid motion, she began to ride him.

"Oh yes, I missed this."

"You have...ah...no idea," Harry grunted when Kitty rocked her slim hips back and forth, working him over with her lovely pussy. He reached up and grabbed her B-Cup breasts playing with them. They were sensitive and responsive to his touch.

Kitty felt the pleasure course through her, she was already worked up towards an orgasm but she tried to hold it back. She wanted to bring Harry to one, but he could go a long time and she knew when she finished, Harry would go onto the next girl.

Jean pulled Amara into a tight embrace, kissing the younger girl, and roaming her hands over her body. Amara sucked on Jean's tongue at her encouragement, feeling more and more pleasure coursing through her body. The hands of the older girl ran over body and pleasure coursed over every inch of her.

Rachel and Rogue laid in a sexually charged sixty nine position, munching on the pussies of each other. The two of them felt the rush that went through their bodies and continued to feel the pleasure.

"More, please, Harry."

Kitty could not take it anymore and her pussy clenched tightly around his cock. The brunette mutant
bit down on Harry's shoulder to stifle the scream but he was not that done, even as she came down from the orgasm she was given.

"My turn."

Rogue grabbed Harry's cock, teasing it a little bit, before Harry kissed her back, teasing her opening with his fingers.

Amara's body heated up, as did Jean's. The younger girl grabbed the breast of the older girl, twisting and pinching the nipples, gaining more confidence as she played with her.

Kitty pouted at the loss, she was sure that she had Harry where she wanted him. She did not have much time to worry when Rachel dove between her legs. Her friend and lover munched on Kitty's center, eating and sucking at her, working her over.

"Oh yes, Harry."

Rogue groaned hotly when Harry speared his cock into her tender center. He leaned down and worshiped her breasts, squeezing the supple mounds in his hands. Her ass rose up off the ground and Harry pinched the lovely flesh, when he continued to lift himself up and spear himself down into her tight hole.

"Like that," Harry breathed when he cupped her.

"Yes, more, give me it all," Rogue breathed when she summoned her new found strength to her inner muscles, she knew that Harry could take it and he speared into her tight center, stretching her out with all he had.

"Look, you're all wet, that's okay, let me take care of you," Jean stated when she plunged her finger into Amara and she breathed heavily, with Jean pushing her finger in and out of her. She added a second finger into Amara's dripping hole and a third, and continued to push into her. "You like that, don't you?"

"Oh yes, yes," Amara breathed when she took a moment to feel the pleasure of Jean pumping her fingers into the sopping center and her eyes closed, with a smile crossing her face. She felt the pleasure course through her body when it heated up, in more ways than one. It caused steam to rise on the shower which added to the erotic atmosphere.

Rogue reared her head back and screamed at the top of her lungs when Harry speared into her, his balls slapping against her thighs. She got closer and closer to the edge.

"Cum for me Harry, c'mon, I want it in me," Rogue whispered when she nibbled seductively on Harry's ear.

"You'll...have to earn it."

Harry cupped Rogue's breasts when he picked up the face and she felt herself clench together, she knew the rush was here. She watched Harry lick and suck on her breasts, while he reached behind her and played with her ass. This was so very hot.

She came hard and she saw stars when she did. She went down and breathed heavily, panting when she slid down to the ground, pinching her breast when she slid back.

Jean saw Harry was done with Rogue, although rather Rogue had been fucked cross eyed. Knowing what she must do, she positioned herself where her face was buried in Amara's snatch and she was
hungrily licking the juices from between her legs. Jean's hips arched up, when she was on her hands and knees.

'Come and get it, lover.'

Harry understood what she wanted immediately and he grabbed a handful of her hot, sexy ass and squeezed her. He explored her moist folds and knew that it would be a perfect fit for his throbbing member. He lined himself up, breathing heavily, before he sank down into her, fucking her from behind, doggy-style.

Jean's eyes closed with pleasure but she kept her mind on the task between Amara's leg. Her tongue worked over, licking and slurping every inch of the pussy beneath her. She knew what was at stake and what was on the line. Amara rose her hips up a little bit, panting heavily. Harry's cock on the other hand, pushed into her, plowing into her from behind. Jean could not describe how that felt, a thousand pleasurable touches moved through her body.

"Tight, hot," Harry grunted when he pushed into her, his cock spearing Jean and he reached around, cupping her swinging breasts in his hand. He played with the lovely flesh in his hand, pinching them.

'Oh yeah Harry, that's the spot.'

The good thing about having sex with a telepath was that even when their mouths were occupied, they could give one mental cues about what they liked.

"Fucking, tight," Harry grunted when he continued to spear his rod into the dripping hot pussy of the beautiful woman in front of him. She pushed back at, her center clenching around him tightly, showing superb muscle control.

Jean was not going to go down without a fight and because of her Phoenix Force powers; she was the one with the most stamina. She was going to hold off her own orgasm for as long as she could and Harry appreciated that, he enjoyed a challenge. He saw Rogue against the wall, fingering herself and then tasting her own juices.

Rogue fingered herself to the erotic sight of Harry pushing into Jean, while Jean ate Amara's sopping wet pussy. It felt so good, she was going to treat herself to another orgasm and she watched Harry push into Jean. She heard Jean's mental moans in her head. She also kept an eye on Kitty and Rachel, who indulged themselves in each other's pussies.

Harry plunged his cock into her pussy and she squeezed him. A few more hard thrusts happened before his balls tightened and he spilled his cum into her pussy.

Jean buried her face into Amara's pussy, when she came down, Harry running his hands all over her sexy body, when he pushed into her. Her nipples remained hard and she remained aroused when Harry thrust deep into her body. Cum splattered from her pussy.

They were just getting started, there was plenty of time tonight.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

A few hours later Harry turned his head, when he relaxed with Kitty resting against his chest. Amara sat on the other side of him, with Rogue curled up right at his feet. Bobby and Kurt sat on the couch right beside him. The other members of the Institute mulled around, with Scott joining them.
"After the day that we had, I think that we should kick back and relax," Scott stated, feeling the aches and pains in his body.

Harry actually thought that Scott showed an intelligent decision making process for once and that hopefully would bode well for his future prospects. They were rapidly reaching the middle of June and Harry planned his departure on September 1st. He had been taking online courses to getting his teaching certification and also hooking up a lot of other things that was needed. Given that Fury owed him big time, Harry was able to cash on with a lot of Fury owed him by getting things set up on that front, fast tracking him ahead of others.

"It would feel good to kick back, relax, and not have to worry about everything," Kitty answered when she curled up against Harry and sighed, his arms wrapping around her.

"You can say that again."

"You sure can."

The television was on and the television was talking to them. It took them a few seconds to realize why the television was taking them. On the other side of the television screen, stood the Merc with the Mouth himself, Deadpool, with a laugh tracking going off behind him.

"The networks must be desperate to give that guy his own television show," Kurt responded when he looked at the screen.

"You sure can say that again, Nightcrawler," Deadpool responded which caused the furry mutant to lean up and turn his head around. He blinked a few times before he turned around and his mouth wide opened.

'How did he know?' Kurt asked.

"I'm sure you're mentally asking myself, how did I know?" Deadpool asked with a smug expression crossing his face and he cracked his knuckles. "Well you see it's very simple and by very simple, I mean needlessly complicated. The last time we met, for those who have short term memory problems, I was taken advantage of by good old dishonest Abe himself. Guns were going off, people were throwing babies in the air, and dogs and cats were living together, it was sheer carnage and venom too...mmm foreshadowing much?"

Deadpool knocked on the television screen.

"Hello, is anyone there?" Deadpool asked before he threw his head back and laughed. "You see, I'm back and this time I'm working for the most fiendish, the most diabolical, the most cruel forces on the planet Earth today."

Deadpool dropped his voice to a whisper.

"Network Television Executives."

Deadpool shuddered, he might be a whore but at least he was a high dollar whore.

"Of course, this is the riskiest contract that I've ever taken because my boss, well he could lose interest halfway through the scheme because you know, Network Television Executives are very fickle," Deadpool commented lightly, when he looked around. "You can have this hit television show, beloved by its fan base but because it's beloved by the wrong demographic or the toys aren't selling...it gets cancelled. And a bunch of fanboys on the Internet whine about it."
Deadpool shook his head.

"Yes, boys and girls everything after your childhood sucked, now get over yourselves."

He cleared his throat.

"Anyway, anywhere, where was I, ah yes, Arcane, Shadowcat, Rogue, Nightcrawler, Iceman, Magma, you are the next contestants on today's lovely game show, the Price is Wade! So come on down!"

A bright light engulfed them all. Harry tried to block the attack as much as he could but the powers of Deadpool were too strong for him.

"You could block this attack naturally but we wouldn't have much dram, so let's just say I sold my soul to Mephisto for this magical remote control device," Deadpool answered when he sucked them into the television. "At least I didn't sell my marriage...LIKE SOME PEOPLE WE KNOW!"

The X-Men except for Cyclops was sucked into the television scream.

"Sorry, Summers, but no one likes you except for the point three percent of the people who do like you," Deadpool responded when he shook his head. "Actually that might be a tad bit generous, but I do know one thing, you're rating's death. Every time you're on screen, everything gets sucked down to your low pitiful level."

Deadpool paused before he winked.

"Stay tuned more to come, after these messages."

**To Be Continued in the Next Chapter "We're in TV."**
The good news for Bobby Drake, better known as Iceman was that he always wanted to be on television. Call it a quirk in his personality or whatever, but television appealed to him and his sense of drama. He smiled when he thought of all of the possibilities that being on television could bring. His very being tingled with excitement and he wondered what was going to come next. The young mutant turned to his fellow team members, Magma, Nightcrawler, Rogue, Shadowcat, and Arcane, when they stood on the stage, but none of them looked to be too happy with what was going on.

In fact some of them looked rather peeved.

Then again, Bobby supposed that he could not blame them at all, given that they were unexpectedly sucked through the television screen against their will. Nightcrawler, Arcane, and Shadowcat looked rather agitated when they saw this Deadpool character show up. Personally, Bobby never met him in his life, although he did wonder if that was a good thing or not."

"Let's tell our fabulous contestants what they've won!" Deadpool chanted when he looked down at them from the podium.

Rogue's eyes spun around and agitation filled her eyes, before she looked at Deadpool. "I'll tell you what you've won, my fist in your face!"

Deadpool waved his finger in a reprimanding manner, a smile crossing his face, when he looked down at Rogue from his pedestal. "Temper, temper."

"I haven't even begun to lose my temper!" Rogue shouted but Harry grabbed her by the hand, he wanted to warn her that what she was about to do was not a good idea. The young mutant shifted a little bit when Harry held her hand. "I'm...I suppose you have some ideas on how to get out of here, so we don't have to listen to that guy's voice much longer."

"I'm sure he does," Kitty answered in an approving voice, when she looked back at Harry, who paused and blinked a little bit. "Or he will in a minute, I guess."

Harry mulled over the situation in his mind, he remembered the rules for training, it was always a good idea to have a plan and a backup plan. That way if the first plan flew off the rails, one could pull their back up plan out of their hat. It was a longshot that any single plan would work but longshots was what Harry Potter lived for. He turned to his team members and offered a sigh.

"Let's figure out what he is up to."

"Figure it out no more, oh Harry Boy!" Deadpool stated, his voice echoing from the skybox, amplified a hundredfold. "You see, I've developed a nice little game, a game that the two of us could play. I've brought forth some guests, who are not infringing upon copyright in any way whatsoever." There was a buzzing, when Deadpool felt he had to clarify that point for any legal type people that might be hovering around. The last thing he wanted to do was get his pants sued off. He quite liked his pants intact thank you very much.

"Back by the demand of absolutely nobody...THE CONFORMITY CUBS!"

A flying troupe of multi colored bears with hearts with the words "conform" and "obey" etched on
their chests appeared. They gave a sinister and sugary laughter, when they approached the group, their eyes glowing in a creepy manner.

'Umbridge would approve,' Harry thought, shaking his head.

"You will conform."

"Hugs are the way of the future."

"You will have no feelings that will be against the mindset the hive. All will have bright smiles or will be eradicated."

"You will care."

"System error. Reboot programming."

Rogue pulled a face before she offered a statement that reflected the mindset of the entire group. "Those things are hideous!"

Harry would have to agree and he showed his agreement by aiming a shot at one of the bears, decapitating it with a well-placed spell. He watched as the head of the cute, fluffy, and quite creepy bear blew off its shoulders, flying to the ground.

"Bobby, freeze them!"

"Gotcha."

Bobby aimed his hands and the bears froze, before they shattered to the ground, into millions of pieces. Kitty reached up towards them, pushing her hands through, before she short circuited them. There was an explosion when the bears blew to dust. Rogue jumped up in the air, taking flight, and she used her super strength to punch one of the bear's heads clean off.

"Yeah, that won't give any kids nightmares."

Amara turned around, lighting the bears up. She looked quite flummoxed about the situation and turned to the rest of the group, biting down on her lip.

"Is this what passes as entertainment?"

Kitty rolled her eyes. "Trust me, no one finds it entertaining."

She smashed several of the bears into pieces, causing them to fly in every single direction in a shower of mulit-color sparks. They grounded to a stop when they landed on the ground, twisting and scrapping when they did. Harry waited before he conjured a solid spear and lit it on fire, before he blew up several of the wicked creations in one shot.

"Oh that's going to leave a mark, hey, I just painted that one, watch it, watch it!"

"Does this guy ever shut up?"

That statement by Bobby got sad shakes of the head of Kurt, Kitty, and Harry who used a triple team attack.

"I even think these things are hideous," Kurt stated when he shuddered and teleported out of the way of a beam. He figured that it was not a good idea if he got hit by these laser blasts, they would either hurt or hypnotize him again, either was not an attractive option. He dropped down to the ground and
he twisted the head off, causing it to snap off. Rogue grabbed the head from his hands and crushed it in her.

Deadpool watched the insanity of it all, he was running out of his sugary coated super soldiers, but thankfully he had a back-up plan. One should always have a back up plan for reasons like this, because there will be always be someone who would ruin his first plan. He felt the heat pour on when Magma took out one of the legions of cubs with her powers.

"And Round Two, fight!"

Deadpool released the robotic ninja monkeys. Why was it robotic ninja monkeys? It was Deadpool, that's all of the people needed to know. He thought it was an extremely good idea.

Deadpool watched when Harry Potter ran through his army like a hot knife through butter. It was just as well, he got this great deal of robot parts. But that was another story for another time, now, Deadpool had to wait for these particular robots to get mowed down. He hummed elevator music when he waited and watched the action, rocking back and forth on his seat. He folded his arms when he inclined his head and watched the action through his beady eyes.

"Nothing really of note is happening...that was a nice tandem attack."

Deadpool tapped his pen when he watched and decided to spice things up with some robotic clown penguins. Why robotic clown penguins? Again, it was Deadpool, there was no explanation that was needed beyond him being Deadpool.

"What is this guys obsession with random and weird robots?"

Rogue asked this question in an agitated manner when she smashed said robots into hundreds of little pieces. The young mutant continued to hammer her enemies, attacking them with fury and sending them flying in every single direction. The mutant fought through with fierce determination, but her dream was to go forward and wrap her hands around Deadpool's throat hard to strangle the life out of him.

"It's Deadpool, don't ask."

Kitty smiled when Harry responded with that statement. He grabbed her by the hands and swung her, causing her to fly through the robots. She phased through it, causing it to blow up when she pulled the right wires. The brunette landed carefully on her feet, before spinning around.

"Wise words to live by," Kitty answered when she tried to punch one of the robots but a shielding appeared around it. "And I've been blocked out...wonderful."

Kitty pouted in anger but Harry smiled, he knew that when there was a will, there was a way, there always was a way. He summoned the full force of his powers to himself, and they crashed in the air. They lit up several of the robots and exploded in a shower of nuts and bolts. They flopped to the ground, nowhere near complete and Harry dropped to the ground, but it was not because of exhaustion, it was fake out. Although why he was faking out robots, he had no idea, because it was not like they knew.

Harry blasted the robots with an attack and the battle raged on.

Deadpool waited for everything to cool down, a smile crossing his face beneath his mask and he decided to pass the time in between fights. Plus the children would get bored pretty soon, they had short attention spans.
"So, one of the great literary classics was called My Immortal," Deadpool narrated when he put on a pair of glasses and read. "It has been said that this has been a masterwork of a devious troll but I say it is the work of a literary genius whose talent cannot be classed by any mortal means. The character of Ebony or is it Enoby, is a complex and deep character, with layers that us mere mortals cannot even begin to comprehend."

Deadpool paused and smiled before he went back into his monologue.

"And with such biting and cutting edge dialogue like, "what the hell are you doing, motherfucker" and "he put his thingy in my you-know-what and we did it for the first time", how could you not be enthralled with such a literary work of genius. GENIUS! GENIUS! SUGAR! But mostly Genius! But also sugar!"

Deadpool paused.

"WILSON!"

Deadpool's head turned around and he winced slightly, for it was time for the boss to show up and if Deadpool knew the boss, he was not going to be too happy. He waited on him to arrive, taking a moment to lean back and sigh. This was not going according to anything that he planned but sure enough, the boss walked in or rather rolled in. Deadpool tried to stand up to be professional or at least as professional as he was going to be.

To describe Mojo, well to describe him in one word, that word would simply be hideous. To describe him in two words "ugly motherfucker" came to mind. He was the color of rancid milk, with yellow eyes and liver spots, along with sharp teeth. He walked around on mechanical legs due to being too fat to walk out of him.

"You aren't delivering me the ratings."

"What do you want me to do?" Deadpool asked when he looked at his boss. "I'm trying to run an entertaining program here and I can't do it with network executives butting it."

Mojo shook his head. "Entertaining, pah-shaw, that's not entertaining, that is not bringing in the coveted two to five demographic. We need more body humor, more puns; we need people dropping their pants."

"Really, you think kids are that stupid?" Deadpool asked when he turned to Mojo.

"We need jokes about the toilet, increased by two hundred percent," Mojo responded when he looked at Deadpool before his face twisted into a grin. "We need humor."

Deadpool decided to enlighten his boss on one simple matter. "You see when we make those jokes, the children are laughing at us and not with us."

"Pah-shaw, you don't know anything about entertainment."

'And Mr. Executive knows what sells?' Deadpool thought when he turned his head around.

"Okay, you want ratings," Deadpool stated when he focused back on the matter at hand. "There's...there's one question."

Mojo invited him to clarify, so Deadpool did.

"Do you want me to do this while I juggle flaming wine glasses while gerbils gnaw on my bits or
"Don't get cute with me, Wilson!"

Deadpool threw his hands up, offering an innocent pose to Mojo before he stated. "Hey, I prefer the term roguishly handsome, really. And hey, there's no need...there's no need to give me the third degree, I'm going, I'll get things done, trust me, you'll see."

"You better, for your sake."

"I thought we were getting plenty of positive reviews," Deadpool answered when he folded his arms and inclined his head. "You know, on the Internet."

Mojo's face twisted into a skeptical expression. "That's a lie, THERE'S NOTHING POSITIVE WRITTEN ON THE INTERNET!"

Spit flew in the general direction of Deadpool wondered what he could have been thinking when he agreed to work with a network television executive. They were a rather pushy lot all things considered, they wanted everything done yesterday and not a second before. He wanted to bang his head against something hard and solid, likely the wall, but that was beside the point. The Merc With the Mouth was about to get serious or at least as serious as he ever got.

The point was that Deadpool needed to keep a closer eye on his new co-stars.

"And remember, Wilson, if the ratings drop under your watch, you'll be the one that will be canceled. Just ask your predecessor."

Said predecessor rested on the floor, smoke coming from his head and Deadpool shuddered, that was a hell of a way to leave an impression, albeit it was not a very good impression. Never the less, Deadpool spun around, he knew what was on the line now, namely his life and since he was quite fond of it, he was not about to lose it.

Back to action, the X-Men were dealing with their enemies, another string of robots. This was one of those good news, bad news situations. On the one hand, they had several moving targets to work with, where they blasted their enemies down.

On the bad news front, the targets were infinite, no matter what their best efforts were, they kept coming.

"The key to getting out of here is the remote control," Harry answered when he looked up and it struck him immediately. "We need to get Deadpool to relinquish the remote!"

Rogue rolled her eyes a little bit and scoffed. "Get...get another guy to relinquish the precious remote control? Are you crazy, that's never going to work?"

"Yeah, for sure, I'm a guy, and even I know that's a crapshoot at best," Bobby stated, when he aimed his hands and launched cold jets of ice. He froze his enemies and once again they shattered to the ground.

Kitty smashed through one of the enemies, with Amara and Rogue helping her. Kurt jumped into the attack, leaving the carnage of broken robot parts in his wake. The fuzzy mutant's eyes snapped up before he turned around and sighed.

"That's...that's the only shot we have."
"That's for sure," Harry agreed when he propelled some flaming daggers from his hand and shot them at his adversaries. He saw a door, locked, likely some kind of area where Deadpool was broadcasting his little messages for them.

It was locked, by mundane means but magic, well magic could do anything and Harry was willing to hammer that fact out. He pushed himself forward, waiting for everyone to move around him. They knew by now what he wanted to accomplish without communicating with him. That was a good thing, they could surround him and block him. His team covered his back, as they should; it was what good team members did. It was what a good team leader accomplished when he molded them into a working unit.

Harry fired an attack and blew the door off of the hinges.

"HEY, YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED BACK HERE, SECURITY!"

Security came, in the form of giant turtles dressed like ninjas, again Harry was going to abstain comment.

"COWABUNGA!"

Harry nailed one of the turtles hard with an attack. It was carrying a pizza but the pizza quickly fell to the ground and out of his grasp.

"I've got your back Harry!"

That was Kitty, she rushed forward, doing a somersault and looking nimble, before she smashed one of the attacks down with both feet. The robotic turtles that did ninjitsu and were likely teenagers and mutants as well, but a catchy name for them escaped Harry at the moment. However, they were taken down handily. Sparks flew from them, when Kitty and Harry rushed their way up the stairs, followed by Kurt, Rogue, Amara, and Bobby.

"Don't let them up here!"

Harry was about tired of this fooling around by Deadpool and he stormed his way up the stairs, it was almost like he was storming the castle. His eyes narrowed, before he decided to ask in the nicest way possible the following question.

"GIVE ME THE REMOTE!"

"NEVER! YOU'LL HAVE TO PRY IT FROM MY COLD DEAD HANDS, BUCKO!"

"WHY ARE WE SHOUTING?"

"IT'S FUN!"

Harry pulled the remote control device from Deadpool's hand with a summoning spell and it landed in his head. Harry caught it and smug satisfaction filled his face.

"I've got it."

"That's cheating."

Harry retorted back. "No that's winning, and so is this."

He blasted Deadpool hard and he blew to pieces, to reveal that he was a robot.
"Oh right, like I'd be anywhere near this situation, with a person who actually kills people that tries to kill them, like I'd be putting myself in a situation where I'd be killed by them. I might be the Merc With the Mouth but I'm also a Merc with a brain. Plus the fanboys would riot if I got killed off, so got to keep myself alive somehow."

Deadpool’s face appeared on the video scream, masked, wearing a Speedo and sipping a martini while he was on the beach.

"Yeah, that was fun, you blew up one of my best droids, and you got the magical remote, it's funny what you can find at a garage sale these days, or wherever I found it, I can't keep these things straight in my head," Deadpool responded when he winked at the group who stared back at him with contempt. "Tough crowd, oh boy, that's a tough crowd. All I'm going to say, is Albus Severus Potter...worst threesome ever. Now Lily Luna Potter...that's a threesome made of win."

Harry decided to shake his head, he really had no idea what Deadpool was talking about and neither did his teammates. They were going to assume that he was completely and utterly nuts. All he knew was that he had the remote control in his hands and that was what wins truly were made of. All he had to do was activate it and he would find his way home in a matter of time. He smiled but suddenly a figure appeared before them all.

"Oh no you don't."

Harry turned towards him and Kitty and Kurt looked at him with widened eyes. Rogue spoke for all of them with her next statement, which was said with widened eyes and a disgusted expression on her face.

"WHAT IN THE HELL IS THAT THING?"

Harry paused, blinking, that was a good question, what in the hell was that thing indeed? The young wizard did not know, in fact he kept blinking and staring his adversary down. This abomination had pasty white skin, the color of rancid milk and that was only the tip of the iceberg. He stood before the ground, glaring menacingly when he stared them down. His teeth twisted when he stared down the X-Men and then, much to their horror, he began to speak.

"I'm not going to let my rating's draws get away that easily. You guys, you're a hit, you've actually managed to keep the viewers interested and believe me, given the attention span of some of these people, that's saying a lot. A hell of a lot, if you want to...we're going to keep you together. The lot of you, you're going to be stars, superstars, for as long as you get the ratings. When you stop getting the ratings, well canceled, you know how that goes."

Kitty raised an eyebrow before she asked the obvious question. "Is this guy for real?"

Harry swallowed and turned a little bit, shivering slightly. "I'm afraid so."

"Look, we just want to go home," Kurt responded when he looked at them. "So could you, get out of the way, and maybe we can all get out of here, remain friends, that would be great, wouldn't it?"

Something told Harry that it was not going to be that easy. The television director laughed when he looked at them, shaking his head before he smirked.

"Leave, leave, no, no, no, nopers, you see, I now own you, each and every one of you..."

Harry pressed a button on the remote control, which muted him. He smiled, before he programmed it to send him off.
"I sent him to a test pattern," Harry answered with a shrug and Kitty asked the obvious question.

"How did you know how to send him to a test pattern?"

"I read the manual when he was going on his speech," Harry answered to the group and Kurt smiled brightly.

"Makes sense to me."

Rogue offered a smile of her own before she turned her head around. "Yeah, makes a lot of sense to me...so since you read that manual, I don't suppose there's a way for you to get us all out of here, before our brain rots for too much television?"

Amara, Bobby, and Kitty all agreed and Harry held the remote control in his hand, before he pointed it and it propelled the entire group outside of the television. A flash of light engulfed them as they rode the waves back to the Xavier Institute. They appeared in a crash, about a half of an hour after they left.

Logan looked at them when they arrived, his eyebrow cocked. "Dare I ask?"

Harry shrugged and smirked before he answered the question. "I don't want to talk about it ever again."

"Me either," Rogue answered when they all nodded in affirmation, today's battle was going to be one of those things where they walked in and did not talk about it, even though it did seem like it was a good idea at the time.

"Let's never speak of this mission ever again," Kurt stated with a shudder.

"Agreed," Harry responded and the group nodded carefully.

Kitty's face twisted into a bright smile before she spoke. "You know, all and all, I think I'll go for a good book, because I've had enough television for one day."

"Yeah, can't argue with that," Bobby answered with Logan raising an eyebrow.

"The ice cube reading voluntarily, must have been something in there if we're able to accomplish that feat."

Harry's face twisted into a smile before he remarked in a calm and casual voice. "You have no idea."

"I'm sure I can imagine something," Logan responded when he folded his arms. Jean walked over, pleased that Harry was okay but they could worry about that later.

"You all did well in there."

"I hope we did," Kitty stated when she smiled and looked at them all.

"Needs work, but will do for now."

From Logan, Harry would take that praise one hundred percent of the way. The young wizard thought about what they needed to do. He had a training session tomorrow and a series of meetings with a bunch of different people. He hoped that the insanity died down enough for him to get all that he needed to get done, done, or there was going to be a problem. Things looked really promising and Harry hoped to keep that up, when his team adapted and improved.
Another day, another session in the Danger Room and it was long and grueling as always. Harry felt that he needed to push the new recruits to their fullest, if there was no pain, there was no gain, or so the saying went. Plus he learned more from falling on his face, then succeeding. Some of these training simulations were destined to make them cope with failure and to adapt from it.

"Take a few minute break whilst I load the next training simulation."

Harry saw Xavier standing before him and he figured this conversation was going to come. Although he did not know that it was going to come this sooner or later. They had been dancing around the subject for weeks now.

"Professor, how may I help you?"

Xavier decided to remain cool, or as cool as he could. Given the situation, Harry suspected that there was some tension in the air. "I heard some rumors that you were considering leaving the Institute come September 1st and I wish to verify if they are accurate or not."

"I am considering all options, but yes, my leaving is a strong possibility," Harry answered diplomatically before he continued in a diplomatic tone of voice. "Allow me to say that I appreciate what the Xavier Institute has given me but I do think that it's time for me to find my own place in the world, that I can build on my own."

He did not want to mention the dreams that he had been having, because he felt that was on a need to know basis. Plus he felt it was his journey to take and his alone. There was something about, something that would tell him where he really was.

Xavier decided to prod for some information but he did not want to sound like was trying to stall Harry's leaving. If he did something like that, he feared that the time table would be accelerated. "Is there anything that I could do to change your mind?"

Harry frowned before he looked at Xavier. "I fear that everything being either you or Magneto is unfair, Professor. What if people had a third option?"

Xavier remained silent; he did not want to enlighten Harry on what the third option was. He knew of the Hellfire Club and its existence. Both Magneto and Xavier agreed that the Club was too powerful although there was no way to put it down. Both had their contacts inside the Club, which would give them information. Right now they were plotting and planning.

"I think that you've done a good job in setting up this school," Harry responded, not mentioning the flaws he found, because if Xavier couldn't see them, then he saw no reason why he should tell him. "Granted, nothing is perfect."

"We would have to agree on that statement," Xavier responded when he watched Harry load up the training simulator. "If this is about your tension with Scott..."

"Trust me, any problem Scott has with me is his problem because I don't have a problem with him," Harry answered when he turned his back on Xavier. "He's got to learn that being a leader is more than being handed that distinction on a silver platter."

"Yes, I believe I may have put too much faith in him, too soon," Xavier mused, when he thought about this point. "I do hope that your group whatever it is and the X-Men could work together."

"It's not like I'm moving to a different planet," Harry responded carefully when he loaded the training simulator up, getting everything ready to go. It sure felt like he was from one sometimes but that was beside the point. He drew in a deep breath. "We're still going to be in this together, I just hope...well..."
I just hope that everything turns out for the best with humans and mutants."

Xavier could take that statement any way he wanted to, to be honest, Harry left it open to interpretation.

The problem was that there were good mutants and good humans, and bad mutants and bad humans. Harry understood that this would not be all sunshine and roses. He continued to watch the training session, thinking about how far they've come but how far they're yet to go.

He was hoping that Xavier would offer him some incentive to stay, that would make him almost reconsider. Even if his mind was essentially made up.

Yet Harry was offered nothing so he shrugged. He did wonder what this would do for the team but he had to worry about what was best for him. The Xavier Institute allowed him to fine tune his skills and put himself back on his feet. After those skills were fine-tuned, he could move on and move forward with everything in life.

He hoped that he could find out answers about himself, about these dreams that he thought about. And also about curing Sirius, but so far that was one dead end after another. There was something that he could use but it was out of reach. And he sadly came to the conclusion that Sirius might not be the same Sirius, that part could not be denied.

"Multiple, excellent work today, the wrist band I got is working wonders. Of course, there will be a time where you need to learn how to control your duplication without it, as magical trinkets and electronics can make you become lazy."

Multiple nodded, he supposed this made some degree of sense.

"Sunspot, not bad today, although you may want to keep it up with wearing that modified suit of yours."

Sunspot understood, the suit trained him to naturally absorb the sun's rays.

"Boom Boom, targeting is good, although try and offer a bit more speed and finesse."

"Gotcha," Tabitha stated with a smile.

Harry really thought that he had far less notes for these people then before. Although there were rumors that Xavier was going to get another batch of mutants come the fall, there were more blips coming in than ever before. Harry might want to stick around for a little bit to see if there was any talent that he could scout before he moved off into the night.

"You are a very difficult man to get in touch with."

Felicia Hardy, better known as the Black Cat, sat before Harry. She dressed in a black jacket, along with a tight black top that showed her cleavage. She wore blue jeans that slung down low. She faced Harry, who had Jean and Kitty in toe with him. Not that he could not handle himself but it was important that he had a little bit of backup in case someone attacked him, as they were want to do in public.

"Well, see you're quite the lady's man," Felicia responded when she faced the trio of them.

"You must be Felicia," Kitty stated when she looked at the older girl, she looked about nineteen, twenty years old. "I'll look forward to getting to know you better later."
Felicia offered a grin at the implications that statement offered, before she turned around the envelope that she had in her hand and passed it to Harry. "There it is everything that I got, I took my cut but if you don't believe me, you can check it out."

Harry explained to Jean and Kitty that he conjured real jewels which were far more valuable than the fake ones at the museum that Felicia tried to steal. Sure enough, she came through.

"I only steal from people who can afford to take the loss, your Osborns, your Fisks, the Shaws, people like that," Felicia commented when she ran her hands through her hair and smiled. "The people who I wouldn't lose any sleep at night thinking that they lost money and I don't think you would lose that much sleep either."

Harry would have to agree, a few rich people down, it wasn't like some of these names were not doing anything that could be borderline illegal.

"I love to stay longer but...I've got to do the secret identity thing, for my mother's sake at least," Felicia answered when she reached forward and gave Harry a nice kiss on the lips, before she pulled back. "I'm sure we'll be seeing plenty more of each other. Let me know if you need me to get anything else. Or if you want to conjure a few more jewels."

"No it's best to do that sparingly, every few months, although with deals like that, we're not hurting for money," Harry stated when he looked at Jean and Kitty.

Jean decided to state something to Harry, waiting until Felicia departed from the premises to make her move.

"When you leave..."

"Jean, that's not for a while yet," Harry responded when he looked back at her. "Trust me, it's a few months, at most."

Kitty was not buying it for a moment, she knew that Harry had most of everything lined up. "I can't believe that you can't just walk out whenever you please."

Harry agreed, technically speaking he could walk out of the Xavier at any time he pleased, at least of three months ago, but the problem was premises and everything. Also security equipment was going to be something that could be a concern. Harry wanted to have a mixture of magical and mundane security systems, so he did not have to rely on or get screwed over by one or another. He worked with Forge to try and get some ideas together. He also had a few other contacts that he worked with. He also had a contact at NASA.

The Xavier Institute had a state of the art security system but given all of the people who broke in, Harry thought that Xavier should have gotten a second opinion. If nothing else, the security system has been compromised on seventeen separate occasions. That was the kind of record that concerned Harry. It was a good thing that some of the people inside were more competent.

Harry on the other hand, had a lot to do, and the first thing possible was to meet with his lawyer friend to talk about his options regarding Wanda. He wanted to keep his promise to get her out of the Asylum by the end of the summer.

He hoped that when he talked to his lawyer, she'll have a lot of the right answers.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter "Interactions."
Chapter Forty Two: Interactions.

Harry took a moment to take a few strides towards his destination. The young wizard took a few steps forward to the law offices that he took his trip towards. He hoped that this lawyer would be able to assist him with Wanda. Whilst he managed to make some concessions with getting her out of that place a lot more often, legally there was only so much he could do. Illegally, there was a lot he could do but eliminating the paper trail would be a problem. And if he missed one scrap of paper, that would mean the wrong people looking off him.

He sat out in the room outside of the office, before his arms crossed before he tapped his foot on the ground and waited. He heard the music playing in the background, before the door opened and an aide walked out.

"Ms. Walters will see you now," the aide stated in a bright and sunny voice.

Harry smiled, before he walked into the office of his attorney. Her fees seemed rather reasonable, providing of course she could help him. That was the problem, finding an attorney that was worth their salt. He inclined his head, before he closed his eyes and continued to walk forward towards the office, crossing his arms.

"Mr. Potter."

Harry stopped at the desk, with a young woman, maybe not five or six years older than him. She had dark hair and glasses, with a conservative business suit.

"Jennifer Walters," the woman stated in a businesslike tone of voice. She eyed Harry before a thought reached her mind. "I believe you've met my cousin."

Harry realized that immediately. "So your cousin is...Banner."

"Yeah, that's a talking point at family gatherings," Jen stated with a smile before she looked at Harry and cleared her throat. "Down to business, I believe we have a few things to discuss about Ms. Maximoff and her future."

Harry decided that was for the best, after all that was the reason why they were here.

"I must admit, Wanda's case is rather intriguing and odd, especially given the circumstances she was sent to the Asylum," Jen answered when she looked at Harry through a pair of narrowed eyes.

Harry waited to see what she found odd about it and his lawyer was not about to let him down.

"She was sent there when she was seven years old, if I'm not mistaken," Jen responded when she looked at Harry and the young wizard responded with a crisp nod. "Yes, and you've included in your claim that the drugs were causing her to lose more control of her powers, not gain them."

"I have words from an expert, no less than the Sorcerer Supreme, that the drugs in her system has
caused her to lose all control of his powers," Harry answered, showing the written statement of Strange to his lawyer. "And if you want to talk to him, I'm sure he'll give you more information. She might have been trained up properly by now if they hadn't been drugging her."

Harry paused before he added.

"Thankfully I was able to convince them to stop the dosages but there was still damage that was done."

"So do you think that you can get the Asylum for negligence?" Jen asked and Harry shrugged his shoulders before he dove into a further explanation.

"That's not high on my list of priorities, I wouldn't expect a group of mundanes to understand the type of magic that Wanda has. It's beyond their studies, their capabilities to understand, and they treated her powers like some kind of medical disorder, some sickness. I don't know what her father told them, if anything, if they dropped her off and run."

Jen rubbed her chin in thought before she took a moment to think.

"That could be a concern but the problem is her guardian, Raven Darkholme," Jen stated when she looked at Harry.

Harry nodded; he understood that to be a problem as well.

"A problem I've managed to figure out how to deal with," Harry answered when he threw the papers down on the table. "Here is evidence supporting crimes that she did, so she wouldn't be a fit guardian. Many of them involve murder and blackmail."

Jen looked over the information Harry obtained, with a raised eyebrow and a smile on her face when she flicked over everything. She tapped the book on the side of the table, before she read through the information.

"Also, I'm certain that we could get records of the dosages and how they may have been potentially fatal if Wanda hadn't had her powers," Harry added when he looked at the lawyer.

"As long as you don't do anything too shifty to get them," Jen answered but Harry offered an innocent smile, before he twisted his head around.

"I don't know what you could be implying."

Jen smiled back at them but she read the information, it was hard to believe some of this information but in her line of work, she was not surprising. She dealt with a few weird cases in her short time as a lawyer. "I believe that with this information, we can get the custody of Wanda transferred over you by the end of the summer."

Harry thought that fit into his timetable quite nicely, he was about ready to leave the Xavier Institute, making that announcement officially at the end of August. He had a place lined up where he would be setting up shop, although it was more of an unofficial headquarters for now until he got everything outfitted out. Although that unofficial headquarters would be his base of operations as far as the general public was concerned, he was setting up another base that was more private and exclusive, with a portal in between the two of them that could be only accessed by him and people he keyed it. It needed three elements, blood, a password, and the brainwave patterns of the person keyed in. Magic could do a lot of things. Even with that, Harry felt a bit more security was necessary. There were a million things to do between now and then, and Harry hoped to get everything lined up properly.
As for Wanda, well he got her out of there every weekend, and gave her plenty to do during the week. The doctors in that place left her alone for the most part, which was a good thing, because she had her share of bad memories. Harry saw flashes of the doctors tying her down and injecting various drugs into her system.

That was a horrifying thought but one that Harry would ensure was a thing for the past for her.

"We'll have another meeting next week when I have more information," Jen answered when she looked at Harry.

Harry smiled back at her. "Looking forward to it."

This was going to be one of those days where Harry hoped everything was going to turn out for the best, even though he suspected there was some kind of dark storm cloud hovering over everything.

Adapting to the modern life was a challenge for Captain America but one that he hoped to deal with. Life in the year 2001 was most certainly different from the year of the 1940s. He stood outside of the Danger Room in the Xavier Institute, standing next to Logan, with a smile on his face when he surveyed the group inside.

"It's weird how the world has changed," Steve stated when he looked at Logan.

Logan's eyes narrowed and a grin cracked over his face. "I've lived every year since the 1940s and before, and I still find it weird, so you're in good company, Cap."

Logan's eyes snapped towards the Danger Room when he watched the New Mutants. He had to give Harry credit, he really made something out of these kids. They weren't the best in the world but there were far worse people in there and far worse people who could train them.

"Not too bad," Steve responded when he watched them. "Some of them...well a couple of them tend to take their eye off the ball. But you'd get that on any team."

"Yeah, the ice cube," Logan grunted, knowing who his old friend was talking about, when he turned around and watched everything.

"So where is the leader?"

"Depends on what one you're talking about," Logan answered, sure Summers was there, hanging in the background but he had a sinking feeling that wasn't who Captain America was talking about.

"Arcane, young Mr. Potter, I don't think I have had a chance to properly talk to him when we're not getting killed," Steve stated and Logan turned before he nodded.

"Well, Potter's always busy with something, doing something," Logan stated before he mentally added "or someone", before he cleared his mind and turned his head a little bit. "He'll be around. So are the Avengers getting off the ground?"

Captain America mulled this over in his mind. "We're...well a team isn't built in a day and we've had our share of growing pains."

"You don't say," Logan answered when he stopped and stared.

"That's for sure."

Harry turned up, looking rather tense but pleased all things considered.
"I figured you'd be showing up sometime soon," Logan commented without taking his eyes off of the action.

"It's good to see you again," Captain America agreed when he turned towards Harry.

"You as well," Harry said when he shook hands with the Spirit of America.

Harry did not say anything this entire time but actually he had been standing there the entire time during most of the training session. All he missed was the first couple minutes at the beginning, he crossed his arms when he closed his eyes and thought about everything. There were many things that they were doing right, more right.

He turned and could tell that Captain America made his share of notes in the back of his head, the team could benefit from the experience of someone like Captain America. He had been through many battles and many wars. The man's eyes looked forward and Harry offered a look towards him. He did not want to seem like that he was fishing for input but still to have the input of someone like this old soldier would allow Harry to see what still needed to be done. While he had a good amount of ideas what to do, there were instances where he thought he had a blind spot or two.

Fortunately, Captain America was all too ready to tell him what was going to happen.

"They aren't doing too bad," Captain America admitted when he turned towards Harry. "The best thing is that you've got them to a point where they can function on their own without too many problems. There will be circumstances where you won't always be around to lead them. The strength of a team leader is not how well he leads them when he or she is there, but rather how well the team functions when the leader is absent."

Were they going through their growing pains, yes they were? Harry knew that, Logan knew that, Cap knew that, and every single member of the team who was on the senior squad and many of the new recruits knew that.

It was all about practice, all about making sure that they got the most out of everything.

"And that's a wrap," Logan stated when the new recruits staggered out. "A new record, none of you passed out, well done."

Harry cracked a slight smile in amusement. Some of them looked sick, with Jubilee and Sunspot being the two key offenders.

"Great, wonderful," Jubilee stated, when she hung onto the wall and panted heavily.

"No sweat," Boom Boom remarked but she got a few looks from her teammates that insisted that this was the wrong thing today. "Okay, maybe a little bit of sweat."

"Nah, we nailed it pretty good, didn't we?" Iceman asked when he looked at them with a smug expression, but in reality his knees barely were able to hold his weight.

"You'll get my notes later, as always and I'm sure Logan will have a few words for you all," Harry stated and Logan nodded.

"Not bad but you need a bit more focus in there and you need to quit tripping over each other," Logan stated.

"It only happened once..."
"Once is what kills ya."

No one could argue with that statement from Logan but Steve took a moment to chuckle, Logan never changed. Some might say that the years mellowed people out but with Logan, the inverse was true. The years did not mellow him out at all, they made him more grizzled.

"Now, you have potential," Steve stated when he looked at them all and they listened to him, their ears wide open and with wide eyes. "Out on the battlefield, it's good to listen to your leader but there can be a problem. There are times where the leader does not have the right answers or even if he is indisposed. If you wish to go against orders, you got to justify it and improvise."

Iceman decided to be the one to ask the question. "When do we know?"

"Trust me, you'll know," Captain America responded but he then paused and amended. "You need to creatively engaging your surroundings. There will be times where there will be nothing around you but the clothes on your back or so it seems. Anything can be used as a tactical advantage; you need to master everything around you."

The new recruits nodded in rapt attention, not blinking, but rather they soaked in all of the knowledge from Captain America. It was them sitting underneath the learning tree and absorbing all of the morsels of information that he offered them.

Harry smiled, he would like to pick Captain America's brain himself but that was going to have to be at another time. He returned to make his observations but he had other things on his mind.

"Amazing, simply amazing...I know I've said that before, but that's amazing."

Gwen continued to pour over the Sinister data, although there was a lot of it that remained a mystery. It was very extensive all things considered.

"Well, he's dedicated to his work," Harry remarked with a smile when he sat down next to Gwen in her room, in the second chair beside her computer. "The last data he got was of Rachel and Jean, before we pulled the plug."

Gwen decided to voice something she had been thinking. "He's got to have more backups, more data, lying around somewhere. This can't be the extent of the data he's collected, someone that's been around that long..."

Harry agreed, Sinister would have to have more, much more, a lot more in fact. He collected a lot over the centuries that he had been on Earth. His eyes closed when he thought about everything that he went through in order to get this much data.

"Well we know what's on the line, I think," Gwen responded when she worked through the data before her, clicking through one line after another. "And that's...look at Rachel's DNA."

Harry decided to look at it, granted he was not the most adapt in understanding science, although he did hold his own more often than not. Still he did wonder what he was supposed to be looking at. Was Gwen going to clue him in on that fact or not?

"See these DNA strands, they're unique, she's...I don't know where she came from," Gwen answered when she closed her eyes and mulled over the possibilities. "I think that wherever she came from, she's been experimented on, no human DNA is quite like this, at least none that I've seen. She matches up pretty well with Jean."
Harry smiled; Gwen really had no idea how well she matched up with her. Although looking at the DNA strands, things tended to get curious and curioser the more he read everything. He blinked when he looked at everything and thought about the enigma that was Rachel Grey. He found that her DNA was unique.

Rachel's DNA seemed to be a pretty good match to Jean, although Harry saw under trace DNA elements in her strands. His eyes widened when he saw what was there but said nothing.

It was too weird to be a coincidence, but he then figured that he should not believe in coincidences. Especially after everything that happened, all of the weird things that he went through during his life. Of course, he could be misreading things, science was not his thing.

Gwen answered her cell phone when it rang. "Hey...yeah Peter. Your aunt finally decided that there was no excuse and set you up on that date. Well...that's great, yeah I'm here hanging out with a friend, so what if it's Harry, what's that to you? Yeah...well good look with Mary Jane, hopefully her personality is as wonderful as Aunt May says it is. I'm sure you'll have a great time. Don't get into trouble...yeah things have been very quiet on the super hero front. Talk to you later, bye."

Gwen hung up the phone.

"Pete's just being what Pete is," Gwen offered with a shrug, he carried the guilt of his uncle's murder with him for longer than anyone should. "So let's get back down to business, I think we've got everything, unless there are some hidden files."

Gwen and Harry spent a few more moments looking over everything. Harry spotted Gwen bending over slightly, showing a little bit of her cleavage in the tight black top that she wore. Whether she was doing that intentionally or not, Harry had no idea but it sure got his attention. Harry looked at Gwen and the attire that she was wearing.

She wore a short black tank top that showed her slender shoulders and cleavage. She had a nice chest as well, as the top was strained against it. His eyes traveled down to the sexy belly button that she had, along with the tight jean shorts that stretched around her legs.

Gwen wondered if she got Harry's attention, she wore a short top and tight jean shorts today for the explicit purpose of getting Harry's attention after all. She decided that it was time to move on and when he mentioned his powers, her scientific curiosity was indulged.

Harry thought that his attention was grabbed quite nicely, although it was a shame that he had a few things that he had to do.

"This took a lot longer than I thought it would," Gwen remarked in a tense and tired voice, before she spun around and stretched a little bit, to cause her shirt to ride up and show more skin. "The two of us, we should get together sometime...without going through a madman's data and figuring out what's on it."

"How about Saturday?" Harry asked her, feeling that it would be the best time.

"It's a date," Gwen offered with a smile, knowing that she was finally going to make certain dreams she had over the past few weeks become a reality. She thought of all of the things that Harry could do with her and she talked with Kitty about it. Whilst Kitty was too explicit, there was something about the brunette's words that build up a certain amount of anticipation in Gwen's mind.

She could hardly wait and she could tell that Harry could not either. If she did not know that he had some plans he had to get to soon, she would have jumped him now but good things came to those
who waited.

Gwen needed a shower at the thoughts she had.

Kitty thought one of the joys in life that many took for granted was a nice and quiet peaceful evening, hanging out with friends, without anyone killing them. Okay, maybe some people would not even think of the anyone killing them part. However, the near death experiences were something that was completely with the territory of being an X-Men. It offered an amount of excitement and danger that Kitty could hardly believe. But yet despite all that, she would not have things any other way.

Currently, she sat, with her head on Harry's shoulder, his arm wrapped around her. Rogue sat on the other side, with Jean and Rachel near them. Amara sat there as well, and Wanda, here for her weekend visit, sat there. Despite not being a member of the group, at least officially, she was always welcomed.

Wanda thought about the strange last few weeks she had been having, to be honest, she was glad that things improved at the Asylum, even though it was only a slight bit.

"Thank you for having me over and being a part of this," Wanda stated, she was far calmer than she was. Providing that her father and brother were not brought up in any form of the conversation, that was still a sticking point that she had to work on with her temper.

That was something that Harry obliged her with. Pietro and the other members of the Brotherhood were locked up by SHIELD for their actions. Fury made a comment that he would make something out of them although Harry had no idea what that meant.

"Wanda, it isn't a problem at all," Kitty offered, speaking for Harry. "You've had a rough life and soon Harry will get you out."

Wanda hoped so but she could not help but think that everything was not going to be that easy. She feared that her father and Mystique would make things harder than they needed to be with getting her out of that place. Mystique more so.

Rogue frowned, she knew Mystique had custody of Wanda, legally, although not for long. She could attest to how Mystique messed with a person's mind but Mystique was pretty messed up herself. "We're going..."

"Yeah we're going to figure out everything," Rachel stated and Rogue offered her a frown.

"I hate it when you read my mind like that," Rogue stated, offering a bit of a pout, which looked ucharacteristic on her.

Rachel offered a shiftysmile before she looked back at Rogue. "Sorry."

"No problem," Rogue offered but Harry thought about everything.

His powers were stronger but he held them back. Actually the reason he held them back was quite simple, he did not want the full scope of his powers to somehow get back to an extremely powerful enemy. Harry sensed that there was something dangerous in the offing and he would need that trump card.

Then the dreams, those dreams, he could not really piece them together, although a field featured in them prominently once again. And there was a ritual that he underwent when he was younger, blood
was involved.

A whisper from Lily indicated that he was her miracle child.

He shook his head, these dreams got more weird but he was not about to share them. The last thing he wanted was his sanity questioned.

"Harry?" Kitty asked and Harry turned around towards her.

"I'm fine, really I am," Harry offered to Kitty and she frowned. "Just thinking about everything that's happened lately."

"A lot's been happening since you've been here," Jean offered when she looked at Harry and he could not resist asking the question that hung in the air between them all like a bad stench.

"Have you talked to Scott since we got together?"

Jean decided to offer an honest answer. "As friends, not really, as teammates, we spoke a few times yes. Scott needs to understand that everything is not going to go his way."

That was a harsh statement perhaps one might say but it was an accurate one.

"He had his hopes set on us but..." Jean offered but her voice trailed off. She was too polite to say anything negative.

Rachel on the other hand, had no such tact. "He's a bit of a dick and he'll only get worse."

Jean frowned but Kitty, Rogue, Amara, and even Wanda broke out into laughter. "I'm not sure if I would put it quite that way but..."

"You can't deny that it's true," Rachel offered when she looked at Harry.

Harry smiled back at her, choosing his next words rather carefully. He tried to keep the team together because he had this funny feeling that the X-Men would crumble apart when he left. Yet he would not be a slave to staying around out of obligation. He wanted Scott to stand up for something but he had a feeling that he was more of a figurehead for Xavier than anything. He hated to admit that but it was the truth.

"Scott will be what Scott is."

"A dick?" Rachel asked but Wanda looked at her, a smile crossing her face. She smiled a lot more around Harry.

"And Harry lets you to kiss him with that mouth."

Rachel offered a saucy grin before she turned to Wanda. "Harry allows me to do many things with this mouth, thank you very much."

"Okay, need not know any more," Wanda answered with Kitty shaking her head in amusement.

"It is nice, getting together without having someone try and kill us," Kitty answered when she looked at them all.

Harry heard footsteps and Scott approached them, he dragged his feet nervously from behind him. Jean decided to be cool about his presence at first. It was obvious that there was some kind of unspoken agreement.
"Harry, can I speak to you for one moment?" Scott asked but Kitty and Rogue got up, sensing there was some trouble.

"It's alright, Scott couldn't do anything against me," Harry offered, with Scott wondering if that was a statement of trust or a slight jab at his lack of abilities. Or perhaps some combination of both tied together.

Harry and Scott walked off with the two of them staring each other down. Harry paused and invited him to speak and speak was what he did.

"You won."

That was a strong declaration, not to mention extremely bold and brash. Harry wondered what he won about and his eyebrow raised. He took a moment to look at Scott, towering over him a little bit. Or perhaps it was because Scott slumped over in a defeated posture, it was kind of hard to tell really.

"With Jean..."

"Please do not imply that Jean was some trophy to be won in a contest," Harry answered, not liking his tone but Scott shook his head, he decided to try a different track.

"No, no, of course not," Scott answered, backtracking quickly. "It's just that...that with my leadership skills not the best, I figure that it's the best that I focus on that and not about any relationship drama. I don't know how you can handle that."

Harry offered a swift declaration. "If you have to ask, you'll never know."

Scott figured that statement was going to come out of Harry's mouth. "So do you..."

"Scott, it's healthier for all if you drop this and just do whatever you need to do to get your head on straight," Harry answered when he looked at Scott. "Trust me, if you don't have your head out there in battle, you'll get it blown off."

One could consider that statement to be mean but it was apt.

"Right and..."

Scott had nothing else left to say and Harry for sure did not have anything left to say to him.

"See you in training, I guess," Scott offered but he turned around. He did wonder if Jean would be following Harry out the door. Perhaps she could stay because of her loyalty to Xavier and this relationship she had with Harry was some kind of parting fling. He could reassess this situation later. Scott would have to wait and see.

"So what was that all about?" Jean asked when Harry returned.

"Scott decided to concede defeat," Harry stated when he sat down and explained it to them.

"Like he had any chance," Kitty murmured underneath her breath. She hoped that Scott would pull his head out of his ass and soon because he was being a liability for their team.

Even though the Red Skull was taken down, there were a few pockets of HYDRA that were still around. Black Widow, as she always was, vowed to put them on the endangered species list. She slid forward a little bit, pulling out a communicator device.
"I'm at one of the final HYDRA bases on this list that we got from Sin," Natasha remarked when she saw them scurrying around like ants outside. "The game is afoot."

"Keep us posted, Widow, Hawkeye is on his way," Fury responded through the communication link.

"Understood," Black Widow stated with a small inclination of her head and a smile on her face.

"I might not be Hawkeye, but I'm sure I can give you a hand or two."

Natasha jumped a little bit when she saw Harry show up, dressed in a black overcoat, with a white t-shirt and blue jeans. His face was obscured to any that he did not trust, it was a handy bit of charm work and it also offered a slight distortion of his voice. He knocked down several of the scurrying HYDRA agents and summoned their weapons.

"I wondered when you would show up," Natasha stated when she closed her eyes and flipped into the air.

"I'm sure you did," Harry offered when he rolled his shoulders and blew a blue light towards the pods. "HYDRA, they won't die."

"Thankfully Sin is willing to part with information, in exchange for a suspended sentence," Black Widow responded when she turned around.

"The Brotherhood are still under lock and key?" Harry asked and Black Widow nodded in affirmation.

"Commander Fury believes that they can be of some use but they need to cool their heels for a while," Black Widow stated when she shocked one of the enemies. "A good work out, isn't it?"

"I'm sure we can have a better work out after this mission," Harry offered and Natasha smirked back to him.

"I'm sure, but I have taken out more pods than you have," she fired back.

Harry was not going to let that one go without a fight. "That remains to be seen."

Natasha grinned, her competitive fire not extinguished by any means, when she knocked through the pods that she had to face. They blew up and Hawkeye popped up, followed by Mockingbird.

"Sorry we're late," Hawkeye stated when he looked over his shoulder.

"You just got here in time for clean up, something you have experience in," Harry answered without skipping a beat and blasting the pods. Hawkeye gave an exasperated look while Mockingbird snickered by his side. "I think that's another HYDRA base that's down."

"That's the last one, but knowing HYDRA, there will be more," Black Widow stated when she remembered what Sin mentioned. HYDRA was working on replicating powerful strains of DNA, although this base was something that the Red Skull did not tell his daughter about.

"Let's clean up, I guess," Hawkeye stated, he barely was able to fire one arrow but hey, it was another HYDRA base destroyed that they would not be able to use.

"Erik, I do think that now comes a time where we should stand together so we could not drift apart."
Xavier sat across with Magneto at a park, in a neutral territory, both men placing chess when they stared each other down.

"Do any of your students know that you are meeting with me, Charles?" Magneto asked his counterpart across from them. He added another statement. "For that matter, does your staff?"

"No this meeting is strictly known by you and I, I don't know how you escaped the SHIELD prison," Xavier responded but Magneto responded by staring down Xavier through narrowed eyes.

"That's something that I will never tell."

Xavier nodded in response. "Very well then...my students have come across the mutant known as Mesmero, stealing three discs and he got the key."

"If he got the key, that means we are one step closer to the apocalypse that Adler foretold," Magneto responded, not mincing his words for a second.

"Yes, I will not deny that we are in a situation where we will need to work together," Xavier responded when he looked at Magneto.

"Or all of mutant kind needs a strong leader, which needs to do what is best for us all," Magneto responded, implying that he thought that Xavier's recent leadership skills left something to be desired.

Xavier thought about it, oh boy did he think about it, and he feared that there was going to come a time where they were going to stand together or they would fail. The X-Men, as much as they were trained, were not quite ready to fight what was to come. The dangerous force before them was something that Xavier barely fathomed in his mind.

"Are you ready to make the ultimate decision?" Magneto asked Xavier and there was a pause.

Xavier could not answer that question straight away; the ultimate decision was one that he hoped that he would not have to make ever. There came a time where he thought about everything and realized that time was running out to do the right thing. In fact, one could argue that the right thing might not even be the right thing any longer.

"I do not know, ask me again when the time comes."

"When the time comes, it may be too late."

Xavier paused and looked on with a grimace. "I certainly hope not but I fear you may be right."

There was no more than what needed to be said at that statement as the friendly chess game continued.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter "Fate of an Angel."
Fate of an Angel

Chapter Forty Three "Fate of an Angel."

The sun shined over New York City, it was a bright day in the middle of June. It was not too hot, not too cold, the temperature was right. It was a good day for a nice outing in the city, an outing with friends. A day to get out of the indoors and into the outdoors, that was the type of day that this one was. It was hard to say that it was a perfect day because that was a term that was thrown around a bit too much but the day was in fact pretty good.

At least that's what Harry Potter thought when he walked outside in the bright sun in New York City, alongside his good friend Gwen Stacy and his girlfriend, Kitty Pryde. The trio of them decided to make a day out of hanging out in the city.

"It's good to get out of the Mansion and get some peace and quiet after everything that's happened," Kitty stated when she closed her eyes and got in a good whiff of the summer breeze. It really ensnared the mind and caused her heart to beat faster.

Gwen smiled when she thought about it. "Yeah I couldn't agree more. This has been a hectic last couple of weeks. We've got through most of Sinister's data but there's so much of it missing."

"Well I don't think he strikes me as an all of his eggs in one basket kind of guy," Harry remarked with a shrug, but much to his disappointment, there was nothing on that drive to help him with Sirius's condition.

The good news is that Sirius had not worsened any from when Harry last left him. That was pretty promising all things considered. The bad thing was that he sure was not getting any better that was the thing that drove Harry the most nuts of all. He stood on the ground deep in contemplation, carefully figuring out what he had to do and where he had to go from this point forward.

"Our mysterious angel saved another person."

Kitty and Harry exchanged a tense look, they heard about the mysterious angel a few times in the past, although they brushed it off to some kind of urban legend. Xavier knew more about it than he was letting on but then again, they could say that about a lot of things about Xavier. There was something about an authority figure and his desire to keep important information that Harry could not deny.

"So what do you think about the angel?" Gwen asked them both, trying to gauge their reaction and Harry and Kitty took a moment to think it before, before it was Kitty who responded.

"I don't know, it could be anyone or anything," Kitty stated when she shrugged her shoulders. "He's been around for months and months but I think now people are going to stop and take notice. Maybe he's a mutant that would get us some good pub."

Harry hoped so but he doubted that he was the only one who made the connection to the fact that their angel was a mutant. He kept himself standing tall for a moment, hoping to find out more about this but this was not the top priority. If this angel did not want to reveal himself to the public, then it was his business and the magical mutant felt like it would be prudent for them to respect those wishes.

"He could be some kind of government experiment that escaped," Gwen commented with a shrug.
"Or he could be some kind of alien."

Harry scoffed, that was kind of absurd, being an alien, but he shook his head to clear those thoughts. Given the weird nature of his dreams, perhaps Harry could be considered a bit more premature. He got another weird flicker about a planet exploding but that was absurd. Planets didn't explode, after all.

"There are some people who say that he's a modern day miracle, some kind of heavenly gift, hence the moniker of Angel," Harry responded but he looked to be very skeptical of this notion. He tended to nod politely when people talked about religion, any religion. It was a long story why he was rather skeptical about the entire business. It had to involve the Dursleys and that was all the people needed to know.

Harry heard a scream that caused his ears to perk up and he saw a child who was dangling from the edge of the bridge. He had been fooling around like children tended to do and lost his balance, about to plummet to his doom.

"We better..." Kitty started before she trailed off and turned around, her eyes widening when she watched the white blur in the air. "Or not."

For the angel arrived, swooping in from high in the air and scooped up the child. It was hard to see him in the glint of the sun and by the time the child was in safety, he was gone.

"Wow," Gwen stated trying to get a closer look. "He moves pretty fast, his wings must have a heavy level of resistance that can propel him faster than almost anyone on Earth."

"Yeah, something like that," Harry agreed, before he looked at the two girls and made a decision of what he wanted to do. "I'll be taking a closer look."

"Okay, I figured as much," Kitty answered when Harry gave her a hug and a kiss and he hugged Gwen as well.

"No kiss for me?" Gwen asked in a teasing manner, and Harry smiled when he grabbed her and tilted her back, before kissing her on the lips. Gwen's eyes widened before Harry flew off.

Kitty laughed in hysterics with the shocked look in Gwen's face.

"You should have seen the look on your face," Kitty answered when she turned around to hide her amusement.

"I was only kidding...well kind of," Gwen answered with a shrug when she looked at Kitty.

"Look, you can do far worse than Harry," Kitty answered when she smiled. "And that would mean that you have the same good taste that I do and I don't mean to brag, but my taste is pretty good."

Gwen smirked. "Well I'm sure you have a pretty high opinion of yourself."

Kitty threw her hands on a little bit and sighed, rolling her eyes. "You know what I mean Gwen."

"Yeah, I know what you mean," Kitty agreed when she turned her head a little bit and smiled towards Gwen before the two walked. "Hey isn't that Peter?"

Gwen sized up and saw her best friend walking towards them with a hot redhead wearing a black jacket, a purple top, and blue jeans. She had flowing red hair and green eyes, and paused.
'Oh boy, this could get kind of awkward,' Gwen thought when she looked at the two of them laughing and carrying on.

Peter stopped when he stood beside his blind date, Mary Jane Watson, and saw Gwen.

'Oh boy this could get kind of awkward,' Peter thought to himself but he stood up straight and tried to play it cool.

"Hey, Gwen, fancy meeting you here," Peter stated when he turned to Mary Jane. "This is Mary Jane Watson."

"Oh, the one with the wonderful personality," Gwen stated in a polite voice when she looked at her and extended her hand with a bright smile on her face. "It's finally nice to meet you in person."

"Nice to meet you too," Mary Jane stated in a tentative voice, she heard Peter talk about Gwen but meeting her, that was an entirely different thing. When your date had a female friend and one that attractive, it caused one to be on the edge. "So you and Peter are friends?"

"We've been friends for a very long time," Gwen stated when she looked at Peter and Mary Jane.

"Right, almost like brother and sister," Peter answered when he looked at Gwen.

'Yeah, that was worse than being friendship zoned,' Gwen thought to herself but she remained bright and cheerful. 'Look on the bright side Gwen, you got ship wrecked, but you washed up in paradise if this Harry thing lines up right.'

Kitty sensed the awkwardness meter hitting about a twenty, so she decided to chime in with a cheerful statement of her own. "Hey, Mary Jane, I'm Kitty Pryde."

"Oh, please to meet you," Mary Jane answered, she could have sworn that she saw this girl somewhere before but could not place her.

Mary Jane thought that this blind date business was rather fun, even if she did it to keep her aunt from harping on her. She had a series of bad relationships over the past couple of years. The bad boy might seem charming until one really got a look at them and what a relationship with them really entailed. Of course, what was life without a little bit of danger? Or at least any danger that would allow her to walk forward.

"Are you alright Gwen?" Peter asked when he looked at his friend.

"Pete, I'm doing fine, I've spent all day hanging out with Kitty and Harry," Gwen stated, offering a special emphasis on Harry when she spoke.

Peter nodded, he only went through with this blind date business to get Aunt May off of his back about the entire thing. It was hard to explain to someone who did not know any better than the Spider-Man thing made dating anyone a bad idea. In fact, Peter wondered if he was going to be stuck in a permanent relationship with the web head and for some reason, he felt that it was a rather stormy one at best.

At least Mary Jane was easy on the eyes and was rather fun loving.

"Did you see that angel around here?" Mary Jane asked, trying to break the ice.

"Yeah, he's a real hero," Gwen answered when she looked at Mary Jane and Peter. "Nothing like Spider-Man."
Peter could not resist. "I don't know, Spider-Man's a bit overrated."

"Nah, he's fine, he's more of a work in progress," Mary Jane stated, trying to gauge Peter's reaction but he remained stoic and said nothing more.

Gwen smiled knowingly as the group of four walked, waiting for Harry to get back.

'Now if I was a bird man where would I be?' Harry thought to himself, when he flew in the air, using an invisibility spell to keep people from seeing him. 'This entire angel business yeah it's...'

"BURN THE ANGEL!"

"HE'S NOTHING BUT A FILTHY MUTIE!"

"HUMANS FOREVER, MUTANTS NEVER!"

'Oh boy, that can't be good,' Harry thought to himself when he hovered in the air and he inclined his head watching the group of protestors move forward. 'The Friends of Humanity, well heard of them, but never actually saw them in action. They are quite the vocal lot, aren't they?'

Harry hovered in for a closer look, as the Friends of Humanity marched around. There was a group of eight of them but they were eight of the most obnoxious people that Harry ever had the misfortune of meeting and believe him, Harry had the misfortune of meeting many obnoxious people. He turned his head, twisting it around.

"Get him out of town, he's no good!"

There was an explosion when a car started to spiral out of control. Someone suffered a blow out and they were careening towards the wall. Harry waited and wondered if he should interfere but a swooping in the air indicated that there was no need for him to interfere.

The angel swooped in from the air, gripping onto the side of the runaway car and Harry watched, eyes narrowed, to say he was impressed would be the understatement of the century. He was extremely impressed and he watched the flying figure put his hands on the car to try and steady it.

The door opened but he got a stun gun in the ribs for his trouble.

"We've got him, we've got the mutie!" the man in the car stated and Harry realized that this was a diversion for the Friends of Humanity to attack and get themselves some of this mutant.

Angel got to his feet, struggling, with his knees knuckling together. When he was on the ground, he felt awkward and bumbling as the next person. These men shackled huge cinderblocks around his ankles while they circled around him, one of them carrying an axe in his hand.

"Hey, let's clip the angel's wings!"

They never had a chance for two bolts of light shot out of the air and impacted them across the back of the head. The other members spun around but a bright light blinded them. There was a loud smack, a loud crack, and a loud thump, in that order, when Harry zoomed around, taking them out. The shattering of many bones could be heard. A humane death would be something that they might beg for and the men rolled over, panting and grimacing from the impact of the shots.

Harry turned up, raising an eyebrow, before he cut the chains, holding this Angel down. He pushed himself up and Harry took the last idiot standing, before the wizard levitated him above the ground.
and draped him high above the waters over the side of a bridge.

"Let go of me, you can't do this to me!" he yelled, dangling over the side of the bridge.

"Who were you working for?" Harry asked when he appeared but only as a shapeless shadow with glowing red eyes that caused many to back away in fear.

"What are you some kind of freak?" the man stammered but he hoped that warm fluid rolling down his leg was sweat.

"I'm losing my patience with you," Harry stated, using another magical spell to make his voice echo creepily and his eyes glow. He thought he looked intimidating.

"Alright, alright, let me go," the man stammered and Harry caused the threads on his shirt to slowly tear away when he was suspended in the air. "I work for someone, Creed, his name is Creed, he runs this entire thing. I joined this...I don't...I don't have a problem with mutants, not really."

The man screamed when he was thrown onto the bridge and he landed on the pavement with a force that broke his nose.

Angel hovered in the air and Harry joined him.

"The angel and the demon, who knew that could be a combination that would happen?" Angel stated in a calm voice, breaking the silence.

"Not a demon, merely a parlor trick to make people talk," Harry stated when the shadow retracted, with Harry hovering before him in a white jacket, a black top, and black jeans, but his face was still a blur. "My name is Arcane."

"Arcane, fitting," Angle muttered before he spoke up out loud. "I've trust you heard what's happened in the papers."

"Yeah, I've read about it, what are you?" Harry asked when he looked at Angel.

Angle paused before he tried to figure that out.

"Well if you listen to them or my father, I would be considered an abomination. My wings were grown when I was young. At first I freaked out, what seven year old wouldn't if he had a pair of wings on his back? My father tried to hide my abnormality but I embraced it over time. He's been obsessed with curing mutants ever since. You're not public yet but he knows about you, he even went to Charles Xavier. You know him?"

"Yes, I'm a student at his school," Harry confirmed and Angel inclined his head with a slight nod.

"I was part of his first team of X-Men, the original X-Men, the team that all of the members but me, Storm, and Logan died," Angel stated when he looked at them.

Harry frowned, he was under the impression that Jean and Scott were the members original members of the team, along with Storm and Logan.

"There was Wolverine, there was Storm, Angel, Morph, Vulcan, Darwin, Thunderbird, and Sunfire," Angel remembered when he looked at them. "And a couple of others, but we didn't fair too well against Sinister and his Marauders."

"They all died," Harry answered when he blinked.
"All of us except myself, Storm, and Wolverine, those two stayed on with Xavier, I didn't," Angel remarked before he added as an afterthought. "And there was also one more, Magneto."

"Magneto was an X-Men?" Harry asked when he looked at Angel in surprise.

"And so was Mystique, but they left out of blame when Xavier let the team die, Magneto felt they should have struck harder against Sinister," Angel explained to Arcane, and the young magical mutant stated in a calm voice. "Asking Mystique about her time as an X-Men would get some violent reactions I'd imagine. Magneto prefers not to mention it either."

Harry could only imagine but he did not say much more of anything.

He could also tell one thing, the Friends of Humanity would not be taking this one lying down, even if most of these guys that Harry took out would have to lie down for some form of medical attention. He could not resist smiling about that.

The Friends of Humanity were not about to take what happened lying down. Creed was on the phone.

"I don't care if there's some kind of spooky shadow mutie creeping around, I want you to take that angel and clip his wings," Creed stated when he cracked his knuckles. "People might start to think that there some kind of symbol they can get behind and we don't want these mutants to think that they are any better than humans. We want to prove...we want to prove that no mutant can push us around, no matter what."

The Friends of Humanity prepared for the battle, even though there was a chance that they might not come back from this one. Still regardless of that one, they watched and crowded around.

Not too far from where they stood, Gwen, Kitty, Mary Jane, and Peter stood around, waiting for Harry to return.

"I'm sure he'll be back in a little bit," Mary Jane responded in an optimistic voice.

"Providing he hasn't run into trouble," Gwen responded when she watched.

"What kind of trouble can he get into?" Peter asked but he was silenced from a look from Gwen. "Right New York, city that never sleeps, including the crime, all sorts."

Mary Jane knew that Peter knew all about this but he did not know what she knew at all, which was something that she wanted to keep under wraps carefully for the time being. She tapped her fingers, drumming them patiently, and carefully waiting for Peter to make his next move.

"So, is there anything to eat nearby?" Mary Jane asked when she looked at Gwen. "I mean, I was here when I was young but I've been in Philly for most of the past eight years until a few months ago, so..."

There was an explosion and Peter got that look in his eyes. Gwen understood, it was time for her to run interference.

"Come on, I'll show you something...Peter your aunt called me earlier when she missed you, she wanted you to pick up her slacks," Gwen responded when she pointed her eyes.

"I'll go with him," Kitty answered, before she turned her wrist band and her costume appeared on her, along with a charm that obscured her face. Harry had them made for all of his girls; he figured
that they would not want to be all exposed in public.

Peter, on the other hand, had to change in the old fashion way.

'Hopefully no one sees me,' Peter thought in amusement but he ducked into an alleyway. *The last thing I need is Spider-Man exposed on the Internet.*

Less than a moment later, everyone's favorite web slinging hero, the friendly Neighborhood Spider-Man swung out, ready to go. He kept up a steady pace, swinging forward a little bit.

'And Arcane doesn't mess around,' Spider-Man thought when he paused and stopped, when he saw the Friends of Humanity members move forward with rocket launchers that were armed. *And neither do these guys.*

"We're not going to let you muties endanger innocent people any longer."

"So sayeth the people who are firing rocket launchers in the middle of a populated area," Spider-Man responded when he shot a line of webbing out and yanked it out of the hand of his enemy. "Give me that, you'll shoot your eye out kid!"

Spider-Man twisted and turned in every direction that he could but he saw all the rocket launchers levitated out of the hands.

One of the Friends of Humanity members screamed when he was pulled beneath the ground. He popped back up, knocked unconscious. The Friends of Humanity members felt themselves pulled underneath the ground one at a time, when Kitty popped back.

"Stay away from me, you freaks!" the Friend of Humanity member stated when lobbed a hand grenade at him, but the hand grenade was encased in a glowing shield, when he blowing it up and causing the broken pieces of metal to impale into the chest of the hapless man.

He dropped down to the ground, blood splattering from his chest.

Several bystanders tried to stand at the edge of the bridge but found themselves slipping and sliding. It was obvious that they were moments away from falling to their grisly demise but one figure in particular swooped in to save the day and levitate them back up before they fell to that grisly demise and lost their balance.

They cheered and the last two members of the Friends of Humanity ran off, trying to get back to base but one of them was shot in the kneecaps with a well placed charm, his bones shattering when he fell on his face. The other one slipped away, a tracking charm placed on him. With any luck, he'd be led back to base.

At least he would have led Harry and his crew back to base, had someone not shot the goon in the back of the head. The blood splattered in the air and the people on the ground gave a rather pained grasp when the man dropped to his knees on the ground, he was not moving, oh boy was he not moving at all. The young man had his brain matter splattered on the ground and rolled over, taking a pained breath, before he passed out.

"You were so close to getting us exposed to...to this...this...this thing!" Creed spat, not happy about the fact that the one known as Arcane decided to interfere in his business. "He's not your normal mutie, I don't know what he is, but he should be at the top of our list of things to take out."

"And a disaster was averted today, thanks to Spider-Man, but the real hero today is the hero known
as Arcane. Where has this mysterious hero come from and what is his purpose here? Hopefully we’ll find out more in the coming weeks but he stopped a group of terrorists from blowing up a bridge today to kill our mysterious savior from the sky."

Creed looked on the verge of having a stroke when he saw what happened. Now he knew that he was on Arcane's radar.

"He's not like them, he's worse, he's far worse," Creed stammered when he looked on with bloodshot eyes, angry that his fellow humans would make this Arcane into some kind of symbol. He would be some kind of hero. He hid his face in the shadows, so what kind of hero was that. "We’ve got to destroy him."

Creed realized that he ranted to no one but the walls but he lost all sense of himself and his mind, he crossed his arms over and sighed deeply. He gritted his teeth when he realized what was on the line.

'Unbelievable,' Creed thought to himself when he cracked his knuckles and mentally counted to a hundred but he would need more than that to shield the fact that he was pretty pissed off all things considered.

It was bad enough that Spider-Man was out there, it was bad enough that the Fantastic Four, the Avengers, and all of the rest were out there. Now, he had to deal with Arcane and if he got branded as some kind of hero, the rest of the X-Men could follow, and people would support the hated mutants, tolerating them.

Creed refused to allow that to happen; he worked too far and too long for anything like that to happen. His mind pulsed and his eyes shot in blood, but he refused to go down without a fight. Arcane would be the next one on his list, the Friends of Humanity would triple their efforts to go after him, he must be made an example out of.

Little did Graydon Creed know that he was about to get himself into a situation that he could not get himself out of. Yet given his hatred and anger, he refused to admit how much he dug his own grave and it would be a matter of time for Arcane would seal his tomb.

"Well it was nice to meet you, even though I barely met you," Mary Jane joked when she looked at Harry before she smiled and cleared her throat, to continue to speak. "It's...well it's good to meet you, but I think it's time we got back. When Gwen and I ran off, we missed a lot of the excitement."

Harry looked at Mary Jane, a quizzical expression in his eyes, when he decided to feign what passed for ignorance. "Excitement, in what way?"

"Spider-Man was here," Gwen offered when she had a knowing glint in her eye and smiled. "And so was Arcane, it was amazing, wasn't it?"

"Wish I would have seen it," Peter responded when he looked back. He also wished he would have gotten some pictures but by the time he really did anything, Arcane and Shadowcat were taking them down with expert fury and teamwork beyond anything that was exhibited. He sighed, he would have to get another opportunity when it came, that much was for sure.

Gwen shook her head, when she heard snippets of the conversation regarding the attack today. That group called themselves the Friends of Humanity, they were your average nutjob group who hoped to show their superiority over the mutants or something along those lines. Gwen kind of drowned out what they were saying after a while to be honest. It was one of those things where they rambled and ranted on and on. All she knew was that these people, they were no friends of hers and that's all that
mattered.

Gwen, Kitty, and Harry went their separate ways a little bit, before Gwen turned around, looking over her shoulder. A bright smile crossed her face when she waited.

"So, you're starting to get a name for yourself," Gwen remarked when she looked at Harry with a bit of a teasing glint in her eyes. "It's the type of name that could get you a lot of fans, both wanted and unwanted."

Gwen paused, but she could not resist saying even more than that.

"It's one of those things where you fight some of the most dangerous people out there. It's not hard but it's going to be one of those things that is going to be tough. Then you realize that you have to deal with your legions of fans and you almost wish for the murder schemes. Now that Arcane is a bit more know...well I'm sure the Human Torch could tell you some stories about some psychotic fangirls."

"Believe me, they exist," Harry stated when he looked forward, with a wistful smile and a nod, but Kitty grabbed his hand before she focused on him.

He missed very little about the world he came from but the psychotic fangirls were something that he could do without. Unless they were hot, then perhaps they could come to an understanding. Harry felt he had his priorities firmly in place with that thought.

"Not that you need any protection but I so totally have your back," Kitty answered when she looked at Harry.

"As long as you're not driving me anywhere, I feel safe enough with you," Harry answered and Kitty had a cross expression fill her face, before Gwen smiled. She heard tales of Kitty's driving exploits. The girl was creative, although she might want to dial back the creativity a little bit if she was hoping to ever pass her driver's test.

Harry stretched a little bit, with a girl on either side of him. He saw the storm clouds rolling in a little bit and smiled. Despite the run in with the psycho racists, today was a good day. Angel disappeared into the night, and Harry let him because he could tell that this young man did not want to be bothered. Harry respected that completely.

He walked off into the night, as did Harry, Kitty, and Gwen, heading home before the storm hit them hard.

Harry stepped out to use the facilities for a moment, which allowed Kitty and Gwen to have a moment alone with each other.

"So, you're the latest girl that had been ensnared in Harry's web," Kitty stated when she looked at Gwen.

"It's weird that he's with that many girls and anyone else, I wouldn't believe it," Gwen admitted before she snapped her eyes up. "But considering that it's Harry..."

"It's perfectly natural," Kitty responded when she paused for a second. "He comes from a world where multi0partner relationships are more common, although he tends go that extra mile."

"So, Harry's...from another planet?" Gwen asked, this was a revelation that smacked her in the face.
"Well kind of, it's complicated, Harry isn't someone who tells much of anything, unless he really gains your trust and I've known enough to know enough, that he doesn't like talking about his past or where he's come from at all," Kitty stated when she looked at Gwen. "I do know enough to know that if he kisses you, there's something behind it. And how was your kiss?"

"Pardon the cheesy reference, but it was simply magical," Gwen answered when she turned around and looked off with a smile. "I guess I've had a bit of a crush on him since I met him but it's intensified. Unless I guess I've been holding out my hopes for someone else but I can't wait around forever."

Kitty smiled when she looked at Gwen. "Harry's coming back any moment and you can do far worse than him like I said. Give him a test, and see what you like. Although you may be ruined for life if you get one taste of him."

Gwen smiled, that was an endearment if she ever heard one but she supposed that it was now time to figure out what was going to happen. If something was meant to happen it would but if nothing was meant to happen, part friends. Gwen was willing to take a risk because she was kind of sick of playing it safe. "I'll leave you two alone," Kitty stated, feeling that the first time should be one on one, although she'd come back later for more.

Harry arrived and Kitty passed him.

"She's ready," Kitty whispered to Harry, who nodded before he walked over.

"Gwen," Harry stated when he looked at her. He saw that she wore a black tank top that stretched over her breasts and rode up when she stretched, showing her toned midsection. Her legs were covered by a pair of short jean shorts and her feet were currently bare. Her blonde hair hung down her back.

"Harry, you kissed me today," Gwen stated when she looked at him and offered him to sit down. She snuggled in close to him. "I was thinking about you a lot lately, in my dreams and in other ways. I was wondering, if you wanted me as badly as I wanted you."

Harry raised an eyebrow, and he felt her hand move up his leg, towards his lap, and decided that there was only one answer.

"You're an extremely hot girl Gwen, who wouldn't want you?" Harry asked when he cupped her face in his hands. "You're beautiful."

Gwen, pleased with that response, threw legs over Harry's lap and straddled him, before she attacked his mouth with a passionate kiss. Every single kiss was more intense when she peppered Harry's mouth with them and Harry held her in straight, pulling her onto his lap. She ground against his bulge.

She closed her eyes when Harry kissed her back, in a heated fashion. She sighed when his hands worked his way underneath her shirt, feeling the underside of her breasts.

'Best...idea ever,' Gwen thought, feeling herself grow wet from his touches underneath her breasts and she flickered a little bit, her eyes going shut when she breathed heavily.

"I need you Harry," Gwen breathed heatedly in his ear when she grabbed him around the neck and began to nibble on his ear. "I want you."
Smut/Lemon Begins.

Harry pulled Gwen's shirt up over her head, to reveal her firm breasts encased in a bra. She bent her back and kissed on her neck a little bit, causing her to moan heavily. Her eyes fluttered shut when his kisses trailed down her neck slowly, one at a time, his hands cupping the small of her back, when he rubbed circles around the soft flesh around her back, cupping her cute little rear in his hands when she ground up and down on him.

"Yeah, fuck yeah," Gwen moaned when he teased her breasts with his fingers and she felt moisture pool between her legs. She unbuttoned Harry's shirt to reveal his muscular chest and abs. She appreciatively rubbed his chest with her hands, when she ground on his bulge, rubbing her ass into it.

Harry grabbed her bra strap and pulled it off, to allow her breasts to pop up. They were C-Cups, close to a D but they looked wonderful on a human teenage girl with her frame. He grabbed her breasts, squeezing her, causing Gwen to moan lustfully.

"You must be so wet now," Harry stated when he grabbed her breasts.

"Yes, yes," Gwen panted, feeling good that Harry touched her in all of the right spots and caused the heat to rise up from her body.

Harry slid Gwen's jean short's off, to reveal the black panties that Gwen wore stuck to her pussy, dripping with her fluids. He offered a smile, before she slid down, and his shorts slid down his legs. Then Gwen squeezed his bulge in his pants, teasing him with her firm grip.

Gwen felt his cock, she thought that it was huge and she pulled down Harry's boxers. Sure enough, it was huge, his cock was eleven inches, maybe more, and sprung out in front of her face.

"I think I'm going to suck you off," Gwen managed when she went down between his legs and started to lick his balls, before she ran her tongue up and down his cock.

"Oh yeah, do that," Harry panted heavily, when Gwen offered a few kisses up and down him, it felt so good, she knew what she was doing.

Gwen thought she did well for the first time that she did something like that. Harry enjoyed it and given that Harry enjoyed the talents of both Black Widow and Black Cat, Gwen took that as an achievement that she would take to the bank. Her tongue licked down his cock, taking more and more of it, running it on the underside of him.

Without any warning, Gwen popped his cock into her mouth, going down on it and deep throating him with all of her might. Harry placed his hands on the back of her head, pushing him down, when she bobbed her head back and forth. She felt him grunt and groan, as the back of his large cock went down her throat.

Gwen stayed the course, sucking him off and Harry sat back, enjoying the blowjob.

"Good, you're great, awesome," Harry panted when he cupped her healthy tits in his hand when she speared his pole down her throat. "Fuck, yeah."

Gwen continued to speed up the motions, moving down on him, and making sure he had the best time. She moved her fingers down and diddled herself when she went down on Harry even more. Her eyes flickered shut a little bit when she panted and continued to rub her lips through her panties. The fluid dripped down from her thighs.

Harry thought she was doing a wonderful job; it was magnificent to see her on her knees with his
cock down her throat. Gwen Stacy sped up her motions, sucking him down her throat, willing to get all of the essences out.

He could hold back no longer and he let down all of it down her throat. His cock spewed its seed down her, pumping into her mouth.

Gwen made a popping noise when she slid back and licked the cum off of her lips. She pulled herself back onto her legs and pealed off her panties. Her puffy sex was shown before Harry, wet, pink, and inviting with a small strip of blonde hair.

"Want a taste?" Gwen asked in near purr and Harry rose to the challenge, going between her legs, before he began to lick Gwen out with all of his might. "Oh...yes, fuck yes."

Gwen panted heavily when Harry's talented tongue did its work. She could not believe this...something that amazing should be illegal, it felt too good to be real. His tongue worked patterns into her, licking and working her over with fluid motions. The blonde panted heavily when he moved into her center, lapping up her juices.

Harry tasted her, slowly at first, to build up the anticipation in her mind. His tongue worked circles around her center, before it started to vibrate in her center, and Gwen's eyes glazed over with the pleasure when her heart began to skip several beats.

"Oh good god!" Gwen breathed when Harry's tongue vibrated inside her. She had her first experience of Harry's talented oral skills and it caused her to lose her mind. "More, please, more, yes!"

Gwen felt herself rock back and forth with a powerful orgasm, her hips buckled up into Harry's face and she thought that she would lose herself. Harry pulled away and he slowly rubbed her clit, causing the warmth to fill her body once again.

"I need it, inside me," Gwen breathed when she looked at him, spreading her legs, her juices rolling down her legs.

Harry knew not to pass up an invite like this and he lined up his cock with her dripping slit before he pushed inside her. He felt Gwen's barrier and she bit her lip, shutting up the pain.

Then the pain stopped and it was placed by nothing but pleasure, the pleasure of this thick cock spearing in and out of her. Gwen bucked her hips upwards, feeling rather heavy.

"Faster," Gwen stated when she locked her legs around Harry and he continued to push inside her, feeling her silken walls caress his cock. It felt so good.

"So tight," Harry grunted when he pushed into Gwen and sped up at her insistence. He thrust deep into her.

"Harry...please, more," Gwen panted heavily.

She lost all sense of herself when his cock entered and exited her, pushing in and out of her dripping slit. She rocked her head back and offered a hearty moan to the heavens. She grabbed her hands around him, when he bent down and devoured her breasts, sucking on them. He greedily feasted on the buffet of flesh offered before him and Gwen panted, slowly but surely she was about ready to lose her mind when she arched her hips forward, when he worked his cock into her.

Harry sped up the motions, increasing the intensity of his thrusts. He pulled out of her a little bit, teasing her, before he pushed himself back in. This caused her to moan.
"More, pound me, yeah!"

Gwen felt herself rocked to another orgasm and she came down with a pause. She was disappointed that Harry slowed down a little bit but she did not have time to register her disappointed. He filled her hungry pussy with more thrusts yet, when he pushed into her.

Her moist walls hugged and tugged on his cock and Harry rocked himself back and forth, keeping a steady pace, when his balls slapped against her thighs a little bit. He would not slow down, not in the slightest. His heart beat more steadily when he speared into her a little bit, feeling the burn when the blonde squeezed him with her inner walls.

"Oh, such a hot pussy," Harry grunted when he cupped his hands around her ass, feeling it and squeezing it in his hands and Gwen moaned hungrily, feeling his cock bury into her.

"Fuck me, never stop," Gwen stated when she panted heavily.

Harry agreed never to stop, this pussy was so nice, and he could hardly believe it. She squeezed him and their positions were reversed after a time so she could ride him like there was no tomorrow.

Gwen started to rock her hips back and forth across Harry's throbbing prick when she bounced up and down on him. She already came several times and was determined to get a load of her lover's cum between her legs.

Harry felt her ride him, with Gwen using everything she could think of. He could go for very long time but despite her determination, Gwen was still a human girl, with human limitations. So while he pushed her towards the edge, giving her mind blowing orgasm after mind blowing orgasm, he did not want to fuck her into a coma.

"Cum, please, I need it," Gwen panted when she rocked back, screaming her head off. She was very vocal but then again, Harry suspected that the smartest ones were always among the most vocal.

After an amount of time, Gwen finished riding Harry into an orgasm, rocking herself back and forth on him, squeezing him around him his prick, when she felt him about at the edge, ready to pop. She bounced up and down on him and after a time, she decided to throw her head back and scream at the top of her lungs.

Harry exploded, sending jet after jet of his warm cum into her body. He splattered his juices into her, and rocked his hips up, splattering it into her. Gwen felt good when he unloaded into her, sending jet after jet of cum into her. Both lovers saw stars before they collapsed into each other's arms.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

Gwen collapsed next to Harry, feeling the pleasure and she snuggled into his shoulder.

"This should make these get together's a bit more memorable," Harry breathed when he wrapped his arms tightly around her and Gwen nodded, when she snuggled into Harry's chest.

"Give me a few minutes, maybe an hour or two, and I think I'll be ready to go again," Gwen answered when she rested next to him, and kissed him on the lips, wrapping her arms around him. "All of those girls, they'll never be the same again once you got a hold of them. I know I won't."

Harry smiled; he could not help but feel happy because of that.

Kitty watched, once Gwen was rested, she would make her move, and the real fun would begin.
To Be Continued in the Next Arc.
The Sirens, the Devil, and the Kingpin

Chapter 44 "The Sirens, the Devil, and the Kingpin Part One."

A smile crossed Gwen's face when she walked next to Harry, eyes twinkling in amusement. She was actually glad that she had a steady boyfriend now, granted he was shared with several other women, but that actually made things oddly more alluring. Plus it was not like it wasn't plenty of Harry Potter to go around. And after what he suffered in his life, there was no one who deserved a group of several good looking and hot women that he did. The young wizard stepped forward towards Gwen, and smiled.

"So, I take it you've had a great night," Gwen responded when she handed the newspaper to Harry, before flicking it in his face. She watched Harry to gauge his reaction but he said nothing yet. "So, the Bayville Sirens, I know you know."

Harry offered a smile on his face, when he looked towards one of his girlfriends. "Guilty as charged, I knew you'd know that I'd know. It's an interesting story to tell never the less."

Harry paused and thought over the events of the night in his mind, yeah this was quite the adventure. He recalled every single moment of it with picture perfect accuracy. He turned and sat down with Gwen on the steps outside of her house. It was rather early in the morning now, with everyone still in bed. Yet, Harry had been up for several hours, then again with his powers, he did not need much sleep. And with his girls, sleep was not a luxury he could afford, but that was beside the point.

Still, tonight's adventure was a fascinating little jaunt, when he turned to Gwen and a smile crossed his face. He could tell that he was building up the suspense in her mind and he was building up the suspense in his in his own way. Although the more that he thought about tonight, there was a fair bit of absurdity with the interest that happened today. He crossed his hands, and thought about everything that occurred before opening his mouth to speak.

"So, I think you want to know," Harry remarked when he turned to Gwen carefully.

"Yeah, I want to know, believe me, I've been waiting for it," Gwen answered when she impatiently rocked back and forth to wait for what Harry was going to tell her. He built the anticipation in a great way, to the fact that it was almost annoying, if not slightly disappointing that he was not saying a word.

"Well the Bayville Sirens, fascinating story," Harry answered drumming his fingers before he took a drink of water and paused once again before he spoke. "Would you believe this entire event was set off by something that Scott Summers did, where he put his foot in his mouth?"

Gwen offered a statement in mock sarcasm, rolling her eyes slightly. "No, really, get out of here."

Harry smiled back at her. "It's true, it really is true."

Gwen waved her hand before she smiled at Harry. "So what really happened? I'm dying to know."

Harry turned around; before he paused for a second, once again tonight was a fascinating night and one that could have ended a lot worse had he not been there. It proved one thing and that was that there were a lot of things that turned out for the best, but they could very easily turn for the worst. And for him, it did turn out fairly well.

"So let's take you back to seventy two hours ago," Harry responded to Gwen who nodded, sitting in
Rapt anticipation before the young mage decided to go into the story, as he first lived it.

The Xavier Institute was always a busy place, with plenty of hustle and bustle, along with chaos that went along with it. That was something that could completely happen with a group of super powered mutants, many of them who were only learning their powers for a few months at this present time. It was also a hot July day, that meant that tensions were high. It always seemed like something was wrong at the Xavier Institute and that made said tensions even higher. And there were no higher tensions that could happen with a Danger Room session in ninety degree temperatures with the air conditioning on the brink.

Especially given the session that Jean was helping lead Amara for. Harry had his lessons with Strange and Logan was off doing his own thing, like Logan might. So it was down to Jean to help Amara with her training. The blasts of hot lava made the room hotter but she had to control them in such a way.

"I know it's uncomfortable Amara, but you got to focus," Jean stated before she added as an afterthought. "Don't lose your cool."

Jean could not resist this simple statement and Amara could not resist rolling her eyes because of it. Regardless, her heart beat against her chest when she picked up the pace and turned around, nearly being shaken from the attack. The Nova-Roma princess swayed, she tried to recall everything that she learned, but this was a particularly hard lesson. Still she really wanted to do it on her own.

She was determined to achieve some kind of success she raised an eyebrow, shaking a little bit, before her hips swayed a little bit, and she blocked some of the pockets of lava. This was a one on one training session, it would be much harder with teammates.

"Okay, I got this, I so got this," Amara stated, when one of the rocks fell from the ceiling of the training simulation.

An optic blast of light struck the rocks, before Amara could reaction. She blinked and then cursed, she could have handled that and she got down to the ground, kneeling a little bit and watching every little thing. Her dark hair dripped with sweat and stuck to her face, when she spun around watching Scott down on the ground.

"Just thought I'd lend a hand," Scott responded with a smile, he knew that after he let Jean go mentally, he could focus on other things, like taking his role as the leadership for this team. And being a leader, meant helping out the other team members when they could not handle the heat, which seemed to be often.

"Lend a hand, I had it completely under control!" Amara stated hotly when she looked at Scott, like she was about ready to set him on fire.

"Look, I know how it might seem that way but..."

"Scott, just stop trying," Jean answered with a roll of her eyes before she stared him down, fury going through her eyes when she dis so. Her head was clearer than ever now thanks to the Phoenix and she saw that Scott was very flawed. Granted, they were all flawed, but his flaws were stronger than many others, to the point where it made her extremely uncomfortable.

She could not wait for Harry to set up his place because she would be going out the door with him. As for the others, Jean had no idea

Scott resembled a dog that had been caught doing its business on the rug inside the house.
"I'm supposed to be the leader of this team, I should be able to lend a hand to those who need the help," Scott protested to the redhead before him, but he took a step back at the look of fury in Jean's eyes.

Kurt popped up and watched Scott, eyes widened before he looked at him, shaking his head in pity. "Man, just leave it alone, you can't win here, this is an unwinnable thing. You should step back nicely and beg for forgiveness. Trust me, it's a lot better, it's a lot better, you're not going to win."

Scott was not one to concede defeat, especially when he was getting his confidence back after the Asteroid incident. He thought that with Harry's focus on leaving the team and also with getting Wanda out of her current predicament, he would be able to step up a little bit and take the reigns of leadership. Unfortunately, that got him his share of nasty looks from both Amara and Jean.

"What's going on here?" Kitty asked, who showed up, with Tabby walking behind her and Rogue also popped in with Rachel. Even Roberto, Bobby, and Sam turned up to watch the show or perhaps the slaughter, it was extremely hard to tell for now.

"The point is Scott, you can help out all you want, but you lack one fundamental thing that a leader truly does," Jean stated, when she gained some momentum and was about to light into Scott for the viewing pleasure of the rest of the team. "That is the leader doesn't jump in and fight the battles for the team, especially when he could barely handle himself. A true leader is one that observes what's happening, and jumps in to take control but only when the team has faltered. Do you understand when you have failed?"

Bobby grimaced when he saw Scott. He wondered if he should start buying flowers for the funeral.

"I..."

Jean was far from done lighting into Scott and she watched him. "And I suppose that you thought that you could swoop in here because Amara needs the help of the big and almighty powerful Cyclops. Perhaps you thought that she was a weak little girl that could not handle the heat. I think that Harry has been doing a good job in building up her confidence and the confidence of the other team members."

"Oh boy," Sam whispered to the group and Bobby and Roberto nodded, with Jubilee biting her lips.

"Alas, Cyclops, we barely knew thee," Tabby stated in mock remorse, when she clapped a hand to her heart in mock sorrow.

"Jean I..."

"You know, worry about your own inadequacies and not how you think others are inadequate, Scott," Jean practically spat at him, she wondered if the injury that caused him to be unable to control his optic blasts caused some kind of lasting brain damage. "And leave the leadership to the people who can actually lead this team until you take lessons in how to do so properly!"

Scott was flummoxed; he did not know what to say, although his brain engaged to the point where he knew it to be prudent not say anything. Kurt and Bobby in particular gave him warning looks, as if to say to walk away whilst he was ahead. The young man wondered what the rest of the team would say, and he had been dressed down verbally in front of the entire squad. That to Scott was demeaning, but it should not be the end of the world.

Except for the fact that it almost was and Scott blinked carefully, waiting and watching, wondering what to say or do next. The eyes of many were on him. Everyone, new recruits and old recruits alike
watched to see what he was going to say or even if he was going to defend himself. He blinked and watched like a fish out of water, swaying a little bit and his heart beat steadily before he threw his hands up and turned so he could walk away. Scott Summers knew he fought a losing battle.

"The nerve of him," Jean stated before she turned around and saw Harry. Her expression brightened up when she saw Harry. "So...how are you doing?"

"Fine, I can tell you've been through quite the scene," Harry responded with an amused chuckle when he saw the members of the team, but he knew not to push it, because the busted air conditioning was making everyone testy. Harry didn't mind, he thought it actually built character. Although he was a bit agitated about giving the run around by Xavier when he inquired about the original X-Men. The statement "it was a lifetime ago" was given and that was that. "It's not something that I'm going to get involved in."

"I wouldn't get involved in it either," Kurt stated to Harry with widened eyes when he walked by and the young wizard nodded.

Little did he know that this simple incident would be the start of something that would be extremely interesting. He could not really even begin to fathom what was going on around him but he could tell that Jean, Amara, and many of the female members of this team had something to prove. Although perhaps something to rub Scott's nose in was the greater reason why they did this, that much was for sure.

"Interestingly enough, the Bayville Sirens popped up around that time. Anyone with a few functioning brain cells could piece together who they were and who this mysterious group of six vigilantes turned out to be. Said group gave fits to the criminals of New York City, and it could not be better when they did."

Gwen smiled when Harry continued to go into the story.

"As for Arcane...well he had his own problems that he had to deal with. It seems like I can't even step out for a milkshake without attracting some kind of trouble."

Gwen placed her hand on her heart and offered a mock expression of sorrow, a smile spreading over her face. "Such is the place for a hero, but continue your story."

And continue his story was what Harry did in fact do, even if he would not consider himself the hero.

Harry Potter took a moment to look around when he heard the alarm. Under the guise of Arcane, dressed in a black jacket, with a black shirt, and black pants, with a charm that disguised his true face, he turned around, walking forward and was ready for action. True it was not the flashiest costume in the world but damn it, it was the man who made the costume and not the other way around. That being said, Harry was ready for action and ready to see what the world had in store for him.

Armed goons, they were really a dime a dozen, especially in a city as large as New York and he heard the patter of little steps. Harry arched his head back a little bit and saw that there was a gang of seven, eight, no wait about fifteen, damn there must have been some kind of convention in town. He turned around and waited, casually watching everything. So far no shots were fired, even if a door was broke, but still no casualties.
That situation could turn around for the worst rather quick.

Harry waited and he watched carefully, to see what was going to happen next but it turned out that he did not have to wait that much longer. He got a little back up in the form of everyone's favorite friendly neighborhood hero, Spider-Man.

"Alright, you boys have been very naughty tonight," the wall crawler stated but they turned to him and lifted up guns which caused the web slinger's spider sense to flare.

"Spider-Man, blast him!"

The high powered and military grade weapons fired at the web slinger who ducked the attacks, trying to maneuver them against each other. If he had a nickel for every time someone said, "Spider-Man, blast him", well he would not have to slum it for Jameson at the very least. He ducked his head and rolled around, launching himself into the air. A click of his web shooters but the blast from the laser blasters burned through his webbing and dropped him to the ground.

'Okay, that doesn't work as well as I thought it would, think Spidey, use your head, it's what brought you to the dance,,'

the wall crawler responded when he blinked carefully and once again, he dodged the blasts of fire, before he dodged the attacks and tried to maneuver them into a situation where he could take them down. His heart thumped hard against his chest.

The blast of light knocked the enemies back and Spider-Man turned his head. There he was, on time as always. The web slinging hero watched as Arcane swooped in, quick as a cat, and dropped down to attack. Shot after shot disarmed and disabled the weapons of his enemies. Thick cords wrapped around his legs, before he spun around and took them down a little bit, before Arcane circled them like a shark seeking out his prey.

His speed was insane and his intensity could not be matched by anyone. Spider-Man offered what he hoped was a helping hand when he shot his line of webbing out, wrapping around the ankles of his enemy and knocking them down. They landed down onto the ground with a solid drop.

"So where do you think these guys came from?" Spider-Man asked Arcane when he continued to fight and Arcane knocked them down. "And wasn't there less guys there when we started?"

"Pretty much, these thugs breed like rabbits," Harry responded when he swung his foot into the ankle of one of the attackers. They expected a magical attack so it would be prudent to use a physical one so he propelled himself up into the air, before he launched his attacker backwards, causing them to crash backwards with a solid impact and a crunch. The bones in their vertebrae cracked and snapped. Harry watched, a smirk that was calculating and was about to speak.

Before he could say anything, a figure swooped from the air. He moved pretty fast, almost too fast for Harry to pick up at first. He saw a flicker of a red bodysuit and horns, when he rushed around. A white staff swung in his hand when he rushed around, moving into the the battle.

"It's the Devil!"

Harry corked an eyebrow when he heard them, he wanted to know more. The Devil...well that was something that was new and he wanted to find out further information about it. There was the thud, thud, crack, and another thud of several explosive attacks at rapid fire fury. Their enemies toppled to the ground with an attack, before the mystery man swung around, sending his staff cracking into the knee caps of his enemies.

The sound of shattering bones against metal could be heard by all and everyone wondered what was
happening now. Harry in particular, he was curious, and he tried to shine a light on them, but all of their enemies, they were down on the ground. Spider-Man in particular blinked and watched them, carefully trying to piece together what happened. It was not like anything he ever experienced.

"And I didn't get to do much of anything," Spider-Man responded in a joking tone after he let out a breath and threw his hands into the air, in mock remorse.

"I'm sure we'll get another chance," Harry offered Spider-Man with a shrug but his mysterious vigilante friend disappeared into the night. He took a few steps forward. "The devil, the devil, that name seems to be familiar."

Spider-Man remembered something that he heard in the Bugle. "They...wouldn't be referring to the mysterious guardian devil of Hell's Kitchen, would they? As in Daredevil!"

Harry read the reports, so he knew what Spider-Man was talking about but the real question was if this devil and the person that attacked him were one in the same. The young wizard only had a moment to carefully walk forward a little bit, and peer up on the catwalk before he spotted who was standing on it.

The mysterious devil tried to make a getaway but Harry was not going to let him escape that easily. Not until he had answers. The young wizard kicked up the pace and flew towards him. The devil turned around, his hands on his hips.

"Kid, you don't know what you've stumbled into," the Devil stated in a gruff voice when he crossed his arms, hearing a heartbeat like anything he ever heard before. It was positively alien given the odd rhythm.

"You're the Guardian Devil of Hell's Kitchen," Harry stated when he looked back at the man before him, his expression intent when he watched the man preparing to defend himself if need be. "I've seen you on the news and saw what you've done."

"Congratulations," he stated gruffly when before a pause. "And you also know what I've done and who I'm going up against. Those goons you went against, they're not your average group of goons. They're something else, especially who they work for."

"What are they?" Spider-man asked but Daredevil sensed his presence, his heartbeat, once again unlike anything he ever saw before.

"They work for a very powerful crime boss, he calls himself the Kingpin, he's using the recent string of car-jackings as a front," Daredevil answered in a brisk and curt tone of voice. "I've been chasing him for a very long time."

"How long?" Spider-Man asked when he looked at Daredevil who answered in a gruff tone.

"Longer than you've even had on those webs."

He launched a line and flew off, with Arcane and Spider-Man standing there in his wake, without a further word of goodbye. Both of them were thinking about the same thing, it was a while before the web head actually said anything. The friendly neighborhood hero turned to him, before he carefully looked at him.

"Nice fellow, about as nice as you are," Spider-Man remarked in a cheerful voice.

Harry stared at him, giving the web slinger a gaze that made Spider-Man glad that Arcane could not shoot heat beams through his eyes.
"What are you trying to imply?" Harry asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Nothing, nothing," Spider-Man answered before he switched the subjects to address the elephant in the room. "So you and Gwen..."

"Yes," Harry answered in a careful voice and Spider-Man looked at Harry, trying to act intimidating but failing.

"Don't hurt her or...I'll web your feet to the ground," Spider-Man finished, he thought his threat sounded a lot more horrifying in his head but now it sounded kind of lame.

"Right, I'll keep that in mind, but Gwen's a great girl, I think she'd hurt me if I hurt her," Harry answered with a crisp voice. "And I take care of all my girls and they know what they're getting into."

"Yeah, I almost pity you," Spider-Man stated before he added. "I mean you have to deal with that time of the month times about seven or eight about now while most guys only have to deal with it once so..."

Spider-Man shook his head when he watched Harry, who inclined his head and shook it sadly.

"You know, I think I might shut up now, that would be the best, wouldn't it?"

"It would," Harry stated when he nodded in agreement before he turned around and watched, but did not blink. "So, I think that now we should go after this devil. I managed to slip a tracking spell on him."

"Of course you did," Spider-Man stated before he turned around to focus on the task at hand.

It was time for him to join Arcane and track down the Guardian Devil, Daredevil, whatever they wanted to call him, he would be found.

They were on his trail.

'This is awesome, even more fun than I ever thought that something like this would be, I mean, isn't this amazing!'

Tabby stated this when she walked forward, along with the rest of the group in black leather jackets and tight pants, along with sunglasses. Kitty, Rogue, Amara, Jean, and Rachel followed them. The Bayville Sirens made their mark on Bayville and in the greater area around New York. They noticed that there was a lot of car jackings in the area and they traced it back to the source.

Rachel's expression crossed with one with trepidation. She was dragged into this battle with the rest of them, partly to make sure they stayed out of trouble and then to not let their initial successes get to their head. "Okay guys, this was fun, I don't think any of us would deny that, but the joke's over. We've allowed this one to get away with us and...I don't think that the joke is as funny as we thought it was anymore. We could get hurt."

"We were trained for this, I mean Xavier's keeping us indoors for a while and so not letting us do anything, this is totally great," Kitty answered and the rest of the group nodded. "It's a shame that Harry is off doing something else."

"Nah this is a girl's night out, no matter how good he'd look in tight leather," Tabby responded when she blinked and watched everything that happened around them before she heard the rumbling from
indoors. "Did you guys hear them?"

They all nodded, they did hear that and the assembled group edged closer, hoping that they would be able to find out more about what was going down. These car jacking, they happened for a reason but what was that reason? Jean led the group, being the senior member of the team. Amara followed her closely behind, then Rogue, then Rachel, Kitty, and Tabby. The group let one of the car jackers get away, while they tailed him.

It was a play out of the playbook of their glorious leader, one Harry James Potter, alias Arcane, and they hoped to take more plays out of his playbook in the future. The Sirens stepped forward, listening carefully. They realized that enhanced hearing would be a power that would be pretty useful now. They could hear enough.

"Yeah, those girls in the leather, they think they're something, don't they?"

"Yeah, man but they aren't nothing but a bunch of little brats playing dress up."

'Oh really now,' Jean thought when she stepped forward, eyes flashing with the desire to prove herself.

"I got a word from the fat man, he wants the stuff moved and he wants it moved tonight, the devil's closing in on us fast. And these Sirens, well they'll be dead in a little bit. And there's the web head, that chump and Arcane, what is with this city?"

"I don't know, something in the water," one of the car jackers stated with a thud. They had weapons that were military level; they had been smuggled into the city. The Kingpin's turf war with Silvermane heated up and the underworld chose sides. Although there was this Master Planner that offered a third option that upset things but that was another story all together.

A telekinetic pulse knocked one of the weapons out of their hands and the goons spun around, before they watched the group of six peered at them.

"The Sirens?" one of the car jackers stated when he looked at the girls.

"Yeah, that's right, bub," Kitty stated when she stood and put her hands on her hips.

"Bub?" Rachel asked with a raised eyebrow and she could not avoid smiling. "Logan's going to sue you for trademark infringement."

"Enough, let's take them down," the goons stated, before they fired the high tech blasters at the girls, who scattered. The Sirens rushed around, trying to encircle their enemies. It was Rogue who after catching her breath, who stated the obvious point for all of them to ponder.

"How does trash like this get their hands on high tech weapons?" she asked, when she used her strength to knocked her enemy into the wall. "I mean, seriously, these people...they don't seem like the type who could handle this stuff."

"More than your average car jacking," Rachel stated when she used a pulse to smack the heads of her enemies together and they slumped down to the ground. "These guys are up to something but...DUCK!"

That statement got their attention and they nearly go their heads taken off by the weapons. That was a close shave, all too close, and the group scattered, before they got away. But not before they left a crate on the ground, opened and Jean moved over, to see what they had.
"So, are we going to see what goodies they've been hoarding?" Tabby asked when she took a moment to look at the crate and Jean responded with a nod and a smile.

Jean tore open the crates to reveal the high tech weapons inside. If she was honest, this really scrapped the iceberg and now she believed them to playing into some much higher stakes than before.

"Guys, I think we might be in the middle of some kind of turf war," Jean stated when she turned back around to them.

"Which is a good reason why we should step back and let it go," Rachel stated and Kitty looked about ready to agree, but Tabby decided to be the one to egg them on a little bit more.

"Hey, we could step back, you're right, but wouldn't that be proving Cyclops right?" Tabby asked when she looked at her fellow Sirens. "We could pretend this never happened, but this is a chance for us to really prove ourselves. Really apply our training in a situation where we could help people out and stop people from dying."

Amara nodded in agreement. She hoped to have a real practical situation, sure there were a few battles here and there, but that really did not count. She really wanted something tangible to be able to happen.

"So are we in this?" Jean asked and the group all nodded. "None of you are being forced to stay, when we signed up for this...we realized that this might be a fun thing and none of us took it too seriously."

Kitty, Rogue, and Rachel all nodded, that was the idea.

"But now we can do something worthwhile."

Gwen waited for the pause of the story. "So how much of that were you witness to?"

"Jean and I and Rachel and I, have mental links, so if I choose to, I can tap into it whenever I want," Harry offered her and Gwen nodded carefully when she watched Harry. "I don't try and make a habit out of it, it can get pretty unsettling if I keep popping in on someone's mind and stalking them but if they need help, they know that they can call me."

"I can see why it would be so," Gwen stated when she moved over and sipped on the drink that she had. She paused and then stated her next question. "So you were in there for almost the entire time?"

"Pretty much yeah, but Spider-Man and I had a few other things that we had to worry about. We were on our way to run with the devil and to track him down. I wasn't going to let that initial meeting go on without learning more. That was not the way I am."

Gwen figured as much and she politely invited for Harry to continue his story and continue he did.

The first night of the Bayville Sirens invasion concluded and it was the second night, with Arcane and Spider-Man sitting perched on the gargoyles. Now it was night two and they were after Daredevil. Harry figured that they could have tracked him down and found out his civilian identity but he was not going to go that route. Unless of course, the Guardian Devil of Hell's kitchen forced his hand.

So far, it was so good, Arcane perched and ready.
"So, if our pattern is right, the next car jacking should take place here," Spider-Man responded when Harry nodded. "And what if our mysterious Bayville Sirens show up?"

"I sent them on a wild goose chase to the other side of town," Harry responded without a thought when he watched and waited, rocking back on his heels. "If this is as serious as I think it is, I don't want any of them in the line of fire."

Spider-Man could not help but wise crack. "And how many of them are you sleeping with?"

Arcane did not have time to dignify that question with a response, for now he swooped him down onto the ground. The web head dropped to the ground with him, when he saw the goons in the alleyway. Once again, the car jacking appeared to be a front for something else, but what it was a front for, Harry could not piece it together, at least not yet.

The weapons were high tech, from the few glimpses Harry saw and he watched everything, using his rather sharp hearing to pick up the sounds of footsteps. He had hearing that was more enhanced than most humans were, wondering if it was another mutant power, a quirk of magic, or something else entirely?

The crash echoed when the vigilante known as Daredevil swooped in and knocked his enemies down. They landed down to the ground, he moved quickly and without fear. There was no hesitation in his motions and his movement, when he was sent down to the ground with a loud crash. The thugs were no match for the Man Without Fear. When the dust settled, he wiped them out in record time.

Arcane and Spider-Man popped up to face Daredevil once again.

"You two again," Daredevil responded in his most crisp voice, recognizing their heart beats off the bat. "I told you that this is not..."

"You need your help, things are getting worse," Arcane answered when he looked at the many before him. There was a careful moment in time when both stood face to face with each other but neither backed down. Spider-Man gulped a little bit, he didn't fancy playing monkey in the middle between these two dark and brooding forces.

Daredevil paused before he explained the situation.

"There's a gang war that is about to happen, people are gobbling up turf left and right. Silvermane's back in the game and there's the Kingpin. Then there's this new party, he's called the Master Planner, and he's making his play for the piece of the pie. All of them are dangerous and there are several smaller mobs that are trying to get their piece as well but they've been gobbled up more and more. It's down to the Kingpin, Silvermane, and this Master Planner."

"The Kingpin, I fought a few of his men here and there, he's the worst of all the mob bosses in New York," Spider-Man offered.

"Yeah, he is," Daredevil agreed when he watched them. "If you two are willing to work with me, then fine, try and keep up but otherwise, stay out of my way."

Daredevil turned around, he knew that justice was blind, so that made him the perfect man for the job.

To Be Continued in Part Two.
Daredevil was a man who stood forward and carefully, even if he could not see, his eyes were watching every single moment and every single movement. He stood without fear and without any attempts to show that he was anything but the calculating individual he was. His heart drummed strong and soundly while he awaited the next moment. Truly, he had an axe to grind with this Kingpin and that was something that Spider-Man noticed.

'So he's really got it out for the Kingpin,' Spider-Man thought with wide eyes before he spoke up.

"So, Um, what exactly happened between you and Kingpin in the first place that cause this?" Spider-Man wondered but Daredevil turned to him, slowly rooting on the spot.

"It's personal," he responded in his gruffest tone of voice.

Sure enough it was personal, most things were. He flashed back in his mind to a time where he was young and innocent. Or at least more innocent than he was now but that was beside the point, the point was that times have changed. His father was named Jack Murdoch, he was a prize fighter, the best in the world, but one day he was told to took a dive by a man who wanted to see his fighter win. Jack Murdoch did not play that game and was a man of honor.

His young son, Matt Murdoch, stepped forward across the street, not watching where he was going. There was a truck that barreled down towards him and stopped, it carried radioactive waste on the back. Some of it splashed into his eyes, blinding him. That was a sad day and there was one man who was responsible for the trafficking of that material.

His name was the Kingpin, that's all Matt needed to know. His father tried to get his hands on the Kingpin but he was shot down, quite literally. He still remembered hearing the life leave his father when the Kingpin's goons left him for dead. He recalled it with fury, his fists clutched and teeth gritted when he thought about everything that happened. This was the worst thing ever and something that spun his entire world on its head.

He thought that everything was done but he got a lifeline, a man known as Stick found him and took him it. He trained Matt to use his senses, his other senses, to their fullest. The radioactive waste gave him super powers beyond his wildest imaginings and that allowed him to step forward, to do what needed to be done. This city needed protectors from trash like the Kingpin and the crowd he ran around with.

So he became Daredevil, he was the Man Without Fear, and he stood at the edge of the rooftop, carefully pondering, while technically speaking he could not look over the city, he could still protect it. The Kingpin threw more people in the crossfire than ever before and things got more intense with each passing moment, the more the Man Without Fear thought about it.

"So do you want our help?" Arcane asked to break him out of his thoughts.

Daredevil paused, there was an instant where he looked his gruffest but underneath the mask, there was a hint of frustration. With anyone who did what he did, it was quite understandable. That hint could be picked up by anyone who was skilled at reading body language but he blocked it out from most of the world and powered on through.
"Your help would be appreciated," Daredevil admitted grudgingly, but it almost pained him to admit so.

A smile snapped over Spider-Man's face. "Great so that means we should…”

"Do what we have to do to track down the Kingpin and stop him but it won't be easy," Daredevil answered when he spun around. "All I can piece together about him is that he is a man of immense resources. He has barely even stepped out into the light, letting his underlings do the work. Smart man, there are people who would shoot him on sight if they knew who he was."

"I'd imagine," Arcane responded when he kept his gaze steady and thought about everything.

He kept an eye on the girls, checking with the tracking charm that he put on them. Harry vowed to not get involved with their business unless they got into too much trouble. He had confidence in their abilities that they would not get into trouble, at least to a certain extent. Of course, leaving something like that up to chance. He kept a steady eye on the tracking spell.

Somehow Harry thought that despite his attempts to lead them out of the line of fire of this gang war, they would come across trouble. He trained them too well all things considered, that's what the wizard thought.

"So are we ready to do this thing?" Spider-Man asked carefully waiting on pins and needles.

Daredevil's steely glance snapped towards the web slinger, when he heard the heartbeat of both of them. Spider-Man looked a bit apprehensive but ready, but the other one, this Arcane, he showed no fear whatsoever, in addition to his alien heartbeat. It was almost as if he had no concept of mortality, and the fact that it was a dangerous world out there. That spoke well of him to an extent, Daredevil imagined.

"Yes, we are ready," Arcane stated before he paused and amended. "I can't speak for him, but I'm ready at least."

"There is no amount of preparation that will prepare us for what was going to happen so now is the time for action," Daredevil responded in a gruff voice one could not argue with.

Arcane and Spider-Man both knew they were ready. Both of them had been dealing with this sort of thing for a long time but given what Daredevil said the stakes could not be higher. Everything bubbled over carefully when they waited for the next move to happen. The trio moved off into the shadows, waiting to see what their next move would be.

"Are you sure we should be meddling in this?"

Scott took a moment to turn to Kurt, before he added in a confident voice that did not really suit him all that much. "Kurt, everything is going to turn out fine, just fine. We're going to give them a hand, like good teammates do."

Kurt appeared to be uncertain. "I mean, I don't want to be near any of them when they get mad. And if Harry finds out about this…"

"Harry won't find out about this," Scott answered in confidence but Kurt threw his hands up before he spoke in a frustrated whispered.

"Are you daft, man? Harry Potter knows everything. He sees when you're sleeping; he knows when you're awake. He doesn't sleep, he merely waits. Even Professor Xavier doesn't know as much about
us, and Logan doesn't, even though he should."

Scott decided to block out the very real annoyance about how observant Harry was but so far, he was not here. At least he was not seen anywhere but as Scott painfully reminded himself, he was not nearly as observant as Harry was.

Speaking of being observant, it was now that the group of six walked in. Jean led the way, walking with a confident stride that suited her new attitude. Kitty and Rachel followed closely behind her, then Rogue, then Amara and Tabby. The group of six waited and watched, before their eyes kept firmly focused on the task at hand.

"Something big going on," Kurt whispered to Scott but Scott shushed him and Kurt fell silent. All the two boys could do is wait and watch.

Kitty stopped and paused, she sensed that they were not alone. Perhaps it was an occupational hazard of being near Harry too much and thus she became slightly paranoid, but the fact of the matter was that she turned to her fellow teammates. Her eyes darted quickly to the rafters and she could have sworn she saw something move rather quickly.

"Keep on your toes guys, we could have trouble," Kitty stated to them.

Tabby was the one who responded in a brash voice, when she cracked her knuckles. "It's nothing that we can't handle. I mean after we trashed those car-jackers, we're on a roll, so let's do this thing."

"You might be on a roll ladies, but it's about to stop now."

The voice echoed for all of them to hear and the Sirens stood on edge, waiting a little bit. The voice they heard was commanding with a presence that caused them to all stand up and take attention. Voices like this echoed loud and bold, proud and could stretch on for miles. The group of six waited before they watched them.

"Who are you?" Rogue demanded before she placed her hands on her hips. "Show yourself!"

There was a chuckle before the voice responded once again. "Now be realistic, my dear, do you think that I would step into the light? I am called many things in the criminal underworld but you may call me the Kingpin."

"Yeah, well I'm calling you out for a butt whooping!" Rogue stated when she cracked her knuckles.

"Such spirit but yet such a temper," the Kingpin stated in an even voice. "You Bayville Sirens do have potential. I will not kill you, because you are an asset. Rather I'd offer you a job; I'd even pay you money. Mutants would be respected and not feared like it is inevitable."

The girls got on edge, how did this guy know what they were? Jean tried to scan for any thought patterns so she could find out where the Kingpin was hiding. Yet after that search failed she came to one simple conclusion, whoever was talking to them, he was not here and that was pretty frustrating.

"Too bad you can't come out and face us," Jean answered, feeling the Phoenix within her flare up in anger.

The chuckle of the Kingpin echoed through their ears before he decided to enlighten them on one simple matter. "That would be folly, my dear siren. So my offer, whilst it will be generous, expires in a short time. I would suggest you take advantage of it while you can."

"How about no?" Tabby asked when she put her hands on her hips, bracing herself for a fight. "We
could dish anything that you can take out so bring it buster."

The laughter of the Kingpin could be heard; this very thing put the Sirens on edge. The hairs on the back of their necks stood in attention when they waited for the other shoe to drop. The other shoe was about to drop but they did not know how much it was going to drop. The group swayed and waited, carefully keeping on their feet.

"I'm guessing that means no," Kingpin stated when his chuckles ceased.

Before any of the Sirens could make a snappy retort, a high frequency pulse ripped through the air. The siren felled the Sirens, with Jean and Rachel in particular getting the worst of it. It felt like their heads were split open, the other four did not fare too well other from the energy blast.

"What….is that?" Amara managed, her heart beating heavily, when she felt her powers go out of control.

Scott's eyes began to blast high above them, causing chaos and forcing the Siren's to scatter.

"I can't believe….I can't believe that…." Kurt could not say anything more for he began to teleport in an erratic manner, nearly teleporting into things and on top of people, with his powers going completely haywire.

"This frequency disrupts mutant powers, a hand little device as you can see, and causes them to hurt the users of them as well," the Kingpin commented, before he snapped his fingers and several armed goons walked forward, ready to rough up the Bayville Sirens. "Nothing personal, my dears, just business, that's all."

"What are you doing here?" Jean demanded when Scott and Kurt were brought down, and collars were locked onto them, along with the crippled sirens.

'And now our powers are gone,' Jean thought to herself, when she squirmed. 'Great, wonderful, could this day get any better?'

"What I want to know is how this Kingpin guy got all of this tech?" Kitty wondered and that was a good question but none of them were close to getting the answers they wanted.

You aren't the only group who works in a co-op effort," Kingpin answered carefully when he watched the carefully. "You X-Men aren't the only mutants in town."

"So that's it, you're a mutant?" Scott managed, trying to get a word in.

"Not that it concerns you, but that is not what I implied in the slightest," the Kingpin answered in a careful voice, choosing his next few words as such. "Although there are mutants in high society, not that you'd live long enough to learn about them, or whom they are."

Warning and malice dripped from the voice of the Kingpin, when the X-Men were at his not so tender mercy.

"Wait, so there are mutants….among us in high society,' Gwen responded when they broke back in the present.

"Yes, that's what he said, I'm not sure what he really meant," Harry answered before he cleared his throat and went back to his story. "So, the X-Men were in for a rough time now."
"That's what happens when they don't have their leader around," Gwen mused but Harry gave her a shifty look. "Sorry, please continue."

"Gladly," Harry chimed in before he cleared his throat and then paused for dramatic effect. "So we established that the Kingpin had friends in high society, that equipped him with technology that brought mutants to his knees. At first, I thought that there was a Sinister hand at work here, but then I determined that there might be another explanation. Something new but we could not worry about that. This was the time where I decided to step in, I figured the practical lesson was over, and it was time to clean some house."

Harry paused when he reflected, he wished the Kingpin would have been there in person but that guy, whoever he was, was not going to be that easy. He was the type that hid underneath a rock before he waited to strike at the right time, whenever that would be. The Kingpin was slippery as a snake.

"And apparently, I can't leave my team alone for five minutes,' Harry thought to himself when he arrived, with Daredevil leading the charge and Spider-Man swinging in behind them. 'So...this Kingpin guy, doesn't want to show his face. That's fine, I'll take care of him later.'"

Harry heard a buzzing in his ears but his eyes closed and he blocked it out before he powered on through. His heart beaten against his chest when he tried to figure out what the source was to what was causing this. He would have been able to step forward had it not been for one simple thing and that was that Spider-Man hunched over.

"What is it?" Arcane asked when his eyes flickered towards the wall crawler who placed a hand on the top of his head. What is it?

"Spider Sense, going wild," Spider-Man answered when his eyes closed shut and his mouth rattled a little bit, but his heart beat a little bit more, when he swayed, sweat rolling down his body.

Harry peered around, another high pressure situation but that was no problem, he'd been there and done that. He wished he could block out that infernal buzzing sound but perhaps he was trying to think about this problem from the wrong angle. He bent his knee down and waited for the right moment to strike. Any second now, he could jump in and find what was causing the issue.

Suddenly, he saw that five of his girls were about to be roughed up by those gorillas, along with Tabby. Kurt was there to and Scott... well he was there too, so Harry supposed that he was going to have to save him as well. He calculated each and every angle with intense mental processing power, he tried to find it, tried to locate it. Time slowed down to a crawl and everyone but Arcane moved in slow motion. He could slow down time to a tenth of a second fast, which was new to him.

Whenever he exhibited a new power, he simply rolled with the punches and saw what it would bring him. He carefully saw the glowing light, the blipping in the back of his head. The agitation echoed through the back of his head, but he found it. He found whatever was doing this.

Or at least it was doing this, he felt a burning through his wrists but at the same time, he blasted the weapon to pieces. It shuddered and smoked.

With a whip of his wrist, Harry released the X-Men from the collars and their powers returned, in time.

"I was wondering when you'd turn up," Kurt commented breathlessly but suddenly, Spider-Man swung in and with one fluid motion sent his line of webbing around the ankles of one of his enemies.
His enemy flew to the ground and smacked hard against the ground. "And you too."

"Yeah me, your friendly neighborhood Spider-Man here to save the day and all that jazz," Spider-Man responded when he swooped in from the top of the rafters and prepared to clean house.

"Now the odds are getting a bit better," Kitty answered with a smile, before she grabbed the gun out of the hands one of her attackers. Rogue knocked him down with a swift punch to the back of the head. The brunette mutant jumped up, before she grabbed her enemy around the head and sank him headfirst into the ground.

Tabby launched several of her bombs, taking them off guard, while Amara heated up the ground where they were fighting. They got a hot foot and that allowed Jean to grab onto them with her telekinetic powers, before whipping them into the wall.

Rachel closed her eyes, carefully maneuvering her powers against the minds of her enemies. She gritted her teeth before she projected a thought into their minds, to tell them to go to sleep.

"Wow, where did that guy come from?" Kitty asked in a raised eyebrow when she watched Daredevil dive down and swing his mighty staff, before he knocked the feet of his enemies out from underneath him.

"I don't know, but I like his moves," Tabby stated, watching him, interested.

Harry dove forward and knocked one of the larger thugs into the wall, snapping several bones of his body. He lifted him up, his legs and arms stretched out by a magical attack.

"So, I'm going to only ask you this question once," Harry remarked to him, carefully twisting his limbs, before he swung him upside down. "Where is the Kingpin?"

"Go to hell," the criminal spat but that was the wrong answer to give, Harry whipped him back against the wall. He landed on the wall, when Spider-Man webbed two of the criminals together, causing them to clonk heads. Kitty drove one of the criminals headfirst into the ground until he stopped breathing and then brought him back up, before she kicked him one more time for good measure.

"So how are you doing?" Kitty asked when she watched Kurt teleport out of the way, causing the charging enemy to trip himself up and he landed on the back of his head with the knock out attack.

The enemies fell down, toppling like nine pins and everything worked out well with the exception of one thing that stuck in their teeth. Harry could tell that Daredevil felt frustrated.

They were no closer than getting their hands on the Kingpin then they were earlier tonight.

Harry spun around and faced the group of girls, his eyes narrowing at them. Amara was the one who looked the most sheepish.

"So, how did we do?" she asked.

Scott turned around, this was unbelievable. If he gave them a look like that, he would have gotten dressed down and yelled at. If Harry gave them a look like that, he was asked for his honest assessment of the situation. This was one of those things that made Scott want to lie down and give up.

"We'll talk later," Harry answered to the girls, who all nodded, and Spider-Man stood off to the side, trying not to break down into laughter at the situation.
"So, after all of that, the Kingpin slips away," Spider-Man responded before he amended in a hasty voice. "Not that it was your fault, obviously."

"Well to be fair, he wasn't ever here," Arcane managed and Spider-Man nodded, that much was for certain. They could not really deal all that much with someone who was not really here.

"Daredevil's gone but then again, he's not the chatty type to stick around," Spider-Man answered when he looked over his shoulder.

"We busted a lot of the Kingpin's men, so this night wasn't a total waste," Arcane responded before he turned to Jean. Jean stood her ground but there was a bit of uneasiness dancing through her eyes. She didn't really care what Scott thought about what happened or Xavier but she cared a whole bit about what Harry thought about how this situation turned out.

There was an extremely calm and at the same time, extremely awkward silence that happened. Jean watched Harry carefully, keeping an eye on him. The Phoenix even warned her that indulging in such activities out of spite might cause some friction. Yet, Jean chose to ignore those warnings. And the warnings of Rachel, who turned out to be right this entire time about what happened.

"So the Bayville Sirens," Harry answered when he looked at them. "First of all, I knew it was you the entire time, and I kept an eye on you."

"And it's a good thing you did," Kitty offered when she jumped in for the defense and Harry responded with a nod. "I mean, it could have totally gone the wrong way if you hadn't interfered when you did."

"Yeah it could have," Harry agreed before he added to the group at large, a smile crossing his face. "Although today did prove one thing, and that is you are pretty well trained. That speaks well of you and that will continue to speak well of you. I hope that you've learned that training might not be everything. There will always be one person who will have the better tools. But those tools aren't everything, as if they bust, then the playing field becomes more even."

Harry actually got a similar lecture from the Sorcerer Supreme about the folly of relying on magical artifacts. Just because something seemed like it was a good idea to use, did not always mean it should be used. Of course, there was also the point that most magical artifacts held a dangerous curse on them that could backfire in the face of the user, but that was beside the point.

The point was that no matter how many trinkets that one had in their disposal, the human mind was still a very powerful weapon and Harry hoped to impart that upon his students. Powers were useless if a person was an idiot. Of course, the human mind was capable of making mistakes, that was what made them humans or in that case mutants.

"So I guess we've got a lot to learn," Kitty answered when she looked at Harry, biting her lip in a sheepish manner but Harry gripped her hand, before he grabbed it tightly.

"You do have a lot to learn, always have and always will," Harry added with a smile on his face before he watched her. "I have a lot to learn, we all have a lot to learn. I like to think that no matter what, we never stop learning. That is what makes us who we are."

There was one thing that Harry would like to learn and that was where was the Kingpin. Or who was he, that was another thing that he wanted to know. His green eyes burned when he thought about the burning question. He knew that he was close to the answers that eluded him for quite some time. Today's battle, it was the first stage to something greater.
From what Daredevil stated, there was a gang war coming, in fact one could say that it was on its way. He wondered how much that would affect what he was trying to with the X-Men and what his plans were for the not so distant future. As the summer wound down, so did his time at the Xavier Institute. He thought for a brief time that Xavier might try and make him an offer that he was unable to refuse, but so far, there was nothing, nothing at all. That disappointed Harry, but he supposed that such was life, even if it made him feel underappreciated. There was only so much charity one could give.

It would come time to move on pretty soon but they were all heading home, it had been a long night.

"So, that's it?" Gwen asked with a raised eyebrow when she looked at Harry ,when he concluded his story.

Harry offered a shrug of his shoulders before he looked back at Gwen, a sheepish expression appearing on his face. "You know, this was one of those stories that sounded a hundred times better in my head."

"No, I think the story was fine, it's just….I mean you learned a lesson, but the Kingpin is still out there," Gwen offered, before she placed her hand on Harry's, and the two crowded closer together. There was some time where they eyed each other for a moment and then Gwen cleared her throat before she continued. "I don't think that was a good thing at all, with him being out there and all still."

"No it wasn't," Harry admitted when he spun Gwen around a little bit to look into her eyes. "The entire mutants in high society thing, well I knew that there were more of us out there. But if my guess is correct, they're using their powers to try and….they're going to try and take things over."

Harry wondered what their game was other than that, for some reason, that seemed way too simplistic for people with mutant powers. He clicked his tongue and hummed a little bit, his eyes flashing when he mulled it over in his mind. Time ran short and Harry knew that he had to get back to the Xavier Institute for some early morning training.

"Bye, Gwen, talk to you later," Harry answered, before she got up and threw her arms around her, before she pressed his lips against hers with a smashing kiss.

"Don't be a stranger, Harry," Gwen responded and Harry smiled before he disappeared.

Kitty was waiting for him at the Xavier Institute, and there was a sheepish grin on her face.

"Well Xavier gave us a lecture about the entire Sirens mess, but….it was what it was," Kitty answered when she greeted her boyfriend with a hug. "As if no sex for three days wasn't punishment enough."

Harry smiled before he looked at Kitty. "Well you have been a very naughty girl."

"No, Lockheed's been the naughty one, he's did his business on Principal Kelly's lawn," Kitty responded, but she could not help but smiling. "I don't know how he escaped."

"Dragons can be annoying resourceful," Harry responded wisely and Kitty gripped his hands, before she threw her head back, smiling at that fact. "And giving its owner, I would expect it to be doubly successful."

"Flattery will get you everywhere Mr. Potter," Kitty answered when she eyed him with a smile on her face. "So can I…"
"Tonight Kitty, training session awaits, you girls did have some moves out there, I want to make sure the other team members soaked it in that well," Harry answered when he turned to watch and observe the latest training session.

"So we have more problems than we previously believed."

An imposing and large figure sat behind the desk, when he folded his arms, his careful gaze on one of his lead subordinates. The events of the past couple of days went back into his head. The car jacking scheme was a front to distract the authorities and the heroes around this town from the true nature of his plans. Given the fact that Silvermane got released from prison and the Master Planner moved in on his territory, the Kingpin was put in the pressure cooker and he needed to make deals to deliver the goods to his partners.

When the going got tough, the tough got going and there was no one as tough as the Kingpin. He rolled over every single crime lord that got in his way, building up his ranks. He strong armed many men out of his turf and folded them into his own criminal empire, whilst he made sure that he kept with his plans as it was in the past. He folded many of these men and women into his criminal empire, all in the name of ensuring that he would have the very best and the very brightest.

And now there was a problem and that problem was Daredevil. The Guardian Devil of Hell's Kitchen muscled in on his territory, taking out his men one by one. There were more operations foiled in a month than the Kingpin could even remember happening during his entire time on the throne. This could not be allowed, no question about it. There had to be another way, although the Kingpin was at a loss to figure out what it was. Yet, he would find the solution for he was the best at what he did.

As for another problem, well there were two more. These Bayville Sirens were an annoying distraction, as were the rest of the X-Men, but they were not the main issue. The problem was this mysterious Arcane. The Kingpin wanted his hands on this young man; he could be an extremely valuable asset.

As a wise man once said, "Everyone has a price."

All the Kingpin had to do was name Arcane's price but his time would come, along with the time for everyone else. Now, he prepared for his next move, for there was a gang war brewing.

"Ah, Kingpin, tell me, did the power inhibitor collars work?" the voice over the phone asked.

"They would have, had Arcane not been involved," Kingpin stated when his voice dripped with interest. "What is he?"

"That's what I'd like to know," the man on the other end of the telephone. "The White Queen will seek him out and bring him over to our fold when the time is right. As of now, we must only wait and watch."

"Of course," The Kingpin agreed, calculating and planning his next move.

"You've come a long way and your membership in our club is valued," the man on the other end of the phone stated in a garbled tone. "The Hellfire Club will reign supreme while the Kingpin rules over the New York underworld. No one can stand in our way with our forces combined."

"You said it, my friend."

Kingpin plotted his next move, the game was on. He would be the chess master and when the time is
right, the Black King would fall and all of the pawns would be under the control of the Kingpin.

He was nothing, if not ambitious.

To Be Continued in "Malice of a Mad Thinker."
Chapter Forty Six: Malice of a Mad Thinker.

The Baxter Building was the scene, the headquarters of the first family of super heroes known as the Fantastic Four. They have had many tough battles against many tough opponents but there was one battle that many of them struggled with many times on a day to day situation. It was a problem that many families dealt with and that was the fact that they tried to get along underneath one roof, with super powers.

"Hey, get back here matchstick!"

The bellowing voice of the Thing echoed throughout the Baxter Building when he rushed the Human Torch. The Torch snickered when he rushed forward, with the Thing right beside him. Ben Grimm was a very laid back man but there was sometimes where Johnny got under his rocky skin. He passed the half amused, and half exasperated look on Susan Storm, who turned around and folded her arms. The nineteen, almost twenty year old member of the Fantastic Four turned to Reed Richards who was hovered over an experiment. Nearly a decade older than her, Reed was always enamored in an experiment to the point where it was almost obsessively frustrating.

"Just another day at the office," Susan stated when she threw her hair back and saw Reed at work. "You've been at work with that for three days, I wonder if you actually have remembered to eat."

"Yes…but this is….our guests haven't arrived yet, have they?" Reed asked when his eyes remained fixated on the experiment. He had been studying this for almost a year, after the time-space continuum opened up and there was a rift that appeared shooting the person now referred to as Arcane from it. It was his belief that there could be other things that could have brought into their universe besides their guest.

Susan only kept half of her attention on the antics of Ben and Johnny, and also turned around, to remember about the arrival here in this dimension. Reed was like a kid in a candy store, thinking that this arrival was some kind of alien life that popped in. He was only mildly disappointed that the young man that showed up was apparently not an alien but rather he was someone from an alternate universe not unlike there's. Although that was something that Reed got excited about.

There was a knock on the door and Susan's ears and eyes perked out, before she walked towards the door with a smile. Ben and Johnny stopped, before she opened the door.

Gwen Stacy, Kitty Pryde, and Harry Potter stood on the other side.

"Thanks for inviting us to the Baxter Building," Harry responded with a smile and Susan blinked before she got ahold of herself and her bearings, shaking the cobwebs from her head.

'Focus, Susan,' Susan thought to herself. 'No need to act how Reed acts around science, just keep a cool and professional head.'

"No…problem, especially after what happened last time. I can assure you that Reed's upgraded security, at least he was supposed to. Doom won't be stopping by any time soon."

Harry smiled, he sure hoped so. He did not enjoy being attacked and nearly dying every single time he entered somewhere. He could tell that Kitty and Gwen would enjoy a day out without any stress and drama. Peter would be with them but he got sidetracked with something, so he might be a little
late or perhaps he might not show up at all.

"Thank you for inviting us Ms. Storm," Gwen stated in a gushing voice, she was a bit of a fan girl, although she was trying her hardest not to show it.

"Please, Susan," she responded with a knowing smile when she looked at Gwen, knowingly eying her before she invited Gwen, Kitty, and Harry inside. "I'm glad you came and so is Reed…REED!"

"Oh our guests are here," Reed responded when his eyes looked up from his work finally. It had been three days since he really looked up from what he was doing. He eyed Harry with a smile. "You must be….Arcane, isn't it? It was fascinating how you arrived here."

Ben stopped and offered a smile, before he inclined his head slightly. "Word of advice, kid, if Stretch here starts looking at you like you're some kind of science experiment, the exit's over there."

Harry smiled before he shrugged but Reed acted like he didn't hear what his rocky friend said.

"So how exactly did you arrive here?" Reed asked when he looked at Harry, eying him. "Did you perhaps access some tear through the fabric of time and space, that would allow you exist in this plane of existence? Have you ever contemplated a way in which you would return home? Did you wonder if your trip here might only be temporary and you might be recalled to your universe?"

"I walked through a veil," Harry responded carefully, when Kitty offered a snicker and a smile, before stood next to Harry, placing her hand on his arm. "I woke up here in the Vegas desert. And I haven't considered ever returning home. And yes…"

Harry stopped; he always wondered if someone would recall him home. He feared that someone would try and go through the Veil after him. Of course, given the state of Sirius, he did not recommend that at all. He was not in the best spirits and despite Harry using every method at his disposal, he did not wake him up. If he did not refused to give up hope, he would have given up hope.

These dreams were getting more intense, he saw things around him, weird symbols of a language that he almost understood, and he wondered if it was some kind of side effect of the veil that was just being delayed. He didn't reveal this to anyone, not even any of his girls. Harry wanted to figure out this journey on his own, he had a feeling that there was some greater purpose.

"So do you think that you could be recalled home?" Kitty asked, she tried not to act like she was freaking out about this, even if she was freaking out about this eventually. She grabbed Harry by the arm and Gwen grabbed him by the other arm.

"Even if I'm recalled to that world, I'll find my way back," Harry responded, but he looked out.

Home, what was home anyway? There was always something missing in the back in his mind, it got more prominent when these fragments, these dreams continued to flicker through his mind.

He was something that transcended humans and also mutants, and the fact was that he would be able to live for a long time nagged in the back of his mind. And the scary thing was that his powers were still getting stronger, even though he wanted to hold himself back a little bit, he might not have much of a choice, as the threats were getting tougher. His powers were such to the point where he could hurt someone if he was not careful. And not hurt someone who deserved to be hurt, but hurt someone in the crossfire.

Harry turned his head, when he heard a rattling in the side of the walls, carefully edging himself around.
"What is it?" Susan asked, she watched Harry a little bit, and saw that he teased up. Gwen and Kitty noticed the same thing.

Harry felt his hearing was getting sharper for some reason and he heard individual sounds, everything from the loudest boom to a pin dropping.

"There's someone here," Harry stated and Johnny was the one who spoke up.

"That's impossible, there can't be anyone here…"

"That is where you're wrong, Jonathan Storm."

The voice that echoed through the Baxter Building distorted and creepy, giving an echo and a hum, before it began to speak once again, with Reed trying to access the computers to pinpoint the source of the intrusion.

'Do Richards and Xavier use the same security company?' Harry thought in exasperation.

"You have spurned me once before Reed Richards, but now the Mad Thinker is not easily spurned," the distorted voice responded, when it echoed through the building maliciously. "And I will create your tomb within your beloved Headquarters. I shall bring down the Fantastic Four."

"Ah, been there done that, get a new line," Johnny yawned but Susan gave him an exasperated expression. It was time to shut up so he did when he snapped his eyes towards Reed. Reed looked more frustrated than Johnny ever seen him before. "Problem?"

"Yeah, we've been locked out," Reed responded when he clicked his fingers. "I'll try and access it but it won't be easy."

Gwen, Kitty, and Harry all exchanged looks of frustration and despair. So much for them having a day where they were not going to run into any trouble. That was never in the books.

Reed closed his eyes, in all of his genius, he rarely had been this challenged. It was an obsessive mania to know all, to be that bit better than anyone else. His intelligence grew, and he decided to use it to better serve the world. He kept the Fantastic Four together out of some kind of guilt because he was responsible for them receiving their powers and in the case of Ben, ruining their lives.

Granted, the Thing tried to keep on a happy face for the public eye, but Reed could tell that he was disappointed at the loss of his looks, forever turned into a man made of rock. It was a sad irony that the one that looked like the monster was also the most dedicated and personable member of the team, the one who threw his all into the charity work. His big personality made his fate even more tragic.

Right now, none of that mattered, Reed found himself locked out of the Baxter Building and he tried to access the core, but found himself unable to do so. He tried every trick in the book and for Reed, that was many tricks. Someone compromised the systems, which he spent millions upgrading.

"No matter how much you upgrade, you are just one step behind me in the theater of the mind, Richards," the Mad Thinker taunted him, the distorted voice echoing through there. "I have your building and soon I will have your head on a plate, Reed. You will bow before your intellectual superior."

"Wow, another villain who doesn't know when to shut his mouth, there's a surprise," the Human
Torch stated when he offered a mocking yawn.

"I'll show you who needs to shut their mouth, you diseased child," the Mad Thinker responded through the distorted voice and the doors opened, to reveal robots marching towards them.

"Robots, really?" Susan asked as she rolled her eyes.

Harry offered a raised eyebrow, he was sick and tired of dealing with robots, and he wondered where these villains found the time to make all of these robots. Granted they blew up easily, even though these offered EMP shielding which made Harry have to work harder with his spells. Still he got them rather handily. He speared several blasts into the robots, backing them off and rocking them completely.

"You know, it's getting kind of old, fighting these robots," Kitty responded when she phased her hand through the chest plate of the robot, rocking it to pieces. She phased one robot into the other, causing an explosion to echo.

"About the fourth, or fifth time this week, wouldn't you say, Ben?" The Human Torch stated in a bored voice, when he blew up the robots.

"At least two times before breakfast on Wednesday," Thing answered casually when he smashed through the robots, sending them crashing to the ground and breaking apart into pieces.

Reed watched the robots with interest, his eyebrow raised when he studied them. A smile crossed over his face when he began to talk about them. "These robots, they are quite fascinating, their design are without peer. Sure they break apart easy in the face of our attacks but their craftsmanship is amazing. And how they conserve their power, remarkable and….

Johnny snapped to interrupt Reed's statement, using a fiery attack to knock out the robot that Reed was checking out. "Sheesh Reed, marry one already!"

Reed stopped and remained focused, using his limbs to stretch around the robots to send them down to the ground.

"That was merely the first assault," the taunting voice of the Mad Thinker echoed throughout the building. "I am just getting warmed up; it's time for the second volley. And Fantastic Four will quiver at my feet, quiver, and they will be brought down to a level that they could not imagine!"

The doors opened once again, to reveal hovering droids.

"So you react to us defeating your robots by sending more robots," Kitty stated when her eyes rolled into the back of her head. "Yeah, because that totally makes a lot of sense, doesn't it?"

"Silence you insolent child, do not speak of what you do not understand," The Mad Thinker retorted when there were more blasts from the robots that flew through the air.

The Fantastic Four circled around each other, carefully trying to formulate some kind of battle plan that would lead to them not going down in a blaze of glory. Even though that would be extremely hard not to do, they had to try. The droids circled around them and the Human Torch began to flame on, but foam shot at them, causing his skin to sting from pain, but his powers not to flame on. He dropped to his knees, breathing heavily and gasping for air, his chest burning.

"Johnny, it's…" Susan stated but there was a pause when she was trapped inside her own force field.

"These things, they turn their powers against us," Reed responded before his limbs stretched and
wrapped around his throat, choking the life out of him, causing him to slowly black out. "Fasc…ah."

The Thing clobbered one of the droids, while Harry whipped his hand, blasting them apart. Kitty helped them, while Gwen made her way to the computers, to try and lock out the Mad Thinker.

"Your powers are unlike anything I've ever seen before," the Mad Thinker responded when the voice twisted with malice. "I will look forward to your dissection."

"That's just messed up and disturbed," Kitty answered, when Harry launched her up and distracted the droid, so he could smash razor sharp spikes into it from behind blowing them up.

As for the Fantastic Four, well they were dragged off, and the doors sealed behind them. Harry rushed forward, trying to blast through the force fields but his spells only barely bent the force field for a few seconds. He needed to find the source but where that source was, he had no idea.

'Now the security works, that's about right,' Harry thought, feeling the need to bang his head against something.

Gwen bit down on her lip, trying to get into the computer.

"Do you need any help?" Kitty asked when she edged over towards Gwen.

"No, I just…got it!" Gwen stated in a cheerful voice before she responded with a smile. "Ha, I'm smarter than Reed Richards!"

Harry snapped back at her with a smile. "Don't let it get to your head."

Gwen gave him a mock glare but secretly she was smiling and now they had a chance to track down the Mad Thinker. Whoever the Thinker was, they were in their grasp, and now all they to do was find where exactly in the Baxter Building they were sent.

Susan, Reed, Johnny, and Ben were now strapped down to the table and slowly came to their senses. They had no idea how much time passed but they knew it was a lot. The quartet struggled against their bindings, but there was no easy way out. No matter how hard they fought, the bindings kept them down, making hem unable to break free no matter what. They pushed themselves up, but the straps that bound them, were forced back down. The group tried to push them down.

"I forgot this lab existed, we moved out for the bigger one," Reed remarked, when he watched his fellow team members.

"I thought this place looked familiar," Johnny answered when he tried to get himself out of the attack.

"I wouldn't struggle, those straps might not seem like much but they will hold you. Until I am done with you, and then your demise will be at hand."

Reed's head turned towards the sound of the voice. "You know all things considered, it would be prudent to kill us now, whilst we are at a disadvantage that you can easily exploit. I'm saying that we could escape if you stall for too long, it has happened numerous times before."

"Reed, don't give the crazed psychopath pointers," Johnny winced but the voice snapped.

"I'M NOT CRAZY!"
"Oh boy, she's going crazy," Susan murmured to herself but she tried to push herself out. There was no give to the straps and she sank down onto the table, sighing a little bit, when her blonde hair draped over her face.

"If you mind me asking, just who are you?" Reed asked when he turned his head, trying to figure out who he was dealing with. The scientist paused, before he also added. "I mean, someone like you, I assume that we've fought in the past. You seem to be the type to hold a grudge over a longer period of time, letting it fester until you unleashed it in a psychotic rampage."

Susan thought that Reed spoke some sense, even though it distressed her that he would still be analyzing things when they were tied to tables. Potentially they would be about ready to be dissected, at least that's what she feared. She tried to twist herself out of the bindings, but the woman collapsed onto the table, unable to get herself free from the bindings.

"Perhaps I shall beg your indulgence for one second," the voice stated, before a young girl, a teenager stepped from behind the curtain. She had jet black hair and taunting black eyes that flickered towards them.

"You're just a kid," Ben remarked carefully but she sighed.

"A kid who was spurned by Reed Richards," she stated when she looked at him. "Does the name Rhona Burchill ring a name to you?"

Reed paused before he considered this question. "I can't say it rings any bells."

"Well it will after today, it will be the name of the one that kills you," Rhona responded when she placed her hands down on the table and stared into his eyes. "After all that time, I've spent the past three years thinking about it. How I wrote you a letter and you never responded to me. Your arrogance knows no bounds but it matters little because I'm your intellectual superior in every way conceivable and the intellectual savior of the masses."

"Really, this is all over about Reed not responding to your little fan letter?" Johnny asked when he rolled his eyes and his voice dropped to a whisper. "Think someone might be overreacting just a tad."

"I AM NOT OVERREACTING!"

This reaction was in fact shrieked at the top of Rhona's lungs and she stated this claim, snarling practically when she said it. Her eyes narrowed with fury and she watched them all, before she carefully contorted her face into a smile, tapping her hand on the side of the table.

"I didn't....think that it would be a problem," Reed answered when he looked at his team members.

"Well, I hope this teaches you a valuable lesson," Susan stated when she could have rolled her eyes. It wouldn't be the first time that Reed got caught up in his work and neglected to do something. Only this was perhaps the first time that he neglecting something could have gotten them killed.

"Yeah, always answer your fan mail, you never know when someone might take it the wrong way," Johnny remarked in a grim voice but he gulped when he saw Rhona brandish a buzz saw above him. "Hey watch it with that thing, lady."

"There won't be the next time to correct your mistakes, for I will correct the ongoing mistake that is your existence," the Mad Thinker stated, she looked much like her name sake. She appeared quite mad and was deep in thought. Her face twisted into a grin of pure malice and her eyes looked over the Fantastic Four. "There are any number of ways where I can bring about your painful and
humiliating demise. All I need is the right tools and the correct motivation."

"By all means, take your time," Ben offered, despite his strength, he could not get free.

"No, no, I've taken too much time, Richards was correct, I should strike whilst the iron is hot," the Mad Thinker remarked, when her eyes stared them down. "It is a matter of how to take you down; there are so many choices, so many options. I'm trying to determine which would be the most feasible."

"Take your time," Susan remarked breathlessly, but Rhona placed her hands on the head of Susan.

"You are the least reprehensible member of this team, therefore I will allow you a quick death, devoid of the agony and humiliation that the rest of this team shall receive," Rhona responded when her teeth twisted into a smile.

"No, Sue she…"

"I thank you for your irrelevant opinion," Rhona stated before she held the saw in her head and to Susan's throat. "Farewell Susan Storm, I am saving you from being in the presence of that simpleton any…"

The saw in her hand transfigured into a rubber chicken and Kitty popped from underneath the floor in one fluid motion. She pulled the straps, releasing the Fantastic Four.

"What is this?" Rhona demanded, before she pulled out a laser blaster. "Don't move, or I shall…."

The blaster transfigured into flowers in her hand which levitated from her hand and then turned around, before the flowers shot razor sharp thorns at her. Rhona threw herself on the ground, ducked and rolled, before she tossed a knife that with a flick turned into a paper airplane.

Harry dropped down to face her and she watched him, carefully studying his motions. She cracked her knuckles and swung for him but he blocked her attack.

"You know, you've been here, but what is your game?" Harry demanded of her, carefully watching her, but she attacked him. "Not much of a talker, are we?"

"You meddled in my plans, you insufferable fool!" Rhona stated, her eyes flashing in fury.

"Really, she pulled that one out of the clichéd super villain guide," Johnny stated but more robots arrived to engage the Fantastic Four, Shadowcat, and Arcane. "Really, again?"

"Quiver before my malicious plan!" Rhona stated in a crazed tone, eyes widened and unblinking, when she twisted a dial on her wrist and her molecules shifted through the wall.

"Really, that's her plan of escape," Kitty responded when she heard the sounds of combat over her shoulder but she phased through the wall as well, chasing after her adversary.

Rhona dropped to the ground and aimed a swing at Kitty but the brunette mutant dodged the attack, grabbed her wrist, and twisted it. Said wrist snapped back with a pop, and Rhona was driven to the ground.

"And you're not much of a fighter," Kitty stated, when she dodged the attack that Rhona sent at her. She knew better than to go intangible all of the time, after what Sin did to her. "That didn’t hurt at all, that…"
There was a humming sound and Kitty stopped before Rhona laughed. Her laughter became more prominent to the point where it almost got kind of creepy. It really spooked Kitty to be honest and the brunette turned around, her eyes carefully on Rhona, before she managed to voice one simple statement, towards her.

"What is it?" Kitty demanded, trying to grab Rhona, but a force field appeared around her body, which propelled Kitty back.

Harry arrived and Rhona smirked, looking positively crazed when she watched them all.

"The Baxter Building is above to go up, taking the entire neighborhood with it," Rhona stated when she bit her lip down, showing her crazed expression. "Either stop the explosion or stop me, it's your decision, make the wise one."

"That little…." Kitty grimaced but there was a flash and she vanished.

"She's packing some pretty heavy technology," Harry stated, careful not to let Reed hear that. The Fantastic Four finished off the robots in the other room. There was a loud crash, and a slight crunch, which put them all on pins and needles.

"Gwen, I hope you're still in the computers, because Miss Mad Thinker triggered a meltdown of the core," Harry responded when he talked to one of his girlfriends.

"Yeah, I'm in it, and I'm ready," Gwen stated when she hacked into the computers. She bit down her lip and sweat rolled down her face, the pressure was most certainly on but what was life without a little bit of pressure. Everything pushed down her face and she thought about what she needed to do. 
"This is going to be a close call."

"And trying to stop technology that I don't understand with magic, that's just asking for people to die," Harry remarked but Kitty turned to him, a suggestion on her tongue.

"Maybe you could use your powers to…..."

"No need, I'm in," Gwen answered when she managed to get inside. The pressure was immense but that was what made life worth living. Her heart throbbed against her chest when she carefully accessed the central core of the Baxter Building.

She was so close.

And she got it figured out, with only a few minutes to spare.

Everyone let out the breath that they had been holding. It only was a few minutes later before they came to one conclusion. No matter what the tried to think about, no matter what they tried to do, Rhona was gone and she disappeared without leaving a trace.

Someone like that would be back soon.

"So, thank you for your help today," Susan stated when they managed to settle back down.

"Yes, today could have gone a lot worse had you not been here," Reed answered when his eyes narrowed. "Her technology though…..."

"Not now please, Stretch, her technology almost killed us all," Ben stated, when he turned around
with a grimace on his face. He thought about it before he mentally added. "But that's the way things go."

"That is true," Reed admitted when he turned around. "I can't help but think that we haven't seen the last of our mysterious Mad Thinker."

"You've been at this for how long and you don't know for sure," Johnny stated when he threw his head back and rolled his eyes slightly. He clucked his tongue before he thought. "Yeah, she'll be back, she'll be back before too long. She can't be stopped."

Harry thought about that, with the twisted irony of the situation, he knew that Rhona, despite her best efforts, did not finish off the Fantastic Four. He thought that he might be able to take her out, but her technology found a way around his magic. He did wonder if there was some kind of mystical element around it. Magic was not the catch all and be all situation to everything and that was something that he reminded himself about time and time, something that Strange pounded into his head.

Magic, while versatile, was merely a tool and like all tools, there were flaws that could be exploited by an outside party.

Yet she had a plan and a backup plan and a backup to the backup plan, so it all worked together. That much alone caused Harry to have a mild amount of respect for what she did, although she was still out there. Tracking charms would have worked, although they were faulty, especially when the target moved out of range. And also given the armor she wore, Harry could only tag that.

Likely someone like Rhona, shed the armor and made her getaway elsewhere. He would have to check to see if he was wrong in a few seconds.

"So, thanks for coming to the Baxter Building today and thanks for bailing us out of trouble," Susan responded before she added carefully, with a grimace. "Again."

"Yes, it was much appreciated," Reed responded, not even bothering to look up, he would have to fortify the building's security even more than it was.

Gwen, Kitty, and Harry all turned to each other, smiles crossing their faces. Today was a great day and they hoped to make the most out of the rest of the day they spent to together, hopefully things would be better.

They worked together and solved the crime to the best of their abilities, to them that was a win.

"Well today was an interesting day." Gwen remarked when the three of them sat in her bedroom, unwinding and relaxing. Kitty and Harry would return back to the Mansion in a little bit, there was a Danger Room session in about two hours. In the meantime they hung out at Gwen's. "Too bad you couldn't grab the Mad Thinker."

"She was quite bent that one," Harry responded when he turned his head, carefully looking forward and thinking about everything. "But I can't help but think that she'll be back."

"Well you heard what the Torch said, they always come back," Kitty stated when she began to rub the back of Harry's neck with her hands, carefully feeling the flesh underneath her hands. "You look like of stressed, Harry."
Harry had to admit that his girlfriend had a point. "Well today was a stressful day."

Gwen leaned forward, before she offered in his ear in a whisper. "Well it might be time for us to unwind."

She slid herself onto Harry's lap and wrapped her legs around him, before she straddled him and pressed her mouth onto him with a searing kiss. Harry returned the favorite, when Kitty grabbed him from behind and started to kiss on the back of his neck. The two girls worked their hands and their lips all over his body, before the real fun began.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

Harry pushed Gwen back and started to kiss her on the side of the neck, sucking the flesh on the side of her neck. Kitty slid across the side of the bed and yanked Gwen's shorts off, to reveal her wearing nothing but a pair of extremely sexy black lace panties underneath.

"Mmm, Harry," Gwen breathed when he unbuttoned her blouse to reveal her bra covered breasts. Her fleshy globes were encased in them, a C Cup, borderline a D Cup, and they were quite lovely. He gave them a squeeze, carefully feeling them and enjoy their firmness. "Ah yes, Harry, oh yeah Kitty!"

Gwen's legs parted, which allowed Kitty easy access to her cunt, with first her tongue and then her fingers. Kitty licked and sucked on her clit with her mouth a little bit, before she passed her fingers into her cunt, and stroked in and out of her. The brunette rocked her back and forth, before Gwen pushed up, her cunt meeting Kitty's probing fingers.

Kitty felt Gwen's tight pussy when she felt it, it felt so good, she could hardly believe it. She reached up and massaged Gwen's sexy flat tummy, before she saw Gwen's bra fall to the ground.

"I'm going to suck your juicy tits," Harry stated, squeezing them and running his tongue over the erect nipple, and then without warning, he buried his face into them. Harry feasted on the buffalo of flesh before him and his cock began to throb with desire at the thought of doing more.

"Seems like someone wants out to play," Kitty commented with a knowing smile and a wink, when she pulled Harry's pants down over his ankles. Gwen straddled him, when he continued to kiss her breasts and suck on the flesh before him.

Harry's cock sprung out, and Gwen pushed back, before she grabbed it in her hand and caressed his throbbing member. She licked it and Kitty took her turns in licking Harry as well. Both girls worked over his shaft and sac, using their hot tongues and mouths to stimulate him.

"Yes, oh yes, shit," Harry breathed when he bent down and stuck his fingers into Gwen's sopping cunt. Kitty removed her shorts and panties, and allowed Harry to do the same.

Both girls were driven to pleasure beyond measure, when Harry thrust his fingers out from them, and they thrust their cunts upwards towards his probing digits. Both bucked their hips upwards, and moaned lustfully.

Harry felt their pussies when they took turns licking and sucking his dick, when it hung down below them. It was a feeling that he enjoyed and it excited him, his cock throbbed in joy, when Gwen took it into her mouth and down the back of her throat. She gave it several excited sucks, when it buried deep into the back of her throat. Harry grabbed her face and pushed down her throat. She was surprised at first but somehow she managed to accommodate the girth in her throat as he continued to fuck her face.
Kitty meanwhile sucked on his balls, using her tongue to eagerly stimulate his sac and she began to lick him rather carefully. The brunette mutant nibbled and suckled on his nuts, bringing him closer to an orgasm.

"Fuck, yeah, keep doing that," Harry grunted when he thrust himself forward, running his fingers through Gwen's hair and he pumped his cock down her throat, causing his essence to spill down it. She sucked him down quite eagerly, the fluid splashing down into the back of her mouth. He offered several more deep thrusts when he picked up the pace, going into her, splashing into her mouth.

Gwen licked his essence off of her mouth and shared a hot kiss with Kitty, the seed being traded back and forth between them.

"Gwen, you're so hot," Kitty breathed when the blonde pulled off the brunette's top and squeezed her breasts.

"I know, you are too," Gwen responded when she presented herself for Harry, as she began to lick Kitty's pussy.

"Time for me to fuck that tight little cunt," Harry stated when he grabbed her hips, before aiming his stiff rod into her pussy and rammed into her.

Gwen breathed but she continued to nibble on Kitty's pussy, licking and sucking on her, her tongue working into her dripping snatch. She really enjoyed the taste that she had, it was like a wonderland. The brunette grabbed her locks and pushed her down into her pussy and Gwen rewarded her with licking her while she was rewarded by Harry banging into her from behind.

Harry felt Gwen's tight pussy wrap around him, and he continued to pick up the pace, thrusting into him hard. His balls slapped against her thighs when he pulled himself back and buried into her nice tight snatch.

"Oh I love this pussy," Harry breathed when he grabbed her breasts and cupped her.

She had such nice tits as well, she was really hot, and Harry increased his pace, his member working her over.

Gwen arched her head up, before she moaned.

"Oh that's it Harry, fuck me, fuck my pussy, it's hungry for you!"

"My cock needs you," Harry breathed when Gwen's pussy wrapped around him tightly, before he pushed into her cunt from behind. The blonde arched her hips upwards and it tightened around her.

Harry pulled out of Gwen prematurely and she whined, but he laid back on the bed, his cock up.

"You know what to do, baby," Harry responded when Gwen pushed herself up and nodded.

She sank down on his massive rod, allowing it to push deep into her pussy. The blonde rode him with fury, bouncing up and down, her tits bouncing as she rode him. Gwen got into the movement, pushing herself up, before her pussy slammed down on him.

Kitty waited her turn and decided to join Harry in playing with Gwen's breasts. The two lovers rolled their hands over her tits.

"I think she….ah likes that," Harry grunted when he pounded into her pussy from underneath her.
"Yeah, yeah, fuck, yeah!" Gwen screamed, when Kitty sucked and licked on her nipples, with Harry's rod spearing up into Gwen's pussy. She felt him stretch her walls and the resistance it offered caused her nerve endings to be shot on fire. "Blow your load into my hungry pussy, Harry!"

She bounced up and down on him, and his cock thrust up into her, before his fluids spurted out, splashing into her. Gwen screamed when she felt the orgasm wash through her and she slid back, feeling absolutely excited.

Harry was not properly deflated and Kitty laid back down beside him, her legs spread. Her wet and willing pussy was ready for him and her lips were extremely aroused.

"Come and get it, lover," Kitty purred when Harry hovered over her entrance, it was so inviting that he could not say no. After a brief tease, he slammed into her. "Oh, Jesus!"

"No, I'm sure Harry's much bigger," Gwen remarked when she closed herself and her pussy was dripping with hunger, so she placed it over Kittys's face.

"You couldn't have, ah enough," Kitty breathed when Harry pounded into her pussy, causing the springs of Gwen's bed to creak.

"No," Gwen stated when Kitty licked her cunt and then she lowered her pussy down on the younger brunette's face.

Harry watched as Gwen reared her head back in a moan when Kitty went to town on the blonde's pussy with her tongue, scraping and licking at her. The blonde grinded and bucked her hips on Kitty's face, before the brunette licked her inside. He reached forward and cupped her tits in his hands, squeezing them, before he bent forward and sucked on them, causing her to made sounds of pleasure.

"Ah yes, suck my tits, oh yes, fuck her," Gwen panted, encouraging Harry. She loved to watch her lover's cock spear in and out of the body of the brunette below her, his large cock burying through her small body. She felt her sensitive nipples get pleasured and she panted and purred whilst Harry worked her over with talent.

Kitty was moaning and screaming, even if her moans were muffled somewhat by Gwen's pussy rubbing against her mouth. The blonde rode her tongue while Harry speared into her with his cock.

The three lovers continued their motions, when Gwen sprayed her fluids on Kitty's face and Kitty's face dripped with her honey. Harry thrust many times into her, speeding up the assaults on her vagina.

Kitty shivered when Gwen bent down and licked the juices off of her face.

"Kinky," Harry managed when he watched Gwen feast on her own juices and Gwen bent over, sitting on Kitty's mouth once again, while her ass was presented towards Harry, and she swayed it before him.

Harry conjured a dildo when he continued to push into Kitty's cunt and with a shifty grin, he shoved the sex toy up Gwen's ass, causing her to scream in pleasure.

With a few more thrusts, Harry came with an explosion, his juices splashing Kitty's walls and painting her insides white.

Gwen turned around, before spinning around and watching her, legs spreading when her pussy hungered for him again.
"Come on Harry, fuck my slutty pussy raw,' Gwen cooed towards him.

Harry smirked, the smartest ones were always the naughtiest and he aimed his cock into her, before he pushed into her, causing Gwen's eyes to bulge with pleasure.

"Time to return the favor," Kitty breathed when she watched Harry bang his cock into Gwen's tight pussy, and she draped her dripping cunt over Gwen's mouth.

Gwen immediately began to taste Kitty, licking the juices out of her slit, and tasting every single tiny bit of her. The blonde worked circles around Kitty with her tongue, gaining more momentum and driving her to more pleasure.

"Fuck she knows how to eat a cunt," Kitty moaned when she threw her head back and that was the last words she spoke for some time.

Harry grinned, when he placed Gwen's legs up near his shoulders, before he thrust up and pounded into her pussy. Her pussy clenched when his cock thrust into her, burying himself deep into her. His super strong thrusts pounded into the brainy blonde's tight body, and she gasped and moaned when he worked into her further and further, to pick up the pace a little bit more.

Gwen panted and moaned when he slammed his throbbing meat into her center, it speared into her. She thrust herself up, the sweat covering their bodies when the two of them thrust their hips upwards hard and they continued to match their motions, meeting them with every single thrust.

Time wound by, before Gwen felt herself fucked into submission. Harry ended her torment by spewing a second load of seed into her, spraying several long ropes of his cum into her center and filling her up quite nicely.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

SHIELD was always busy, always with the hustle and bustle of a well-oiled government agency. Nick Fury took a moment to reflect the events of the year that was, his eye focused on what was below. Harry Potter or Arcane rather, arriving in this universe had been what one might call a game changer and something that kept Fury on his toes no matter what. The eagle eyed director of SHIELD understood about how much this was a potentially sensitive situation and his head turned around, the footsteps of an approaching figure could be heard.

"Speak," Fury responded when one of the SHIELD agents who approved him. Fury spotted his reflection from through the window.

"Another portal has opened above the Vegas Desert, much in the way that Arcane arrived," the agent stated, waiting for the other shoe to drop. He held a metal box in his hand, turning it open.

"And this dropped from the sky on that point. SHIELD was able to pick it up but we've been unable to open it, no matter what."

Fury's interest piqued and he spun around carefully eying the SHIELD agent. He reached forward and snatched the box into his hand. When Nick Fury became fixated on something, he was second to none with how he carefully studied every single of inch of what he had at his disposal. He carefully studied the box, keeping his eye glued to it. There were times where Fury thought that the box would get away from him and might even slip from his hand.

He stopped and stared, he was almost sure if it was sentient or something among those lines and he
put an ear to it carefully. There were whispers within the box but they were in a strangled language that he could not fully comprehend when he listened to it. The language was unlike anything that he ever heard of on Earth and he tapped on the box, carefully analyzing it. He wondered if it was indestructible which could pose a problem if the box turned out to be a threat.

So far other than the whispers it seemed rather harmless but Fury was one to hedge his bets carefully, keeping an eye on the box and studying it, keeping it close to hand.

"We've studied it slightly, Commander Fury, the alloy is like nothing we've ever seen on this planet or any other," the agent responded when he nervously bit down on his lip, watching Fury, trying to gauge his reaction, because it might not turn out to be one that was considered well.

To his credit, Fury did not explode into a fury, he rather held the box. Black Widow and Hawkeye turned up carefully.

"Another gift arrived, spit out in the same point where Potter was," Fury informed them before they could even ask and he held the box in his hand. There was three letters on the box but they were so small that Fury could not read them.

"So what's in it?" Hawkeye wondered but Fury eyed him carefully.

"I don't know, that's the problem," Fury responded when he turned to them.

Black Widow offered a statement to Fury that posed a lot of truth to it. "Do you think that given that it arrived in the same way that Harry did, it was meant for him?"

She realized what she potentially implied with that statement, but the statement was out and the damage was done. Fury gritted his teeth and continued to ponder the box, turning it over and looking at the inscription on the bottom of it. There was something inscribed on it but it was microscopic. He would have to blow it up and take a look at it in the not so distant future.

"What does it mean?" Hawkeye wondered. "And what would this have to do with Potter?"

"Maybe we should ask him," Fury responded and the SHIELD agents nodded but another SHIELD agent rushed over.

"We've found something at one of the HYDRA bases," the SHIELD agent stated when he held up a photo. There was a busted containment tank and several HYDRA goons were done on the ground, with stab marks in them, blood dripping down from them.

Fury recognized the indentations of the claw marks immediately.

"It appears that Arcane isn't the only X-Man we'll be getting in touch with," Fury responded, he suspected that HYDRA appropriated Logan's DNA for some use but now this was the proof he needed to push forward with the investigation.

Well whatever their little experiment was, it did not take too kindly to being held captive and being conditioned into a weapon. Given that it was made from Logan's DNA, that much was obvious.

Just another day at the office for Nick Fury, uncovering more questions than he had answers.

To Be Continued in the Next Chapter "Project X-23."
Harry arrived at the SHIELD Hellicarrier, walking forward with a purpose. When Nick Fury called someone over, there was something that piqued the interest of a person. While they had a choice regarding whether or not they would answer the call, often the person in question did. The young wizard carefully walked forward, moving one step at a time. Logan followed behind him, they were both called to the ship, and both wondered the same thing. It was simply Logan who voiced the question to Harry first.

"So, what do you think this is about?" Logan asked when he looked towards Harry with widened eyes.

Harry shrugged his shoulders before he stood on the ground and looked suddenly thoughtful. "That's a pretty good question and I guess that's a good question that we're going to answer."

He walked forward, keeping his strides. The SHIELD agents stood forward.

"Barton," Harry responded with a careful nod of his head, before he turned to the hero known as Hawkeye. "Cleaned any good toilets lately?"

Barton shook his head, biting down on his lip to the amusement of Logan. He gave Harry an exasperated look. "You're a real laugh riot, you know that."

"I try my best," Harry responded when he walked by the agents and they were all crowding around. Fury stood before them, arms folded and Harry could already tell instantly that he had a certain amount of intentions on his mind. The young mage eyed the agent of SHIELD, there were times where this particular man looked completely serious. However, this was an amount of seriousness on his face that Harry did not really see before and it was at the point where Harry deduced he masked some true worry. He carefully kept an eye on Fury, before the silence and the tension stopped, when the air cleared.

"So you wanted to see both of us," Logan stated in a crisp voice when he watched Fury.

"Yeah, you should have figured that much," Fury responded when he spun around before he eyed them carefully. He motioned for the group of agents to step forward, carrying the security photos and also an object wrapped in a red cloth. Fury's eye watched Harry carefully before he cleared his throat with a solid cough. "Another one of those portals opened and something fell through before you. The same exact spot where you arrived."

This was news to Harry and he raised an eyebrow before he slowly spoke to Fury. "What is it?"

Fury had his agents unravel the clotech from around the box and the silver box glowed before Harry. He eyed it, the design was unlike anything that he ever remembered seeing before yet he had some degree of familiarity to it. It was extremely weird to that extent; he slowly picked up the box and held it in his hand. He eyed it and he heard the whispers. He strained to hear them completely but it appeared that the whispers did know that there were other people around.

"When the time is right, you will know," the whisper in the box stated. "When the time is right, all will be revealed."
'Cryptic much,' Harry thought to himself with a frown when he eyed the box carefully, flipping it over in his hand. The box remained held in his hand, when he carefully watched it. There was something on the box and the symbols on the box; they resembled what appeared in his dreams. His dreams got even more cryptic, as Harry wondered what he truly was. He hoped to find some answers but he did not want to share this revelation with Fury when it happened, thus he declined opening the box.

Hell, he didn't even want to share the revelation with his teammates either. This was something that was private and for him, this had information about his heritage. The memories of the field moved through his head and he smiled a little bit. Perhaps this box, providing it opened, held the answers.

Harry had one question to ask the agents of SHIELD. "Have you been able to open this box?"

Fury shook his head when he eyed Harry. "No, I have been unable to ever get it open. I was hoping that you were able to open it and shed some light on it."

"I'll handle this, and I'll take it," Harry responded when he turned to walk away but Fury placed a hand on his shoulder before he slowly spun Harry around. Casually, but firmly, Harry pushed his hand away. His eyes stared down Fury, before the two men stared each other down. "Is there a problem with me doing that?"

Fury prepared to enlighten Harry on that fact. "Yes, the problem is it could be dangerous."

"So could you, so could I, and so could Logan," Harry answered as the SHIELD agents stepped forward before they watched Harry with trepidation. "Whatever is in this box, you messing with this, if it came from my world, will cause more trouble than good. Providing this box came from my world."

Harry was happily able to chalk up what was in the box as being a coincidence but he was also willing to keep his mind open despite everything that he learned. He bit down on his lip carefully, before his arms carefully swung around. The box in his hand gave him the feeling of something that contained answers and he peered at it. Temptation to open it visited him but yet dread of what could come when he opened it.

'She will be your treasure.'

That was the inscription written on the box and Harry frowned, whoever sent this box, they obviously were trying to send him some sort of message.

"Leave it alone, Fury," Logan stated in a warning voice when he spun around towards the Director of SHIELD. "You said you wanted to see me."

Fury scowled before he nodded, folding his arms across his chest. "Yeah, this came in today."

He handed Logan the photos of the destroyed HYDRA facility and the claw marks in the wall. The downed HYDRA agents obviously tried to subdue whoever did this but it ended badly for them. Now Logan's curiosity was grabbed and he wondered what the hell happened.

"We've known for months that some of your DNA may be used for a project by HYDRA," Fury added when he looked at Logan, who scowled at not being let in on this news but Fury was not finished. "One of the scientists has been in constant contact with SHIELD."

"Wait you knew this and you didn't feel like telling me until now," Logan responded when he turned to Fury. Somehow, he should not be surprised but yet he was surprised. It was like Fury to keep secrets from those around him.
Fury waved off his question, with a scowl on his face when his eyes fixed on Logan. "Don't jump down my throat Logan; it was handled that way because we don't know what we were dealing with."

"Seems like you had a pretty good idea," Logan offered, that was about all he said, although one could tell from his eyes that he was seriously peeved.

Harry kept his eyes on the tension between Fury and Logan, before he studied the claw marks in the wall and the three HYDRA facilities. One of them, he swore he visited before but he could not place it.

"So what's he like?" Logan asked, he needed to know what he was dealing with.

"She, actually," Fury responded when he watched Logan with a half-smile on his face, even though it was a pained one. "She is more or less your daughter, the cloning process had to be done through a woman and the child was kept for years in isolation, trained to kill. HYDRA took control of the old Weapon X facility but obviously months back they wanted you, because why only have one expert tracker when they can have two."

Logan turned around to talk to Harry but he vanished. In his place there was nothing but writing in flames.

**Call it a crazy hunch, but I know where she went. Try that HYDRA facility down by the Hudson, that's the next one on her list.**

Fury nodded his head; he figured out the same pattern come to think about it and turned to his men, who awaited him to give the order.

"Just don't stand there with your thumbs up your asses, move out," Fury barked and they SHIELD agents spun around.

Logan was not convinced somehow and he doubted that Arcane was either. The kid lead SHIELD off in that direction on purpose, it was almost too easy.

He had other plans, what they were, Logan could only begin to guess.

The dark haired girl, dressed in black garb with a mask pulled over her face, edged closer to the mansion, she felt a buzzing in her ears. During her entire life, she felt nothing but violence. Yet, she could hear them, the sound of children playing, having fun. Such a sound was something foreign to her, she did not understand it. She frowned, essentially scowling when she pushed herself forward, eyes narrowed carefully when she walked forward.

The situation was foreign therefore she had the temptation to act hostilely, almost like a threat.

The New Mutants stood at the side of the Mansion and Multiple perked his ears up before he turned to his fellow mutants.

"Hey did you hear something?" Multiple asked as he jumped up.

Boom Boom shrugged her shoulders. "I….come to think of it, you're right."

Jubilee stepped forward, edging towards the bushes. "Hello, come out we won't…."
The figure jumped out of the bushes and moved faster. The New Mutants scattered, they could not believe what was happening, everything was happening so quick. This attacker caught them completely off guard.

Bobby was the one that kept his head up before he turned to the New Mutants. Someone had to take charge and Iceman swung around, before he faced them all. "Amara, Sam, Ray, take the right side, Rahne, Jubilee, Tabby, take the left side. Roberto, Jamie, and I will take the middle."

On paper this seemed like a sound strategy but there was one flaw to something sounding like a sound strategy on paper. Often times in practice, the strategy seemed to be a little less sound. Of course, there was no use thinking about this now.

"What's going on here?" Scott asked as he walked outside, he could have sworn he heard something.

"There's someone in the bushes, be quiet!" Multiple whispered but Scott frowned.

"Step aside, I'll handle this," Scott stated, likely it was some kind of animal that spooked them.

Amara frowned and opened her mouth but Sam shook his head when they watched Scott move forward. It was like waiting for some kind of bomb to drop and they watched him.

"There's nothing in the bushes!" Scott answered with a frown but then the figure was on the wall, standing at the edge of the Mansion.

"That's because it's behind you!" Cannonball stated, frantically pointing as he did so, but before Scott could react several things happened at once.

First she dove down and grabbed him by the shoulder, causing his body to go numb when he buckled to his knees. This opened him up for a more fluid assault.

Secondly, she grabbed him around the neck and placed a disc on the back of his head, which both inhibited his powers and also shocked him into unconsciousness. The next move was not needed because of this but she felt like it was necessary nevertheless; a vicious curb stomp to the back of the had drove Scott into the ground, shattering his nose. Blood trickled from the ground; he laid in the grass, blood pouring from his head.

Iceman took a step back and he tried to ask himself the ancient question that had been asked since the beginning of time. "WWHPD". He bit down on his lip, as Jubilee tried to send a cascade of fireworks but she moved too quick to get attacked and took a swipe at Jubilee with her claws, but Iceman pulled her out of the way.

"Great, she's like Logan on PMS," Iceman stated when he saw the claws bared towards him but he dodged it carefully, setting her up from an attack from Boom Boom. That comment was thankfully unheard by the women around him, because he would be in if they did.

"She's really slick, isn't she?" Roberto asked while he shot into the air, but she grabbed him around the ankles before sending him crashing to the ground.

"Right in one!" Jubilee stated when she rushed forward. "Halt, no one shall succumb to…"

Bobby went down, as did Sam, and then Jubilee in one fluid motion. It was like she barely even tried. She worked fast, pretty faster. The New Mutants gave her a more even fight than she ever imagined but she was able to adapt. That was part of her training, being able to adapt to her surroundings.
"Just calm down, none of us want to hurt you," Amara stated but at the same time her hands lit up with glowing sensations.

Rachel popped in and used a psychic attack to bring her to her knees. She dropped to her knees, carefully shifting a little bit, to try and break into her mind.

'It's savage, and untamed, I can't...'"

A swipe of the claws, which was more of a warning shot than anything. The girl pulled back before she did any real damage to Rachel. She propelled herself into the air and grabbed Rachel around the back of the head, before slipping the disc on the back of her neck.

The New Mutants fought hard thanks to their training, but they were severely outgunned by someone who had been born and bred to fight, someone who was the best in the world at what they did. The fact they lasted this long against her and were not taken out collectively in less than a second spoke well for them.

Harry flew back almost immediately when he heard what happened. He knew from the minute he saw those photos that she was coming here. There was a pattern, one that was almost too clean. She purposely led SHIELD on to make sure they followed the bread crumbs, but the bread crumbs lead to a false location. Harry pushed himself further and further, carefully managing to pick up his pace and he flew even faster, faster than a speeding bullet.

Time ticked by but Harry would not be denied, he had to keep flying and if he reached this location before SHIELD could find out the false trail, so much more the better. He sensed that she had been used as a tool and rebelled against him. Oh, he knew how that felt and Harry dropped down to the ground to see her fighting the X-Men. Rogue, Jean, and Kitty were still on their feet, with Kurt bent over, wheezing, but he managed to hold his own as well.

'The X-Mansion's security breached yet again,' Harry thought in an exasperated manner as he shook his head, before he flew forward, carefully watching the situation. August thirty first was just around the corner as he reminded himself.

He could see it in her eyes; she was confused and predisposed to attacking. This young girl might have had a tough demeanor on the outside when she shielded herself from the rest of the world. However, there was no mistake about it, she had some amount of vulnerability on the inside. Harry saw the signs in her, the anger was a front and he moved forward to engage her.

Whilst Kitty, Jean, Kurt, and Rogue held their own, they were a bit outmatched. Not that Harry was taking anything away from their abilities that was simply the fact of the matter. This girl was in fact that good.

Without another word or thought, Harry made his move, quickly, not even blinking, never even holding up. He pushed himself up into the air, before he scooped her up in the air, before pulling her away at the Mansion. He did it such a way where he masked himself, along with his scent. It was a hard charm to pull off but Harry thought he did it rather well, given the fact that he got the jump on her.

That being said, it was draining as well hell but that was beside the point. He grabbed his arms around her waist, before he set her down in a field out of the way.
She was not a happy camper.

"What are you doing?" she demanded when she rushed him with her claws but he went intangible, causing her to fly through him and land on the ground face first in the mud.

"I could ask you the same question," Harry responded when she tried to attack him but he casually side stepped her attack. Again and again, he dodged her, he could keep this up all day but he had a feeling she could as well. "Come on now, why did you go after the Institute?"

"Answers, I wanted to find him," she responded as her eyes narrowed. There was something about this boy that caused her heart to beat more steadily and caused her to lose focus. He was giving off some heavy pheromones that was making it hard to concentrate in taking him down.

Her animal instincts were inclined to take him down but what she wanted to after, that was unprecedented.

"Project X-23, I snuck a look at the SHIELD data," Harry answered when he dodged her attack once again. "You know, I can keep this up all day and all night long. I do have amazing stamina, as my girls keep reminding me."

She frowned, but there was a feeling that flushed through her body. Her heart rate increased and her palms got clammy, with her knees getting weak. This reaction from her was unprecedented and she wondered what the hell he was doing to her.

"What are you doing to me?" she asked when she dove towards him but he dodged the attack once again.

"I have no idea what you're talking about," Harry answered with a charming smile that James Potter would be proud of. She moved towards him but he dodged her attack again. "Really, I can keep this up for hours and hours, on and on, around and around the loop."

The girl tried to get away but Harry teleported in front of her before she could go more than five feet. Her teeth gritted and her eyes narrowed. "Why are you stopping me from doing this? Why do you care? Why do you…"

"I know what it's like to be used by people," Harry answered when he eyed her, his voice quiet as he spoke. "I can help you, if you let me. Find the people who did this to you, I can do it."

"I can handle this myself," she stated fiercely but Harry grabbed her hands, blocking it, before he overpowered her. No one overpowered her like this. She struggled on the ground underneath his grip, pinned down, exerting his dominance over her.

"No, I think that you need to calm down and think about what you're doing," Harry answered before he pinned her down to the ground and removed her mask to reveal her face.

She had a curtain of dark although slightly unruly black hair hang down her face. Had it not been for the scowl on her face, she would have looked amazingly pretty.

"Calm down, take a deep breath, we'll work through this, I promise," Harry stated when he backed off and let her up. "Did they give you a name, other than X-23?"

She hung her shoulders down, before her head twisted around and she decided to answer her question. Now that she calmed down, she could think more clearly. After what happened, it threw her in a rage, being held like that, being forced to do those training simulations. Being subjected to all of those tests to increase the scope of her healing powers but she would take them down completely.
"Laura, that's what the woman who gave birth called me but they made me kill her," she stated in a pained voice and she slumped her shoulders. Harry carefully held her and she slumped forward a little bit. "I can't...I didn't want to, but there was something they used. It triggered a hypnotic suggestion in my brain."

"And you won't do that ever again, because we'll find it, because we'll work together and fix you the best we can," Harry responded as she slumped in his arms, drained from everything that happened. "I swear, I'll find who did this to do."

"Don't rush on my account, that's not your fight," Laura answered, as she eyed him carefully, but for some reason, he made her feel relaxed.

"Well, I know it's not my fight, but that doesn't mean I can't help when I can," Harry answered when he offered her a smile. "Laura, you'll find with me, that I tend to stick my nose into situations where they aren't wanted or needed. I hate to say that, but that's part of my charm."

Laura offered him a slight smile. "That's a matter of perspective."

Logan dropped down and she tensed up, before the two stared down each other.

"Logan, it's fine, I've got it under control," Harry responded when he watched her, and she eyed Logan suspiciously. He eyed her back; the two of them were carefully watching each other, neither backing down from the other. Something had to give but the real question was what?

"So, you're her," Logan stated when he stepped towards her but she responded with a challenging expression of her own.

"So you're him," Laura fired back while she watched him carefully. "You know, I've been trained to be better, stronger, faster than you. They've conditioned me to eventually take you out, so I can be better than someone who is the best then what they did. So if you attack me, you're kind of taking your chances"

"That's a matter of option," Logan stated when he turned around. "The rest of the team are okay, a bit shaken up, you really did a number on them, kid."

"They started it," Laura responded before she spun around and Logan smirked.

"That I don't have a doubt about," Logan responded when he watched her. "You're good kid, you caught them by surprise. That won't happen much longer."

"They didn't go down without a fight," Laura offered and she relaxed.

"SHIELD wants to run some tests," Logan answered when he turned to Harry but he shook his head when she tensed off.

"I'll keep an eye on her, she'll be my responsibility," Harry answered when he looked at Laura.

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure," Harry stated to Logan carefully, he had a few questions but he was going to save them for later, after the day they had. "If Fury wants to throw a bitch fit about it, well he can take it up with me."

"Oh, I'm sure he will," Logan responded carefully when he watched him, clutching his fists and he rubbed his hands together. "And you better take good care of her kid, I know where you live."
"Not for long," Harry responded as he watched Logan. "And you know why."

"Well, I'm pretty sure I can find out your new address," Logan responded, taking a moment to watch him.

Laura was confused about this conversation but shrugged, it was likely not her place to know.

Laura sat at the edge of the Danger Room, pondering about what occurred and what she was. She had a lot to sort out and had been offered a spot at the Xavier Institute to cool her heels. Fury arrived behind her but Harry blocked his access from her.

"She's dangerous, you don't know what backdoor programming HYDRA left in her," Fury offered hostilely but the green eyed mage stared the one eyed secret agent down. He folded his arms and turned towards him. "I know you don't want to think anything bad of her but….”

"I don't because she'd learn a lot more about getting herself together here than she would in any SHIELD facility in the world," Harry responded without even given the matter any consideration. His expression was firm and he eyed Fury carefully, almost as if he dared him to say anything that would contradict him but Fury did not say anything to him.

"It's on you, don't forget that," Fury responded to him.

The tension could be cut with a knife but Harry wondered if he was putting his neck on the line. The truth was Laura was not a bad person, and he had a feeling that SHIELD was not all that altruistic about their purposes. They may feel that she was an asset to be used. He carefully kept an eye on them, turning his head around, with a smile crossing his face when he watched them. The young wizard kept a careful eye on the situation before he nodded.

"Worry about what you need to worry about Fury, and I'll worry about what you need to worry about," Harry responded to Fury, staring him down.

"I hope you're right," Fury responded when he spun around and walked off, carefully making his motions away from him. Harry watched Fury leave, not bothering to say more than two more words to him.

"Why do I have a feeling that this isn't over?"

Harry spun around and saw Jean standing there, her arms folded and a smile on her face. He moved over to greet her, through his arms around her and giving her a kiss. He did the same to Rogue, Amara, Rachel, and Kitty who lined for him.

"For the record, I understand where you're coming from," Kitty stated and they all nodded in agreement.

Harry was glad because he was not going to argue with them about this even if they disagreed with what he was doing. For he already made up his mind of what he was going to do. He stepped over from his girls and bent down to face Laura who sat on a chair.

"I could be dangerous, they could be right," Laura remarked carefully when she watched Harry, his eyes met on hers.

"I could be dangerous too, we all could be dangerous," Harry responded and Laura shrugged.
"You don't seem too dangerous but I suppose looks can be deceiving," she offered as she fixed a beady gaze on him. "You trained your team rather well; they gave me the best workout that anyone ever did. I don't know what you're doing, but keep doing it."

Harry was glad about the statement she gave, and he smiled, that was the praise that he hoped to have more of.

Laura thought about something and she turned around, her eyes carefully narrowed before she stated the next point. "Although not all of the people on this team were that good. That guy in the visor….he could use a lot of work. Although I suppose that you can't train everyone."

Harry smiled towards her but he was not going to say much more than he said. "No, I can't."

He held the box in his hand, turning around when he watched it. Ever since Harry got it, he was half fixated on it. It had been temporarily pushed in the back of his mind one he had to deal with Laura, but now he had much more time to focus on the box in his hand. He carefully watched the box in his hand and heard the whispers in the box. The box was held up to his ear when he really pondered it.

'She will be your treasure.'

Who was she, Harry wanted to know that? He had his fingers on the clasp of the box but he did not open it up yet. He saw the letter "S" encased in a silver shield on the box but what did it mean?

'You will never be alone.'

The box spoke to him carefully when he tapped the box on the side of the table and Harry frowned. There was another statement from the box.

'All will be revealed.'

"Problem?" Laura asked to Harry, frowning whilst she watched him.

"Trying to figure out where I need to go and what I am?" Harry asked when he watched the box. "There are sometimes….well it's stupid."

Laura watched Harry for a moment; she could tell that he was in a similar boat than she was. Perhaps it was not the same exact boat but she realized that he was closer to her mentally when she realized. She could tell that he was a strong person despite all that and a real Alpha Male. Given the animalistic instincts within her, that made him attractive and potential mate material.

And he was strong enough to take her down with ease, that much was something that Laura remembered as well and respected.

"I think we should judge whether or not it is stupid," Laura offered but Harry's eyes remained on the box.

"Perhaps, perhaps not," Harry responded when he eyed the box towards them. Kitty walked up and he hid the box away in his bag, before any of them could see it.

Something told Harry that he would learn everything that he needed to know when the time was right, and not one second before. The young magical mutant stood, there were many questions and very few answers, and he was going to answer it. He wished to open the box but now was not the time.
Wanda stood outside across from the park with the wind blowing through her hair with Harry walking beside her.

"So, I might be free after next week," Wanda responded to Harry carefully, dare she hope? Dare she hope that she be free from that place, forever?

She was angry that they were playing the innocent act, trying to claim that all they were doing was trying to help her. Wanda remembered the straps; she remembered the needles being pushed into her skin. She remembered the hours she was forced into a small room without any windows or lights, because she was sick. It was inhumane treatment; in fact Wanda would go as far to say that prisoners who had committed murder and rape would not even get treatment that was that bad.

It was hard to really think about anything like that and she shared what happened with Harry. There was something about the look in his eyes that made Wanda feel slightly at ease. There was this fact that despite everything that happened, Harry was someone who understood her plight and understood what she was going through. The wizard carefully kept his eye on Wanda and a smile crossed his face. This smile made her feel more at ease than she could ever imagine before.

"A week from Thursday," Harry responded to her with a smile crossing his face. It was that type of smile that inspired trust within Harry.

"A week from Thursday," Wanda confirmed, the smile being returned.

The nightmare would be over, should be over, a week from Thursday, which was about nine days from where they sat and where they stood. Wanda mentally counted down each and every individual second in her head; the wait was rather hard to bare. Then again, most waits obviously were and she nervously rocked back a little bit on her hips. The magical mutant thought that her powers were reined in a little bit better although she had her moments. The long term effects of the drugs were leaving her and Harry managed to work his own magic to prevent the orderlies from pumping her system with anything further.

She had to ask this question, it almost hurt her how vulnerable she felt but it was something that she had to say about it. "Do you think it's going to be that easy?"

Harry smiled a bit of a smile, pained as it was for him to admit it, it was not going to be that easy. "No, but I have a feeling this should run rather smoothly providing that Mystique doesn't show up and contest it. However if Mystique shows up, we've got evidence of her wrong doings ready."

"What about my father?" Wanda asked Harry when she stood by him.

Harry paused for a moment, he could tell that a part of Wanda ached for revenge. But even if she went after her father, then what would happen? Would she have any kind of clarity? Something told Harry that despite that fact, she would have nothing resembling clarity. It would be an endless cycle of revenge, that's what he thought about and reflected on.

Of course, he did wonder if Magneto would approve if the shoe was on the other foot but he never talked to the man himself about the circumstances of the situation with Wanda. The young wizard carefully chose his next words before responding.

"Wanda, I'm not sure if I can even begin to think about what was going through his mind," Harry
responded in a delicate voice.

"Don't you dare tell me that the path of revenge is a barren one," Wanda stated in a snippy voice but Harry smiled.

"I wasn't about to tell you that at all, believe me," Harry answered when he carefully looked up into the sky. The birds tweeted in the sky and he put his hands on his hips. "But would it give you the answers that you seek? Something tells me that it won't give you those answers."

Wanda grudgingly conceded that he might have a point, her shoulders slumped and she watched him before she opened her mouth and spoke her next statement. "It's almost like you're seeking answers about yourself."

Harry did not say anything at the moment although Wanda struck the nail on the head. The moment he arrived, he realized that there was something different about him. He thought that it was because of the Voldemort memories that he had but there was something else. Harry spun around and he thought back to the box. The box was currently in a bag that he kept over his shoulder at all times. He would not even leave it alone for a second.

He had a feeling that it was too dangerous for anyone but himself to tamper with.

"Answers, yes, I want them," Harry admitted to her before he smiled. "Guess we're going to have to figure that out one step at a time."

Harry thought to himself when he closed his eyes and looked up. He did hope after a week from Thursday, Wanda would be free of that place forever. There would be many demons that she would have to face otherwise but Harry thought that was something that she would deal with. They could continue their little sessions without any interruption. He only had a limited amount of time with her.

"Keep the proper balance and that's it," Harry responded when he saw Amara standing atop the mountain, her eyes glowing. She requested a little bit of one on one time with him to get an exercise done that she was struggling with and Harry figured why not. He had some time to spare and he watched Amara carefully balance herself, watching him.

"So how am I doing?" she asked Harry when she watched him.

"Don't worry, you're doing great, but keep your focus on it," Harry watched her, before she slid down.

"So is Wanda's hearing going to go by as planned?" Amara asked when she did the last part of the exercise.

"Pretty much, just a little bit to the right," Harry responded when he eyed her carefully, when the two of them looked at each other. "And that's enough for tonight."

Amara slid down when she walked over towards Harry, there was a moment where the two of stood next to each other. Harry brought her into an embrace tightly with the two of them standing with each other. The Danger Room returned to its normal status.

"I'd give it a nine point five out of ten," Harry responded and she looked at him through widened eyes. "As you know, there's always room for improvement."
"I'm sure there is," Amara stated while she placed her hands on Harry's hips. "And that will allow me to spend a lot more time together with you."

Amara decided to look at Harry, carefully choosing her next words.

"So, you really are leaving on September First?" Amara asked Harry carefully.

"That rumor is flying around a lot isn't it?" Harry asked before he looked at the dark skinned princess, before he placed his hands on the small of her back. "Mostly because there's a lot of truth to it… it's really hard to say why I'm leaving in words."

Amara smiled at him before she caught onto it. "It's one of those journey's that life takes you, isn't it?"

"Right in one," Harry answered before he held her in close. "I won't forget the things that I learned here but I could stick around here and just be one part of a team where I can't stand out. Or I could lead something beyond the name of Charles Xavier."

"You've always struck me as more of a leader than a follower," Amara answered when she turned away from Harry. She did not want to say anything about Scott but he did have a lot of issues that he needed to work out. "Is….you have everything set up, don't you?"

Harry thought that everything was ninety five percent of the way done, it was that final five percent that always was the toughest. It was really funny how something like that went but it was true. The young wizard carefully kept his eyes on the princess in his arms.

"Don't worry about that, I'm here now," Harry responded when he wrapped his arms around her. "And wherever I got, I'll be easily accessible."

Amara smiled in spite all of what happened and Harry leaned forward, before he pressed his lips against hers with a kiss. She felt his hands move over her back and shivered with the delight, when he pressed his lips against hers. The girl was slowly backed into the wall and Harry had her pinned. He grounded against her slightly whilst her nipples stood out erect from beneath her uniform top, poking against his chest and Harry carefully cupped the underside of her breasts.

"So, it's time, isn't it?" Harry asked before he continued to kiss her.

"Yes," she breathed when he removed her uniform top.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Harry grabbed her dark breasts when her back was pressed against the Danger Room and she pushed her breasts into his hands, when he molded them, squeezed them with his hands. The young wizard carefully ran his hands around them, carefully playing with her nipples which stood out and he carefully pinched them, causing her to moan slightly at his touches.

Her uniform bottom went down and he peeled her panties off quickly. Her lovely lips dripped with arousal for him and Harry could barely even wait to indulge himself in the pleasures of this beauty before him.

"Feels good," Amara panted when his fingers entered her and he slowly pushed his fingers in and out of her, before rubbing her clit with his thumb.

"I can tell you've been waiting for this for too long," Harry answered when he pumped into her even more and she shifted her hips upwards, before he continued to cup her pussy nicely in his hands.
"Yes, please, don't make me beg," Amara breathed heavily when he continued to bring his fingers in and out of her dripping cunt. It caused her body to heat up in the good way, whilst her eyes fluttered shut and a sigh of pleasure escaped her lips.

She reached her hands around and pulled his pants down; she wanted to return the favor to him. After she fumbled slightly with his boxers, his cock sprung out of his pants to face her. Amara grabbed around her nice and easily, before stroking him rather seductively with her hand, grasping it within him. He responded by pushing his fingers back into her dripping hot cunt and she moaned when she forced her cunt down on his fingers.

"Oh yeah, Harry," Amara breathed when her eyes glazed over and Harry reached around, cupping her breasts. "I can't wait, stick it inside me, you know you want to."

Harry did want to and he grabbed either side of her, before he pushed his cock into her tight cavern, before slamming into her with rapid fire thrusts when she was pinned against the wall. She bit down on her lip in passion when he grabbed her breasts and squeezed them carefully in his hand, grabbing and touching them tenderly, tweaking the lovely flesh between his hands when he continued to cut a steady pace into her cunt.

He sped up his thrusts nice and heavily, banging into her tightly. She squeezed him and he continued to thrust into her. The dark haired girl breathed when she felt his cock enter her, sliding into her.

"Baby, so tight, I love this pussy," Harry stated when he speared into her, carefully aiming his thrusts to give her the most pleasure.

Amara felt flushed she loved this, she really loved this, she could not get enough of his massive cock inside her tight little pussy. She was getting a fucking that was worthy of royalty and she felt his hands on either side of her hips, before he continued to spear tightly into her pussy. Harry continued his motions, her snatch wrapped tightly around him.

"Oh, ooh, ah," she moaned when she squeezed him, feeling her clear juices splattering down on his cock and allowed him to continue to work into her. He slid in and out of her with ease, giving her a workout. "Oh, ah, yes."

"Tight, oh yeah," Harry breathed when he nibbled on her ear which caused her to go wild. She was slumped against the wall, getting his cock buried into her. "Squeeze me, you want to cum again and again until you can't walk, don't you?"

"Yes, oh, yes, please," she begged him.

She grabbed his arm with her legs locked around him. Harry pressed his mouth on one chocolate nipple and licked around it, suckling on it and causing her to arch her hips up. The two continued their fucking, their bodies covered in sweat. Her pussy clenched him tightly and he sped up his motions into her, banging into her tight core.

Harry gripped his hands around her breasts, covered in the sweat and dripping wet. He rubbed his fingers onto her nipples causing her to scream out in joy and his cock slammed into her hard. He moved his hands down onto her body, touching the side of her body, along with her hips and her backside, she really felt the desire flowing through her body for him.

"Cumming soon," Harry breathed when he grunted and pushed into him.

She summoned all of the energy she could towards her pussy and begged for him to continue to thrust into her. He rocked himself back to spear into her tight center; his thrust sped up until he gave
more mighty thrusts and pushed his cock into her, pumping into her hips. Then his balls tightened. His fluids sprayed into her hole and Amara screamed out loud, before he slammed into her tight twat a few more times, gaining the momentum necessary to make everything the two of them felt the most pleasurable experience in the world.

The thrusts continued went rope after rope of his thick cum splashed into her insides. She pulled away from him and Harry pulled out of her nicely, when she slid down on the wall.

He flipped her over so she was on her hands and knees.

"Ready for round two?" Harry asked and she bit down on her lip, before he spread her pussy lips and suddenly, she was down on the ground, her feet and hands shackled to the floor.

Amara felt like she was at the mercy of this young man, no this young god, when he cupped her pussy in his hand, teasing the tender flesh. Juices dribbled down from her, when she felt his cock head brush against the slit of her from behind.

"Oh, ah, yes Harry!" Amara panted when she felt his cock spear into her tight hole from behind, her hands and feet tied down, with nowhere to go. Harry placed his hands on her back and slowly slid them up, before he squeezed and played with her pussy. "Give me a royal fucking!"

"I bet you like that, don't you?" Harry grunted and her moan was all that he needed in consent when he speared into her pussy from behind.

Harry continued to push his cock inside her and the princess responded to his actions by squeezing him as hard as she could with her pussy. He picked up the cues from her mind and made her deepest desires come true with the spots that he touched her with his bulging member. The inside of her rubbed him and he felt the warm heat generated from her pussy to be quite pleasurable.

Amara found herself in heaven, Harry knew what she liked and the pleasure was beyond all measure she could describe. His cock cut a steady pace when he picked up the moment rocking and plunging into her. She tightened herself around him, squeezing him as much as she could manage.

"Fuck yeah, love this," Harry grunted when he speared himself into her even more, allowing her tight walls to caress him.

A few more thrusts meant that Harry was done with this round, although this one went on for a longer. These two young, hot, mutants continued to work each other, feeling

Amara bit down her lip in pleasure before she screamed, with Harry unloading his burning hot seed into her chambers and she screamed in pleasure, feeling the desire when he slammed into her, working his cock inside her, her pussy rubbing him nicely.

He was ready for more and he would get plenty more.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

To Be Continued in the Next Arc "Days in the Dark Dimension."
Chapter Forty Eight: Days in the Dark Dimension Part One.

Smut/Lemon Begins.

It was a long day of training behind him and all of the joints in Harry's back and neck ached. They would heal in a matter of moments but that did not disqualify from having the pain that came along with the training.

A pair of hands grabbed him around the waist and pulled him into the room, before she threw her arms around him and pressed her lips to his with a searing kiss. He saw a curtain of red hair frame her face, her green eyes meeting his and her arms wrapped around him. Harry breathed when he saw the very naked body of Jean Grey pressed against him.

"Hi Jean," Harry responded when he drank in her beautiful body, all of the lovely, juicy curves, the round perfect breasts, with the perky nipples, the flat stomach, the lovely pussy with red hair trimmed nicely, and her long legs, along with her sexy ass.

"Hey, Harry," Jean answered when she pulled his shirt up over his head, before she pressed herself against him, embracing him tightly.

Rachel popped up next to Harry and she was in an equal state of undress, which she quickly divulged Harry of his pants, before she wrapped a hand around his cock and pumped him with a grin on her face. She felt him throb and twitch in her hand.

Harry was in heaven; Rachel knew how to work his cock.

"Oh that's it, fucking suck that cock baby," Harry breathed when Rachel got down between his legs and started licking his cock with skill, wrapping her tongue around him. Jean got down and licked his balls, the two of them using their tongues to give his throbbing member a workout.

The two beautiful redheads were working on his cock and balls and Harry felt the burning pleasure fill his body when they took turns sucking and licking at his cock. The pair of them traded off every few seconds, working him over. Their mouths and tongues did delightful things to his loins when he placed a hand down on the each of their nearly identical hair, stroking their hair slightly, and feeling the pleasure.

'Such a big cock, that I love sucking,' Jean breathed when she speared Harry's cock down her throat when Rachel worked on his balls, fondling them, before she used her tongue.

'I think he likes that,' Rachel thought before she reached her hand over and cupped Jean's pussy, which caused her to moan. She smiled when she used her fingers to probe the lovely molten core of Jean, feeling the dripping center.

"So fucking hot, ah," Harry breathed when his aura washed over them, before he splashed his seed into Jean's waiting mouth. She sucked up every bit of essence he had eagerly when he pumped into her, with passing thrusts. The young wizard prudently worked his thrusts into her mouth, passing into her, drilling into the back of her throat.

His seed spilled into her and Jean pulled back, some of it still lingering on her tongue. Rachel and Jean wrapped their arms around each other and exchanged a passionate kiss, exchanging the seed that they got from their wizard.
"So how do you want to do this?" Rachel asked when the kiss was let go.

"Eat my pussy, while Harry rams into your tight pussy from behind," Jean breathed when she rubbed Rachel's lips sensually before she backed off onto the paid.

Jean sprawled herself out on the bed, her legs spread and her pussy lips wide open for the taking. Rachel knelt down between Jean's legs, before she crawled over and began to rub Jean's lips, causing her to rear her head back and moan hotly.

"Oh yeah, that's it, mmm yeah Rachel," Jean panted hotly, when Rachel dove between her pussy and began to lick her walls.

'You do realize that this is your daughter from a possible future timeline, don't you?' Phoenix thought in a nonchalant manner as Rachel dove between Jean's legs and licked out her tender core, running her tongue over her.

'Yes, realize that....oh so don't care,' Jean thought to herself when she felt Rachel's talented tongue work her pussy. 'She's....so fucking good.'

'You must be very proud,' Phoenix dead panned.

'Yes, very,' Jean thought to herself when she arched her hips up and Harry plunged his cock between Rachel's legs from behind. She watched hungrily their shared lover's thick tool plunging out in and out of her. 'Oh that was....'

Rachel munched down on the place that she came from in another timeline, really working over her mother's pussy. She stuck her tongue inside and furiously rubbed her clit, causing Jean to rear her head back and scream.

"Oh Rachel, so good, give Mommy all your love!" Jean yelled at the top of her lungs, but Rachel froze, she was not sure she heard that right. She had little time to waste when Rachel drove her tongue deep into Jean's pussy, running her tongue into her mother's pussy.

"So hot, that's it Rachel, eat her pussy, make it drip!" Harry yelled while he rammed into her hard from behind, his cock hammering into her dripping twat.

'Fucking tear me up Harry,' Rachel thought as she felt something.

'You know, it would something if she ended up being Harry's daughter as well,' the Phoenix mused in an off handed manner.

'That would be wrong,' Jean thought to herself, but why did she find her pussy getting really went at the thought.

'And hot,' the Phoenix thought as the cosmic force rolled her eyes. 'I will never understand human morality and their inability to seek fun where they need it. Animals have gotten it right, why can't humans?'

Jean was too busy being eaten to another orgasm to really answer Phoenix's inquiry, when this threesome, technically foursome if one counted the Phoenix Force as being a separate entity, continued with Harry's cock working into her.

Rachel panted when he fucked her senseless and Jean's pussy was sopping wet and in desperate need for Harry's cock.
"Time to switch, baby girl," Jean breathed as she pulled her alternate timeline daughter up and kissed her lovingly on the lips.

Jean pounced upon Harry no sooner than he pulled out and she kissed him on the lips rather hard. Her lips met his carefully when she sucked on them, before she spread her legs. Her extremely hungry pussy lips gobbled up his throbbing member and stuffed him inside her. She began to rock back and forth, spearing on his cock, and riding it.

Rachel watched her mother ride Harry for all she was work and she spread her legs, before she essentially fucked herself using her telekinetic abilities. Harry helped out when he could, hitting the right spots in her and caused her to reach and shrieking orgasm that filled the heavens.

Jean rose herself up and sank her hips down onto Harry, her curved body rotating onto her. He rocked back.

'Ah, yeah, baby, fucking you know how to work a cock,' Harry breathed while he grabbed her ass checks and hoisted her up before he slammed her down. Her pussy hit his ship and her ass bounced against his thigh. Her red hair flung in the air like the Phoenix she was.

'Oh you know how to play with my tits, oh yeah feels so fucking good,' Jean thought to herself as she drove herself down onto his cock, wrapping her pussy around him and squeezing him, allowing him to feel the warm tightness of her.

Rachel pumped her fingers into her gushing cunt when she saw Harry's dick slide in and out of her mother's dripping wet pussy. She breathed heavily when she rubbed her clit with her thumb, grinding her fist into her pussy, when she took a moment to think what Harry could do to her.

Jean rocked back, her orgasm exploded through her body when she rode Harry, slamming down onto him.

"Oh yeah, so hot, your pussy belongs to me," Harry moaned when her pussy wrapped around him tightly and clenched.

"Give me all that hot cum, you know you want to," Jean moaned when she squeezed him and she bent down, ramming her tongue into his mouth, licking the inside of her mouth.

Harry pumped and his cock was defeated, for the moment. He sent several blasts of his thick seed into her, splashing her inner walls and he continued to shoot the insides of her like a fire hose, spraying her with his thick semen.

**Smut/Lemon Ends.**

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A red haired woman with green eyes sat at the edge of the field unable to believe the misfortunate that had occurred. She looked so much forward to being a mother and than….well he was lost. The birth was a rough one, magical pregnancies always had a risk to them and when she was in a family that had high risk pregnancies, that added to the fun.

Still she clutched the vial of blood in her hand, she felt that she should throw it away, but it was all she had to hang onto. Now she had to tell her husband….what happened when she returned. She felt like a failure of a person and most importantly a failure as a mother. She tapped on the vial.

She was not the religious type but never the less, she prayed for a miracle.
There was a shooting star in the sky and a loud crash in the field nearby. The woman rose to her feet, and saw the object in the field. A ship with an "S" carved into it, laying in the field.

She had to investigate it further. The woman stepped forward and opened it up….

Harry Potter woke up with a start as his alarm clock when off. He was careful not to awake Amara, Rogue, and Kitty, who were all sleeping at the foot of his bed after the festivities that happened until past midnight. It was a week after Laura's arrival at the Mansion and she was settling in as well as could be expected, although her relationship with Logan was rather shaky. Then again, Harry figured that there would be a degree of awkwardness.

He reached forward to the dresser and pulled out the box. Said dresser was charmed where only he could open it. He stuffed the box into his pocket and walked forward.

"You cannot outrun your destiny."

Harry wondered what the significance of that dream he was having because it most certainly was not from his point of view. He wished he had not woken up before he saw the inside of that ship.

Then again, would he have wanted to?

Wanda's hearing was today, so Harry needed to focus on that and worry about his fractured psyche later. It was almost like he lived two different lives.

He reached forward and pulled up the wardrobe but the handle broke off. He never exhibited that amount of strength before and his eyes widened. He wondered if this was some kind of delayed goblin formula reaction or something else.

Thankfully he did have the magic of magic on his side so he repaired the door and went to get dressed.

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Wanda Maximoff had never been more anxious about anything else in her life and given the fact that she spent half of her time in an Insane Asylum that was saying something. The young magical mutant folded her arms and swayed her head a little bit before nervously considered every possible outcome. The dark haired girl sat in the background, dressed in nicer clothes that she had ever been allowed in the asylum. She was not one for shopping, which likely might make most girls her age group think that she was likely prime material to be thrown back into the asylum.

"I have proof that Miss Maximoff's powers should not have landed her in that institution," Jen stated as she focused her eyes intensely on the members of the court. "In fact, I would say that the Institute made her powers be twisted into something that could have been even more of a danger to herself than others. You might have believed that she was being helped but there was nothing that she was being helped with. Rather, it caused her mind to be tweaked. If it was not for my client, she might have had anger issues the moment she was released."

Wanda looked carefully with Harry standing next to her. It was a matter of moments before she had to take the stand.

The defense for the Asylum stood and faced Wanda, she swallowed a little bit. Harry warned her that the Asylum would try and paint themselves as the victims, as innocent, despite the fact of all that they did to her was borderline criminal. The defense eyed her carefully with a predatory smirk but it was all that Harry could do to prepare her for it. Wanda waited for him to ask the obvious question,
Harry saw it coming and so did she when she thought about it.

"So, Miss Maximoff, tell me, how is your stance towards your father?"

"I object, he's trying to rile up the witness," Jen stated as she stood up and peered over her glasses, before folding her arms together and watching him.

"Yes, try not and lead the witness on with questions," the judge stated whilst he gave an intense look towards the attorney that spoke up.

"Her father placed her there for her own protection, because she got out of control and he could not handle her because of her unique abilities," the Asylum lawyer stated when he spun around and watched through narrowed eyes. He eyed Wanda, with a twisted grin on his face. "And the word of Charles Xavier was that she could not be controlled with her powers."

Harry snapped up and his eyes were on them.

"As Harry told you earlier, once he started training me, he showed me how to use the powers and I'm a lot better," Wanda stated, when she talked in a calm and tranquil voice when she eyed him, but shook her head. "But then again, you wouldn't know that would you."

"Did you or did you not scream that you would kill your father if you ever escaped?" the asylum lawyer asked him.

Wanda was not going to fall into this trap, she eyed him carefully. "Once I was pumped full of drugs that caused instabilities with my powers, I said and I screamed a lot of things. But none of them meant anything because I was not in my right mind thanks to the drugs you pumped into me. Drugs that Stephen Strange said was causing my mind to become warped, I'm sure you've read those reports."

"I have read the reports, although our doctors at the Asylum have stated that they had no adverse effects," the asylum lawyer stated in a swarthy tone of voice when he eyed Wanda with a grin crossing his face when he eyed her. She did not like that smile, she wanted to slap it off of him in fact.

"And you're questioning the expert testimony of Stephen Strange, who would know more about unique abilities like Wanda's than any doctor at your asylum?" Jen asked in an exasperated tone of voice. "His accreditations speak for themselves."

She thought that they did at least but the lawyer was not convinced and all Harry wanted to do was get Wanda safely way from there. He half was tempted to make sure that nothing like this ever happened again to anyone, although he was not going to push his luck. Wanda was the most important thing in the back of his mind but there was going to be other things that was going to be done. The young wizard eyed them, he waited.

Both sides continued to give their sides of the defenses before Harry watched them all and waited. Wanda sat back down next to him when they gave the verdict. He half expected Mystique to show up or worse be secretly disguised as the judge. Knowing his luck that was something that was likely to happen but nothing to that extent happened, at least not yet but Harry was prepared for something along those lines to happen.

He let in a breath and let one out as Wanda slowly turned around to face him, looking a bit nervous.

"What happens if they say that I have to go back?" Wanda whispered to Harry.
"Don't think I haven't thought about that," Harry responded, but he really hoped that he did not have to do something borderline illegal to get her out of there. That was a point where the young man thought about many times.

Time passed, with things ticking down before the judge walked forward after talking with the other people. He could not believe that this was such a big deal, although while mutants weren't known to the public at large, there would be those who would be able to find out where the mutants were. He tapped his fingers and waited, his nerves were rather carefully wrecked and he hoped that she would get out of there.

They would only know in a moment and sure enough the Judge returned.

"Given the inability of Raven Darkholme to show up, we have agreed that Harry James Potter will gain temporary custody of Wanda Maximoff, but she is under a probationary period where if she commits any crimes, then she will be taken into custody and returned to the institution," the judge responded when he eyed them. "I trust we're doing the right thing."

Wanda was smiling and she threw her arms around Harry, hugging him tightly, before she pulled back and realized what she was doing.

"The sentiment is appreciated," Harry responded with a smile. "And I know you won't break that probation."

"Well we didn't have to do too much," Jen answered as she watched them with a tired but satisfied expression on her face.

Wanda was ready to celebrate the rest of her life, she knew that it was going to be a good day for her and she was ready to head by the Institute, to tell Kitty, Rogue, and the rest the good news.

"Hey, Gwen," Harry responded as he answered his cell phone when they were outside the courtroom.

"Did it go alright?" Gwen asked.

"Yeah it did, Wanda's out, although on probation," Harry responded and Gwen sounded jubilant.

"Best we could have hoped for, really," Gwen responded and Harry would have to agree with that.

"So how are things going for you?" Harry asked Gwen.

"Oh you know, fair enough," Gwen stated in a crisp voice before sighed. "Still trying to get that internship, going to be harder than I thought."

"Well someone with your grades should get one eventually, keep your head up, you'll get it eventually," Harry said in a reassuring voice.

"Right, thanks, talk to you later," Gwen responded. "I'll talk to you later, lots going on."

"Well duh, I knew that you were going to so win this one, I mean with Harry on your side, you weren't going to lose all that much."

Kitty offered that statement with a bright smile crossing her face, when she sat around the Institute
with Laura, Jean, Rachel, and Rogue, with Wanda returning to them.

"Gwen sends her regards by the way, but there's this family thing that she can't get out of to join us," Kitty responded as she watched Wanda with a smile on her face. "But I'm sure she'll be just as glad as we are because you got out."

"They tried to make themselves look like the good guys," Harry responded as he heard Laura scoff on his other side, so he turned towards her.

"Figures," Laura responded as she looked outside the window, carefully keeping an eye on everything that happened.

"So you must be Laura, nice to meet you," Wanda responded, from what Harry said about Laura, the two of them had a lot in common.

"A pleasure," Laura responded as she nodded her head but she carefully eyed Wanda, assessing her carefully. She was not going to jump in and be buddy-buddy with people but she sensed that Wanda held many of the same demons that she did. Rachel, Jean, Kitty, and Rogue were all nice to her. Kurt was a pretty decent guy as well. Doctor McCoy did what he could to help her, even if he ran a few tests on her, he made it feel painless. Ororo made her feel at home and Logan…well he was Logan.

She guessed that he was her father figure, or the closest thing that she would ever have given all things that happened. Although he was not the type that would be very fatherly but it was kind of confusing to really think about everything. Laura gritted her teeth and thought about that.

"So are you leaving to go with Harry too or not?" Wanda asked her.

Laura eyed her before she turned around. "I don't know."

"There's plenty of room in the facility," Harry responded when he eyed it.

"I've talked to my parents Harry," Kitty answered as he looked at her. "And while they're kind of not exactly all one hundred percent with the idea, I think they trust you enough to think that you could make it work."

"Don't worry, Kitty, I visited them, they're perfectly fine with it," Jean stated in a bright and sunny voice. "I convinced them of the merits of it."

"Thanks Jean," Kitty responded in a gracious tone of voice.

"I'm going to make it work, trust me," Harry responded and Kitty nodded.

"They do trust you, but they hope that this won't interfere with my regular schooling," Kitty answered. "I can't believe you're…"

"I've learned everything that I need to know," Harry answered as he pressed his fingers on her lips. "And I mean that in a good way."

It was true, Harry could barely believe all that he learned but he managed to absorb more information than ever. More and more, he saw his powers expand. He was able to absorb and understand information many times faster than the people around him. He could not only understand the information but he could absorb it completely. It was retained and he burned through three years of high school within three weeks. Not that it was that much of a challenge.

And he would be able to get his qualifications pretty soon. His mind was getting stronger and more
enhanced, and he kind of was frustrated about what happened with him in the past, how he made some rather stupid decisions when he was younger. Yet, that was a huge problem that he would deal with in the future.

Plus it was part of a world that he happily left behind forever.

"Are you okay?" Rogue asked him when she turned around.

"Fine, I'm better than fine now that court hearing is over," Harry answered with a smile.

"And I'm sensing a but," Jean stated when she watched Harry.

Harry smiled when he turned around; there was always something that would rain on his parade, especially after everything that has happened. He learned by now not to get too happy with achieving kind of victory because it meant it opened up a door to huge problems. Even after the victory, he was not about to raise his hand and toot his own horn.

"He thinks that my father or Mystique might try something," Wanda stated, trying to keep the bitterness or the rage out of her voice. She walked a very fine line here.

"Well, duh," Kitty stated while she rolled her eyes.

"The best way to know that Mystique's up to something is whether or not she's breathing," Rogue answered when she hung her head a little bit.

Jean smiled. "That is it."

'He is extremely powerful isn't he?' the Phoenix thought to her.

'Yes, and he satisfies all sides of us,' Jean thought to her.

'He is one that will be a god among all men,' the Phoenix mused when she watched him. 'It is funny how we sensed a kindred spirit; we're of similar extra-terrestrial origin.'

'Wait, how do you...'

Phoenix smiled a mysterious smile. 'It is one of those feelings that you will have.'

There was no other word for what she thought and Jean bit down on her lip.

'Of course, the Alpha has yet to present herself or assert herself,' the Phoenix thought.

'I assumed that it was Kitty,' Jean thought with a frown when she thought to herself.

'Well Kitty is high up the food chain by virtue of being the first but while she's able to assert herself well, it's not enough for her to become an Alpha,' Phoenix thought when she looked at Jean. 'Although perhaps I'm mistaken. Someone like Harry, he'd have multiple Alphas.'

"I was under the assumption that there could be only one Alpha," Jean thought to the Phoenix.

The Phoenix scoffed. 'Please, when have the normal rules every applied to Harry."

'Point well taken,' Jean thought to herself before she closed her eyes.

'I will be disappointed if we're not in the top five,' the Phoenix stated to Jean.
'I do my best,' Jean thought to herself when she turned back and wrapped her arms around Harry when he rested against her. Kitty had her head on Harry's lap.

Harry thought about the dreams, which were getting more vivid as if more jigsaw pieces slammed themselves together. He missed something, but what was it? What did he miss? That's what he really wanted to know. He saw him being found in a field again and again, but then there was something rather essential that he missed.

Harry wondered if his mind was trying to give him some kind of deeper instincts to this, what happened? He never felt at ease in the other world, so perhaps he would have to come from somewhere else. The young wizard puzzled and puzzled, until his puzzler was sore.

"So, what's up now?" Kitty asked, she almost sensed something that Harry was thinking about.

"Just thinking about my childhood," Harry answered as he looked at her before he closed his eyes. "I was a baby, in a field with my parents."

"I didn't know that most memories went back that far," Kitty responded when she looked at Harry with a shrug. "Chalk that one up for the enhanced brain powers, I guess."

"Indeed," Harry responded before he checked his watch. He was due for a lesson with Doctor Strange in about an hour, although the lessons were merely something that took up less time than before. He processed what Strange was teaching him at a rate that was inhumane, even by the standards of magical users.

Strange joked that one day he might be able to retire as the Sorcerer Supreme, at least in a few years, if Harry kept up with his current rate. Whilst Harry was not about to go that far, he actually was surprised that Strange thought that much of him. He hoped that he would be able to maintain that certain rate.

Wanda meanwhile thought about her first day of freedom and where she was going to go from there. It was something that she dreamed about but she never thought about that much. Now that it was in her hands, she found herself awestruck by the freedom that was in her hands, brushing against the tips of her fingers. All she had to do was seize the moment and it would be hers, no matter what. She smiled and could hardly wait for the rest of her life.

Hopefully she would not let Harry down. Although if she let Harry down, they wouldn't have to worry about taking her back to the Asylum but rather she would roll over and die in shame.

"Talk to you girls later, off to see Doctor Strange," Harry responded as he edged off, not really knowing what would happen next.

All he was assured with was that he would return back after.

Perhaps Harry was getting paranoid in his advancing age, but the moment he stepped on the front steps for his lesson, he felt a prickling sensation. Goosebumps raised on his skin when he inched forward and the door swung open. Granted that was nothing out of the ordinary, the house always had its door swing open to allow him entry. Still despite that fact, Harry was on the edge; hopefully he would not get knocked off. One step inside and he already slowly edged towards the entrance way.

A wind rattled in the back of his head and he turned around a little bit, before running his hands
through the side of his head. The young wizard stood ready to find out what was happening. He opened his mouth, to try and call out for Strange but something stopped him. There was some kind of sixth sense that he had about situations about this but he spun around and walked up the steps towards the library. There was another loud humming and Harry felt his hair stand up on the back of his neck.

He was in two minds about this.

The first mind was to turn around and get out of here, without turning around and going back. Some might call that the coward's way out but when Harry thought about it, it was far from taking the coward's way. It was the difference between living and dying today and Harry kept edging a little bit, running his hands through his head when his eyes blinked slightly. He hiccupped a little bit but remained on edge.

Then there was the second mind, where despite all sense dictating he should do otherwise, he was going to step forward and investigate. He always had a nosy streak a mile long and sometimes that saved lives, even if it put his own life at peril. It was just a part of his nature.

Harry spun around and could pick up something, his hearing had got more acute in the past number of weeks, he could hear a pin drop from across town and it was getting stronger. He taught himself to isolate the sounds and kept moving toward, but he heard everything, every whisper, which was not necessarily a good thing.

There were some things that were best left unheard.

A creak, creak, creak followed a drip-drip-drip, and Harry stood forward with widened eyes, before he shifted his body to become one with the wall. He heard footsteps going by and they were not the friendly variety either.

"Strange could not have gotten far, my master."

Harry recognized the man immediately as one of Stephen Strange's greatest enemies, Baron Mordo. Needless to say, Mordo was the textbook example of how magical powers could in fact corrupt a person and Harry was on his guard to see what this individual had to offer against him.

Mordo edged past him, followed by three robed figures, Harry suspected were henchmen. Now Harry thought about it, he could take them out easily but that would mean he did not know anything about the puppet master that was behind this.

The box began to vibrate in his pocket, he nearly forgot about it. Harry put the box up to his ear and he got a sense that it was trying to tell him what to do but his hearing picked up a swirling vortex sound.

Harry rushed up the steps, fast as he could. It would be unwise to leave traces of magic that the people could track. Yet adrenaline allowed him to propel himself up the steps at super speed. He saw energy fields around the books on the library and blood splattered on the floor, with a portal open.

Anyone with common sense knew that random portals opened where blood was spilled on the floor seldom meant that cute and fluffy bunny rabbits were about to come out.

In his experience, the portal was opened to another dimension. Dimensional travel was extremely sketchy business at best, hence why Harry never wanted to even try to return home. Even if he wanted and he never wanted to see that place ever again, the young wizard carefully edge the portal and he heard the voice of Mordo once again. He floated up and became one with the ceiling, before he looked down.
"Strange won't stop him from coming, the Dreaded One will rise once again."

Harry suspected that the Dreaded One could apply to a few people but there was one person who it could apply to with one hundred percent accuracy. The young wizard carefully eyed what was around him. He thought about it.

"There is an intruder here Mordo, I sense him."

'Ooh boy,' Harry thought to himself, before he zoomed off, trying to make his enemy come to him and not vice versa.

"Come back here!" Mordo stated before he blasted an energy pulse from his hand but the spell only destroyed the wall.

'Okay things to do, find Strange, figure out how to close the portal, or...yeah here's a good one, Potter,' Harry thought as he paused and put up a shield to block the attack, before he fired a series of flaming spikes towards his enemy's shield to crack his defenses.

That type of shield, a Killing Curse would be useless, not that much of the magic he learned in that universe was useful at all. Or much of anything really, given that there were five years where he could count one hand the useful things he learned and still had fingers left over.

'Yes, escape, that's what I need to do, through the door and out of here,' Harry pondered to himself before he made his way down the set of stairs. He knew the front doors were blocked, they would have had to be.

And the basement exits were blocked as well which Harry thought was great.

He blocked them from getting him, that was a good thing but how long would they hold? That was the real question and one that Harry would have to answer before too long. The young wizard carefully kept one eye on the situation, Mordo and those minions were trying to get through his field. So far, so good, at least Harry was able to block him. And block him that he did, he eye up and down the steps, making sure that the shield held and perhaps hurt them a little bit.

Satisfied, for the moment, Harry pulled out the communicator device. Of course the real question was how Mordo and his merry men broke the security of Strange's stronghold. It was pretty airtight, at least not with the eighteen separate violations that Harry counted at the Xavier Institute, but even the most secure security was never foolproof.

Even magic done by the Sorcerer Supreme that was not foolproof. Which was why Harry would have two separate locations for his base of operations, one that was officially on the books, where he would have his meetings with those outside his inner circle, which would be laced with all of the security that he could muster. Then there would be the base where only the girls he was sleeping with would even have the slightest idea where it was. They would be forced to sign an oath binding the location to them under penalty of being cut off from sex.

The official base was already set up, but the private base, well that was a work in progress, although Harry had a feeling that he would put that one somewhere remote.

"Arcane to X-Men, Arcane X-Men, come in X-Men," Harry stated when he closed his eyes. "Phoenix, Shadowcat, Rogue, Nightcrawler, Storm, Wolverine, hell even Cyclops, if anyone is there, pick up!"

And there was nothing which meant Harry was on his own and trapped in the Sanctum Sanctorium with Mordo and his not so merry men.
It was time to get creative or as a wise man once said "win if you can, lose if you must, but always cheat."

Harry turned the ground into quicksand, before he conjured large bowling balls with teeth and propelled them towards the minions. Mordo wisely checked out by now to do what he was doing but that was find, once the distractions were done, Harry could deal with him later.

"Mordo, I must remind you that my patience grows thin and we must speed up the time table for this event."

Mordo stepped back, that statement might sound cliché to some but the fact it was given with some malice, he was going to overlook that.

"Where is Strange?"

"Strange vanished, I think that he went into another realm," Mordo answered when he eyed the flaming head from the other side of the portal. "He sent a message to his apprentice to tell him not to come to this location today for the danger, but I have blocked it. His power and durability, not to mention his youth, will serve as a perfect sacrifice to bring you forth into this world."

"I will hope that you are correct for nothing can be left to chance," the voice echoed, thunder clashing around him.

"I know what…"

"You don't understand anything about what needs to occur," the voice stated, before the brimstone crackled around him. "But I, the Dread Dormannu, have waited for too long for this moment, for my moment to gain revenge. I will scorch them all and it all starts with the Sorcerer Supreme."

"Yes, yes, of course, but Strange has…"

"You will find this apprentice of Strange and bring him before me," Dormannu responded when his eyes glinted with the personification of everything was power.

He was a horror beyond all description and he devoured souls out of boredom, out of enjoyment, whatever one might wanted to say. Regardless, he was someone who offered destruction to countless mortals and he grew even more dangerous by each moment. His eyes blazed with the inferno that scorched all that defied him.

And now his sights were set on this young apprentice of Doctor Strange, this young man known as Harry Potter, oh he would be the coup of a lifetime. Strange must have seen some potential in him train him and Dormannu thought himself to be above those of this plane but he respected power. And that power would be in his hands, when he crushed the young wizard beneath his thumb until he cried out for mercy.

"Bring him Mordo, bring him, if you value your existence," Dormmannu stated with a furious glint going through his eyes, he knew what was going to happen. "And remember, this is your final opportunity to make something out of yourself. Fail this one and you will not live another day."

Again, Dormmanu was able to make the most tried statements sound the most threatening with the inflection in his voice. Mordo was powerful and formidable enough in his own right but even he had some problems with what was happening. The sorcerer spun around when he edged off and
carefully grabbed the side of the wall, when he edged forward.

"We lost him, master," one of his robed minions stated with a bow.

"What?" Mordo asked when his eyes widened and he bit down on his tongue. "Do not stand there, find him?"

"You can't find me, so you might as well give up!"

Taunted, he was being taunted, likely baited by this young man but he would not be so easily tricked. That was not what he did, the sorcerer kept his mind carefully on the prize at hand before he edged ever so closer when he moved forward.

"Come out, and you…"

"Or what, you'll make it easier? You will make my torment less drawn out? I've heard all of these before. I've heard this song and dance, I can't believe you would think that I would fall for it. I mean come on, do you really thing…"

"He's this way, he won't escape," Mordo responded before he edged closer, he needed to have this young man underneath his thumb.

Mordo was not one to fall into obsessions no matter what other people would say about his past with the Sorcerer Supreme and his teacher, the Ancient One. Yet, he was dedicated to the cause, and he was dedicated in tracking down the young wizard apprentice. He picked up the pace when he stepped around and he heard a scream.

One of his followers was taken down with a crash, his arms and legs snapping together in the fury of the attack. Mordo really took his hat off to this young man, he could not….he refused to show any respect to him.

"Come out!"

'And now, with Mordo being sent on a wild goose chase, it's time for me to figure out how to shut this portal,' Harry thought to himself when he edged closer to it. He saw the blood on the floor.

Strange taught him how to close portals but the problem with magic was that there was more than one type of portal. There were your standard transport portals, which allowed for an easy escape. Then there were portals aligned to bring some dangerous force out. Then there were portals that were designed to suck something into a place. And that was really barely scratching the surface, the tip of the iceberg. Regardless, Harry turned his head and bit down on his lip.

'Okay Potter, put your training to use and figure…'

There was a humming and then a swirling vortex of wind.

'Okay, this might be a tad bit trickier than we thought before but that's okay, that's what you were born for,' Harry thought to himself when he continued to edge himself closer to the portal. 'Easy does it Harry, almost there, just a little bit, the rabbit ear goes underneath the hole, and….'

Harry's thought process stopped again and he felt the burning of a crisp wind against his face, and he slid back. He was unable to completely….yeah this wasn't good. He could barely formulate a
complete thought that made any sense but this was not good. He edged closer and then edged back.

"I have you now!"

'And again, not good,' Harry though but he summoned all of the power to himself, when he tried to do the portal sealing ritual as Strange taught him.

There was a flash of light and Harry blacked out immediately.

"HARRY, WAKE UP!"

"Huh, what…who?" Harry thought when he felt the lights of sunlight when he was sitting in a hospital room.

He knew this room all too well; he was in…the Hogwarts Hospital Wing?

None of this added upon and Harry peered his head up, when he bit down on his mouth. His head buzzed and he could not figure out what happened or why he was back here at all places.

"Good, Mr. Potter, you're awake, you've been out for the past year."

Harry's head turned and he saw one of the last people he wanted to see with newfound independence, Albus Dumbledore. Dumbledore stood there at the edge of the Hospital Wing and this made no sense to Harry.

At all.

"What are you doing here?" Harry demanded, a little testily. "What am I doing here?"

"Calm yourself Harry, you've suffered trauma during your battle with the Death Eaters in the Department of Mysteries where you lapsed into a catatonic state," Dumbledore responded with a knowing twinkle in his eye.

This Harry did not believe one hundred percent.

"The past year, I was…." Harry responded when he eyed Hermione standing in the doorway.

"Hello Harry, I'm so glad you're okay and back home," Hermione responded when she rushed over and tried to hug Harry, but Harry turned away from her. "Harry, I don't understand, you seem so… Headmaster, what is it?"

"Harry's mind broke at the loss of Sirius and he tried to go through the Veil, but Remus's attempt to stop him was a little overzealous," Dumbledore responded with a sad smile. "He's fabricated a dream world based off of these….X-Men I believe they're called."

Harry refused to answer, whatever game that was being played.

"So I'm at Hogwarts," Harry responded whilst he eyed Dumbledore suspiciously.

Dumbledore corrected this assessment immediately. "No, you're in St. Mungo's you've suffered a psychotic break. Hermione's read you Muggle Comic Books while you slept but I feel that they've contributed to the delusions. Your mind has created a dream world which you have tried to escape the harsh reality of a life filled with pain and loss. A virtual wish fulfillment in many words."
"The adventures of these X-Men, they're not real, Mr. Potter," a healer stated. He had grey hair with a goatee and an expression on his face that was even more grandfatherly than Dumbledore. Harry kept his eyes on this man, wondering what the game was. "Your mind has fabricated a fantasy based on a desire to escape the real world. Eventually when your treatments are done, you will be able to function once again and all time you believed you spent in that world will be erased."

"Don't worry Harry, I'll make sure you'll all better and whole again," Hermione stated with a bright smile. "You know you could trust me, right?"

Harry shifted, for a second he bought it but he heard the burning of embers, the same burning that he heard before he got sucked into the portal. Then the sound was gone when he eyed Hermione and the Healer turned towards him.

"I believe it should start with us removing that box that has been in your hand from your person, as it is the key to your delusions," the Healer responded before he offered Harry a smile. "Go ahead Mr. Potter, hand it over, it may be a dangerous magical artifact that is amplifying your delusions."

'Do not under any circumstances relinquish control of the box,' a soft female voice whispered in Harry's ear and he turned over, to see a girl with red hair and green eyes staring at him. At first, Harry thought it was Jean but she was shorter.

She nodded towards him, eyed the box in his hand.

'It is the key out of here, you are being led to a world of delusion,' the girl responded as she watched him.

'Who are you?' Harry thought to her.

'Someone who was sent here by your mother to keep an eye on you, but I never revealed myself, always only watching from afar,' the girl responded as she watched them.

Harry's head was spinning.

'It's time we meet but the other one, she's on her way, don't worry, you'll understand,' she stated to him mentally.

"Trust me," she whispered.

"Harry, don't pay any attention to her, she's delusional," Hermione responded as she eyed her.

"It is true, Miss Morse over there believes that she is a survivor of Mars, she has suffered a traumatic episode of her own, when trying to make a Potion and it exploding in her face," Dumbledore responded carefully.

"Who do you trust?" Hermione asked. "Your best friend or some stranger."

What was that annoying humming sound?

"So be a good boy Mr. Potter and don't relinquish the box."

"We only want to help you Harry," Hermione responded in a pleading voice.

The healers moved over to sedate the redhead girl beside him.

Harry wondered what happened, he felt his memories fading, strands being snipped away, and things got less vivid.
"Go ahead Mr. Potter."

Harry knew what his next move was. The box clutched in his hand.

To Be Continued in "Days in the Dark Dimension Part Two."
Days in the Dark Dimension Part Two

Chapter Forty Nine: Days in the Dark Dimension Part Two.

Harry Potter knew many things and what he did know was that there was a thumping that echoed in the back of his head, when he tried to shift his head away from the scene around him. A part of him wondered if they had a point, perhaps something happened in the Department of Mysteries. He had a very stressful year after all and that could shift his mind into certain things, delusions. A part of him always wanted to escape to a world where he did not have to worry. It was funny, the Wizarding World was the type of world that he thought that he could escape to when he was younger but with most of everything that happened, he wished that he could escape from.

Friends, love, all delusions, he was back in a world that hated in feared him more than anything else, with very few friends. Very few people that he could trust, this was his worst nightmare come true and Harry closed his eyes when he thought it, but he felt a soft hand on his arm.

"No, despite everything that they say, the world you left was very real, it was the only reality," the red head haired girl stated in a whisper when she eyed him. "The only true reality you've ever experienced. It was a place that you could truly call home even though you never truly figured out what you could do there, but soon you will find your place."

Harry turned around slightly when he saw her there. She offered him a reassuring smile, as if to tell him anything that she could tell him.

"I don't know why you ended up here in all places, but perhaps they need a leader that will guide them, a shining beacon beyond all else, someone that they could appreciate," the girl responded when she pulled a face when she thought about that other world. "That world, you might have a handful of people who appreciate what happened but in the end you're nothing but a martyr, a tool, someone to be used and thrown away when they have lost their ability to see the truth."

Harry let that all sink in, he wondered who to believe and he heard Hermione say something but he also heard the flickers of flame around him. The wizard carefully turned around from one side or another.

"For all intents and purposes, that world ceased to exist the moment you stepped through the veil," the redhead girl stated in a morose tone. Whilst many deserved the wicked fates they did, less than a handful, did not. "Much like our respective home worlds ceased due to a lack of understanding between our races."

"How?" Harry asked her.

"Once you took the exit point out, it created a backwash, you traveled through the Zone to get here, and nearly died," the girl responded when she kept her eyes on Harry. "Everyone in that building died the moment that you stepped through. The casualties were not pretty."

A part of Harry felt a bit sickened by that fact but he saw flashes of memories, people dropping from the backwash. Hermione and the others might have already been dead to begin with thanks to the Death Eaters, that's what Harry hoped. He saw them and yet he saw something else.

The people who deserved to suffer were in torment and those who did not deserve to suffer were at peace. The very few in that world that might have had a future but given the idiots running the place, it was highly unlikely they would have much of one. So in some strange way, they were liberated.
"It is not your fault, you could not have known," she responded when the green eyes closed for a moment before they opened up. "Those who survived in that world, reality warped, this magical community….ceased to be. You going through the portal may have saved many of them from early deaths, even if they no longer remember that world or have the gifts. You with the lynchpin, without you, that magical world had no purpose. It's hard to explain really."

This was more than a lot to take in and Harry once again wondered and not for the first time if he was losing his mind. There was a lot about how he got here that did not make any sense. Yet, he had one burning question on his mind.

"What about Sirius?"

Hermione responded with a slight pained smile crossing her face. "Sirius is fine Harry, he's going to be fine, you'll see, he's shaken up but he'll be fine."

The redhead responded at the same time. "Sirius….well you saw the state of him, but if there is even the smallest chance of him being alive, I'll help you do what I can when I get here. But you must consider this possibility. Do you truly want Sirius to wake up?"

She cut off Harry before he could respond.

"He's your godfather, I get that but three things went through that portal on that night," she responded cryptically. "And just because that's his body, does not mean that his soul is the one inside should he wake."

Hermione spoke loudly when she turned to Dumbledore and the healer. "Harry is talking to air once again, Headmaster!"

"They can't see me anymore," she whispered now as she slowly faded away. "But I can't…I can't stay for longer, but you need to escape this world, while you still can."

Harry mouthed one word. "How?"

"You have the key, you've always had it, use it. And I'll be watching you, and don't worry, she is coming."

She disappeared like she was never there at all and Harry sat, shell shocked, the question of who is she, never answered.

"Mr. Potter, I thought you were well, but there is no doubt in my mind that you are still very sick," the healer said when he clicked his tongue a little bit, before he held a huge needle. "Don't worry though, this will make you all better."

Harry's eyes widened when he found himself strapped to the bed but suddenly when he wished that he was not strapped to the bed, his arms were free.

'They don't control this…I do….my mind is stronger than theirs,' Harry started as he closed his eyes.

Harry jumped up and blasted the Healer with the needle and caused him to slam into the wall.

"Sorry, Hermione, but you're not real," Harry responded as he blew past her out of the room.

"Don't let him escape!"
Harry ran, practically flying down the hallway as fast as his legs could carry him, he panted heavily when he blinked. The energies in this room, well they were off. The moment he sealed that portal, he opened his mind up for an attack. But his mind was strong; he was not going to give into the illusion.

He saw another figure hovering in the dream scape. This was not his red head friend, rather she was blonde, had blue eyes, and floated in mid air, dressed with white fabric around her frame. A silver bracelet with an "S" etched on it hung from her wrist. She smiled towards him, she was beautiful, like an angel.

"Soon," she whispered to him with a smile on her face, reaching forward to caress his cheek. "No matter what, I'll always be with you and soon you'll see."

She floated closer to him, and wrapped her arms around him. Their lips almost touched but she slowly faded away. He was so close to touching this vision in the dream scape and he had a feeling that he had some kind of deep connection to her, like he met her before.

Their souls formed a connection, a strong connection not unlike Harry felt with more than a handful of his girls but yet at the same time, it was different. He could not place how, just that it was.

"No matter what, I'm always with you."

That voice echoed in the back of Harry's mind when he sped up his motions, his legs dragging behind him when his eyes closed and he tried to focus on it. The healers were on his heels and he knew that running was not only an option but the only option.

His mind was rattled by the attacks but he stopped with Hermione at the end of the hallway.

"Harry, please, let them help you," Hermione stated in a pleading voice. "You always listened to me, why...."

"That's just the point, I've always listened to the advice of my friend, but....I don't think anything that happened or every happened in that world matters anymore," Harry responded as he watched them. "It was a part of my life, a part of my training, my trials, but sometimes we got to move on."

"Harry, what about us?" Hermione asked as she looked at him.

"Hermione, regardless of what she said, the last time I saw you in the Department of Mysteries, you were in bad shape," Harry responded and Hermione shouted back at him, a little violently.

"That wasn't real, that battle...."

"It was real and that's what happened, and you're not Hermione," Harry responded when he grabbed her around the wrist and her face melted into a flaming entity, with demonic eyes. It angered Harry that a bastardization of his former best friend was used to trick him. "That's what I thought."

Harry whipped the bastardization of his best friend in the world that he left behind into the wall. She smashed with a huge crack and the back of her head, dropped down. She crumpled into dust and it did hurt to do that on principle but Harry knew that this was not Hermione.

'The key, the key, the key,' Harry thought over in the back of his mind.

"Remove the box from his hand."

Then it clicked, these people would not be so adamant about getting the box away from him unless it
held some kind of significance and there was nothing more significant as far as Harry was concerned then getting out of this world, once and for all. He held the box in his hand and he saw the symbols glowing on the box, when he put it up to his face.

There was problem; he really did not know how to work that box. It did not exactly come with a user instruction manual that he could use and he turned the box over in his hand, when he kept a nice eye on what was on the box.

Then it hit Harry, this faux world, he manipulated it once to free himself, partially, he could manipulate it to his advantage. All he had to do was exert a certain amount of will and he could have it, it was in the palm of his hand, all he needed to do was exert it and assert the power in his hand.

A large flaming sword appeared in Harry's hand, before armor appeared around his body. It was not the type of armor that inhibited movement, but rather the type that protected himself and enhancement movement. In other words, it was borderline impossible to create in the real world but since this was within the theater of the mind, anything could be done and the wizard swung his sword.

He saw these healers for what they truly were, monsters that should be slayed, astral representatives of the demons in his mind.

"And take some of that," Harry stated with fire burning in his eyes when he jumped up and slashed the sword through the air, taking out his enemies with fury and intensity. The young wizard expertly aimed the sword, swinging through hordes of monsters.

"DESTROY HIM!"

That was a statement that never boded well but Harry kept his mind steady and carefully aimed his sword with swings, knocking his enemies back. They went down, one at a time, then two at a time, three at the time. The magical mage found it funny that the more enemies there tended to be, the easier it tended to be to take them down. It was one of those things that amused in to a certain degree but he had to stay focused on the battle at hand.

Dumbledore stepped forward with a disappointed twinkle in his eye. "This nonsense stops now I…"

Harry swung the flaming sword and decapitated the faux Dumbledore with an expert swing. He hated to admit it, but that did feel oddly therapeutic. However, the longer he stayed here, the more his body and mind would be weakened, so it was now time to open up.

"Um, would it help if I ask you to open politely?" Harry asked in a half joking, half serious matter but then suddenly, the box lit up in his hand.

The purple light filled the room around them and the box sprang open before them, the symbols shifted and changed. There was something inside the box and Harry tried to get a closer look at it. It was most certainly a crystal of some sort inside there.

"Well done," a monotone voice stated from inside the box. "You have passed one of your greatest trials."

The portal opened and there was a strangled scream but Harry paid that no mind, all he knew was that he was on his way back out of the portal. The portal sucked him on through and Portkeys weren't half bad now that he thought about it. However, it sure beat staying in this dreary place and the wizard felt a shuddering breath leave his body.

His body swirled before the light closed around him and it was back into the real world. For better or
for worse, he was out of that place and back to fight Dormammu and Mordo. After defeating his attempts at possession in that world, Harry felt two hundred times more optimistic about his shot at victory.

Dormammu's eyes burned with the fire that made him a feared individual and Mordo took half a step back, swallowing in fear. This was not going to plan, and the eyes of his master flickered to him. The silence was an element that made the anticipation far worst about what the dreaded one standing before him would say. His eyes flickered with the greatest of danger and Mordo braced himself for what was going to occur next.

"Great one I…"

"Not one word, Mordo, you have failed to defeat that human," Dormammu stated when his eyes flared with danger but then he stopped and stared. "But he's not that human, is he?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand, great one," Mordo stated with his eyes widening in dismay.

"He is much more, is he not?" Dormammu asked as he watched Mordo with vicious intentions in his eyes.

Mordo's eyes flickered when he stood back, what was this Harry Potter? There were certain qualities within him that Mordo wondered why Strange would ever choose him as his apprentice. Unless….unless he was far from human. That had to be the answer; this Harry Potter was the furthest thing from being a human that there ever was.

"I must have him!" Dormammu yelled but Harry's eyes snapped open, a smile crossing his face.

"I guess I'm going to have to disappoint you as always," Harry answered, and whilst he distracted his enemy by talking, he sent a bolt of powerful magical energy. It should disable that fire head for a little bit.

Mordo muttered a strangled tongue under his breath but the spell missed Harry when he dodged out of the way. Several more spells launched towards Harry but he dodged them again and again, each spell flying over him. Some of them looked lethal and one of the key lessons was that if magic appeared to be lethal, it likely was. So it was a prudent idea not to get hit by any of the attacks, at least that's what Harry assumed.

'Hum, he's a bit reliant on magic I see,' Harry thought to himself whilst he mentally calculated the body movements with a speed of a high processed calculator. He slowed down the motions in his head. 'And he remains stationary; yeah this is an attack that's easily exploited.'

Magic was not Harry's next movement that was only one of the many tools in his arsenal as he reminded himself time and time again. Magic was a part of his offense but it was not his entire bag.

In a swift motion, he propelled himself up into the air and swung around, before both of his feet connected with the head of Mordo. Mordo was not expecting a physical assault in a magical duel and he saw the amulet that Mordo wore around his neck. The wizard smiled a little bit, he knew that it was something he could exploit.

He propelled himself up, snapped the amulet from around his neck, and held it into his hand, before clutching it in his hand. The wizard watched the amulet, before he saw a portal open.

The Sorcerer Supreme was back.
"It appears that you have not won the day, Mordo!" Strange stated as he held his hands up and used a binding spell to keep Mordo into place.

"No, I won't lose, I can't lose," Mordo gasped when he felt the ties of the spell warp around him but somehow he pushed back out.

In spite himself, Harry took a moment to watch the battle between two powerful magical users, spells flying around, although Strange was a bit more nimble on his feet. Mordo was more of a rock that threw attacks while Strange sent variety spells at his enemy and kept moving. The two of them did send some extremely powerful spells back and forth at each other.

Yet, Dormammu edged closer towards the room and this gave Harry a moment to step forward.

"You or Strange will not stop me from entering this world and having all," the Devourer of Souls stated, when his eyes glowed with malice and he went towards Harry but a shield appeared around the Boy-Who-Lived.

"Care to bet?" Harry responded as he ducked his head and rolled, before three spells were fired off in succession. Two of them were to disrupt the energies around the portal and the third struck the dreaded one.

It did not injure him but it made him mad, which was exactly what Harry wanted. If he was made mad, then that meant that he would be made careless and this was playing into Harry's hands. The mage weaved around the attacks when he barely kept his eyes on Strange and Mordo around him.

There was a crack and a crunch, with Strange having bound Mordo.

"You have dug yourself in a whole that you won't be able to get out of now, Mordo," Strange stated when his glowed with power. He twisted the bindings around, crushing Mordo.

"It's not over yet," Mordo responded, but this would be a lame statement when one considered that it was in fact over, at least for today.

Blasts of magical energy fired, when Harry blasted forward, before he enhanced his fist with magical energy and he fired one huge rocket buster of a punch into the face of Dormammu. A sonic boom echoed and he screamed.

"For a powerful creature, you have a glass jaw," Harry responded with a taunting expression through his eyes.

"This isn't over," Dormammu growled as he tried to latch onto Harry but the wizard pushed back.
"What are you?"

"If you have to ask, you'll never know," Harry answered with a smile crossing his face, when he shot a vicious spell that banished him quite painfully.

Would that destroy him?

Harry doubted so very much but he would have a hell of a time getting back that much was for sure. The young wizard staggered a little bit, before his knee buckled a little bit. A breath left his body and then the dark energies around the house faded.

"Harry, is everything okay?" Kitty asked over the communication link. "We're kind of outside the Sanctum and…."
"False alarm Kitty, everything's fine," Harry stated as he staggered back.

"I believe there is no more of a practical lesson that I can give you then the events that happened today," Strange stated, speaking up for the first time directly to Harry.

Everything kept coming back that box that rested in Harry's hand, when he turned it over in his hand a few times. That box had been a part of him for a few weeks but once again, the magical mage could not shake the feeling that box was part of him for much longer. It was one of those elements that he figured that it offered more secrets.

And the blonde that he saw in the dream scape, she haunted his thoughts and would not be going away any time soon. The redhead was also interesting, she seemed that either came close to matching Jean or maybe even outstripped her by a tiny bit.

"And now why won't you open?" Harry murmured to the box. He tried to blast it with a magical spell a few times, several different unlocking charms and blasting charms but all he accomplished was the box not opening itself at all.

"When the time is right, you must remain patient," the monotone responded before it grew silent.

He could have sworn that these symbols on the box changed but if there was one thing that annoyed Harry, was something was going to happen when the time was right. The mystery blonde still haunted his thoughts and she was not going anyway any time soon by the looks of these things. Harry smirked when he thought about it.

Then there was a feeling of closure, providing what she said was true. Harry thought about it, he gave up on ever returning to that world a long time ago. Going through the veil caused a wave of magic that changed a lot. In fact, magic was high level reality warping at its finest, so what if the world he knew no longer existed?

What if indeed?

Harry was kind of glad because that eliminated any possibility of him returning, where the here and the now. He was free from that dreary place.

And there was the hint about Sirius, that was among the most baffling of things of them all. Harry did wonder, oh boy did he wonder. He hoped that he would get some level of clarity when everything was all said and done. That box when it opened in the real world, that would be the key to the answers. The key to these weird dreams that he had, but the time ticked down.

"Well I don't think I intended this lesson to go that way, but I think we both have to agree that it's been enlightening for the both of us."

Harry spun around and saw Strange standing before him, smile on his face when he watched the magical mage before him, his apprentice.

"We're rapidly reaching a certain point, a milestone in your training," Strange continued when he watched Harry. "Especially at the rate where you are assimilating the lessons and I hate to admit this but it's true. The rate your power is dangerously close to outstripping mine, it does seem a bit redundant for me to teach you."

Harry thought that the Sorcerer Supreme was showing an awful lot of confidence in him but that somehow did make sense. At the risk of sounding arrogant, he improved by leaps and bounds by the moment that he got here. And he had a crumbling foundation to build on to begin with; with the
shoddy education that world gave him.

"I'm sure he tried to tempt you with a promise of going back to the world that you came from," Strange interjected.

"He did but if he thought that was going to tempt me, he doesn't know me at all," Harry answered with a smile.

"If you had a choice…"

"No," Harry stated, he believed that more strongly now ever before, he would never go back to that world, even if it still existed. Although his fears that someone got destroyed in a vain attempt to reach him were slightly put at ease by the possibility the dimensional tear warped his native dimensional into a world where there was never a hidden magical community, never a Hogwarts, never a Voldemort, Dumbledore, or any idiots at the Ministry of Magic, and thank Merlin's soiled underpants for that last part.

Did some of the people he knows still exist? Perhaps, but they were technically not the same people that he knew. And that made the break from that world cleaner than ever before. Harry knew that in his heart that by taking the hidden magical community out of that world, he somehow saved countless lives over there and if he ever returned, those lives would once again be at forfeit.

Harry smiled when he thought about everything.

"So, we're getting off the subject, as for the future of your education," Strange stated, when he steered the conversation back in the direction that he wished it to go into. "We have reached the point where independent study will be necessary, as there is precious little more than I can teach you. Although, if you wish to fine tune your skills or have questions or theories about the nature of magic, my door is open as always."

Harry would keep that in mind but now he had to figure out what he wanted to do with the rest of his life.

"That will conclude our meeting for now," Strange stated as he watched Harry get up and leave.

Harry walked out the door, in some ways, going back there in a way allowed him to get the closure that he needed.

He eyed the box when he turned it over his hand and a smile crossed his face. There it was, the key turned over in his hand. What was going to happen next, well he was going to find out before too long. A smile crossed his face when he once again looked at the box.

The answers were at hand, if he could be bothered to figure them out. In due time, everything would come unraveled for him and the answers of his heritage would slowly pick up.

Something about that was said that resounded in Harry's ears.

'That world ceased to be, much like the worlds we came from.'

There was some times where Harry did wonder.
about to step forward into that next great adventure.

The past year he trained with the X-Men he learned much but he felt that this was a necessary next step in his life.

And now it was time for him to sit down and have a talk with all of his girls regarding the new step in their training. Although it would get a bit longer to get anything official for the public eye set up, the fact of the matter was that Harry was ready to leave.

"So are you really going to do this?" Laura asked as she looked through appraising eyes at Harry.

Laura in particular had been trying to fit in to the X-Men although it been hard. The codename X-23 was something that stuck with her, although she was trying to come up with something different than that name. It was a name that was a relic from her HYDRA days.

For some reason the name Talon stuck with her but she'd have to think it over.

She would most certainly follow Harry out the door, no matter whether or not Logan pitched a bitch or not. She could not stand to be in this Institute for much longer. Xavier seemed to have a stick up his ass, that was Laura's real theory of why he was in the wheelchair. And Summers….well he had an extremely punchable face.

"I think it really has to be done," Jean answered as she saw that Harry was not one to be a part of a team unless he was the leader. And she also knew despite the fact that Harry was the popular choice, Scott was Xavier's choice. She knew why, but that was not something to get into now.

"He made his choice a long time ago," Rogue stated whilst she kept her eyes on Harry. She was able to experiment a bit more with her new powers, although it took a while for her to learn to control them. She wanted to hurt her enemies and not her friends.

Harry took a moment to look at them, all of them. Even Wanda and Laura, who he expected to follow him despite not being figured in the group, at least not yet.

"Where I go is my choice, as is where you go is your choice," Harry stated carefully when he watched him. "I'm not going to force anyone to follow me out the door."

Kitty offered him a smile before grabbing his hand and squeezing it tightly. "And that's the reason why many of us are going to so follow you out the door regardless."

"We'd follow you anywhere and we stand by that," Rachel answered when she eyed Harry.

Jean smiled before she thought about everything. She mulled it over in her mind, in a month she'd be eighteen years old, and that meant that she would be an adult. Given the strained relationship she had with her parents ever since the mutant thing came to ahead, they did take little interest in their daughter's life. Despite the fact that they put on a happy face and were proud for her in public, there were other things that indicated differently.

"I do want to finish my final year at High School, and then figure out where I want to go from there but really it just changes the place I go home to," Jean responded when she turned her head around.

"Yeah, my parents would kind of kill me if I didn't go to school," Kitty answered and there was laughter.

Laura and Wanda exchanged an expression, in some ways there was gaps in their education but they could not see themselves doing the normal education thing for very long. There was something about
it that rang as very false to them; perhaps they were not giving it an adequate chance.

"My parents told me that they would support my decision either way, but they would like to meet you," Amara responded when she eyed Harry with a smile.

Harry smiled; he tried to show any nerves, even though they were about ready to simmer to the surface in his body. "Is the fact that your parents want to meet me a good thing or a bad thing?"

"Well when you meet then, you'll know," Amara responded, they were being a bit secretive about the reasons why they wanted to meet Harry, although for some reason, Amara got the fact that they were extremely interested in Harry once she described them although the reason why eluded her for the moment. It was something that she felt she should know but it slipped her mind.

Rachel was prompt with her answer. "Yeah, the reasons that you know, I don't think that I'll be attending public school this fall again."

"Yeah, I suppose I should go back," Rogue answered with a shrug, although she was fifty-fifty on the entire schooling thing.

Harry paused before he fixed a stern look on his face. "I don't want any of you to neglect your educations on my account."

"Aren't you the one who done dropped out of high school?" Rogue asked him with a challenging glint in her eyes.

Harry smirked. "Actually, no, I got my high school diploma and I've got my college diploma. If you know the right people, they can pull the right strings."

They took that to mean that Harry took advantage of the debt that Fury owed him and got every single bit out of it that he could. The young wizard was one that would not be denied something when it was owed to him. The Boy-Who-Lived would have everything that he wanted.

"So, this is one of our last training sessions with you?"

Bobby stated this question, when he walked up with the rest of the new recruits.

Tabby was the next one to state a certain point. "You know, we're going to get stuck with Summers and all of your hard work will get flushed down the toilet."

"Tabby," Harry responded in a reproachful voice, but the last six months he had been training the new mutants free of charge. This was so Xavier could not pull any cards that Harry owed him, to keep him there. Not that Harry's guilt would be such where he would buy into that but he knew that was a possibility.

"Well it's the truth," Tabby remarked with a smile on her face as the other new mutants.

"Hey, he's just doing what he thinks is right," Sam stated when he watched them.

Harry agreed, he was doing what he thought was right and there was going to come a mind.

Seventeen tiny days, but there was something about the date of September First that represented a flashpoint of something that was happening but what, what was the question?

It was time to train, perhaps one of the last times he would ever step into this school. Unless Xavier wished to pay him to come back as a guest instructor but he would pop in a few times a week, train,
visit, and pop back out. And it would be done on his schedule. So far Xavier did not offer Harry that, which was fine.

Perhaps Xavier thought that the harmony of his team would go a lot better without Harry here.

"So, you're really getting out of here, aren't you?" Logan asked, giving Harry an appraising look.

Harry smiled when he kept his eye on the new recruits. "Yeah, I'm really getting out of here."

"Well, good working with you at any rate and I'm sure we'll join up again," Logan responded when he watched it. "Xavier won't know what he's allowing to slip away until he's gone."

"You don't think what I'm doing is right, do you?" Harry asked.

There was a pause before Logan decided to answer.

"Kid, if I've learned one thing, there are a few right things, there is the right thing for others and the right thing for you. It ain't the fairest thing in the world but sometimes you got to do the right thing for you. Maybe you leaving will give Summers the motivation that he's been lacking to step up and live up to Xavier's belief in him."

Harry paused, Scott and him shared a few polite words lately, but it was the kind of false politeness that politicians shared with each other. He could sense the thoughts in Scott's head, there was a huge part of him that blamed Harry for this. That was why his leadership skills would falter in the end, when the heat got too hot, he had to run out of the kitchen.

"Well, I can say that this would be a loss," Ororo answered when she took a moment to watch around Harry. "At the very least, I would hope that you would come back to visit."

Harry smiled a brief smile. "Well given my abilities that is not without of the realm of possibility. And it's not like I'm dropping off the face of the planet."

"So did you get your base set up?" Ororo asked, she did hope that whatever Harry was calling his team, they could find some kind of common ground and work together. The reasons why he left, she could see, and she did inform Charles that this day was inevitable if he started to take Harry for granted. Of course, Charles could be rather stubborn but then again so could Harry. And it was obvious what would happen when two forces like that collided.

And that day did come, sooner than any of them could have expected. The training was getting stronger and there would be some new recruits coming in a few days.

"Yes, I've got it mostly set up, just a few more minor things to tweak," Harry answered when he stood and thought about it. "I want to make sure the security doesn't have any holes in it, I have people testing it the best I can."

He had to get the premises set to be perfect and dozens of other things to do before he even thought about recruitment. Even with magic and the mass amount of resources he acquired, the process was extremely laborious. He had Felicia test his security a few times with her creativity and they pinpointed a few things that would need to be fixed. And there were a couple more things that he had yet to find.

"Yeah, best of luck with that one," Logan responded when he thought of all of the times that the Mansion Security was breached. It seemed like every hole they closed, two more had been opened. Harry gently offered Xavier the opportunity to use magic to close the security holes or at the very least limit the possibility of intrusion. Xavier declined the offer, which Logan wondered about.
Yet, he was leaving, the clock ticked down bit by bit. D-Day approached rather quickly.

Laura Kinney was ruled by animalistic instincts despite the fact that she was mostly human. The dark haired girl spun around and closed her eyes before she caught his scent. It bedeviled her for as long as she got here.

"You should totally go for it," Kitty responded with a smile as she watched Laura.

"Just waiting for the right time," Laura responded as she calculated her move.

"No better time than now," Kitty answered when she watched Laura edge her way forward with a smile on her face, she did wonder what she was about to unleash but she supposed that she would find out in a matter of moments.

Harry moved his way towards his bedroom and he heard Laura come from behind him.

"Hey Laura…"

Laura shoved her mouth onto Harry's, driven wild by the desire that she had while around him before she pushed him into the room. He was the Alpha Male, no question about it, and she wanted him.

Harry was surprised at this attack but given her nature and his nature to attract girls like moth to a flame, he should have been a bit more prepared for this. Just like he should have been a bit more prepared to lose his shirt by her claws ripping through it and she shoved him back on the bed, before she straddled him a little bit. Laura wrapped her legs around Harry and pushed herself down against his crotch.

The two kissed with animalistic desire, when Harry pulled back her top and the games began.

**Smut/Lemon Begins.**

Laura lost herself to the pleasure of Harry's hands on her breasts, squeezing them in his hands. His hands were talented, they caused her loins to burn with a pleasure she never experienced before. The dark haired girl wanted more and Harry kissed down on her mouth, before he moved his hands down her back, and his mouth to her neck.

Laura tore off her own pants and then her panties, revealing her oddly smooth snatch, with a strip of dark hair and pussy lips dripping from desire.

"I need your cock in me, now," Laura growled lustfully as she wrapped her arms and legs around him, knowing that he was built to take the roughness.

Harry grabbed her arms, stopping her, before he smiled. "Good things come to those who wait."

"I don't plan on waiting long for this," Laura stated but her hands were held into place.

Harry cupped her pussy which caused her moans to get rather loud and she bucked her hips forward, savoring any touch he gave her. Laura breathed heavily when his hand worked over her tender folds, rubbing against her hips. She ground her hips into him, feeling the pleasure of his fingers dipping into her and touching her. The young wizard felt everything on her.

Laura sunk herself down onto his fingers but she wanted more and Harry flipped her over, where she was down on the bed, her hips raised in the air. While she was on in her hands and knees, Harry
grabbed her hips before he plunged his cock inside her.

The black haired girl screamed when she felt his cock spear in and out of her at a rapid motion, when Harry slammed his cock in and out of her, sliding it between her dripping lips when he sped up the motions. His balls slapped against her thighs when he continued to pick up the pace, going into her, deeper. He rocked himself back and forth, he could hardly believe that he was balls deep into this pussy and he rocked back, before plunging into her once again. Harry picked up the pace, plunging his meat in between her legs.

"More, harder, more," Laura groaned as she felt his cock pass in between her legs and touch the inside of her. He picked up the momentum and drove himself further into her waiting pussy.

She tightened around him, with the pure pleasure rocking through their bodies. Harry felt it rub against her.

"So tight, the latest pussy that belongs to me," Harry groaned as he grabbed her breasts, cupping them in his hands, and boldly squeezing them.

"Yes, pound me," Laura demanded when his cock speared in and out of her dripping center. She could hardly believe she ever lived a day without this cock going in and out of her.

His balls slapped against her thighs, beating against the side of her flesh and he rocked back and forth.

Harry pulled out and she threw herself around him, before kissing him, violating his mouth with her tongue. The magical user returned fire, grabbing her pussy in his hands, before she rose herself up onto his lap and sank down onto him, squeezing his cock with her supreme tightens.

"Fuck yeah, live for this," Laura grunted as she pushed herself up, burying his cock into her pussy.

She was the best in the world at what she did and what she did was getting fucked by Harry Potter.

"Keep riding, keep fucking me, oh yeah," Harry breathed heavily as he closed his eyes and felt her pussy tighten around him like a vice grip.

Laura breathed heavily, his cock slid her and out of her, wrapped around her slick pussy lips, and Harry rocked back into her. The young wizard picked up a steady pace in her, her walls squeezing him hard and his balls tightened when he continued to pick up the pace. Harry pushed himself and slammed himself down into her once again.

"Oh push me, squeeze me," Harry groaned when his cock pushed into her swollen and tender center, when he beaten into it. Given her healing abilities, she would always be virgin tight and that was something that Harry enjoyed to experience.

Laura sank her hips down onto his cock, when she pushed herself and speared herself back down onto his throbbing prick. She rocked herself back and her hips connected with his cock, squeezing his member when she rocked up. Her hips rose up and she sank down, with Harry sucking her breasts.

"Fuck, keep that up," Laura breathed when she growled, feeling the orgasm wash through his body but she must have this seed inside her body. She burned with desire, his thick cock burying into her pussy, she must have more, and she would have more, her pussy wrapped around him. She pumped his member with her hips, milking him for all he was worth.

Harry sucked her breasts and ran around, grabbing around her ass when she rocked back onto him.
His thick cock speared into her center, pulsing inside her. Laura breathed with her chest going up and down, when Harry squeezed her breasts lustfully and she gyrated down onto his cock, spearing his cock into her center.

"Oh about to cum, keep riding me baby," Harry grunted as he pushed herself out.

"Shoot it in me, shoot all of it, I need it all!" Laura begged herself when he speared himself up into her center and Harry rocked into her center, her pussy wrapped around his cock, squeezing around him, when she rocked back and forth.

Laura wanted this god’s cum swimming around her, she wanted everything that he had and she would have it. Her pussy clenched around him, when she pushed herself up and rocked down onto the base of his cock, burying it inside her tight cunt. Harry closed his eyes and he thrust himself back up, before he sent the load in her.

In the most pleasurable way, Harry blew his load deep into Laura and he rocked his hips up, blowing the seed into her center. Spurt after spurt of the thick cum drenched Laura's insides and he rocked up onto her inside.

Laura slid off and captured his cock into her mouth before he finished completely spurting. She dug her fingers into her pussy, working on him.

"Damn it Laura, feels fucking great!" Harry grunted as he grabbed her face and she looked at him, his cock in her mouth.

She wanted more of him and the sooner that she got him harder, the quicker that she would have him inside her. Laura blew him, her lips wrapped around the base of his cock, when she speared his cock down her throat. The black haired girl had her mouth full of cock and it tasted good, mostly because of who the cock was attached to.

Laura sunk herself down onto Harry, facing away from him and she lifted herself up, before the girl sunk down onto the thick piece of meat that was between Harry's legs.

"Fuck me," Harry groaned when she rode him and he rested back on the bed to enjoy the ride.

Laura rocked back, eyes closed and lip bitten down, when she gyrated a pair of hips down onto his cock. His cock was between her tight walls and she used her muscles, to squeeze him, rocking down onto his cock when it speared into her body.

"Keep working that, oh baby work my cock," Harry breathed as he pushed his cock up between her legs.

Laura pushed herself up and sank herself back down onto his cock, when the dark haired girl rocked down onto him. He was buried balls deep into her pussy and that meant that her pleasure increased one hundred percent. The pleasure increased when Harry grabbed her hair and she encouraged that, biting down on her lip with a growl, when she grinded her pussy onto his cock, drilling it onto the base of him. She rocked herself up and sank herself back down onto the base of his cock.

She rocked herself back and forth onto his cock, working him one hundred percent of the way, with Harry sending himself deeper and deeper into the lovely pussy that drove down onto him, when the mutant drove herself down. Her claws popped but Harry put his hands on her and her breasts, rubbing circles around them.

Laura lost herself to the pleasures of his cock buried into her pussy, one hand on her ass, and one hand working her breasts. She bit down on her and an explosion of cum splashed down onto his
cock, lubricating him. The mutant sank onto the cock buried deep into her, rocking back and forth, gyrating around the base of his cock.

"Oh, ah, fuck, yes," Laura breathed as she felt herself being rocked with another huge orgasm and she rocked back.

The two continued their activities for a while, with Laura riding Harry's cock and him rolling his hands around her body. The young mutant felt the pleasure when she breathed in and out heavily, feeling the hands around her. Harry smiled when he felt his balls tighten and he knew the explosion was coming. A few more thrusts worked into her center and Harry pushed up against her, before his cock tightened.

The explosion of cum worked into her and Harry thrust up, spurting his load into her.

Another round was to come, with many more throughout the night.

Smut/Lemon Ends.

Harry edged his way towards the front door the next morning, where Kurt saw him.

"Someone left a package for you," Kurt responded when he kept his eyes on Harry. "Who do you think it is?"

Harry walked forward but he stopped. He could have sworn that he saw past the paper when he edged his way there but it was a flash. He shrugged before scanning the package to see if there was any traps or enchantments on it.

He pulled a box with a chess piece out. It was the White Queen and a note that said that it was for his eyes only.

Harry was curious and also suspicious.

He would find out what the significance was all too soon.

Mystique wondered about the bargain she made with Sinister all of those months back, she was no closer to achieving her goals than she was all of those months ago when she left the Asteroid.

"Hello, Raven."

There was a swift voice and Mystique spun around to see Irene standing there.

"I bring forth a message, another vision," Irene responded to Mystique.

Mystique was intrigued.

"Sinister will unleash the Apocalypse but it will only be the beginning," Irene stated in a cryptic voice and she did not give her old friend a chance to respond. "Apocalypse comes and opens the doors for many things. Doors are opened for a conqueror and a creature that is even more unstoppable than the Juggernaut. But they pale in comparison to the dark lord, the one of the fire planet, the one that will be set free when Apocalypse meets his end."

"What if Apocalypse does not meet his end?" Mystique asked.

Irene was silent before she spoke. "Then you need not worry for no one will be here to be engulfed
by the darkness."

Cryptic, very cryptic.

Mystique had other problems to worry about, she heard rumors that Magneto was recruiting. Sinister demanded that she remained in the shadows but the thought that she might have revenge was too great of an opportunity to pass up.

"But merely visions can be wrong," Irene added in a delicate voice. "Although this one has a stronger pull than the ones I have had previously."

True or not, it made Mystique think about the consequences of what Sinister's plans were going to cause.

**To Be Continued in the Next Chapter, Part One of the Final Three Part Story Arc in Beyond the Veil Book One.**

Logan dropped down from the sewer grate in the alleyway, he swore that he could have heard something, and sensed something familiar. Not only was the something that he sensed familiar but it was unfriendly. At least that's what the thought that was going through his head was when he edged through the sewers, with the most violent intents in mind. He cracked his knuckles before moving forward and gritted his teeth with a growl.

He recognized this individual almost immediately and his recognition did not improve his mood. Eyes widened, teeth snarled, before Logan let out a growling. "You."

"Yes, me," Sabretooth stated when he cracked his knuckles, staring down his hated enemy through gritted teeth. "Surprised to see me, runt."

"Not really, I was wondering when you'd crawl underneath your rock." Logan responded whilst he eyed the individual he last saw on Asteroid M. A part of him hoped that Sabretooth perished, but he knew better. There was many times where he thought that Sabretooth was dead, but he survived the battle. It was one thing that was true for as long as they knew each other.

"Time to end this," Sabretooth growled as he rushed forward but Logan dodged the attack, before he kicked Sabretooth in the back.

"Getting a bit slow, aren't you, Creed?" Logan asked before he tripped up Sabretooth and slammed him into the wall.

Suddenly, a bright light popped up and blinded Logan, causing him to hunch forward, before going down onto the ground. He dropped to one knee, feeling the ringing course through his ears to the point where his eardrums came close to shattering.

"Keep your hands up where I can see them, mutie."

Logan felt himself shocked from behind, he never felt anything like this and he faded to black.

The next thing he knew, he was on the ground in a government lab, never a good sign.

"Good, you're awake."

Logan peered up to see a man with dark hair and a mustache, dressed in a SHIELD uniform, staring down at him. "Who the hell are you, bub?"

The man paused before he stared down Logan, not saying anything for a moment and then he cracked his knuckles, staring down at the feral mutant. There was a long pause before the question was answered. "My name is Bolivar Trask, I've been hired to commission a project to take down you mutants before you become a threat to humanity."

Logan's eyes closed when he felt a ringing sensation in the back of his head, and felt weaker than ever before. No matter how much he tried to struggle, he could not get up. So, there was one question that he needed to ask and the mutant stared down Trask with furious intentions, his claws popping out threateningly. "Does Fury know about this?"

Trask snorted before he focused on Logan. "Fury, he shut the project down, because he's gone soft.
But I and a small group of SHIELD agents have started it back up. If Fury doesn't want to take the necessary steps to take down mutants than I will. Behold the salvation of mutant kind, the Sentinel."

Logan pushed his head up, trying to figure out what to do against this creation of Trask, but he was out of it. There was a giant black robotic with glowing eyes that stepped in.

"It evolves to take down the mutants in one fell swoop," Trask commented as he cracked his knuckles, before staring down at Logan. "So do you think you're hard enough to take it down?"

Logan did not respond with anything other than a growl, when he looked up at the robotic enemy that stalked him. He was the best in the world at what he did and what he was going to do was take down this thing down. His knees shook a little bit but he stayed the course, pushing himself forward. Claws popped and claws rammed into the knee cap, denting it.

"Allow him to go wild, because he will allow our creations to adapt," Trask stated to the man who stood in the shadows and nodded.

"Mutant kind won't know what hit them," a crisp voice stated from the shadows.

"And your funding for this project is invaluable, Mr. Osborn," Trask concluded; he saw the individual in the shadows offer a curt nod before Logan dove at the enemy

"This Wolverine is a great test subject but the one known as Arcane would have been better," Osborn responded when he stepped forward, his face scarred and his eyes bloodshot, not to mention most of his hair was gone. He could no longer show himself in public because of what Arcane, Spider-Man, and Doctor Octopus did to him. It was all their fault and they would all pay in due time, along with the X-Men. "But unfortunately, we could not track him down with sufficient time."

He blamed Arcane for what happened to him above all others. Osborn cracked his knuckles, before tapping his hands on the ground and drumming his fingers carefully when he kept monitoring the one known as Wolverine when the Sentinel learned from his movements.

Panicked footsteps increased when a pink haired girl rushed down an alleyway, running as fast as her feet could carry her. This day started as a nice day for her, in fact a fun day, but it turned rather wrong. The pink haired girl moved forward further and further, away from the three goons with green jackets with the letters "FOH" on them. Her breath went in and out as she closed her eyes.

"Get back here you filthy little mutie!"

She did not even know what they were talking about and the fifteen year old picked up the pace, butterflies flapping in her stomach, when she moved forward. The girl found the back of the alleyway and closed her eyes. The wings on her back flipped and dust surrounded her.

"Please don't, I didn't do anything to hurt anyone," she begged, her hands twitching a little bit and quite frankly she was scared out of her mind.

"The thing is, you steal the air from humans, so you're doing plenty of harm," one of the members of the Friends of Humanity stated when he slammed the pipe on the side of his palm. "Now come quiet girl and we might go easy on you, maybe."

The girl trembled, biting down on her lip, this had been the scariest situation she had ever been in her young life. There was nothing that periled this situation. She was on a holiday with her friends and now this happened. Friends that backed off in fear from her when they saw what this girl what she could do, it was funny how fickle friendship could be in the case of the unknown.
"Time to smash this little pixie."

"Sorry boys, I'm going to have to put a veto on that plan."

Arcane dropped down, surrounded by shadows, his face obscured.

"It's him!" one of the goons responded before he swung the pipe at Arcane but he dodged the attack at super speed, before levitating the pipe from his hand.

"So you like to smack young girls in the face, do you?" Arcane asked, before he levitated the pipe over his head and smashed them in the face with the swinging pipe. There was a loud crack and a louder smash, when the pipe propelled into the back of the head of the Friends of Humanity goons, cracking their skulls.

"Get him!"

"You know, I did give you a chance to run," Arcane responded in a bored voice when he dodged their attacks, they were nothing. "Because let's face it it's not like any of you have a chance."

The Friends of Humanity goons got knocked down and he levitated a fence into the air, before wrapping it around them. They screamed in agony when their bones crushed and they dropped to the ground.

"For the record, bigotry should not be tolerated," Arcane responded firmly as he turned around to the girl in the alleyway. "Are you alright? Do you need any help?"

"Who are you?" the girl asked, hints of a Welsh accent popping in her voice.

"A friend," Arcane responded with a smile across his face. "But are you okay?"

The girl kept her eyes on him for a minute, transfixed. "F-fine thanks, you….I don't know what their problem was."

"Their problem was that they can't handle anyone being different," Harry responded as he threw his head back with a slight sigh. "At least you didn't get your head bashed in."

"Thanks to you," the girl responded with a bright smile when she watched Harry, before a slight blush appeared on her cheeks as she saw his face. "My name's Megan….Megan Gywnn and you are….."

"A friend," Harry repeated as he reached forward and extended his hand. With a tentative grab, she allowed him to help her up. "I'd tell you more but I'm trying to keep this entire secret identity thing under wraps."

"Okay, but….thanks really, I mean that," Megan responded as she watched him carefully, before a bright smile popped over her face. "What you did out there, it was amazing, you're a true hero. You should….do that more often, step out of the shadows."

Harry considered it, believe him, he considered it but he was not completely sure about taking that final plunge. Still he wondered if Arcane might be able do some more good.

Or maybe he could still stand in the shadows as Arcane, prowling in the nights and avenging those who harmed mutants, and had a more public identity in the light. Although what that would be, Harry had no idea. Still he gave that some thought.
He moved forward, before Harry flipped the box over in his hand and eyed it carefully.

There was an "S" carved on the box, within a shield and Harry paused, that never happened before.

"The day is arriving," the box whispered in a cryptic tone as Harry held it in his hand. "Soon your grander purpose will be fulfilled."

"Okay, kind of creepy," Harry responded and Megan eyed him curiously.

"What's kind of creepy?" she asked him, a smile crossing her face.

Harry realized how insane he might look if he talked to a box and it did not talk back to him. It was weirdness personified; especially when he was the only one that heard the box. The young wizard carefully turned over the box in his hand, trying to figure out what made it tick but so far nothing. It opened once in the dream world and never again.

"It's nothing, just had a long day, let's make sure there aren't any more of those guys around," Harry responded and Megan nodded, that was understandable, but she waited, tapping her foot on the ground when she did.

The coast was clear and Harry made sure she was back to a safe place, before he had to head out for the next part of his day.

The hidden nation of Nova-Roma was one that special permission was needed to visit, although Amara was able to get that permission for her and her boyfriend to visit, along with a few of their friends. Kitty and Gwen were the two that tagged along with the trip. The quartet walked forward, with Gwen turning around to Amara.

"So is there anything that we should know about this place, so we don't offend anyone?" Gwen asked Amara in a serious tone of voice.

Amara racked her brain. "For the most part our people are rather understanding."

"Even about the collective thing," Kitty answered as she smiled, she always conveniently forgot to bring it up to her parents when talking about Harry, imagine that.

"Especially about the collective thing, my father has a few women other than my mother," Amara answered, that was why she was so intrigued about Harry and how open minded he was about these things. Then again given the culture he came from, there were a lot of odd things around them that seemed perfectly normal. Although Harry mentioned that ninety five percent of the people where he came from seemed to be on the lower end of the intelligence pool.

"So in other words, he would be pretty hypocritical if he lectured you about what you're doing," Gwen answered and Amara nodded with a smile crossing her face. "Pretty much yeah."

The quartet walked forward, waiting for the other shoe to drop, and for something to happen. The group continued to move forward, waiting for something to happen and sure enough, something did.

All of the villages saw Harry walking down the street with his girls, and they eyed him, muttering, before they dropped to their knees and bowed before him.

"Great one, you have returned," one of the woman stated, her nose literally pressed to the ground as she bowed.
"It's such an honor," another woman responded and several of the men muttered.

Amara looked sheepish and Harry slowly turned towards her, completely dumbstruck by what happened. His eyes narrowed a little bit, arms crossed around his chest, and he saw their words of praise and dare he say it worship him.

"He has fallen from the heavens and gifted us with great tidings," a man said, and Kitty and Gwen offered an expression of surprise and both shrugged, even though both girls were trying to hide the snickering that they were doing at the wide eyed look Harry gave. The young wizard spun around and eyed both of the girls before he offered one word curtly and firmly to Amara.

"Explain."

Amara flushed before she turned around and cleared her throat.

"This way, great one," Amara stated as barely hid both her amusement along with her embarrassment.

"C'mon Amara, not you too," Harry stated but he had to admit it, a small part of him, a very small part of him, felt oddly satisfied with being worshipped by an entire nation.

Gwen smiled, she could not resist speaking now. "Oh suck it up and take it like a man, great one."

"Yeah, great one, what's the worst that could happen, great one?" Kitty asked but Harry gave her a glare which caused the brunette mutant to back off. The fun was over.

Amara opened up the doors of a temple and walked forward. The dust was siphoned away from Harry's magic and he stepped forward, to look up at the statue, inclining his head upwards to see it. There it stood, large and proud, making a heroic pose that Harry doubted that he would ever do in his life.

"He has come from the heavens to bless us and the entire world, one day he shall return and lead us to a glorious new age, where he will shape the world and become a true man of tomorrow," Gwen read before she turned around to face Harry and get his reaction.

"Good thing Selene didn't catch wind of you being here," Amara murmured under her breath.

"Selene," Harry responded, his eyebrow raising.

"Long story, tell you some other time," Amara responded but Kitty eyed the statue, seeing the weird shield on the shirt uniform.

"I wonder what the "S" stands for?"

"Sex god?" Gwen asked with an off handed shrug.

"Apparently he will also be long lived, living for years and years beyond the average human or even….Harry, did you know about this?" Kitty asked as she rooted on the spot, her mouth open.

"Now, Kitty, that's a myth," Harry responded as she eyed the statue, and looked at Harry. "But I did tell you my type is long lived."

"The stop aging at twenty five or so long lived, you didn't mention anything about that," Kitty responded, it was something that was hard to swallow when you realized that your boyfriend was going to stop aging and remain forever young when you were going to grow old.
Then again there was sometimes where Kitty wondered if she would even live to see her twentieth birthday, given the hectic nature of the X-Men. There was always a risk that despite being her very best, there was going to a chance that her very best was not going to be good enough.

So in reality, the growing old thing when Harry didn't might not be a problem. She was going to make the most of every moment that she had.

"So an entire race of people worship me," Harry responded, trying to keep his voice calm and neutral, even if this kind of felt weird.

Gwen could not resist chiming in with her two cents. "Well look at this way Harry, this could either be good or bad."

"How so?" Amara asked curiously and Gwen smiled.

"Well Harry is either worshipped and he brings them to the promised land," Gwen responded before she added as an afterthought. "Or there is some kind of ancient prophecy where Harry must be sacrificed to appease some evil entity."

Amara looked scandalized, her eyes widened at the thought. "Gwen, my people would never do that!"

"Yeah and that's a really charming thought," Kitty answered in a dry tone of voice but she would be lying if she did not entertain the thought a little bit herself and became a bit worried at it. Harry looked up, before he exited the temple.

The same "S" symbol that appeared on the box appeared on the statue, the same symbol that appeared on the bracelet of that mysterious blonde, there were too many things that were lining up and happening. Harry, Amara, Kitty, and Rogue stepped forward, before moving forward to the royal temple.

"My parents are through that door," Amara responded when she bit down on her lip, hoping that her parents did not make fools out of themselves in front of Harry. For two reasons, one they would be making fools out of themselves to a god reincarnated in human flesh. Along with the fact that they would embarrass her in front of her boyfriend, which would be even worse.

Harry moved forward to pay his respects to Amara's parents, but said parents sank to their knees before the wizard.

'Well I should have seen this coming,' Harry thought to himself in a dry manner, before he looked up at them, waiting for them to speak.

The king and queen of Nova-Roma got to their feet and eyed Harry respectively.

"We hope we do not offend you by rising prematurely, great one," the queen stated when she eyed him. If she was not happily married, she would be envious of her daughter for netting him. Even she had to share him with others.

"No, no offense at all," Harry responded when he eyed them. "I saw the temple…"

"We hope it was up to your satisfaction," the king responded as he eyed Harry before he clapped a hand to his mouth, which caused Amara to get a small amount of embarrassment from the way her father was conducting himself. "I do hope that I have not offended you for speaking out of turn."

"Just don't do it again," Gwen answered as she eyed the royals with a smile crossing her face.
"The legend of the statue was not clear, I was hoping that you could fill me in a bit more on it, so I can correct any potential inaccuracies of course," Harry responded, with a smile matching Gwen's face. "Myself and my royal oracle here would like to make sure everything is on the level."

Gwen smiled; apparently she had been promoted from girlfriend to royal oracle. Hopefully the perks remained unchanged.

The queen pretty much tripped over her words to speak this next bit to Harry. "Of course, great one it would be an honor, a thousand years ago, upon the founding of our civilization, there was a prophet that arrived here and helped found this island nation of Nova-Roma."

The queen took a moment to collect her thoughts before she continued.

"This traveler came from extremely far away and also set up shop with his main lover, the one known as Selene," the queen answered before she looked nervous at speaking her name. "Selene has moved on to other pursuits but her influence was felt and the traveler's departure caused her to become twisted into what she is today."

Harry knew that he would find out more about it.

"We heard about the circumstances of your arrival and it fit the parameters of the prophecy," the queen added as she watched the group. "There is another that will be arriving here, for you two are the last of your kind."

The scroll was handed over to Harry and he saw her on the scroll, the same blonde that visited him during his adventure in the dark dimension. There was also the Phoenix depicted on the scroll. The queen's hand was covering a third figure, a cat that was standing in a shadow that was also determined to be great importance by the one that drew the scroll, so it was unseen by the group.

Kitty frowned, wondering where she fit into everything. She guessed she would have to ride this one out although the recent news that Harry would not age past a certain point that was a bitter pill to swallow. The fact that she felt so teenager compared to what Harry was doing and the greater purpose that he had, that made her determined to figure out a way to step up her game, even if it killed her.

She needed an entirely new image beyond Shadowcat of the X-Men, beyond the teenage girl known as Kitty Pryde, to get her abilities to that next level. The pieces formed in her head.

"She's beautiful," Gwen whispered when she saw the blonde. "Like an angel."

Harry smiled, that she was, but naturally all his girls were, so why would this one be any different?

"Of course, most of this is guess work, we could be wrong but we are confident on one thing," the king added, speaking up for the first time in a while. "You were sent here for a reason and the fact our daughter has met our star god, where there is only one thing that we must do."

The king pulled out an envelope and handed it to Harry. He raised a hand. "I could not ask you to sign this now, but I will ask you to give it the full consideration and weigh open the options in our mind. Given all that you have done for this nation, my daughter is my greatest treasure and she adores you, so this is an agreement where there is no one that loses."

"Father, I can't believe you….." Amara started but a stern glare from both her parents caused her to fall back into line.

"What is it?" Kitty asked as she looked at her fellow collective mate, Amara looked agitated that her
father would embarrass her in front of her boyfriend and her sister collective members.

"Look it over and I'm open to negotiations, there are several other females on this island that would be willing to serve you as well," the king responded as Harry read it. "Talk it over with the other members of your collective."

Harry mulled over the documents he had been given, he would have to arrange a meeting with Jen and look these over, to know exactly what he was getting himself into, before he even thought about signing them.

That would have to wait until later, as they spent the rest of the day on the island, although having people drop to their knees and worship him was a bit tiring after a while.

The work of a young wizard was never over, at least that's Harry thought when he arrived for his meeting with the mysterious white queen. She was not the type of woman that he thought was to be kept waiting, at least that's the assumption he had. The Boy-Who-Lived walked forward, and had backup cloaked, but he hoped that he would never need it. The wizard stood up straight before he stepped forward.

The woman in question was dressed in a white jacket, a white blouse, and pants that fit her like a second layer of skin. Her blue eyes burned brightly towards him, before her hair hung over her face and she watched him.

"Mr. Potter, I presume," she stated in a calm and crisp voice, her expression never wavering from that point. She kept a close watch on him, waiting to see what happened next, how he would react.

"You presumed correctly," Harry responded, not keeping his gaze off of her for even a moment. "And you would be…"

"Frost, Miss Emma Frost," the woman responded when she sat down. She was about twenty three, twenty four years of age, and had the type of beauty that was hard to miss. Yet, Harry knew that dealing with someone like that would mean that there was a game at foot. "You've caught the attention of a few people, Harry."

"That's part of my charm," Harry responded when he watched the woman, who folded her arms together.

"Quite," Emma answered when she watched Harry, before she responded with one statement. "I feel that your talents are being wasted with an outfit like Xavier and his X-Men and you are not being properly compensated as such."

Harry said nothing but rather he took the coffee and the biscuits that had been provided and performed a few simple charms to make sure that everything was on the level. Not that he wanted to distrust anyone but Harry knew better by now to blindly trust anyone. A smile crossed his face when he watched the woman before her who carefully watched him for a response.

Being the gentleman Harry was, he did not want to keep a lady hanging and he watched the blonde before him.

"Well I'm keeping all of my options open," Harry responded when he watched her before a knowing smile crossed his face. "And one might say your talents are wasted by being the arm candy of someone like Shaw."

Emma raised an eyebrow but said nothing.
"I trust that's the nature of your relationship, a beard of sorts to make him look impressive, by having a beautiful young woman much younger than him," Harry responded when Emma said nothing, but offered a stoic nod.

The truth was Emma could count on one hand the number of times that she had sexual relations with another man and still have fingers left over. Shaw was not going to be one of those men, for one he was unimpressive from what she heard and also deluded towards his true sexual orientation.

Her telepathy skills made men think that she was having sex with them but in reality she sat in a corner, doing a crossword puzzle or reading a book, until they passed out, likely breaking their pelvis in the process. Then she took any incriminating information of them and sent it to the Hellfire Club.

"So, it's almost like you're trying to recruit me," Emma answered when she fired back, watching him carefully.

"What are you trying to imply, Miss Frost?" Harry asked, offering an innocent smile that she was not fooled by, not even for a second. The young wizard folded his arms and now it was her turn in the mental game of chess they played.

"I'm not trying to imply anything," Emma answered in a careful voice when the blonde closed her eyes and watched her would be prey, even if she slowly got the impression that she was the one being hunted.

The mental chess game continued and Harry knew that he had to be back in a little bit for his going away party and speech. He wondered if there was going to be any last minute attempts to convince him to stay, but all Harry had to do was wait and see.

They would meet again, potentially in a more intimate setting than a public café.

The Master of Magnetism shifted his weight when he turned around, Sabretooth gave the report back to him, whilst the rest of his Acolytes shifted in the background, waiting for their orders.

The time was today; soon they would have to be revealed to the world one way or another. Magneto knew that this time was coming sooner rather than later, it was a matter of trying to figure out when exactly it would occur. He stepped forward and watched the Acolytes. Their shadowed figures looked up at him and they nodded.

"So what is our play, boss man?" one of the shadowed figures stated in a Cajun accent, as he shuffled playing cards in his hand, eyes glowing when he waited for the next move.

The Master of Magnetism was only too happy to elaborate what that next move would be to one of his men. "Our next move, Gambit, is to ensure that we are forced to band together. Because if we do not band together on this day, we will all hang separately. I have seen it happen before; the humans will never accept us. They are building death machines against us and it will not be long before they shift us all into camps."

He would not allow that to happen, not again, not after the last time, the battle would be is, he could feel it. His wrists turned around, feeling pained and stiffened but the Master of Magnetism addressed his men.

"Tonight comes the time where we must all stand together and force the X-Men to stand beside us, we are all brothers and sisters," Magneto added as he stared at them all, unblinking. "For if what's to come is going to come, then we must be one. Arcane has been sent here for a purpose, I have seen the prophecies, and read the signs. There is a reason why I went to recruit him. It is the worst kept
secret that he would break away from Xavier eventually."

"And what makes you think he'll join us, mate," a red haired man with an Australian accent stated when his fire flickered in his hands.

"He'll join us, because he is the one," Magneto responded cryptically as he turned his head to the side and pondered the predicament that went over in his head.

Now the time came, but what would happen afterwards? Magneto knew that today would separate those who could stand up and do what was necessary from those who would drop to their knees and cower in a fetal ball when they could not handle the battle. The Master of Magnetism planned for every contingency and every moment that would come after.

Make no mistake about it, he had every concern that today's events would turn around for the worst but he could not worry about now. All Magneto worried about was succeeding for today's moment and winning the day.

It was at the palm of his hand and he turned, his Acolytes watched him, smiles crossing their faces.

"It is time."

Portals opening at random locations was the rule rather than the exception as of late and the individual that exited the portal presently was not about to change that. He dropped to the ground, landing hard on the ground. A thunderous thud could be heard, when the figure stepped forward, face cloaked in light. It had been a long time, but he tracked the one who escaped before he could kill her to this time period.

His future would be in peril if this girl succeeded in changing the timeline. The moment that the star child was killed and he erased their memories of him, that was the moment that his victory was assured. The footsteps got louder and more prominent when he edged himself forward, ready to pounce and ready to win the day, no matter what it might bring to him.

His eyes glowed, illuminated in a sickening red light, but his fingers scraping together, that told the story, it was even more violent. This man was more machine than man but shutting down his emotional processes allowed for a great deal of efficiency. And the organs he harvested from mutants gave him powers beyond all. The eyes of one that shot optic blasts from his eyes plus the control the machine that allowed him more clarity.

The spine of one that could phase through walls, that pleased him as well.

The bones of one who could heal, yes he had the bones of Wolverine grafted into this form as well.

Sinister tried to create him to ensure that he was the ultimate weapon but he decided that he evolved beyond Sinister's purpose.

The skin of one who could absorb powers through contact, oh yes, that was another part of him and a part that he embraced one hundred percent of the way, grabbing his hands together and he kept walking forward.

There was one more element from him, the heart of a true hero, he ripped that one out when he killed the star child and burned the rest of his body. He had super strength, flight, and the ability to perform the magical arts as well from the blood and the heart of this powerful individual.

Then there was the brain of Charles Xavier and his amazing psychic gifts. He wished to get the
powers of Jean Grey and the Phoenix Force as well but fate robbed him of that desire. It was as well, for there would come a time where he had his moment.

His eyes glowed and he shifted into any form he wished. Now he shifted into one of the SHIELD agents moving around on the ground, inconspicuous. A subliminal hint from Xavier's brain would make them not question it too much.

He was Bastion and he would have the world in the past to make sure the future extended beyond what it was. There was nothing and on one that could stand in his way. He beat the X-Men in his own time and now he would beat them in this time, when the team was barely trained and able to stand on their own.

He relished killing Summers once again, that child had delusions of grandeur and assumed that he had the potential for leadership. Yet, the machine moved forward, the sum of his parts greater than the entire team together. He had all of their powers combined for he was Bastion and he would rule them.

The plan worked like a charm and he began to track the only one who might be able to stop them. Today was the day that the meteor shower was supposed to happen and if he accessed his birthright, then the star child and the other, along with the Phoenix would combine their powers to destroy his future.

The SHIELD satellites were always a constant hub of information that was flowing through the air, always running at optimal performance. There was a slight beeping noise that was unsettling even at the best of times, but many times at the worst of times. Nick Fury stood his eye on the map of the world. So far everything was quiet but that was known to turn around in a heartbeat. He threw his head back and placed a hand on his hips.

A large spike of power blacked out most of the Helicarrier.

"What in the name of Sam Hill is going on?" Fury growled when he spun around and then there was a creepy voice that echoed throughout the ears of the SHIELD agents.

"Hello children, my name is Bastion and I am now in control of all of the operations on your Helicarrier," the voice of Bastion responded when it echoed intensely.

Fury never liked to admit that anyone was in control but him and a foul expression spread over his face. The Director of SHIELD was not going to get counted out, not that easily at least. He spun around and began barking orders at the men around him.

"Don't just stand there, make sure you get the power back on," Fury responded as he jerked his head from the screen wildly, one eye on the other agents of SHIELD and they scrambled as quickly as their feet could handle them.

"Fury, it's been a long time since I've killed you," Bastion responded in a taunting voice. "Humans and mutants, they're all the same problems, and while they have many parts that work well, ruthless efficiency is something that can only be done with a machine. All problems must be calculated, and logically processed. That is something you pitiful humans and mutants cannot do with your emotions. You are too prone to flights of fancy."

Fury tried to kick back up power on so he could track where this individual came from.

"No, no, Nicolas, I have only begun to have my fun," Bastion responded with a chuckle that was very emotional. "You see, I've come here to tie up a few loose ends. There is a young girl known as
Rachel who slipped through the time stream. Her actions have compromised my future, the future where ruthless efficiently rules the Earth and mutants and humans are mastered by the machines and not the other way around.

Hawkeye turned up, his eyes widened, and he groaned. "I always knew computers would take over the world."

Black Widow rolled her eyes, how her colleague could joke about something so serious at a time like this, she would never know. She did not want to find out.

Bastion's chuckles continued to grow louder. "I wouldn't worry too much about me or what the Sentinels will end up doing once I have taken control of them. Your main concern should be evacuating thousands of people from a city like New York when the meteors start hitting."

"Meteors?" Fury asked with an eyebrow raised, wondering what Bastion was talking about.

The SHIELD power reserves kicked back on and just in time as well. There was a blipping motion that could be heard and Fury turned around, his teeth gritted. The Director of SHIELD wondered what problem he had to deal with now but suspected that he would find out all too soon. Fury spun around, clutching his head.

"There are large meteors, on approach to hit New York," one of the SHIELD officers stated, shaking, trying to figure out if he could be blamed for this or not, his eyes closing shut. "ETA, two hours, fifty seven minutes."

Fury had only one statement to this. "Evacuate the citizens of New York, time is the essence."

Black Widow knew that there was one person who might be able to shed some light on this, and she slipped off to get in touch of him.

Two hours fifty five minutes twelve seconds, two hours fifty five minutes eleven seconds, two hours fifty five minutes ten seconds, two hours fifty five minutes nine seconds.

To Be Continued in "The Bastion of Mutantkind."
Grand Finale Part Two: Bastion of Mutant Kind

There's an Author's Note at the end where I have to explicitly spell out something that I've been hinting at for over forty some chapters but apparently people didn't make the connection.

Chapter Fifty One: The Grand Finale Part Two: Bastion of Mutant Kind.

Harry drew in a deep breath whilst he thought about everything that occurred over the past few months to a year. His time at the X-Men was time that he thought benefitted him in the long run but it was time to move forward to the next part of his life. He held the box in his hand; Harry took time looking at it more and more over the past few weeks. The young mage kept contemplating his lot in life and most importantly where he came from.

One thing was for certain, it was not where he came from that matter, but it was where he was going next.

Harry took a moment to step forward, with the entire group of X-Men standing there. Scott was there as well, even if he looked stoic and not too anxious or excited that Harry was leaving. It was easy to figure out what the would-be leader of the X-Men was thinking. The young wizard knew that he was conflicted about everything that happened while Harry was here. If Harry left, then it would allow him to step up. But he would always be second best to Harry.

The magical mutant gave Scott plenty of opportunities to step up and be the leader that he could in fact be. However, it was his fault that he chose to squander those opportunities and instead worry about what Harry did. The wizard carefully eyed the group, smiling and waiting, watching them a little bit.

"And we can cut the tension with a knife," Nightcrawler remarked carefully, trying to lighten the mood, which was what Harry appreciated. They needed the mood lightened after everything that happened. "So I guess this is it?"

Xavier watched carefully, wondering what was going to happen now. He sensed from the moment Harry arrived that he was not one to follow the pack but rather set up and make his own mark in the world. The wizard carefully considered them, eye twitching a little bit before smiling carefully and crisply.

"So, I guess this is it," Harry repeated as he watched them, good byes were always tough even if he was just leaving the Institute.

"Couldn't you stay….for a little longer."

Harry had no idea who said that for he was distracted by the incoming arrival of someone bursting through the door. He saw in a matter of moments that Natasha stepped forward, before bending at the knees.

"What are you doing here?" Scott asked, trying to assert himself but Natasha shook her head, before turning to Harry.

"We have a problem," Natasha offered with a tense expression when she motioned for Harry to follow her. Wherever Harry went, several girls tended to follow and in this case it was Kitty, Rachel, Rogue, Laura, and Jean, all of them stepping forward. Natasha allowed this to happen because she needed to talk to Harry without any issues. "Two problems actually….three?"
"Are you sure that's it?" Harry asked, dread building up in his mind. Any number of possibilities flickered through his mind with none of them good.

Natasha's expression snapped towards Harry's and she remained businesslike before she began to speak with him. "Essentially that is all, but one thing at a time. The first problem is...."

"Greetings X-Men."

"I'm guessing that's the problem," Rogue remarked in a dry voice but Rachel suddenly went pale. "Rachel what's....."

"Bastion," Rachel breathed heavily, skin flushed when she blinked heavily and practically panted.

This was the one voice that she never wanted to hear again, no matter how long she lived. He was the terror that tormented her from the past and beyond. The red haired mutant kept her ear out, neck extended and she waited for the other shoe to drop. Harry reached over and grabbed her hand, which she appreciated. He tightened around her hand, allowing a solid enough grip. The red haired girl relaxed in his grip, when the crisp voice of Bastion echoed throughout for all of them to hear.

"I have come from the future to tell you that your prospects of a peaceful world for mutants is a lie and the biggest lie here is Arcane," Bastion breathed. "Or would you the prefer the term, Superman?"

"What?" Kitty breathed in a heavy voice and this was news to Harry. He wondered if Bastion lost his mind and fried his circuits.

Rachel mulled over it in her mind, Superman, Superman, there was something about that name in the archives but she had no idea what it is.

"Harry Potter, Arcane, Kal-El, Superman, whatever name you wish to go under, Star Child, know this, for I am Bastion and I will be your decimation," the voice stated in a cold and crisp manner. "Something changed this time when you arrived and my time is becoming undone. But it doesn't matter, for once I'm no longer anchored in that part of the time stream, I will...."

"You talk a good game but why don't you back it up with a little more action?" Rogue asked, interrupting Bastion. She was ready to take them on, even if she did not understand what he was saying.

"I could expose you to the world, alien, but that would not be nearly as fun is crushing your spirit," Bastion commented, ignoring Rogue's outburst.

"I think you've mistaken me for someone else," Harry answered as he stood proud.

"I am never mistaken, I know who you are and know the danger you pose to my objective and as long as any version of you in any timeline exists, I can never win, Kal-El, " Bastion commented in a crisp voice, putting special emphasis on certain words that he stated. "But do not worry, you and your fellow companions only can hear this. I will not broadcast the fact that you are worse than a mutant, worse than a wizard."

'Nonsense, he's talking nonsense,' Jean thought to herself, folding her arms.

'Except it isn't,' the Phoenix stated in a tranquil voice.

'What are you....what are you talking about?' Jean thought back to the Phoenix.
'He is of similar extra-terrestrial origin to the force that flows through you,' the Phoenix thought to Jean. 'He is capable of much, much, more than foolish wand waving and silly incantations.'

Jean thought about this and she did know that Harry could be something special but nothing like this.

Harry was skeptical as everything, to be honest; he was not buying what Bastion was selling now. Even though that would explain everything, there was a certain amount of stubbornness that resided in Harry that prevented him from really getting completely on board with everything that was being side. The wizard's green eyes filled with discontent.

"He may be playing mind games, that's what Bastion does," Rachel answered but that would explain why Harry did not exist in her time stream. What better way not to exist if he was underneath a different name?

"Perhaps, child, perhaps not, but that is the least of your concern," Bastion answered in a crisp tone of voice when he paused for dramatic effect. "All you have to concern yourself with is the meteors that are flying into this city in two hours time. Today is the day you will leave the X-Men, star child, but it will be done in a body bag, for what comes down will be your death, providing I do not put you out of your misery first."

Harry turned to Natasha and she offered a pained express. "This was the other problem that you spoke of?"

She nodded and Harry decided to move forward with the third question.

"I hate to ask this, but why is problem number three?" Harry asked when he watched Natasha carefully. He hoped that it was not going to get worse; there was no way that this could get worse.

The problem was that things got worse. Natasha paused, trying to convey what she thought, with her eyes shifting before the spy spat it out.

"There is a rogue SHIELD agent."

"Bolivar Trask."

True to form, Nick Fury popped up, whether he was invited or not.

"SHIELD has the access codes to the security grid for the mansion, I disabled them to have Widow and myself step in to warn you of what is to come," Fury answered the unasked question. "You may want to do the exact opposite of what the X-Men does for their security, Mr. Potter, if you wish to avoid the headaches."

Harry knew that he would need to keep that in mind but he had far bigger problems.

"The third issue, Fury," Harry responded and Fury's face twisted into a grimace.

"It's this, Mr. Potter," Fury responded when he kept an eye firmly on Harry. "Bolivar Trask was a SHIELD agent working on a top secret project, for a group of robots that would be a failsafe against mutant kind."

Harry paused before shifting his expression a little bit. "And we thought that this was a good idea because…"

Fury decided to cut straight to the point. "It was a flawed idea but it appeared to be a good one at the time. We pulled the funding but Trask and another small group of SHIELD agents went AWOL,
with the funding and the prototypes of the project. The Sentinels could be online but they need a test subject."

Harry was hit with it immediately as was Laura.

'Logan,' Laura thought when she cracked her knuckles.

'We'll get him back,' Rachel thought in a reassuring voice but her mind shifted to the terror that was Bastion. She remembered what he could do and feared the dangers. He became much more after he stole the body parts of several mutants for his reign of terror.

Harry hoped that she was right but now it was time for him to team up with the X-Men for one last mission. Because of the insanity, he never did his speech. Harry and the girls left the room.

With another swift expression, Harry's eyes blinked before he looked up at Xavier.

"We have a situation."

That got everyone's attention in a hurry.

The team was mobilized one more time, one last time. They split into several squads, with Harry, Rachel, Kurt, Bobby, Rogue, and Wanda being part of the first squad.

Wanda thought that this was a good way to test her skills in a more practical manner than what Harry was teaching her on the side. The dark haired mutant stood, ready for action.

There was a rattling that echoed in the background.

"Stay alert," Harry whispered to them and Rogue, Rachel, Kurt, Bobby, and Wanda all nodded; all of them expecting the worst. The ground watched with widened eyes and soon they realized what was about to drop down.

Five metal spheres swirled around in the air, causing sparks to fly before the landed one by one by one with a huge crash. They splintered the ground, cracking themselves into the pavement.

Wanda saw that they were magnetized and she saw him standing up there. This was a truer test than anything she ever could have been through not to attack. It took every amount of her will-power, strained as it might be, before she backed off. The dark haired magical mutant watched breathing when she saw her father stand tall on the ledge, looking down at them.

"Wanda, don't get caught up in him," Harry warned her breathlessly and Wanda pulled back, blinking slowly before the girl's head inclined, once, twice, and three times.

"Something's happening with those spheres," Kurt breathed and they stayed alert. Rachel frowned and Harry understood why when he heard the creaking and shifting the metallic options.

Without warning, the spheres burst open one at a time, allowing a heavy cloud of dust to appear around them. The dust blinded the line of sight from most of the group but Harry, with his enhanced eyesight, was able to see through them. The young wizard carefully watched everything around him.

"His Acolytes," Harry breathed and that's what they were for lack of a better term.

He knew that these guys would be the cream of the crop, much better than the Brotherhood ever was trained. All and all, the Brotherhood was a rag tag group of misfits that Mystique and later the Taskmaster tried to make work. But in reality, they were more or less a rudimentary exam for the
bigger challenge at hand.

The first sphere burst open completely to reveal a red haired man dressed in an orange bodysuit and wearing goggles that wrapped around his face. He smiled brightly and quite maliciously, with his eyes glowing and miniature flames shot up, derived from a lighter. While he could not manifest flames, he could control them with a little spark from a lighter, a blowtorch, or a set of magic. He didn't start the fire but he kept it burning until the world stopped turning. His name was Pyro.

The second Acolyte stepped forward, someone that the X-Men were all too familiar with and they cracked their knuckles together. Sabretooth was meaner and nastier than ever and he was ready to take a bite out of the X-Men. His clawed hands and nasty teeth along with unruly mane of hair and a murderous glare that would make many people piss themselves when they went up against it.

The third Acolyte was none other than a Raging Cajun, with red hair, glowing eyes, and a trench coat with a black top and tight black pants, with a deck of playing cards. He gave a smile that would light the hearts of many women a flutter although he tended to always be one to play them. His name was Gambit and he discharged kinetic energy that could blow things up.

The fourth Acolyte was the large but gentle Russian, known as Colossus, he had been here very begrudgingly when Magneto offered him the assistance that he could not get on his own. He cracked his knuckles and was ready for a scrap.

The fifth sphere burst open to reveal a pale skinned woman with dark hair and ample assets, with black eyes. She was named Domino and her mutant power was that she never missed a shot.

"Let's begin," Magneto responded and Domino fired the first shot but Harry dodged the attack.

"Let's see how lucky you are," Harry answered before he levitated the guns out of her hand. She aimed a kick but Harry dodged it and took her down, causing her own feet to be tangled up in the attack.

Sabretooth rushed forward, arms out to grab Rachel but she put up a telekinetic shield that propelled him back and his skull cracked against it. He gave a pained growl when the telepath jumped up and knocked him backwards with a solid smash and a slam. He rolled over, wheezing in the agony.

"I'll get you little b….""

"Watch the language," Kurt responded after he dodged the attack, before flinging a brick with his tail and smashing it into the Sabretooth.

"We're about to put a little shrimp on the Barbie," Pryo stated as it lit things up..

"Seriously, could you be any more stereotypical?" Iceman asked with a roll on his eyes as he sent ice to meet the fire, but the ice melted when the pyromaniac cut through the attack.

"Going to have to fuel up a little more, mate," Pryo stated, laughing madly but Rogue knocked him out with a swift punch. She nailed him hard at half strength.

A large metal door flew forward but Rogue ducked it, pivoting around on her heel, before kicking up and launching herself into the air. Magneto was trying to direct traffic and Harry watched him and Wanda did as well.

The playing card flew towards her but Wanda deactivated it with a blast of light and sent flying back at Gambit.
"Getting a bit frisky, aren't we?" Gambit asked in a suave and sophisticated voice.

Suddenly, without warning, before the battle could get too intense, there was a rumbling beneath the ground that shook rocked them all. A platform rose up and a robot arrived, magnetized by the Master of Magnetism and brought up. He would force mutants to stand together against humanity or they would all perish in their ignorance that humans would understand.

"At least, you will step into the….

"Mutant neutralize," the robot responded in a monotone and blasted the Master of Magnetism. He dodged out of the way, nearly tripping over himself.

"That was not part of my plan," Magneto answered when he lifted up several metal sheets but they were blasted out of the way. An energy field appeared around the robot, preventing Magneto from magnetizing it. "This was not part….

"Nothing goes according to plan, does it Magneto?" the voice stated in a crisp monotone. "It will be a pleasure to kill you once more."

Magneto was caught off guard by this situation and SHIELD moved in but their vessel shut down. The Sentinel prepared to engage the mutants in battle but Rachel and Harry slipped off, while others worried about the minions and the tricks, they were going to cut off the head of the attack.

'Bastion is mine,' Rachel thought to Harry through their link.

'No Bastion is ours,' Harry corrected her before they moved off into the night.

It was obvious to see what Bastion was up to and that rocked both of them to the core, causing their stomachs to turn in a twisted fury. Both Harry and Rachel edged forward, carefully keeping an eye or an ear out. They needed to reach him in time.

Bastion made one critical error; the brain of Charles Xavier left him with a thought pattern that could be tracked. Not to mention Harry was sure that all of the mutant body parts were not going to agree with each other, leaving Bastion open for an attack. He carefully edged off to the side, ready to pick and choose his next spot.

'And with his robotic parts left open when he's concerned with the outer shell, this will lead me to believe that he hasn't protected those parts,' Harry thought to himself, carefully placing a hand on the edge of his forehead. 'It has to work, it's got to work.'

Harry was able to shield his thoughts, mostly by misdirecting them into nonsense phrases that he cycled through his mind. That was the best thing for Harry, to keep everything at bay and to keep Bastion from finding out what ticked beneath the head of Harry.

'Are you sure this will work?' Rachel thought to him, closing her eyes and Harry snaked an arm around hers, pulling her in close.

'It has to work,' Harry thought, but his confidence was not as prominent as he made it out to be in the back of his mind. Still it was all or nothing. The wizard carefully edged himself forward, standing on his toes.

"I know what you are trying to do and it will not work."
"You are pretty bloody confident for someone who hasn't even won yet," Harry responded as he watched Bastion and Rachel stood rigid.

"I have won," Bastion persisted in a silky voice but Harry aimed a bolt of energy at him. He blocked it with a shield of your own. "I have your heart, I also have your powers."

"And my weaknesses as well," Harry stated when he watched Bastion, studying his movements to find flaws in them but it was frustrating as he could not get a clear reading on him. "And the weaknesses of every other single mutant that you used for your little helter-skelter body, not to imagine your own weaknesses."

"Child, do not prattle about what you do not know about."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to prematurely prattle," Harry responded with a shrug but then he shook his head.

He needed to stop hanging out with Spider-Man it was kind of corrupting his brain and causing him to make inane quips. Be that as it may, Harry jumped into the air and made his movement towards Bastion. His eyes closed, heart pounding, blood racing, and brain ticking.

Harry developed contingency plans to take down every single member of the X-Men in case of a worst case scenario like possession or brain washing.

The barrier formed around Bastion but that was just what he wanted to. A dagger shot from Harry's wrist.

The dagger disrupted the phasing abilities that he gained from ripping out Kitty's spine in the bad future and this allowed Rachel to jump in and grab him by the ankles to force him down.

An echo curse caused the psychic backlash to become too great for Bastion to handle, his human brain was overwhelmed, and Harry now closed his eyes.

Harry divided into half, then fourths, then eighths, then sixteenths, before he dove at Bastion. Several super enhanced punches knocked Bastion backwards and caused him to fly to the ground.

"This is not over," Bastion growled but then Harry grabbed two ruby quartz pieces, before flinging them into the eyes of Bastion, which blocked his optic blasts and caused his head to ring with a huge explosion.

"I beg to differ," Harry answered but flaming spears shot from him.

Duck, duck, dodge, and blast the spears, that was a nice rhythm. Then propel one's self into the air and smash into the enemy, it was much better than what most wizards did and stand there like a rock whilst taking the punishment.

"I don't think…." Rachel joined in and joined Harry's assault, before smashing through Bastion.

Bastion skid back a little bit, his knee buckling back a little bit, but he stood his ground, knee twisting a little bit. The dangerous creation felt a fire burning through him.

"You're done Bastion."

"Now who is premature," Bastion answered after two more of the Sentinels arrived outside, to smash
their way into the warehouse where they were fighting. "And there are three more being sent upon your associates. It seems like Trask only wanted to test them one at a time but my superior nature has made them work. And I can mass produce them, there is nowhere mutants can hide."

'Well actually fighting more of them might give us an advantage,' Harry thought which caused Rachel's eyes to snap towards him.

'Are you nuts?' Rachel thought to him but Harry smiled.

'Probably,' Harry answered as he saw one of the Sentinels show up.

Standard EMP pulse, could be generated by any wizard with a NEWT level education or at least moderately powered enough. Harry didn't have a NEWT level education but he had the memories of someone with that qualification. So it was time for him to kick things up a notch and fire in the whole. The young wizard carefully maneuvered around the sentinel.

The EMP pulse only cut through the air partially, striking the robotic creation.

Harry paused, that was nowhere near sufficient enough as the will of Bastion was protecting it. Suddenly, realization dawned upon him, it was simple yet effective.

The wizard could use that against Bastion.

'Split his control many different ways,' Harry thought to himself, before he flew forward, and wrapped his hand around the Sentinels, before they began to glow.

He divided them in half and then divided the halves into fourths, until he had eight sentinels as opposed to the two.

Rachel's eyebrows raised and exasperation filled her face. 'So is there any point where we....'

"Just wait for it Rach," Harry thought to the red head fighting beside him and there was a large crack when Bastion found controlling the Sentinels to be a bit more of a laborious process that he thought it was previously. The man's eyes became rather bloodshot and blood splattered from his mouth.

"This is....you have not proven anything."

Harry broke the force field yet again and knocked his physical form for a loop. The metal cracked and snapped when the wizard propelled his enemy to the ground. There was a huge explosion when Bastion flew head over heels.

A burst of heat flew through the air and caused Harry's eyeballs to sting slightly. This caught him completely off guard but it caught Bastion even more off guard. The super intense heat flew through the air and fried Bastion upon impact.

Harry blinked, rubbing his eyeballs before he only had one statement.

"Okay, this is new," Harry responded but the magically enhanced heat vision succeeded in damaging Bastion badly.

Scott flew to the ground, landing hard with a thud, his nose almost breaking when he hit. In reality, that could not be the best plan in the world what he just tried.

"Hey, what are these overgrown bucket of bolts doing? Thinking that they can cause all of this property damage?"
"Yeah isn't that our job?"

"Quiet there Matchstick….It's Clobbering Time!"

The Thing popped up, along with the Human Torch. The Fantastic Four were going along their day, when suddenly the Baxter Building was attacked by these robots.

"So Reed, what do you make of these things?" the Thing asked as he picked up a lamppost that had been disengaged and swung it, smacking into the chest of the robot.

"They are quite impressive," Reed remarked when he analyzed them but Susan shook her head.

"Now's not the time to gush over the killer robots that are going to kill us," The Invisible Woman responded when she closed her eyes and popped up an invisible shield, which blocked the debris.

"So is this a Fantastic Four get together or do the Avengers join in?"

Iron Man popped up, blasting at the Sentinels, causing the armor to ding.

"Threat, neutralize it," the Sentinel responded in monotone but Thor summoned the thunder and laid the smackdown on the Sentinel.

"Have at thee, vile machine!" Thor bellowed, before he smashed the Sentinel, but it was adapting to Thor's attacks.

"JARVIS, get a scan of that thing, it has to have a weak spot," Iron Man responded when he put up his wrist band and began to scan the Sentinel carefully.

"At once sir," JARVIS responded, as the computer continued to scan.

"Yeah, weak spot, good luck," Hawkeye answered whilst his best shots were bouncing off of nothing.

"HULK SMASH OVERBLOWN TIN CAN!"

Hulk jumped up and with a sonic boom knocked the Sentinel back, causing it to crumble and crack. The metal contorted and the Prince of Thunder dove up, before he combined the attack with Thor. The combined assaults of two of the strongest beings in the world smashed the Sentinel down and there was a huge crash when the machine bust apart.

"That wasn't so hard," Hulk stated gruffly, brushing his hands off.

"Yeah but there's about two more coming down the street, big guy," Iron Man responded when his hands lit up and he aimed a series of blasts at them. "If we can only back these guys up."

"Easier said than done," Ms. Marvel panted, when she spotted Cannonball run down the street and launch himself into one of the Sentinels and did some pretty decent damage to it. "Well that worked out well."

"I don't know how many of these things Trask has but we should assume that he might have dozens in a storehouse," Fury stated to the Avengers over the radio link. "Make sure…."

Fury paused before he got some news off screen and it twisted his stomach into a knot. The eagle eyed director of SHIELD spun around, trying to watch everything.

"Problem, boss?" Hawkeye asked as he spotted Spider-Man swinging into the battle, getting civilians
out of harm's way. Beast assisted with the efforts, as did Storm off to the side.

The news crews were on the scene, filming all of it.

Thankfully the X-Men all wore wrist bands that would cause any photos or television images of their faces to be out of focus but still the people now knew at large that mutants existed, even though they did not know who they were. The Acolytes disappeared into the night, their purpose done, even if Magneto's plan kind of went off the rails.

Jean paused, before she stepped forward. Scott stopped her.

"Jean what are you doing?" Scott asked before she shoved his hand away. "You're breaking your position."

'Tell the idiot that you're saving all of mutant kind from getting wiped out,' the Phoenix thought.

However Scott was knocked down when a group of armed soldiers moved in. Kitty's eyes widened when she saw it and she turned, practically stammering when her head turned around before the brunette spat it out.

"We got to so get out of here, fallout plan seven, like Harry taught us!" Kitty yelled, trying to rally the team the best she could.

"Capture them, these specimens must not be allowed to leave," one of the army officers stated.

There was a loud siren that echoed just as Fury was finishing giving the report.

"What do you mean the meteors are going to crash into New York within fifteen minutes?" Iron Man asked, his voice nearly dropping and he looked up into the sky. There were flares.

Iron Man calibrated Fury's findings and let out a low whistle. To say this was not good would be the understatement to end all understatements. "Well, here's the deal. We're about to get plowed by the meteors in fourteen minutes and thirty nine seconds. The magnetic interference brought them faster."

"Damn Magneto," Rogue swore as she hung her head.

Wanda did not say that, if she had been allowed to deal with her father, he would not have been allowed to reign down hell on Earth. Even if it was accidental, Wanda still blamed him as with everything.

"We got to get everyone out of the city, now," Spider-Man responded but the Sentinels were making that harder that he was.

'Bastion could be anywhere,' Harry thought to himself but he blinked. 'Then again, Bastion, you just slipped up.'

He fired an electro-magnetic pulse into the air, with it smashing through the air hard and the wizard watched it explode, causing everything to rattle around them. The wizard felt pressure reign supreme after the communicator link went off.

"Yeah Kitty….what do you need?" Harry asked but there was a squealing sound.

'I'll put us on mind link,' Rachel thought to them and Harry focused a little bit, before Kitty managed to get in with the link.
'Um ten minutes,' Kitty thought in a frantic manner when she clutched her hands together.

'Ten minutes until what?' Harry responded to her, but he felt a deal of dread coming up with him. Something was happening but the real question was what.

'Meteor shower,' Kitty thought to him, frantically. 'Be careful.'

Harry looked up into the sky.

"I can stop it," Harry responded as he put his hands on his hips but Jean's eyes widened.

"A meteor shower?" Jean stated to him, thinking that Harry might have lost his mind and really she feared a little bit for his sanity. The red haired woman crossed her arms and threw her head back with a slight sight. "I don't know if you can even stop that, even with your abilities…"

"I'm not insane," Harry answered in a defensive voice, trying to figure out what he needed to do.

"You aren't going anywhere."

And Bastion was back in the game, with Harry propelling himself up with all of the power that he had. He never tapped into this much power so it caused every single nerve ending in his body to explode in flames.

Bastion was dangerous but so was Harry. Jean and Rachel joined him, before their eyes glowed.

'Together,' Harry thought to both of the red heads and there was an explosion that rang through the air.

Several explosions echoed, causing flames and fire to shoot out in every single direction. The trio smashed their way through the air, knocking the full force into their Bastion and sent the force slamming to the ground.

The sparks flew when he smashed into the ground but there was a thunderous laughter that echoed, when Jean's eyes glowed and she began to rip him apart.

"I guess you're the one who's going to kill me this time," Bastion managed as a combination of motor oil and blood splattered from his mouth. His eyes flickered into silver and they continued to spark a little bit more, his heart beat rather firmly. "It's a pity that it's not going to matter."

Harry spiked down all of his power down onto the head of Bastion, obliterating him with the full force of his powers, but it ticked into his mind.

"Seven minutes, six minutes fifty nine seconds, six minutes fifty eight seconds."

The Sentinels began to shut down but the flares up in the air indicated that there was a bigger problem.

"Six minutes forty three seconds, six minutes forty two seconds, six minutes forty one seconds."

To Be Continued in "The Grand Finale Part Three: The Parting of the Ways."

I'm going to sum this up for those people who lack reading comprehension skills.

1) Lily and James Potter had a son named Harry, but he died from complications from birth. Lily knew but James didn't.
2) A despondent Lily found a crashed ship containing a child that was not in the best shape thanks to reasons we'll go into in Book Two, therefore she used the blood she had from her deceased son to save him. Thanks to the magic of magic, this worked out in ways that we cannot fathom as mere Muggles. Thus making him about 90 percent Harry/10 percent Kal-El. No one was the wiser, not James, not Sirius, not Colonel Fubster, not Goyle, not even the all seeing all knowing White Bumblebee.

3) The Horcrux locked his Kryptonian abilities and they went dormant.

4) Some of the powers came back when the Horcrux was destroyed when he went through the veil, such as flight, which Harry erroneously believed was from Voldemort. Yet Harry's flight powers were more refined while Riddle's are more like gliding really.

5) All of the powers came back with the Osborn formula empowering him.

6) Intimate relationships between first cousins aren't taboo in the Wizarding World or on Krypton. Figured I'd throw that one out there, even if Harry is more Harry, then Kal-El.

That's about it, I think. It should have been obvious but apparently not. Now is that clear or would you like me to make a Powerpoint presentation with pretty pictures and graphs? (cue the smart asses asking for one in three…two…one.)

Six minutes and thirty nine seconds, six minutes and thirty eight seconds, and Harry was in his element, or at least wanted to hang onto the illusion that he was in his element. The wizard thrived in these high pressure situations where most would find it hard to even function logically. He drew in a deep breath and focused, focused, yes he had to focus. It would not be wise to lose his mind out of the fear and panic now. Harry saw that Bastion was down and out, smashed by the combined attacks of himself, Rachel, and Jean, which allowed them to focus on the problem.

"Okay, everyone….we don't need a riot, come on now, easy does it," Iron Man responded, trying to keep himself calm. For Tony Stark he was really serious. Reed edged over which allowed Harry a chance to speak to him.

"Have you been able to figure anything out?" Harry asked to Reed in a voice that he tried to remain calm about.

Reed looked thoughtful before he brought up the calculations on the screen and nodded slightly, his head inclining a slight bit. "The good news is that I'll be able to stop the meteor shower, it is a simple enough process of misdirecting the meteors."

Ms. Marvel helped move some debris and ushered civilizations out of the way before she turned and looked over her shoulder. "So that's the good news, what's the bad news?"

"The bad news is that it will take fifteen minutes to do so," Reed answered as he saw the chaos forming around him. The Human Torch and the Thing did the best they could to work crowd control but they were out of their element.

"Oh is that all?" Harry asked in a casual voice when Kitty moved towards him, with Harry putting his arm around her and pulling her in close. "Did you guys all get out okay?"

"Yeah, but Ororo, Laura, and Kurt are still trying to track Logan down, wherever they have him," Kitty stated as Harry tightened his grip around her.

Rogue edged over to join Harry and the others, a smile crossing her face. "But everyone got out okay."

"There's still the meteor shower, in case you forgot," Rachel responded as she looked up to the sky and she almost sensed it coming. "Four minutes."

"I know, four minutes," Harry answered as he hovered above the ground and looked high in the sky. "Which means I've got four minutes to pull a miracle out of my ass."

"Do you think you can do it?" Natasha asked after she got done talking with the SHIELD agents. She tried to figure out if Harry ever lost his nerve but if he was not about to lose it during a meteor shower, than he was not going to lose it now.

Harry shrugged his shoulders before he offered her a smile. "Miracles happen."

Harry took a moment to watch them but Jean grabbed his hand holding him back. A frown and also
a worried expression crossed her face before the red head decided to speak with him about the situation. "Harry, I've got...I've got a bad feeling about this."

Harry would lie if he lacked a bad feeling but that was not something that he could focus on. All he could focus on was saving the day and getting everyone out safely. Even if this ended badly for Harry, at least he knew that he could save as many people as he could. He always suspected that the end would come with a bang; even if that end would be his end.

"I know what I'm doing," Harry responded in a rather stubborn voice, before spinning around on his heel. The mage stepped forward, before performing a few charms. They numbed the minds of the people around them and got them moving faster, more receptive to the suggestions of getting out of there and less prone to mindless panic.

The wizard flew up into the sky, putting spells around him to shield him when he got further and further up into the sky.

"Do you think...do you think he'll be okay?" Amara asked as she watched but Kitty offered a smile, trying to remain more confident than she really was on the surface.

"Of course he'll be okay, he's Harry," Kitty offered in a confidence voice but she watched his progress, her nerves were shooting into over drive.

'What is he doing anyway?' Kitty thought to herself, with Jean, Rachel, and Rogue watching his progress but they all had a job to do.

"Three minute warning."

They better move quickly, time was running out for all of them and they all understood that there was so much on the line. The group edged themselves forward, smiling a little bit when they moved around the city, there was huge explosions that echoed. There were a few impacts of meteors clicking satellites.

Harry closed his eyes when he flew up and saw them flying at the Earth's atmosphere. The good news was that the charms held, which proved the theory that magic could be in space. Granted he had to concentrate enough to focus on everything that was happening around him but the flickers of the meteor rocks burning through him, which pushed him back and there was a slight feeling of dizziness as he got closer to a few of the larger chunks of the green meteorites.

'Not good, not good at all,' Harry thought to himself, closing his eyes and feeling himself falter, swaying from one side to the next, before he tried, vainly, to steady himself.

The rocks were tinted green and Harry pushed himself forward but the shields faltered around him a little bit. He felt the rocks weaken him slightly, although much slower than they would without the use of magic. Still he felt dizziness that caused him to sway back and forth in the air, feeling a slight stabbing motion in the side of his head. The wizard carefully took a moment to adjust himself before he descended back down to Earth but at least he did not fall with a crash.

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Norman Osborn sat in the underground bunker, waiting, watching, and quite frankly pondering what happened. The Sentinel plan did not go as planned but he managed to escape in the confusion, while Trask was grabbed. No one would even connect him to this, no matter if Trask stooged him out or not.

As far as the world knew, Osborn was in the hospital and in critical condition, but he subverted a sympathetic doctor to cover for him. He seduced her with problems, using that Osborn charm to
really get her over to his side. Women were easy to manipulate, especially when a man listened to them a little bit and acted like they were considerate to their problems. Even if their problems had very little to nothing of relevance to them, but that was beside the point.

Osborn smiled, a twisted grin going across his face, with any luck, there would be mutants that he would be able to capture and hold captive. They would be dissected and he could use their DNA to fine tune the latest match of the goblin formula. He would be stronger than ever before and twisting malevolence crossed his face as he kept an eye on the situation.

"Monitor the situation,' Osborn stated to his men and said man nodded in response. "I want to find out if any opportunities present themselves."

His men nodded but Osborn stopped them, before he added.

"Make sure to do so until after the meteors hit, I feel that there is a chance that more mutants may perish, leaving them ripe for the taking," Osborn answered as he watched the countdown clock, having hacked into the SHIELD database to do so.

Two and a half minutes until the end, clicking down, one number at a time, second after second. Osborn waited and Osborn watched, and he would have the day.

He would know what opportunities that the meteor shower would present when they blew through town. Norman could arrange his recovery as well and no one would be the wiser. No one would complain about his pass misdeeds if he offered them help. Osborn plotted to become the white knight that would deliver the people of the city from the destruction and pick up the pieces. A little demonization would go a long way to affect the mutant race and put Osborn in a role as the savior of humanity.

Time stood still but Osborn was a patient man who would wait when the time inched by. His nasty expression turned around and he waited for everyone around him. His knuckles cracked a tiny bit whilst he edged forward. Time would pass but there would be no one around them that would matter.

'It's time,' Osborn thought to himself, nastily glaring through his eyes, when his heart beat more heavily. The goblin formula enhanced his mental processes, his stamina, his strength, while warping his looks and his sanity, not to mention removing every inch of hair on his head. Osborn cracked his knuckles and kept waiting, each tick of the clock drumming in his ear.

Harry fluttered down on the city but edged off to the side, looking up with widened eyes. He saw a great majority of the people evacuated from the area where SHIELD calculated that the worst of the impact was about to land. The wizard hoped that they were right, because if they were incorrect in any way, it was going to be an issue. The young wizard closed his eyes and focused on the problem before he snapped them back open. He did not even begin to think about how problematic this situation was.

Time was a torment that delivered them the trouble all in the end and Harry saw the flares from up above. Despite the dizziness that he suffered from the meteor rocks, there was determination that fluttered through and he knew that he had to try to stop it, one more time.

'One more time, that's all I need,' he thought as he stood up straight and proud, trying to summon the determination and iron will that a wizard would need.

One minute thirty seconds, one minute twenty nine seconds, one minute twenty eight seconds, one minute…. 
Harry could not focus on how much time he had left, he closed his eyes and everything slowed down around him. Civilians were in a panic and Harry summoned all of the magic that he could around them.

Pop, pop, pop, people disappeared one at a time. It was a terrible strain on Harry's body to transport these many people at once but he stood tall and proud, despite the fact of the searing pain through his body. There felt like there was much time that was passing but yet Harry held onto his sanity and himself when he kept moving as many people out of harm's way.

Fifty eight seconds, fifty seven seconds, he could see them flying over the skies of New York, about to impact down at any second. More people were transported from the blast zone.

Harry closed his eyes, this would be something that would be hard to determine. There was an entire group at a shopping mall off of the side. His palms sweated and his face reddened, the combination of the meteor rocks that seemed to harm him being so near along with the strain of performing forced apparation on hundreds of people started to get to him.

'Jean, Rachel, get them of there, Kitty help them,' Harry thought to them with a shaken thought, when his eyes closed tightly and his heart beat heavily, when there was the whirling around them and he saw the meteors flying around him.

The situation was dire.

The biggest one was about to slam down on the back of his head, which was not good. Yet if he moved, the impact would cause debris to take out anyone close to him. With the last ounce of strength Harry was able muster, he pushed every bit of his power, and crossed his arms together. The wizard rattled everything on the ground beneath him and hoped that everything would hold itself together, but it was not working as he wanted.

"EVERYONE MOVE IT!"

That shout was not only heard by Harry but from everyone around him. The wizard rubbed the side of his ear, before stepping back a little bit. He rubbed his eyes and tried to focus on the glowing light, the humming nose up in the sky before him. Harry shifted; the meteors were not the only thing coming down onto all of their heads. He could not quite make out what it was, but it had a silver glint, with a symbol on it, that resembled both the one on the box and the statue on Nova-Roma.

There was no time for Harry to really take a closer look at the ship; it was time for him to take decisive action. The wizard carefully stood on his heels, and peered up in the air, before watching the flying rocks spiraling down towards him in a virtual demonic cyclone of terror. The whirling and hissing sounds in the air put him on even more edge, because a sonic signal echoed through his ear and caused his ears to hurt.

Jean, Kitty, Rogue, and Rachel, among others, tried to edge over, but Harry put up a shield, with his last bit of energy, he protected them, along with all overs, despite throwing himself into the eye of the storm. Wanda tried to counteract his magic with her own but there was a blinding bright light.

The meteor rocks began to fly, but they only left dents into the mostly abandoned street, before they settled to the ground. Harry dodged the rocks, still feeling dizzied and slowed down half of his speed before when one of the jagged pieces of rocks pierced him in the side of his arm, causing him to be injured. Another impacted him in the chest and another in the side of the neck, he could not apparate, he could not fly, he was too weak to escape as they began to nick the side of his face. The pieces of debris falling down on him was not going to help matters and given that Harry drained himself teleporting thousands of civilians out of the blast zone, he could not save himself.
The silver ship was among the last thing to come down along with the meteor shower and there was a huge explosion. Next to the ship, a final rock, this time silver, with a black growth of goo attached to it, landed down on the ground with a sickening thud!

Harry flew backwards; his head cracking back against the pavement. The box flung over his pocket, with no one able to see what happened in the smoke. A purple crystal slid out of the box and laid to a still before it hummed, rattling, before engulfing Harry in a bright light.

The bright light wrapped around Harry's body and absorbed him, before bringing him out of the debris, causing him to flash into a blinding light where no one saw where he went when he disappeared. From their points of view, he was vaporized by the ship.

The silver ship rested to a stop when it was on the ground, moving back and forth, with a shimmering sound from within it. It remained still when the last of the meteors barely hit the ground. The green rocks rested on the ground, with the people coming to a stop. There was a gasp of terror when the full scope of the terror sank in.

Kitty's eyes widened, she tried not to freak out, because freaking out was going to be a really bad thing. The brunette had a moment of time when she lapsed into shock but something distracted her. Granted the fact that she was distracted did not improve the situation in any way whatsoever but Jean dropped down to her knees on the ground next to her.

The red haired girl gave a tormented scream, causing her cries to become rather dangerous. Wanda felt a presence around them as well and felt something happening. Her mystical abilities were unstable even though that Harry managed to help her control them a little bit. The magical mutant breathed heavily, her heart thumping along her chest, and her powers flared up. Edging closer to the edge of everything, Wanda watched with trepidation and bent down her knees, feeling the pain around her.

Meanwhile despite not having the flares of powers, Kitty was going to freak out a little bit more with what happened to Harry. The brunette mutant ran it over in the back of her mind, trying to reconcile everything but she was totally flipping out. Logically speaking, her mind was going to be a wreck and she shifted herself a little bit. The brunette watched them all and carefully edged herself over towards the wreckage.

Harry vanished, disappeared, around the time that ship touched down. Kitty edged forward towards the ship but Rogue held her back, shaking her hand and biting down on her lip. The mutants watched with trepidation when they watched everything around them. Anxiety worked around them, with all of them carefully edging themselves forward.

"So, what's the deal with the ship?" Rogue asked but Kitty was a bit too depressed to answer the question. In fact, she was in complete and numb shock.

Kitty turned to the SHIELD agents that walked over and snapped at them angrily. "You know, if you were doing your jobs right then Harry wouldn't be put in this situation!"

Kitty placed her hands on her hips but Natasha shook her head, she was a bit annoyed about how Fury handled this situation as well. But now was not the time or the place to not show solidarity. In fact, it was now time to band together and figure out if there were any casualties.

"I feel your pain," Captain America responded as he kept his eyes narrowed before holding the shield. This was one of the biggest catastrophes. He turned around and saw a figure move in.

"Spider-Man, see what you can do about clearing that debris over there."
Spider-Man's eyes widened, honored that he was addressed directly by Captain America, who was somewhat of a hero for him. The web slinger felt honored, but he would have enjoyed it more had it not been such a serious situation. Still he managed to remain on his feet, edging himself and walked over towards the rubble, but thankfully there was no one underneath it. Spider-Man kept rigid and released his breath in a sigh.

"We found him!"

Kurt yelled over his shoulder, with Jubilee, Laura, and Bobby helping Logan be dragged over. The mutant felt his legs drag behind him but he shook his head, before remaining careful on his feet.

"Hey, I'm fine," Logan growled as he brushed them to the side and sure enough the healing factor was enough. He sniffed the air; there was something different now than there was before. "Where's Potter?"

A sad expression crossed Kitty's face when she slumped her shoulders and tried not to go to pieces. Rachel was the one who was in sound enough mind, with everything that happened with the red haired telepath turning to Logan.

"He….he didn't….he didn't make it."

Rachel, who had experienced loss her entire life, found her voice shake a bit more than she thought it might. A knot twisted in her stomach, it hurt to stand on her feet but Rachel swayed herself.

"I don't believe it," Laura responded as she looked around, sensing for something, anything.

"I know, I don't…I don't want to believe it either," Rogue answered as putting her arm around Laura to try and give her some comfort. "But I know what I saw and….Harry got vaporized by that ship."

"Well let's make whoever's inside answer," Laura stated, as she edged forward, claws bared and ready to go. Her eyes narrowed slightly when the girl tried to make her way towards the ship.

The dark haired girl slashed against the ship but it did not even scratch against the ship. There was nothing that indicated that ship was anything of this Earth, in fact, with Laura's claws, she should have been able to scratch it and rip it open in time. Yet, there was nothing, not even a scratch, not even a….

"First mutants, than some alien ship!"

"Fucking Friends of Humanity, why won't they shut up?" Kitty swore as she balled her fists in anger, about ready to rip their heads about now.

"Kid, I feel your pain but we got to get out of here, there's going to be police, government officials, and all kinds of other shit moving around here," Logan stated as the other heroes nodded, with Captain America trying to pacify the crowd. Logan stopped to address his old friend. "Best of luck, Steve, you're going to need it with these guys."

Captain America acknowledged Logan with a brief nod, inclining his head enough to acknowledge Logan before he pushed himself out of the way. The Spirit of the United States of America eyed all of the people before him before he responded with a deep voice. "Back off people, you need to focus, there are lives on the line."

"Yeah, get back, you don't want to be around the fallout, for all we know these meteor rocks could turn you into mutants," Hawkeye responded as he stood by the side and that caused a few of the Friends of Humanity members to step back. Of course, Hawkeye was not sure if he was completely
wrong, who knew what these glowing green rocks could do. They could give people super powers.

Fury kept walking forward, keeping an inventory on everything that was around him. The last thing he wanted or needed was any of this alien technology to fall into the wrong hands. Of course, his agents struggled with the ship which rested dormant in the middle of the street. One of them spun around to face Fury.

"It won't budge, sir," the agent responded and Fury kept a careful eye on this agent.

"See if you can make it budge then, any way you can manage," Fury answered in his most gruff voice and they reached the ship, putting their backs into it, when the ship burst open and smoke filled it. "Back off men, back off."

The shadowed figure escaped the ship and she zipped around, staggering because of the green rocks a little bit but the adrenaline pushed her to resist that, as she flew into them, attacking them like a cornered animal. She knocked them down, a wide eyed expression on her face and speaking in a language that none of them could understand. The SHIELD agents could not see who she was or rather what she was, for she shot into the air like a cork and flew off into the distance, leaving her ship opened in the middle of Time Square.

One of the SHIELD agents stepped forward and tried to place a hand on the ship but a jolt knocked him back.

"Failsafe," Fury grunted, as they needed to find a way to haul the ship away. "Have you found our visitor?"

The SHIELD agents shook their heads, one of them double checking the radar. "I think she went in the direction of the Artic, but why would she go there, sir?"

Fury did not answer but he was determined to find out one way or another, no matter what.

Spider-Man pulled himself forward, joining the rest of the team, unaware that a little black friend hitched a ride on his costume in the confusion. The web slinger was tired and haggard like the rest of them, so they did not notice anything.

"What was with…the freak out?" Rachel asked as she snapped her fingers but Jean stood there, catatonic. She took a step forward, but it was in a zombified state. Rachel snapped her fingers but Jean did not say anything.

Jean Grey could not voice what she saw but when those rocks came down, she could feel the psychic backlash of millions of lives being snuffed out. Their very last thoughts when they died and there was something encoded on that ship as well. Whoever the visitor was inside the ship, she was connected to the Phoenix Force, at least in some minor way.

Said Phoenix Force was not responding to Jean, not that the telepath responded to anyone now, even the calls of her name.

"Jean, are you alright?" Ororo asked her and Jean nodded her head, but her eyes were blank and her pupils were milky white. "Are you certain? Do you need medical attention."

"I am fine!" Jean yelled, her temper flaring and causing people to step back. She was capable of intimidation without the Phoenix Force.

The X-Men moved off, there was still the matter of Magneto and his Acolytes that slipped away into the night. And the fact that there was an alien ship sitting in the middle of Time Square.
From the alien ship, a silver fluid that had been attached to the bottom it drained off the ship and down the nearest storm drain.

Harry was cold, and miserable when he was face down in the Artic, it was almost like something took away his powers. The piece of the green rock impaled into the side of his shoulder and into his chest, not to mention the side of his neck, making it completely hard to get up to his feet. He was going to die here, completely frozen and buried in the snow.

If he was perfectly honest, he would have expected the ending to be a lot less more….well it would have been a lot more exciting if he had the choice. Not that it really mattered, when Harry shook his head and carefully inched his way to a standing position, for a few seconds at the very least. Then his knees buckled and turned before he collapsed in the snow, breathing heavily.

‘Fuck not good, fuck not good, fuck not good, fuck not good,’ Harry thought to himself with a shiver feeling cold like he was certain that he should not, but he managed to dig the jagged pieces of green rock out of his arm. He could barely perform a warming charm and since he was still drained from the mass teleportation, he rested in the snow.

He heard a loud boom in the air and Harry wondered if anyone would even see him in this snow and ice. There was an abundant amount of it and he saw the purple crystal that flew out of his box in the snow. A swirling of light surrounded it and he could barely keep his eyes open to see the progress of it seemingly sinking into the snow.

Harry faded from existence, giving himself a small shuddering breath, before he blacked completely out. He never blacked out this badly, not even from the Dementors. He never came this close to dying, not even from the Killing Curse. His few, tortured, tormented, and fragmented thoughts caused hands to twitch together. He felt the icy cold around him but suddenly his body warmed up.

A pair of hands gently lifted Harry up above the snow, but his head fell back as he sank into the cold dark abyss of his mind.

Had Harry been able to see something, he would have seen a huge crystal fortress erupting from the snow, with security the likes of which the world had never seen. The flying figure trafficked him towards this crystal fortress.

"Hang on," she breathed in his ear, even though he was scarcely could be awake and the rocks weakened her as well. "I can't lose you…this soon after finding you."

She pressed her palm onto the crystal fortress and it scanned every inch of her body. The Fortress also scanned for life forms around the snow but when it judged that they were alone, it allowed the two to enter it.

The blood of Harry Potter left splattered in the snow but his body, busted and battered from saving the day, would heal once again.

She entered the Fortress, feeling more at ease now that she was in a place much like the world that she left and not like a world that she barely understood.

Norman Osborn understood many things and understanding opportunity was something that made him one of the key businessmen in the world. Even with the set back with the goblin formula, Osborn remained one of the top of the mark and his tenacious attitude allowed him to accomplish successes that were barely known until this moment. His eyes narrowed before he saw his men.
"The ship, SHIELD tries to secure it, but they keep failing," Osborn remarked to his men and they nodded. A wide grin spread over his face. Many people would panic about little green men or whatever visiting, thinking they would be on the precipice of an alien invasion. Osborn sought opportunity to strengthen his defenses and potentially put himself in a higher standing. "If Oscorp acquires this ship, then we can build weapons, weapons that will put us light years ahead of anyone else."

The stooges nodded but Osborn did not care about their opinions, all he cared about was the success of the business. Time and time again, people tried to undermine him, people like Octopus and Spider-Man but now he had the last laugh.

"If they get to the ship before I do, Fury's likely going to squander its potential," Osborn added when he kept his eyes firmly on the crew. "We must wait until nightfall, so we can make a plan and get that ship."

"But if SHIELD cannot get the ship, how can we get it, sir?"

Osborn did not answer that question quite yet, although there were numerous possibilities rolling around in the back of his head. Carefully, the owner of Oscorp mulled over everything. He had left explicit instructions for his underlings that even a child could not screw up. His eyes closed and a wide grin spread over his face, sinister and it would send shivers down the spine of the most hardened of men in the world.

"Patience, you will understand, you will know," Osborn responded crisply as he brought up the scans around the area. He had a truckload of the meteors already which he would study. Spending plenty of time turning over the circumstances of what occurred in his mind; Osborn would succeed where many had failed. Unlocking the secrets of life in other worlds would be his to accomplish and his alone. His eyes twisted in malice.

"Patience, that will win the day," Osborn responded with a rotting smile on his face.

"I'm sorry sir…"

Osborn held his hand up before he watched the underling. "No, don't apologize. That means you don't believe in what you do. Don't apologize, because I never do."

Osborn paused.

"Conviction will do you well. I must return before I'm missed. I will return before nightfall."

Norman Osborn plotted what he would do with that alien technology, feeling that the gift from the sky was his to claim. The first run as the Green Goblin did not go as planned but the second time around, it would be like magic. And all who wronged Norman Osborn would suffer. Pulling the split identity trick worked to fool people but make no mistake about it, Osborn was in complete and utter control of his mental faculties.

"I still can't believe it," Laura persisted stubbornly with a cross expression on her face.

"If it makes you feel better, I can't believe it either," Logan responded as the others stood by the side, in various states of mourning. While they all expected Harry to leave the Mansion someday, it was not as a pile of ashes in the middle of Time Square. "Too clean, too nice, too….easy for my liking."

Laura did not say anything but was glad that someone shared her thoughts. Wanda and Jean had
something go wonky with their powers; even if for some reason Wanda was held better together out of the two of them than Jean did. She could not begin to understand what happened. If Harry was here, then Harry would know.

"He's….they never found anything did they, not even a body?" Kurt asked as he edged over, Rogue, Kitty, Rachel, and Amara were all in funks as they looked up at the sky with reddened eyes.

Gwen edged over to the side.

"So are you are holding up?" Kitty asked Gwen but Gwen shook her head.

"I'm fine because he's not really dead," Gwen responded in a nonchalant voice.

"Gwen, I know…denial and all that but we saw him," Rogue answered when she eyed the brainy blonde but said girl crossed her arms over her chest.

"I know what you thought what you saw but it doesn't mean that I have to believe everything that you think that you've saw," Gwen answered, but she looked up in the sky, thoughtful.

There were so many things happening at once, that Gwen could hardly believe that anyone should trust their own eyes. Between the meteors falling, the flashes of light, the Sentinels, and everything else going on around them, there were huge explosions. The young wizard who saved them all, countless civilians, it seemed rather disappointing that he would have dropped completely dead after that sacrifice.

Gwen placed a hand on her eyes and whistled completely, before she saw a woman wearing glasses with her platinum blonde hair tied back, with a black jacket, t-shirt, and jeans.

"I don't think he's gone either, I couldn't really see it but I was there in the crowd," Felicia remarked when she inclined her head, to pay some respects in case she was wrong.

"And with no body, I don't think any of us can…well you know I don't know," Gwen responded, she did not want to cut in at this funeral with conspiracy theories. The blonde closed a pair of blue eyes and hoped that everything will turn out okay.

Kitty always feared that something would happen that would pull Harry back into his main universe. And Harry shared that fear in many ways, she suspected. But getting pulled into that world would be…well Kitty couldn't tell if it would be worse than dying. That was one thing that she could not fathom in her mind ever.

All they knew was there was a likelihood that Harry was never coming back. A couple of days passed since the incident and a memorial had been erected at the Xavier Institute.

Scott stood but said nothing, watching Jean sit there, apparently catatonic by grief.

Off to the side, unnoticed by anyone, a woman with dark hair and violet eyes, dressed in a black blazer, red blouse, and black skirt with high heels watched from the side. The intrepid reporter slipped off before she was noticed.

Harry's eyes flickered open when he was surrounded by an ice palace, his body completely healed by the energies around him. His fingers flickered a little bit when he brought himself back up to life, his heart beating against his chest.

"Welcome home."
This voice was remembered by Harry and he saw her standing there in the bright light. He felt a throbbing in the back of his head. She was there, the girl from his dreams, and she watched him, nervous but bold at the same time.

"Home, where is…"

She placed a finger to his mouth, shushing him, before throwing her arms around him a tight hug.

"We are the last two, the very last two," she breathed in his ear.

"So you're another survivor from the Wizarding World?" Harry asked to her.

She shook her head. "No, not that world, your real home, where you were born, but I'm sorry."

"Sorry about what?" Harry responded.

"I felt everything when I woke up, every pain that you ever felt during your life, and the despair… the longing to have things that others take for granted," she answered as she watched him. "You've been out for almost eleven days; the world thinks that you're dead."

She curled up next to him, resting her head down on his chest.

"I think about it all, and I miss it all, you don't remember them, your parents, mine, everyone else, even Zod," she responded, biting down on her lip, looking terrified and a bit vulnerable, with Harry pulling her into him. She wore white fabric around her body, a silver bracelet, a red headband, with flowing golden blonde hair and shimmering blue eyes. "But with you and with this place, I'm home."

She paused.

"It's down to the two of us to preserve our bloodline, our race," the blonde added, rocking back and forth against Harry. "Kal-El."

That name was not registered with Harry. "You must have me mistaken for someone else."

"No, no mistake, this Fortress would have admitted you," she responded, squeezing his neck tight in a hug. "Your father, your birth father, for all of his faults, built this place to give you everything you'd ever need."

The tears clung to her eyebrows.

"I missed you," she breathed as she brushed his hair away from her eyes. "I'm sorry I wasn't there for you."

"Who are you exactly?" Harry asked her, when she shifted next to him.

"Kara," she whispered timidly in his ear, biting down on her lip. "I'm from Krypton, just like you."

Harry felt conflicted when he watched her.

"Are you displeased?"

"This is all new to me… I don't believe it," Harry responded but then he realized that nothing about him ever could be normal.

"Seeing is believing," Kara said when she leaned against his shoulder. "I'll teach you about Krypton, you teach me about Earth because… I really don't know much beyond the basics. Deal?"
Harry nodded with a smile, intrigued to learn more and besides he felt too weak to move too long or far which he suspected would be the case for at least a couple of days. "Deal."

There was another voice before the two survivors of Krypton could speak.

"Welcome home, Kal-El, my son."

Sirius Black was still before his eyes snapped open, to reveal a pair of slit like red eyes and then there was high cold laughter that would have chilled most who heard it to the bone.

To Be Continued in Beyond the Veil Book Two Chapter One "Shadows of the Past Part One" on August 19th 2013.

*I figure in my head Harry kind of looks like the Young Justice version of Superboy now but with green eyes. And Kara is Superman: Unbound version.*

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